

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

紅百合花
THE RED LILY

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伍光建 選譯

英漢對照名家小說選第二集

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WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

THE RED LILY

By

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作者傳略

安那圖勒·法蘭西(Anatole France)是法國人，生於一八四四年。他的真名姓是查克·安那圖勒·狄坡特(Jacques Anatole Thibault)。他是一個精於版本開書店人的獨子。他的父親當過查理第十的侍衛，是一個熱心的王黨與天主教徒。法蘭西在一個貴族化的耶穌耶軍教士的學校讀書。他自己說他得益於辛納河邊的舊書鋪，多過於大學的教授們。一八六七年他刊行兩篇詩於一個雜誌上，發揮他的政治見解，拖累這個雜誌被封。一八七〇年他投軍，以讀味吉爾(Virgil)及吹簫消遣。一八八一年他的第一部小說『The Crime of Sylvester Bonand』得了學院的獎賞。後來他卻不喜歡這部著作，說是『最煩冗無味』。他賦性懶惰，一八八三年遇見瑪當開拉維(Madame Caillavet)她鞭策他著書，還替他撰過一篇短小說。他撰『紅百合花』及『求樂派的花園』，對於人生與世界發表他的懷疑反省。自一八九〇年至一九〇一年他寫了許多無關目的記事與談話，以諷刺陸軍，教士，貴族，及政客等等，成爲『並世歷史』。自一九〇六年起，他的著作譯成英文，銷路很暢。他陸續撰貞德(Joan of Arc)傳，前後費了二十年工夫，以一九〇八年出版。一九一〇年瑪當開拉維死，他

覺得孤寂，一病數月，不能動筆。一九一四年歐戰發生，他寫一封長信，力勸同胞們以人道主義爲先。他很自由的發表他的非戰見解，頗指斥克利曼蘇與普安卡利。一九一九年他赴南美洲演講。一九二〇年，他七十六歲，纔與愛瑪拉普利和(Emma Laprevotte)行結婚禮，兩人同作他的孫子的保護人。一八二一年他得諾畢勒(Nobel)文學獎金，親往瑞典都城領獎。他領獎的時候有一篇演說辭，指斥瓦爾塞和約，說『這不是和約，其實是拖長大戰。』一九二二年教王政府禁他的著作；有幾處圖書館排斥他的幾種著作好幾年。他不自認爲哲學家，以爲自己是一個改革家。他奉蒙唐(Montaigne)，福耳特耳(Voltaire)，及雷能(Renan)爲師，善作譏刺文章，筆墨極其朗潤。他晚年好談美術與宗教，不相信歷史的基督，又不相信人死會復活。他死於一九二四年，年八十歲。出殯日法國大總統與政府諸人爲之執紼。他死後有人解剖他的腦，卻是異常的小。他是歐洲文學界一個巨子，法國後起之秀卻不以他爲然，以爲他是一個可厭的老頭子。今所譯的小說中曾敘吃冰吉林用的一把作紅百合花形的小匙，故以名書。

民國二十三年甲戌立秋日伍光建記

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I

. . . The daughter of that Montessuy, who, at first a mere clerk in a Parisian bank, had founded and directed two great banking houses, and by using all the resources of an inventive mind, invincible strength of character, a rare blend of cunning and honesty, had piloted them through a difficult orisis, and dealt with the Government on an equal footing. She had grown up in the historic chateau of Joinville, which, bought, restored, and magnificently furnished by her father, with its park and its extensive lakes, had come to equal Vaux-le Vicomte in splendour. Montessuy enjoyed to the full all that life had to give. By instinct a pronounced atheist he was determined to have every material benefit and every desirable thing that earth produces. He crowded into the gallery and reception rooms of Joinville pictures by the great masters and precious marbles. At fifty he was paying for the luxuries of the most beautiful actresses and a few women in society. With all the brutality of his temperament and the keenness of his intelligence he enjoyed social life.

Meanwhile poor Madame Montessuy was languishing at Joinville. . . . There one evening on a little iron bedstead, put up at the foot of the great state bed, she died of sorrow and weakness, her only loves having been

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第一回

(瑪當馬丁(Madame Martin))原是孟特瑞(Montessuy)的女兒，他起初不過是一間巴黎銀行的一個錄事，曾開設與管理兩家大銀行，他利用一個富於智計的心，立於不敗的人格，及罕見的詭計與忠實的混合，曾指導這幾家銀行跳出爲難的危機，用勢均力敵的地位同政府交涉。她在有歷史關係的佐安維爾(Joinville)堡生長，經她父親的手購買，修理與裝飾這座堡，連同其間的大花園與幾個大湖，變作很華麗，可與和利維甘康(Vaux-le Vicomte)比肩。孟特瑞滿享人世所給的繁華。他的生性原是一個不信宗教的人，他決計要取得世界所產生的種種利益與種種可欲的事物。他買了許多大名家的繪畫與值錢的石像，塞滿佐安維爾的長廊與幾間大客廳。他到了五十歲，還花許多錢，以奢華品供給幾個最美的女戲子，與不多幾個社會上的女人。他的脾氣是野蠻的，他的知識是尖利的，他利用這樣的稟賦享受社會生活。

當下那個可憐的瑪當孟特瑞住在佐安維爾卻日見憔悴……。有一天晚上，她死於憂愁與衰弱，死在大牀腳下。她死在牀上，她所愛的只是她的丈夫與在廢布治街



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her husband and her little red damask drawing-room in the Rue de Maubeuge.

There had never been any intimacy between mother and daughter. The mother felt instinctively that Thérèse had nothing in common with her. Her daughter's intellect was too capacious, her will too vigorous. Although she was good and docile, there flowed in her veins the strong blood of Montessuy. Thérèse had her father's ardour of soul and body, an ardour from which the mother had suffered so bitterly and for which she found it easier to forgive the father than the daughter.

But Montessuy saw himself in his daughter and loved her. Like all *bon-vivants*,¹ he had his times of charming gaiety. Although he was much away from home, he managed to lunch with her nearly every day, and sometimes he took her out. He was a connoisseur in dress and trinkets. At a glance he noticed and corrected in his daughter's toilet the mistakes made by Madame Montessuy's bad taste. He was educating and forming Thérèse. Coarse yet entertaining, he amused her and won her affection. In his dealings even with her he was inspired by his instinct, his passion for conquest. He, who must always win, was winning his daughter. He was capturing her from her mother. Thérèse admired him, adored him.

In her reverie,² she saw him in the background of her past, as the one joy of her childhood. She was still fully persuaded that there was no more charming man than her father.

¹*bon-vivants* [法文], 善於尋樂的人. ²reverie, or reverie, 冥想; 幻想; 白晝作夢.



(Rue de Maubeuge)的一間紅色花緞糊牆的小客廳。

母女之間向來並不親密。母親自然而然的曉得特利斯 (Thérèse即瑪當馬丁的名。譯者註)與她自己是完全不同的。她女兒知性太過翻覆無常，她的意志太猛。她雖然是好孩子，雖然肯聽話，她的血管裏卻有孟特瑞的剛強的血在那裏流。特利斯有她父親的烈心烈體，她母親很受過這樣熱烈的痛苦，所以她見得饒恕她的父親易，饒恕女兒難。

但是孟特瑞看見女兒像他，就愛她。他同全數好尋樂的人一般，有時頗有迷人的快樂。他雖然多得離家，他卻設法幾乎天天同她在一起吃中飯，有時他領她出門。他是個賞鑑衣服與首飾的行家。瑪當孟特瑞不會打扮，往往把她女兒打扮得不好看，他一眼就看出來，修改好了。他教育特利斯，造成她的人格。他自己雖然粗俗，卻是善於周旋人的，所以她覺得她的父親很有意味，他就贏得她的親愛。他對待他的女兒，還是被他的本能所激動，要用手段降伏她。他是要常時得勝的，所以他要贏她。他從她的母親手上把她擒過來。特利斯讚美他，崇拜他。(特利斯是本書的女英雄，所以詳寫他的出身，環境，及教育等等。譯者註)

當她作夢想的時候，她看見他在她的已住的背景裏，算是她孩提時代的一樂。她仍然很相信世界上並無比她父親更可愛的人。

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As soon as she entered society she despaired of finding elsewhere such natural qualities, such fulness of strength of body and of mind. This disappointment had persisted when she came to choose a husband, and later when she made a secret and a freer choice.

She had really not chosen her husband at all. She hardly knew how, but she had let herself be married by her father. He, being a widower embarrassed and troubled by the responsibility of a daughter in the midst of an agitated, busy life, had as usual wished to act quickly and well. He thought only of external distinctions and social conventions; he appreciated¹ the advantage of the eighty years of imperial nobility offered by Count Martin, and the hereditary glory of a family which had provided with ministers the Government of July and the Liberal Empire. The idea of his daughter finding love in marriage never occurred to him.

He persuaded himself that in marriage she would find the satisfaction of that desire for splendour with which he had inspired her. He hoped that she would have the joy of being rich and appearing so, that she would gratify the vulgar pride, the desire for material superiority, which for him constituted the essence of life. For the rest, he had no very definite ideas concerning the happiness of a respectable woman in society; but he was quite sure that his daughter would always be a respectable woman. That was an innate conviction; on that point his mind was perfectly at rest.

Reflecting on that confidence, foolish and yet natural,

¹appreciated, 看重; 領略

等到她一入社會的時候，她看處處都是自然的屬性，到處都是體力及心力充足的，她就絕望。等到她選擇夫婿的時候，很是一樣的失望，等到後來她作祕密的與更自由的選擇時，還是失望的。

她其實並不會選擇她的夫婿。她不曉得怎麼樣，她隨她的父親代擇，就讓她自己嫁與那個人。她父親既是一個繆夫，他又是過驚擾與忙碌的生活，向來做事既要做得快又要做得好，一個女兒在身邊，他覺得這個責任太累墜。他只想到外表的榮華與社會的習俗；他看重馬丁伯爵八十年的皇帝所賜的爵位利益，又看重這一個家庭的世襲榮耀，因為這一家會供給幾個部臣與七月的政府及自由的帝國。他絕不想到要他的女兒得着夫婦間的愛情。

他深信她結了婚就會滿意於他激動她發生的榮華富貴的欲望。他希望她會得着富貴與炫耀富貴的快樂，希望他會使她得着庸俗的快意，這就是說以物質勝人的欲望可以如願以償，在他看來，這樣的快意成爲人生的精華。說到別的，關於一個在社會的體面女人的歡樂，他卻無什麼定見；他卻深信他的女兒當然常是一個體面女人。這是一種本能的深信；關於這一點他是完全放心的。

她反省到這樣糊塗的卻是自然的深信，卻是與孟特

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which was so contrary to Montessuy's own experiences and ideas of women, she smiled a smile of ironic melancholy. She admired her father all the more for being too wise to indulge in importunate¹ wisdom.

After all, he had not married her so badly, according to the standards of marriage among the leisured classes. Her husband was as good as many another. He had become quite tolerable. Of all the memories,² which, in the half-light of the shaded lamps, the embers recalled to her, that of their life in common was the least vivid. All that returned to her were the painfully distinct recollections of one or two incidents, some foolish imaginings, an impression vague and unpleasant. That time had not lasted long, and had left nothing behind it. Now after six years she hardly remembered how she had gained her liberty, so prompt and easy had been that victory over a husband, cold, valetudinarian, egotistical, and polite. Ambitious, industrious, and commonplace, he had grown sere and yellow in business and politics. It was only through vanity that he loved women, and he had never loved his wife. Their separation had been frank and complete. And since then, strangers one to the other, they were both grateful for their mutual deliverance. She would have regarded him as a friend, had she not found him cunning, sly, and too artful in obtaining her signature when he needed money. This money he employed in enterprises prompted less by cupidity than by a desire for ostentation. Except for this the man with whom she dined, lived, travelled, and talked every day was nothing to her and had no share in her life.

¹importunate, 不合時宜; 不便利 ²memories, 記憶; 往事

瑞自己的閱歷及女人的見解大相矛盾，她就微微一笑，表示譏刺的愁悶。她更讚美她的父親，因為他很明智，不肯肆意於不合時宜的智慧。

照着富貴閒暇人家的標準，她嫁得並不算不好。她的丈夫比得上許多人那麼好。他變作很能令人忍受。她在有罩的燈的半光裏頭，餘燼使她追憶全數既往的事，以她們夫婦所共過的生活為最不活現。凡是她所記得的，不過是令人傷心的很清楚的一兩件事，幾次糊塗的妄想，一個空洞的與令人不歡的印象。這樣的時間並不久，並無什麼遺留。到了現在過了六年啦，她幾乎不記得她怎樣得到她的自由，她的丈夫是一個冷落人，像個病夫，自私自利，多禮的人，她打勝這個丈夫是很容易，勝得很快。他志在富貴，他勤力，他是一個庸庸碌碌的人，辦公事與當政客日久，變乾了，變黃了。他是因為好虛名纔愛女人，他卻絕不愛他的夫人。他們的分離是坦白的，完全的。他們自從分離以來，彼此相待如同路人，他們彼此得了解放，彼此都感謝。設使她不見得他詭譎，狡獪，當要錢用的時候，不用太過巧妙手段贏得她簽字，她還許會當他是一個朋友（這就是說她不當他是個朋友。譯者註）。他得了錢就做幾件事，卻並不是為的發財，為的是要出風頭。除了這件事體他同她有相干，此外她雖於每天同這個人同食，同住，同旅行，同說話，她看他如同無物，在她的生活裏，他並無一份子。

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Absorbed in her own thoughts, sitting chin in hand, before the dead fire, like an anxious inquirer consulting a sibyl, as she reviewed those years of solitude, she beheld the face of the Marquis of Ré. It was so clear and distinct that she was astonished. Introduced by her father, who was proud of the acquaintance, the Marquis of Ré appeared tall and handsome, decked with the glories of thirty years' private and social triumphs. He had enjoyed a long series of successes. He had seduced three generations of women and imprinted on each mistress's heart an imperishable memory. His virile grace, his refined elegance and his gift of pleasing prolonged his youth far beyond the usual limits. The young Countess Martin had been especially distinguished by him. She had been flattered by the homage of such a connoisseur. Even now to recollect it still gave her pleasure. He had a wonderful gift in conversation. She had found him entertaining and had let him see it. Thenceforth, light-hearted hero that he was, he had determined to bring his gay life to an appropriate close, by possessing this young woman, whom he admired more than any one, and who obviously liked him. To entrap her he laid all a rake's most ingenious toils. But she escaped from them very easily.

Two years later she had become the mistress of Robert Le Ménil, who, with all the ardour of his youth and all the simplicity of his heart had resolved to win her. "I gave myself to him because he loved me," she told herself. It was true. It was also true that an unconscious,

當她被她自己的思想所吸收的時候，手托着腮坐在巴滅的爐火前，如同一個急於要問前程的人請教一個預言家一般，當她追憶從前幾年所過的孤寂生活，她看見雷侯爵的臉。她看得很清楚，就覺得詫異。她的父親很以認得侯爵爲榮，介紹他見他的女兒，侯爵身高貌美，滿身掛着三十年來祕密所得的與在社會所得的勝利的光榮。他曾享受好幾年的得意。他曾鈎引三代的婦女，他在每個妍婦的心中都留一個不能磨滅的印象。他的男子漢的儀表，他的雕琢過的華麗，及他的能悅人的天賦，延長他的少年，過於向來的界限。少手的馬丁伯爵夫人，特別受他的優異看待。她被這樣一個行家的卑躬敬禮所恭維。到了今日，她一追想起來，還是快活的。他有天賦，最會說話。她會見得他說話有趣味，還讓他曉得她有這樣的感覺。他本來是一個浮蕩英雄，從此以後他就立意要得着這個女人，作爲他的快活生活的結束，他最讚美這個女人，這個女人又顯然喜歡他。他要她落在他的陷穽裏，他就用盡他的蕩子的最巧妙的工作。不料她很容易的逃出他的陷穽。

兩年後，她做了羅伯利曼尼勒(Robert Le Ménil)的妍婦，這個人用少年的熱心與他的全副單簡心腸，決計要贏她得手。她對自己說道，「我委身於他，因爲他愛我。」這是句真實話。有一種她所不覺得的有力的本能逼她，她

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powerful instinct had impelled her, and that she had obeyed secret forces of her nature. But these proceeded from her subconscious¹ self; what she had consciously done was to accept his love, because she believed it to be informed² by that sincerity she had always sought. She had yielded directly she found herself loved to the point of suffering. She had given herself quickly, simply. He thought she had given herself lightly. He was mistaken. The irreparable act had brought on a feeling of overwhelming dejection and shame at suddenly having something to hide. All the whisperings she had heard about women who had lovers were buzzing in her burning ears. But, proud and sensitive, and with perfect taste, she was careful to hide the cost of the gift she bestowed and to say nothing which might engage her lover to go further than his own feelings would carry him. He never suspected that moral suffering, which after all only lasted a few days and was succeeded by perfect tranquillity. After three years she approved of her conduct as having been innocent and natural. Having done no one any wrong, she had no regrets. She was content. This relationship was her greatest happiness. She loved, she was loved. True she had never experienced the rapture³ she had dreamed of. But is it ever experienced? She was the mistress of a good honourable bachelor, who was much liked by women and popular in society, where he was considered haughty and fastidious;⁴ and he loved her sincerely. The pleasure she gave him and the joy of being beautiful for him were the bonds which bound her

¹ subconscious, 下知識. ² informed=inspired, 激發. ³ rapture, 狂樂. ⁴ fastidious, 好事苛求; 好挑剔。

又服從她性情中的秘密勢力，這也是真的。但是這都是從她的下知識自身發生的；她所曾明知故意做的就是願受他的愛情，因為她相信他的愛情是發生於至誠的，是她所常求的。她一覺得她被他所愛，愛到快要受痛苦啦，她就讓步。她委身於他委得很快，毫不作態。他以為她委身太容易。他是錯了。她做了這件不能挽回的事之後，忽然覺得她要嚴守一件祕密，就覺得有打倒一切的愁悶與慚愧。她曾聽見有人低聲附耳告訴她某某女人有了奸夫，全數她的所聞現時在她的發燒耳朵裏嗡嗡的響。但是她既驕傲，又怕人談論，她能完全節制自己不露痕跡，很小心深藏她所給的重禮的價值，她不說一句鼓勵話，免得她的愛人進行太遠，遠過他自己的感情會推進他。他絕不疑到那種的道德感覺，其實這樣的感覺不過有了幾天，後來就覺得完全安貼啦。過了三年，贊成她的行爲，以為是無害的，自然的。她不會對什麼人不住，她就並無追悔（難爲她撇得清。譯者註）。她滿意啦。這樣的關係就是她的最大歡樂。她愛他，他愛她。她誠然始終未曾閱歷過她所夢想的狂樂。但是一向有人閱歷過嗎？她是一個體面未娶男子的姘婦，這個人是女人們所喜歡的，又是社會所歡迎的，社會中以為他驕蹇與太過苛求；況且他真心愛她。她所給他的娛樂，與爲他而美，這兩層就締結她於他的束縛。他

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to him. He rendered her life, not always rapturously delightful, but tolerable and sometimes pleasant.

What she had not guessed in her solitude in spite of the warning of vague misgivings and unaccountable sadness, her own inner nature, her temperament, her true vocation, he had revealed to her. She learned to know herself by knowing him. And her self knowledge brought her some pleasant astonishment. Their sympathies were neither of the head nor of the heart. She had a simple definite liking for him, which did not wear out quickly. And at that very moment she took pleasure in the thought of meeting him on the morrow, in the little flat in the Rue Spontini which had been their rendezvous for three years. It was with rather a brusque movement of her head and a more violent shrug of the shoulders than one would have expected from so exquisite a lady, that, alone in the chimney-corner, by a dead fire, she said to herself: "Ah! what I want is to be in love."

V

.

"Nevertheless he appears so easy-going, so indifferent, so detached."

"Don't you believe it. His is a mind in itself restless and a cause of unrest in others."

"Does he like women?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I am not thinking of arranging a marriage for him."

"Yes, he does like women. I told you that he is an egoist. And only egoists really love women. After his

雖不能使她的生活常是發狂的快樂，卻還可以過得去，有時且是適意的。（此處作不甚滿意之詞，爲下文張本。譯者註）

她雖然得了空洞的疑懼的警告，與不能解說的憂愁的警告，她處於孤寂時所不會猜着她自己的心性，她的脾氣，與她該做的正事，他卻全揭露給她曉得。她因爲認得他纔曉得她自己。她既曉得自己，使她得了快樂的詫異。他們的相憐相愛既不是從知性上來的，亦不是從感情上來的。她對於他有一種單簡有定的喜歡，這種喜歡並不會很快的就消磨了。正在那個時刻，她樂於明天會他，在斯滂丁尼街（Rue Spontini）的一層小房子裏會他，這個地方做了他們幽期密約之所有三年啦。

她獨自一人坐在牆爐的一角，在已滅的火旁邊，自言自語道，『呀！我所要的是戀愛男子。』她說這句的時候，很草率的動她的頭，更兇猛的聳聳兩肩，這樣舉動原是非所望於如她這樣嬌嫩的貴婦人的。

第 五 回

〔有一天有人談起一個塑像家狄沙爾特（Dechartre），說他被母親縱容壞了。瑪當馬丁說道。譯者註〕

『雖是這樣說，我看他好像很隨便，很冷淡，很孤立的。』

『你不要相信。他本人是個不安靜的人，且使他人不安靜。』

『他喜歡女人麼？』

『你爲什麼要問？』

『呀，我並不想替他做媒。』

『他喜歡女人。我告訴你，他是一個爲己的人。惟有爲己的人真愛女人。他母親死後許久，他同一個有名的女

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mother's death, for a long while, he had an affair with a well-known actress, Jeanne Tancrède."

Madame Martin thought she remembered Jeanne Tancrède—not very pretty, but a fine figure, languidly graceful when playing the part of a woman in love.

"That is the woman," said Paul Vence. "They nearly always lived together in a little house in the *cité des Jasmins* at Auteuil. I often went to see them. I used to find him lost in his dreams, forgetting to model a figure drying beneath its linen covering; he would be wrapt in reverie, concerned only with his own thoughts, quite incapable of listening to any one. She meanwhile would be studying her parts, her cheeks burning with rouge, love in her eyes, pretty in her intelligence and her energy. She used to complain to me that he was absent-minded, sullen, irritable. She really loved him, and never betrayed him, except to get a part. And when she did betray him it was quickly over, and afterwards she thought no more about it. She was a serious-minded woman. But she allowed herself to be seen with Joseph Springer, and cultivated his society in the hope that he would give her a part at the Comédie Française. Dechartre was vexed and parted from her. Now she finds it more convenient to live with her directors, and Jacques prefers to travel."

"Does he regret¹ her?"

"How can one know the thoughts of a mind so restless and so versatile, so eager to give itself, so quick to take back the gift, so egotistical² and so passionate? He loves

¹regret, 追悔; 捨不得. ²egotistical, 爲己; 自私自利.

戲子名延·但克列(Jeanne Tancredi)發生關係。』

瑪當馬丁說她記得延·但克列——不甚詔秀，但是身材好看，當她扮演一個在戀愛中的女人時候，態度是柔弱得好看。

保羅文斯(Paul Vence)說道，『就是這個女人。他們幾乎常住在奧徒勒(Auteuil)茉莉巷的一間小房子。我常見他在夢境中忘了自己，忘記模範一個蓋在布下待乾的像；他會沈埋在白晝作夢中，只顧他自己的思想，很不能聽無論什麼說話。當下她研究她自己所演的腳色，她兩頰的胭脂紅到發燒，兩眼含着愛情，她表現知識與精力的時候是好看的。她常對我說不滿意的話，說他不注意，悻悻的，容易發怒。她實在愛他，絕不負他，除了她無腳色演不計。當她果曾對不住他的時候，卻是很快的，以後她絕不再想這件事。她是一個莊重女人。她卻讓人看見她同約瑟斯普林(Joseph Springer)在一起，同他往來，希望他在法蘭西戲院請她演戲。狄沙爾特不高興，同她拆姘了。現在她見得同她的戲院管理人同住較為利便，查克(Jacques)即狄沙爾特的名。譯者註)寧願旅行。』

『他捨不得她麼？』

『他這個人是很躁動的，又是善變的，很容易相信人，又很容易疑心人，很爲己的，愛情是很熱烈的，誰能夠曉得他心裏的思想呀？無論什麼時候，他只要看見一個人

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with fervour whenever he finds the personification of his own ideals."

She changed the subject abruptly.

"And what about your novel, Monsieur Vence?"

"I am writing the last chapter. My poor little engraver has been guillotined. He died with the calm of a placid virgin who has never felt the warm breath of life on her lips. Newspapers and the public conventionally¹ approve of the act of justice which has just been performed. But in a garret another artisan, a chemist, serious and sad, is swearing to avenge his brother's death."

He rose and took his leave.

She called him back.

"Monsieur Vence, you know I am in earnest. Bring me Choulette."

When she went up to her room her husband was waiting for her on the landing. He was wearing a reddish-brown frieze dressing-gown and a kind of doge's cap encircling his pale hollow face. He looked grave. Behind him, through the open door of his study, appeared under the lamp a pile of documents and the open blue-books of the annual budget. Before she entered her room he signed that he wished to speak to her.

"My dear, I don't understand you. Your inconsistency may do you harm. Without motive, without even an excuse, you abandon your home and travel through Europe, with whom? With this Choulette, a Bohemian, a drunkard."

¹conventionally, 以俗見.

是他自己的理想的具體化(簡單說,就是意中人,譯者註)他就熱心愛這個人。』

她忽然改換話柄。

『文斯先生,你的小說怎麼樣啦?』

『我正在寫最後一回。我的可憐的小雕刻人被斬首了。他死得很鎮靜,如同一個沈靜姑娘,嘴唇絕未嘗過人生的緩呼吸的一般。報紙與輿論都以俗見贊成剛纔辦過的事,說是辦得公道。但是另有一個嚴重的與愁苦的手工藝人,是一個化學師,住在一個金字閣裏,發誓要同他的兄弟報仇。』

他站起來,告辭走了。

她喊他回來。

『文斯先生,你曉得我是說認真的話,你領朱列特(Choulette)來。』

當她走上去她的屋子的時候,她的丈夫在樓梯口等她。他身穿一件紅棕色粗絨梳洗衣,頭戴一件 doge 帽,圍住他的死白色的瘦臉。他的神色嚴重。從他的打開的書房門,看見他背後有一堆公文,與一年財政預算的藍皮書攤開在燈下。當她還未進她的屋子之先,他作手勢,表示他想同她說話。

『我的寶貝,我不明白你。你的無定性很許可以害你。你既無動機,又無藉口,你就拋棄家庭,同誰遨遊歐洲呀?與你同遊的是這個朱列特,他是一個放蕩不羈的文學家,是一個醉漢。』

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She replied that she would travel with Madame Marmet, and there was nothing unconventional in that.

"But you are telling every one of your departure, and you don't yet know whether Madame Marmet can go with you."

"Oh, dear Madame Marmet can soon pack up and go. It would only be her dog that would detain her in Paris. She will leave him with you; you can look after him."

"And does your father know of your plans?"

When his own authority was defied it was always his last resource to invoke that of Montessuy. He knew that his wife was afraid of displeasing her father and giving him a bad opinion of her.

He insisted.

"Your father is full of common sense and tact. I have been so fortunate as to find myself in agreement with him in the advice I have given you on several occasions. Like me he considers that a woman in your position ought not to visit Madame Meillan. Her society is very mixed and she is known to facilitate intrigues.¹ I must tell you plainly that you make a great mistake in holding the opinion of society of so little account. I am very much mistaken if your father will not consider it strange for you to go off in this frivolous manner. And your absence will be all the more remarked because, permit me to remind you, throughout this session I have been very much in the public eye. In this matter my personal merit counts for nothing. But, if you had been willing to listen to me at dinner, I should have proved to you that the political group to which I belong is on the verge of coming into

¹Intrigues, 秘密戀愛。

她答稱她將同瑪當馬爾梅 (Marmet) 同行，這就並無不合於禮俗的地方。

『但是你逢人便說你要走，你卻還不曉得瑪當馬爾梅能不能與你同去。』

『呀，寶貝的瑪當馬爾梅能夠一會子就收拾行李走。只有她的狗會使她在巴黎逗留。她將把這條狗交與你；你能照應這條狗。』

『你的父親曉得你的計劃麼？』

當他的權力被她反抗的時候，他最後的方法常是請出孟特瑞的名字來。他曉得他的夫人怕得罪她父親，令他說她不好。

他還要說話。

『你的父親滿肚子都是常識與手段。我有好幾次勸你，我幸而見得我的見解同他的相符，他同我一樣，他以爲處你這樣地位的一個女人不應該探望瑪當美蘭 (Meillan)。她所常與往來的人是很雜的，人家都曉得她善於幫人赴幽期密約。我必得坦白告訴你，你輕視社會的議論是一大錯。你的父親若不以你帶着這輕佻態度就走了爲怪異，就算是我錯啦。讓我提醒你，你一走開，人家都會更注意，因爲當開議會期內，衆人都注意我。我個人的才德在這樣事體裏頭，原算不了什麼。但是假使當吃飯的時候，你肯聽我說，我會證明使你相信我所屬的政黨快要出來執政

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power. It is not at such a moment that you should forsake your duties as mistress of this house. You must understand this."

She replied:

"You are boring me."

And, turning her back upon him, she shut herself in her room.

In bed that evening, as was her custom, she opened a book before falling asleep. It was a novel. Turning over its pages haphazard, she came upon these lines:

"Love is like devoutness in religion; it comes late. One is seldom either in love or devout at twenty, unless one has an unusual disposition, a kind of innate holiness. Even the elect strive long with that grace of loving which is more terrible than the lightning on the road to Damascus. A woman does not generally yield to the passion of love until age and solitude have ceased to alarm her. For passion is an arid desert, a burning Thebaid. Passion is a secular asceticism as severe as the asceticism of religion.

"Therefore a great passion is as rare in women as great religious devotion. Those who know life and society know that women do not willingly wear upon their delicate bodies the hair-shirt of a true love. They know that nothing is rarer than a life-long sacrifice. And reflect how much a woman of the world must sacrifice when she loves: liberty, peace of mind, the charming play of a free imagination, coquetry, amusements, pleasures, she loses everything.

"Flirting is permitted to her. That is consistent¹ with all the exigencies of a fashionable life. But not love. Love

¹consistent, 並行不停.

啦。你不該在這個時期拋棄你做這個第宅的女主人的職責。你必定明白這一層。』

她答道：

『你說話太多使我討厭。』

她掉過身子，走入她的屋裏，關上房門。

她照着平日的習慣，這天晚上，在牀上先打開一本書，隨後纔睡着了。這是一本小說。她隨便翻出一頁，她就讀那幾行道：

『愛情如同奉教虔篤；來得很遲的。一個人在二十歲的時候少得會戀愛，或少得會奉教虔篤，除非這個人有異常的性向，有一種天生的虔誠。即使是有特別稟賦的，也要同天賜的愛情奮鬪許久，這就比在丹馬斯革路上遇電（聖保羅的故事。譯者註）可怕得多。大概而論，一個女人總要等到年紀與孤寂停止恐怖她，她纔讓步於愛情。因為愛情是一片焦燥沙漠，是一個大火正在焚燒的狄比特（Thebaid古埃及都城名，或古希臘城名）愛情是教外的苦行，如同宗教的苦行一樣的嚴厲。

『所以偉大的愛情，在女人是很罕見的，如同偉大的奉教虔篤亦是罕見的。凡是曉得人生與社會的人們，就曉得女人們不願意在她們的嬌嫩肉體上穿真愛情的髮織內衣（這是苦行頭陀所穿的。譯者註）。她們曉得終生犧牲原是最罕見的（我卻要為女人呼冤。譯者註）。讀者試反省，一個飽閱世故的女人，當她戀愛一個男子的時候，必定要很犧牲自己：她所犧牲的是自由，心中的安泰，一個自由想像的迷人手段，鈎引，消遣，娛樂，無論什麼她全喪失了。

『假作戀愛是可以許她的。這是與時髦生活的全數急需並行不悖的。真戀愛卻不能。愛情原是最不勢利的激

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is the least worldly of the passions, the most anti-social, the wildest, the most barbarous. Therefore the world judges it more severely than gallantry and than profligacy. In one sense the world is right. A Parisian woman in love believes her nature, and fails to perform her function which is, like a work of art, to belong to us all. She is a work of art and the most marvellous that man's industry has ever produced. She is an enchanting artifice, resulting from the conjunction of all the mechanical arts and all the liberal arts; she is their common production, and she is the common good. Her duty is to show herself."

As Thérèse closed the book, she reflected that these were the dreams of novelists who did not know life. She knew well that in reality there existed no Mount of Passion, no hair-shirt of love, no terrible yet beautiful vocation against which the elect strove in vain; she knew that love was only a brief intoxication, which when it passes leaves one a little sorrowful. And yet, if after all she did not know everything, if there should be a love in which one might drown oneself with delight. . . . She put out her lamp. The dreams of her early youth returned to her from the dim background of her past.

XIII

"Here is M. Choulette," said Miss Bell. "He will tell us what to think of marriage. I am ready to listen to him as to an oracle. He does not see what we see, and he sees what we do not see. Monsieur Choulette, what do you think of marriage?"

He sat down and raised a Socratic finger.

情，最自由獨立的，最狂的，最野蠻的。所以世人評論這件事體較為嚴厲，有過於評論獻媚，且過於評論淫蕩。以一種意義而論，世人是對的。一個巴黎女人戀愛一個男人，會使人誤會她的性情，不能履行她的職責，這樣職責如同一件美術品，原是屬我們衆人的。她是一件美術品，從世人所產生的美術品，以她為最奇異。她是一種迷人的巧製品，是連合全數手工的技術與全數美術的結果；她是這幾種美術的共同出產，她又是有益於公衆的。她的本務在乎陳列她自身。」（論愛情論得很新鮮。譯者註）

狄利斯掩卷，她反省這許多議論全是小說家們的夢，他們不曉得人情。她很曉得其實並無所謂受苦的山，並無為愛情而穿的頭髮所織的內衣，無被人戀愛的女人所努力反對而不能的可怕而美的正經事業；她曉得愛情不過是一種短時間的迷醉，當愛情過去的時候使人覺得有點難受。（上文說女人的愛情是多少憑理想，她自己說愛情是得自自己的閱歷。譯者註）但是，倘若她到底不是無論什麼都曉得，倘若果然有一種愛情可以使人很高興沉溺在裏頭……她熄了燈。她少年時許多的夢從她的已往的昏暗背景回來。

第 十 三 回

〔有一天晚飯後比勒(Bell)小姐，狄沙爾特，瑪當馬爾梅，瑪當馬丁正在談男女婚嫁事，朱列特在小酒店同鄉下人打完牌，走進來。譯者註〕比勒小姐說道，『朱列特先生來了。他肯告訴我們他對於婚嫁有什麼見解。我準備聽他如聽神巫一般。我們所見到的他見不到，他所見到的我們見不到。朱列特先生，你對於婚嫁作什麼見解？』

他坐下，他作蘇格拉底態度，舉一手指。

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“Do you speak, Mademoiselle, of the solemn union between man and woman? In this sense marriage is a sacrament. Hence it is nearly always sacrilege. As for civil marriage, that is a mere formality. The importance attached to it by present day society is a folly which would have appeared laughable to women of the old *régime*. We owe this prejudice with many others to that *bourgeois* movement, to the rise of financiers and lawyers, which is termed the Revolution and which seems admirable to those who profit by it. It is the fruitful mother of all foolishness. Every day for a century she has been bringing forth new absurdities. Civil marriage is nothing but one of many registrations, instituted by the state in order that it may be informed concerning the condition of its citizens: for in a civilised state every one must have his label. And of what value are all these labels in the eyes of the Son of God? Morally, this entry in a register is not even enough to induce a woman to take a lover. Who would scruple¹ to break an oath sworn before a mayor? In order to taste the true joys of adultery one must be pious.”

“But, sir,” said Thérèse, “we have been married at church.”

Then in a tone of deep sincerity, she added:

“I cannot understand how any man or woman, having attained to years of discretion, can commit the folly of marriage.”

The Prince looked at her suspiciously. He was quick witted, but he was incapable of believing that any one ever spoke disinterestedly, merely to express general ideas

¹scruple, 忌憚; 良心.

『小姐，你說的是男人與女人鄭重的締婚麼？以這個意義而論，締婚是一種宗教儀文。所以這樣結婚幾乎常是一件褻瀆宗教的事。至於法律結婚，這不過是一種形式上的事。今日社會重視這種形式，原是一種錯事，會見笑於舊派女人的。這種成見與其他許多成見，都是由於市儈舉動，由新興的財政家與律師得來的，這兩件事即所謂革命，凡是從中取利的都無不讚美這樣的革命。革命是全數糊塗事的多子的母親。這個母親在一百年間無一日不產生新鮮的無理取鬧的事。法律結婚不是別的，不過是國家所設的幾種註冊之一，以便國家可以曉得其人民的情形；無論什麼人，在文明國中，必得有一面招牌。自上帝的兒子眼光看來，這許多招牌有什麼價值？以道德論，在冊子上登記，還不足以引一個女人姘一個奸夫。在市長面前發一個誓，誰會忌憚背誓呀？一個人若要嘗通姦的真正滋味，這個人必得奉教虔篤。』

特利斯說道，『先生，我們已經在教堂結婚啦。』

她用極其真誠的腔調，又說道：

『我不能明白一個男人或一個女人，已經到能負責的年歲，怎麼樣能夠犯結婚的錯過。』

那個王爵懷疑，看看她。他是很聰明的，他卻不能相信無論什麼人永遠會說不是爲己的話，不過是發表普通

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and without some definite object. He imagined that Countess Martin had discovered his scheme and determined to thwart it. And, as already he was thinking of defending himself and taking his revenge, he ogled her and addressed her with affectionate gallantry.

"You, Madame, display the pride of all beautiful and intelligent Frenchwomen, who chafe beneath the yoke. Frenchwomen love liberty, and not one of them is worthier of it than you. I myself have lived a little in France. I have known and admired the fashionable society of Paris in drawing-rooms, at dinner tables, in public assemblies, and sports. But among our mountains, beneath our olive-trees, we relapse into rusticity. We return to our country manners, and marriage seems to us a sweet romantic idyll."¹

Vivian Bell examined the model which Dechartre had left on the table.

"Oh! that is the living image of Beatrice, I am sure. And do you know, Monsieur Dechartre, there are wicked men who say that Beatrice never existed?"

Choulette declared that he was one of those wicked men. He did not believe that Beatrice existed any more than those other ladies in whose personalities the old love poets expressed some ridiculously subtle scholastic idea.

Intolerant of any praise not bestowed on himself, jealous of Dante, and of the whole universe, and also a keen man of letters, he thought he had discovered a joint in the armour,² and struck:

"I suspect," he said, "that the young sister of the angels never lived except in the dry imagination of the illustrious

¹ idyll, 田園風景詩. ² a joint in the armour, 甲縫, 卽弱點

見解，並無一定目的。他猜馬丁伯爵夫人已經窺破他的計劃要決計使其不能進行。又因他正在想自衛與報復，他使眼色同她調情，帶着親愛的獻媚，對她說道。

『瑪當，你擺出全數在桎梏之下發怒的美貌與聰慧法蘭西女人的驕傲。法蘭西女人愛自由，無一個比你更值得享自由的。我自己曾在法蘭西住過幾時。我曾認識又曾讚美巴黎的時髦社會，無論在客廳裏，或在宴會席上，或在公共聚會地方，或在遊戲地方，都曾讚美過。但是一到了我們的山中，在我們橄欖樹下，我們就折回我們的鄉下情形。我們折回我們的鄉下禮俗，我們看結婚好像一篇甜美浪漫的田間風景詩。』

比勒小姐察看狄沙爾特留在桌上的塑像。

『哈！我深信這是比阿特利（Beatrice 這是義大利大詩人但提（Dante）的意想愛人。譯者註）的活像。狄沙爾特先生，你可曉得，世上有許多壞人說絕無比阿特利其人麼？』

朱列特宣言他就是這樣的一個壞人。他不相信有比阿特利其人，亦如他不相信詩歌中其他女人，這都不過是古時詠愛情的詩人們借重女人發表無理取鬧的奧妙經院派的理想。

他受不了她只恭維他人不恭維自己，他妒忌但提，且妒忌全個宇宙，又妒忌眼光鋒利的文學家，他以爲他會看出弱點，就要攻擊：

他說道，『我疑心安琪兒們的小妹妹是絕不會有過的，只存在於這個顯名的詩人的乾枯想像中。她在他的想像

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poet. Even there she appears as a pure allegory,¹ or rather a mathematical calculation or an astrological exercise. Dante, who between ourselves² was a good doctor of Bologna, and had several bees in his poked bonnet,³ believed in the virtue of numbers. This passionate geometrician dreamt in figures, and his Beatrice is the flower of his arithmetic. That's all!"

And he lit his pipe.

Vivian Bell protested:

"Oh! don't talk like that, Monsieur Choulette. You hurt me. If our friend M. Gebhart heard you, he would be very angry. To punish you, Prince Albertinelli shall read you the canto in which Beatrice explains the spots in the moon. Take the *Divina Commedia*, Eusebio. It is that white book on the table. Open it and read."

During the reading under the lamp, Dechartre, sitting on the sofa near Countess Martin, spoke enthusiastically of Dante in whispers, calling him the greatest sculptor among poets. He reminded Thérèse of the picture they had seen together two days ago, at Santa Maria, on the Servites' door, a half-effaced fresco, in which it was difficult to distinguish the poet with his laurel-wreathed hood, Florence, and the seven circles. Enough of it remained however to enrapture the artist. But she had not been able to distinguish anything; it had not appealed to her. And then she confessed that Dante was too gloomy and attracted her but little. Dechartre, who had grown accustomed to her sharing all his poetical and artistic ideas, felt surprised and vexed. He said aloud:

¹ allegory, 寄托; 寓言. ² between ourselves, 我同你说句秘密话. ³ had several bees in his poked bonnet, 这是说他头脑不清楚.

中也不過是一個純粹的寄托，其實是一篇算學的布算，不然就是一種星占學的演題。我同你們說句秘密話，但提是布洛那(Bologna)大學的一個好博士，頭腦有點不清楚，相信數目有吉凶。這個熱烈的幾何學家在數月中作夢，他的比阿特利就是他的數學的花。不過是這樣，並無別的道理！】

他點火吸烟。

比勒小姐反對，說道：

『哎！朱列特先生，不要這樣講。你使我難過。倘若我們的朋友吉貝爾特(Gebhart)聽見你這番議論，他會很忿怒的。我今要罰你，就請阿巴丁尼(Albertinelli)王爵讀那一篇詩，比阿特利在篇中解說月中的點子。依烏西表你去把神劇拿來。桌上那本白皮書就是的。打開讀給大眾聽。』

當這個人在燈下讀書的時候，狄沙爾特坐在榻上，同馬丁伯爵夫人很近，附耳低聲很熱心的說但提，稱他是詩人中最偉大的塑像家。他對狄利西再提兩日前他們兩人同在聖瑪理亞，在西爾維提(Servites)門上所看的畫，是一幅剝落已半的壁畫，難辨別其上戴桂冠的詩人，佛羅稜薩，與那七個圈。但是未曾剝落的部分足以使藝術家歡樂到發狂。那天她卻不能辨別什麼；這幅畫並不曾動她。她隨即承認但提太過愁悶，只能稍微引動她。狄沙爾特已經習慣於她贊成全數他的詩歌的理想與藝術的理想，這個時候有點詫異與不歡。他大聲說道：

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"There are things both great and strong that you do not realise."

Miss Bell, raising her head, asked what were those things that darling did not realise; and, when she heard that one was the genius of Dante, she exclaimed with simulated wrath:

"Oh! don't you honour the father, the master worthy of all praise, the River God? I don't like you any more, darling. I detest you."

And, as a reproach to Choulette and Countess Martin, she recalled the piety of that Florentine citizen who took from the altar the candles lit in honour of Jesus Christ and placed them before Dante's bust.

After this interruption the Prince had resumed his reading:

"Within itself the ever-during pearl
Received us;"¹

Dechartre insisted on wishing to make Thérèse admire what she did not understand. For her sake certainly he would have sacrificed Dante and all the poets, with the rest of the universe. But by her side, in the ardour of his desire, beholding her tranquil, he was irritated by her smiling beauty. He felt bound to impose on her his ideas, his artistic passions, even his fancies and caprices. In a low voice and in quick argumentative words he remonstrated with her.

"How vehement you are," she said.

Then he whispered in her ear, in a passionate voice which he vainly sought to moderate:

¹ "Paradiso," Canto ii. Cary's Translation.—W.S.

『世上有偉大事物，又有剛健事物，是你所不能體會的。』

比勒小姐擡頭，詰問那個小寶貝所不曾體會的是什麼事物；當她聽他說但提的天才就是其中一事，她就假作發怒說道：

『哦！你不尊敬這個值得全數恭維的父，作家，這位河神麼？我不復喜歡你啦，小寶貝。我憎你啦。』

從前有過一個佛羅稜薩市民篤敬但提，曾把神座上供奉耶穌的蠟燭拿去，放在但提的半身像前，比勒小姐說這件故事，以責朱列特及馬丁伯爵夫人。

那個王爵在他們打叉之後，再讀道：

『不朽的珠在其自身內接待我們』

狄沙爾特很想要使特利斯稱讚她所不懂的詩歌。他爲她起見，必定會犧牲但提與全數詩人，連同其餘的宇宙。但是現時他在她身邊，正在色慾熱烈的時候，看見她鎮靜，他就被她的微笑美貌所激怒。他覺得不能不強逼她承受他的理想，他的美術的激情，甚至於他的幻想與無常的喜怒。他用低聲與說得很快的辯論字句責備她。

她說道，『你是多麼激烈呀。』

他隨即附耳低聲對她說，用激烈聲音說，他雖要減輕他的激烈也做不到：

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"You must take my soul with me. It would give me no joy to win you with a soul that was not my own."

At these words there passed over Thérèse a little shudder of fear and joy.

XIV

Almost immediately Dechartre arrived to go with the three friends into the town. While he was waiting for a moment in the hall he noticed the letters in the salver.

Without believing in the slightest in the reading of character by means of handwriting, he became aware of the form of the letters, which assumed a certain grace as if they were a kind of drawing. Because it was a memorial, a sort of relic of Thérèse, her writing charmed him, and he appreciated also its striking frankness and bold simplicity with an admiration entirely sensual. He looked at the addresses without reading them.

Coming out of the church they passed the booth of the cobbler whom Choulette had adopted as his master. The good man was patching a countryman's boots. The pot of basil was at his side, and the sparrow with the wooden leg chirped close by.

Madame Martin asked the old man if he were quite well, if he had enough work to do, and if he were happy. To all these questions he replied the charming Italian "Yes," the *Si* coming musically from his toothless mouth. She made him tell them his sparrow's story. One day the poor little creature had put his foot into the boiling wax.

『你必得連我的靈魂也拿去。要不是我自己的靈魂贏你到手，是不會給我什麼快樂的。』

特利斯一聽見這句話就覺得有小小的一陣害怕與快樂，透過她全身。

第十四回

〔第二天早上瑪當馬丁寫了一封四頁的信給她的愛人羅伯，加上幾句友誼的話，隨後又寫了幾封信給她父親與她丈夫等等。寫完了就把三封信放在銀盤裏。寫給愛人的一封，放在自己衣袋裏，預備散步時自己親手放在信箱。譯者註〕狄沙爾特幾乎立刻走來，同三個朋友往市鎮。當他在堂屋等候一會子的時候，他看見銀盤上三封信。

他殊不相信由書法看人格，他卻看見字的形狀，好像是一種描畫，寫得很好看。因為這是一種紀念，是特利斯的一種遺蹟，使他看見很歡喜，他且看重她的書法有動人坦率與放膽的單簡，他完全讚美她的字寫得好看。他看看信面的名姓住址，並不會讀一遍。

〔這天早上他們看教堂。譯者註〕他們從教堂出來，經過補鞋匠的攤子，朱列特奉他為師。這個好人正在補一個鄉下人的靴子。身邊放着一盆香草，那隻有一條木頭腿的麻雀在旁邊唱。

瑪當馬丁問這個老頭子身體是不是很好，有無足夠的活計做，是不是歡樂。他用一個義大利的『是』字答復這三個問題，『西』(Si)字從他的無牙口中說出頗合音樂。她要他把他的麻雀歷史說給他們聽。原來有一天這隻可憐的小鳥把一隻腳放在沸蠟裏。

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"I made my little friend a wooden leg out of a match, and now he is able to perch on my shoulder as of old."

"He is a kind old man," said Miss Bell, "who teaches M. Choulette wisdom. At Athens there was a cobbler, named Simon, who wrote works on philosophy and was the friend of Socrates. I have always thought M. Choulette resembled Socrates."

Thérèse asked the shoemaker to tell them his name and his story. His name was Serafino Stoppini and he came from Stia. He was old. His life had been full of trouble.

He put back his spectacles on to his forehead, revealing his blue kindly eyes, growing dim beneath their reddened lids:

"I had a wife and children, now I am alone. I have known things, which now I have forgotten."

Miss Bell and Madame Marnet had gone to buy the veil.

"His tools, a handful of nails, the tub in which he soaks his leather, and a pot of basil are all he has in the world," thought Thérèse, "and yet he is happy."

"This plant smells sweet, and soon it will flower," she said.

"If the poor little thing flowers, it will die," he replied.

When she went away, Thérèse left a coin on the table.

Dechartre was near her. Seriously, almost sternly, he said to her:

"You knew it?"

She looked at him and waited.

He concluded:

". . . that I love you."

For a moment she continued to look at him silently

老頭子說道，『我用一根洋火替我的小朋友造一條木腿，現在他能夠同從前一樣立在我的肩上。』

比勒小姐說道，『他是一個仁慈的老頭子，他以智慧教朱列特。雅典(Athens)有一個補鞋匠名西門(Simon)，曾撰哲學書，是蘇格拉底(Socrates)的朋友。我常以爲朱列特像蘇格拉底。』

特利斯請這個補鞋匠把他的姓名與歷史告訴他們。他的姓名是西拉菲諾·斯陀披尼(Serafino Stoppini)，是斯提阿(Stia)人。他老了。他一生都是過困難日子。

他把眼鏡放在額上，露出一雙藍色的慈愛眼，在紅眼皮下變作昏花了。

他說道，『我從前有妻有子，現在只剩我單身一人啦。我曾曉得許多事，現在忘記了。』

比勒小姐與瑪當馬梅去買面紗。

特利斯想道，『他身無長物，只有他的器具，一掬的釘子，泡牛皮的桶，還有一盆香草，他卻是歡樂的。』

她說道，『這盆草很香，不久就要開花啦。』

他答道，『這盆可憐的小草若開花，就會死啦。』

當特利斯走開的時候，留下一文錢在桌上。

狄沙爾特在她身邊。他很認真的，幾乎是很嚴厲的對她說道：

『你已經曉得了麼？』

她看看他，站着等。

他把話說完道：

『……我愛你。』

有一會子工夫她接連不響，用發光的眼與發抖的兩

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with bright eyes and quivering lids. Then she bowed her head as a sign of affirmation. And, without his attempting to detain her, she went towards Miss Bell and Madame Marmet, who were waiting at the end of the street.

XV

As they were approaching the statue, Thérèse saw a letter-box in the wall of the narrow street at the end of which stood the saint. Meanwhile Dechartre, standing so as to have a good view of his St. Mark, was speaking of him as if he were an intimate friend.

"I always come to him before going anywhere else in Florence. Only once did I fail. But he will forgive me; he is an excellent man. He is not appreciated by the majority and attracts little attention. But I delight in his company. He is alive. I can understand why Donatello, after having created his soul, cried: 'Mark, why don't you speak?'"

Madame Marmet, tired of admiring St. Mark and feeling nipped by the *libeccio*,¹ carried away Miss Bell to help her buy the veil in the Via dei Calzaioli.

They left "darling" and Dechartre alone to continue their worship of St. Mark. They arranged to meet at the milliner's.

"I have always loved him," continued the sculptor, "because I recognise here more than in the St. George, the

¹ *libeccio*, 尖利風。

唇看他。她隨即低頭，表示承認他那句話。他並不挽留她，她就向着比勒小姐與瑪當馬梅所在的地方走，她們在大街的盡頭等候她。

第 十 五 回

〔她們三個人在教堂裏看古物出來，狄沙爾特進教堂找她們。譯者註〕當她們走近一座石像的時候，特利斯看見一個信箱在一條窄街的牆上，在這條街的盡頭就是聖賢像所在的地方。當下狄沙爾特站在一處可以看見聖馬可看得清楚的地方，他當聖馬可可是一個熟朋友，對他說話。

『我在佛羅稜薩，必定先來見他，隨後再到別的地方。我只有一次不會先來見他。但是他會饒恕我的，他是一個頂好的人。他並不為大多數人所領略，不甚引人注意。但是我樂於與他作同伴，他是活的。我能明白唐那忒洛（Donatello 是一位有名的塑像家。譯者註）既創造馬可的靈魂之後，為什麼叫道：「馬可，你為什麼不說話？」』

瑪當馬梅稱讚聖馬可稱讚到厭了，又覺得被尖利的風所吹，吹到刺骨，把比勒小姐拖走，要她幫她在某街上買面紗。

她們撇下『小寶貝』與狄沙爾特接連崇拜聖馬可。他們約好在女人服裝店相會。

這個塑像家接連說道，『我常愛他，因為我在這座塑像比在聖佐治塑像，認得唐那忒洛的較多手段與靈魂，他

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hand and soul of Donatello, who was all his life a poor and honest workman. And to-day I love him more intensely, because, in his venerable touching candour, he reminds me of the old cobbler of Santa Maria Novella, to whom you were talking so sweetly this morning."

"Ah!" she said. "I have forgotten his name. We and M. Choulette call him Quentin Matsys because he reminds us of the old men that artist painted."

As they turned the church corner to inspect the façade opposite the old Wood-staplers' House, bearing the heraldic lamb on its red-tiled gable, she found herself close to the letter-box, so covered with grime and rust that it looked as if the postman never cleared it. She slipped in her letter, under the ingenuous eyes of St. Mark.

Dechartre saw her and immediately felt pierced to the heart. He tried to talk, to laugh, but he could not forget the gloved hand posting the letter. He remembered having seen Thérèse's letters in the morning on the hall table. Why had she not put that one with the others? It was not difficult to guess.

He stood still, lost in thought, gazing vacantly. He tried to reassure himself: perhaps it was only an unimportant letter she wanted to hide from Madame Marmet's irritating curiosity.

"Monsieur Dechartre, it must be time for us to go and meet our friends at the milliner's on the Corso."

Perhaps she was writing to Madame Schmoll who had quarrelled with Madame Marmet. And immediately he realised the improbability of such suppositions.

It was quite clear. She had a lover. She was writing to him. Perhaps she was saying: "I have seen Dechartre

畢生都是一個貧窮的與忠誠的大匠。今日我愛他愛得更熱烈，因為我從他的可敬的動人的坦白，使我記得聖瑪理亞的老補鞋匠，今早你會很溫和的對他說話。』

她說道，『哈！我已經忘記了他的名姓啦。我們同朱列特先生稱他昆田·麻西斯(Quentin Matsys)，因為他令我們追憶那個藝術家所繪的老人。』

當他們轉過教堂的牆角，去看那間舊的木商店對過的屋面（紅瓦房頂的三角牆上有作徽章的羔羊），她見得她自己與信箱很近，箱上蓋了很厚的鐵鏽，好像郵差向來不會來取過信的。她就在聖馬可的兩隻慧眼下把她的信放入信箱。

狄沙爾特看見她，登時覺得心如刀刺（大吃其醋。譯者註）他嘗試說話，嘗試大笑，他卻忘記不了那隻戴手套的手放信入信箱裏。他記得早上看見特利斯的幾封信在堂屋桌上。她為什麼不把這一封也放在那幾封一堆？這是不難猜透的。

他站着不動，深想到出神，瞪眼空望。他嘗試對自己解說以自慰：也許不過是一封不要緊的信，她要躲着瑪當馬梅偷放在信箱裏，免得她好奇盤問麻煩她。

她說道，『狄沙爾特先生，時候必定到了，我們該去在柯爾素街(Corso)的女衣服店，會我們的朋友們啦。』

也許她寫信給同瑪當馬梅爭吵過的瑪當舒摩勒(Schmoll)，他卻立刻體會這樣的猜度是十有八九不對的。

她有了一個愛人。這是很明白的了。她寫信給他。還許她的信說道：『我今天見過狄沙爾特，這個可憐人戀愛

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to-day, the poor fellow is in love with me." But whatever she wrote, she had a lover. He had never dreamt of such a thing. The idea of her belonging to another caused him agony of soul and body. And the vision of that hand, that little hand posting the letter, remained before his eyes and seemed to burn them.

She could not imagine why he had suddenly become silent and gloomy. But she guessed at once, when she saw him look anxiously at the letter-box. She thought it strange that without having the right he should be jealous; but it did not displease her.

When they reached the Corso, in the distance they saw Miss Bell and Madame Marmet coming out of the milliner's.

Dechartre said to Thérèse in a voice at once imperious and entreating:

"I want to speak to you. I must see you alone; come to-morrow evening at six o'clock to the Lungarno Acciajoli."

She said nothing.

XVI

When, wrapped in her rough coat, she reached the Lungarno Acciajoli, about half-past six, Dechartre welcomed her with a humble and radiant glance which touched her heart.

"You see I have come. I thought it my duty to come. I am not innocent of what has happened. I know it: I have done everything in order that your attitude towards me should be what it is now. My conduct has inspired

我。」但是無論她寫些什麼，她已經有了一個愛人。他卻向來不曾夢想到這一層。他一想起她是屬於另外一個人的，就使他的身與心俱痛。他眼見她的手，眼見那隻小手寄信，這一番眼見仍然在他的眼前，好像如火一般燒他的眼。

她不能想像他爲什麼忽然變作緘默與愁悶。但是當她看見他很着急的看着信箱，她立刻猜着啦。他既無妒忌的權利，卻會變作妒忌，她以爲奇怪；但是他的妒忌卻並不使她不樂。

等到他走到柯爾素街的時候，他們遠遠看見比勒小姐同瑪當馬梅走出女服店。

狄沙爾特用嚴厲與哀求的聲音對特里斯說道：

『我要同你說話。我必要只見你一人；你明晚六點鐘到朗伽諾·亞吉佐里(Lungarno Acciajoli)街來。』

她一言不發。

第 十 六 回

她披上一件粗外衣，六點半鐘前後走到朗伽諾亞·吉佐里街，狄沙爾特帶着卑屈的與發光的眼色歡迎她，很動她的心。

她說道，『你看，我來了。我以爲我應該來的。昨日所發生的事，我並不是無辜的。我自己曉得：我凡事都做到啦，以便你用以對我的態度該是現在的態度。我的行爲使

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you with thoughts which would not have otherwise occurred to you.”

He seemed not to understand. She resumed:

“I was selfish, I was indiscreet.¹ I liked you; your intelligence appealed to me; I could not do without you. I did everything in my power to attract and retain you. I flirted with you. But not in coldness of heart or intending to deceive. Still I flirted.”

He shook his head, denying that he had ever perceived it.

“Yes, I flirted. But it is not my custom. However, I flirted with you. I don’t say that you attempted to take advantage of it, as you had a perfect right to do, or that you were puffed up by it. I never thought you vain. Possibly you did not perceive it. High-minded men sometimes lack insight. But I know well that I was not what I should have been. And I ask you to forgive me. That is why I came. Let us remain good friends while we may.”

With a sorrowful tenderness he told her that he loved her. In the beginning his love had been sweet and delightful. All he wanted was to see her and see her again. But soon she had agitated him, rent his heart, made him beside himself. His passion had broken forth suddenly and violently one day on the terrace at Fiesole. And now he lacked the courage to suffer in silence. He cried out for her help. He had come with no settled plan. If he had told her of his passion it was because he could not help it and in spite of himself, because of his overpowering craving to speak of her and to her, since for him she alone

¹indiscreet, 無顧忌.

你發生幾種思想，若不是我有那幾樣行爲，是不會發生的。」

他好像不懂她的意思。她又說道：

『我是爲己，我是無顧忌。我喜歡你；你的睿智使我喜歡你；我無你不能過活，凡是我的力量所能做到的我全做到了，以鈎引你，與挽留你。我裝作鼓勵你戀愛我。我卻並不是存心冷落，亦不是有意騙你。我卻還是裝作鼓勵你愛我。』

他搖頭，不承認他一向會覺得她這樣的造作。

她說道，『是呀，我曾裝作鼓勵你呀。這卻不是我的習慣。我卻還是裝作鼓勵你。我並不說你會利用我這樣的行爲，你原是很有權利利用的，我也不說你被我的行爲所吹大如同灌滿的氣泡一般。我始終不以你爲自視太高的人。很許你不曾覺得我的造作，志高的人有時不會窺見他人的意思。我卻很曉得我不該作那種行爲。我請你不要怪我。所以我來這裏。當我們可以做朋友的時候，還是讓我們仍然做好朋友。』

他用憂愁的溫柔腔調告訴她，他戀愛她。初時他的戀愛是甜美的又是快樂的。他所要的不過是要看她，看了又看她。但是不久她就擾亂他，破裂他的心，使他變作不是自己。有一天在菲素利 (Fiesole) 的高坡上他的熱烈愛情忽然的與兇猛的發作出來。現在他沒得緘默忍受的勇氣。他喊叫，要她打救。他到這裏來並無決定的計劃。他若曾把他的熱烈愛情告訴她，這是因爲他不能不告訴，他想不告訴也做不到，因爲他的打倒一切的熱烈慾望要談她，要同她說話，因爲他心中只有她，並無別人。他的生活是爲

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existed. His life was lived in her. She must know then that he loved her, not with any mild, indefinite love, but with an all-consuming, cruel passion. Alas! His imagination was precise. He knew exactly and always what he wanted, and it was torture to him.

And then it seemed to him that together they would have joys which made life worth living. Their existence would be a beautiful but secret work of art. They would think, they would comprehend, they would feel in unison. Theirs would be a wonderful world of emotions and ideas.

"We would make life a beautiful garden."

She pretended to interpret this dream in all innocence.

"You know how strongly your mind appeals to me. It has become necessary to me to see you and hear you. I have shown you this only too plainly. Be assured of my friendship, and be at rest."

She offered him her hand. He did not take it, and replied abruptly:

"I will not have your friendship. I will not have it. You must be mine entirely, or I must never see you again. Why with mocking words do you offer me your hand? Whether you intended it or not you have inspired me with a passionate desire, a fatal longing. You have become my heart's anguish and torture. And now you ask me to be your friend. It is now that you are cruel and a flirt. If you cannot love me, let me leave you; I will go, I do not know where, to forget you and hate you. For in the depths of my heart I feel towards you both anger and hatred. Oh! I love you, I love you."

She believed what he said. She feared lest he should go away; and she dreaded the sad dulness of life without him.

她過活的。所以她必得曉得他愛她，並不是用任何和平的，無定的愛情愛她，是用消耗一切，兇暴的熱烈愛情愛她。哎呀！他的想像是謹嚴的。他常曉得與確切的曉得他要什麼，他的想像就是他所受的酷刑。

隨後他好像覺得他們在一起會有能使值得過的生活的快樂。他們的生活會變作一種美麗而祕密的美術品。他們兩個人會同調的思想，他們兩個人會同調的曉得，會同調的感覺。他們的世界會變作情緒與思想的一個奇異世界。

『我們會把生活做成一座美麗花園。』

她裝作全不曉得怎樣解說這場夢。

『你要曉得你的心思多麼有力的感動我。我變作必要見你，必要聽你說話。我把這樣情形很明白的表示給你看。你要深信我的交情，你可以放心啦。』

她伸手給他。他不抓她的手，突如其來的答道：

『我不要你的交情。我不肯要。你必得整個都是我的，若不是這樣，我必定永遠不再見你。你為什麼用幾句嘲笑我的話伸手給我？我不知道你是有心抑或無意，你卻曾使我發生熱烈的欲望，一種會致死的渴想。你已經變作我的心的痛苦與酷刑。現在你請我做你的朋友。你現時真是暴虐，你真是一個裝作鼓勵戀愛的人。你若不能愛我，你就隨我離開你；我願走開，我不曉得走往那裏，走開以便忘記你，怨恨你。因為在我的心裏的深處我覺得我怨你與恨你。哎！我愛你，我愛你。』

她相信他所說的話。她恐怕她不愛他，他當真會走了；她又怕若沒得他，她要過愁苦無味的生活。

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"I have found you in my life. I will not lose you. No, I will not," she said.

Timid, passionate, he tried to murmur something, but the words stuck in his throat. Darkness was descending on the distant mountains, and in the east, over the hill of San Miniato, were fading the last gleams of the setting sun.

She spoke again.

"If you had known my life, if you had seen how empty it was before you came into it, you would know what you are to me, and you would not think of leaving me."

But the even tones of her voice and measured step upon the pavement irritated him. He cried out that he was in anguish; his desire burnt within him; this one thought possessed¹ and tortured him; always and everywhere, by night, by day he saw her, he called her, he stretched out his arms to her. The divine passion had entered into his soul.

"Like incense I breathe the charm of your intellect, the inspiration of your courage, the pride of your soul. When you speak I seem to see your soul on your lips, and I die because I cannot press mine to yours. Your soul is for me but the expression of your beauty. Deep down within me there slumbered the instincts of primitive man. You have awakened them. And I feel that I love you with the simplicity of a savage."

She looked at him tenderly and in silence. Just then they saw lights and heard mournful songs approaching them out of the darkness. And then, like phantoms, driven by the wind, there appeared before them black-

¹ possessed, 迷住.

她說道，『我在我的生活中找着你啦。我不肯放你走啦。不，我不肯放你走。』

他膽怯，熱烈，嘗試喃喃說話，說話到了喉嚨，就黏住了，說不出來。黑暗正在落在遠山上，落日最後的光，照在東方的聖米尼亞陀山上，正在消滅。

她又說道。

『設使你曉得我的生活，設使在你我未相會之前你見過我的生活多麼空無所有，你就會曉得你在我的心中是個什麼人，你就不會想到離開我。』

不料她的聲音的平衍腔調，她走路的整齊腳步，都使他生氣。他喊道，他痛心；他的慾火在內裏燒他；這個思想迷住他，使他受酷刑；無論在什麼地方，無論什麼時候，不分日夜，他總看見她，他喊她，對她伸出兩臂。這樣神聖的愛情深入他的靈魂裏。

『我吸你的知性的迷人處，吸你的勇氣的動人處，吸你的靈魂的驕傲，如同吸香火的烟一般。當你說話的時候，我好像看見你的靈魂在你的脣上，我因為不能吻你，我就死。我看你的靈魂不過是你的美麗的發表，有草昧時代人的諸多本能酣睡在我內裏的深處。你驚醒這許多本能。我覺得我帶着一個野人的單簡戀愛你。』（寫愛情寫得很新鮮。譯者註）

她很溫柔的看看他，一言不發。正在這個時候，他們看見光，又聽見悲哀的歌聲，從黑暗中走近他們。隨後有幾個穿黑袍的懺悔人被風所括，如同鬼影一般，出現於他

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robed penitents. The crucifix was carried before them. They were the Brothers of the Misericordia.¹ With their faces hidden by cowls they were holding lighted torches and singing psalms. They were bearing a corpse to the cemetery. It was the Italian custom for the funeral procession to take place at night and to pass along rapidly. On the deserted quay there appeared cross, coffin, and banners. Jacques and Thérèse stood against the wall to let pass the crowd of priests, choristers, and hooded figures, and, in their midst, importunate Death, whom no one welcomes on this pleasure-loving earth. The black stream had passed. Weeping women ran after the coffin borne by weird shapes in hob-nailed boots.

Thérèse sighed:

“Of what avail is it to torment ourselves in this world?”

He appeared not to hear her, and resumed in a calmer voice:

“Before I knew you I was not unhappy. I loved life. It inspired me with dreams and with curiosity. I delighted in form and in the spirit of form, in the appearance which charms and soothes. To see and to dream were my joys. I enjoyed everything, and I was independent of everything. I was borne up on the wings of my insatiable curiosity. I was interested in everything; I longed for nothing; and it is only desire that makes us suffer. I realise that to-day. Mine was not a melancholy disposition. I was happy without knowing it. I possessed little, but all that was necessary to make me contented with life. Now that has departed from me. My pleasures,

¹Misericordia, 開戒室.

們面前。有人拿着十字架在他們前面走。這羣人原來是開戒室的和尚們。他們用僧帽遮住臉，手執火把，嘴裏唱聖歌。他們抬死屍往墳地。義大利風俗，出殯在晚上，要快快的走過。在無人的碼頭上有十字架，棺材，與旗子。查克與特利斯靠牆站着，讓那一羣教士，唱歌的，與披着帽子的人們，及在人羣中間的死屍走過，在我們這個好尋樂的世界是不會有人歡迎這個不合時宜的死屍的。這一串黑色東西走過啦。啼哭的婦女們跟着棺材，抬棺材的是穿了釘靴的鬼怪（近來小說家好當男女說愛情說得最熱鬧時候說出殯或死人，以為合於美術。但農吉奧的「死的得勝」說過不止一次。譯者註）。

特利斯歎氣，說道：

「我們何必在這個世界磨折我們自己呀？」

他好像不聽見她說話，又用鎮靜聲音說道：

「我未認得你之前，我原不是不歡樂的。我愛生命。生命用夢境與奇異激動我。我喜歡形狀與形狀的精神，又喜歡能迷人與能安慰人的外觀。我所喜歡的是觀看與作夢。無論什麼事物我都能享受，我又不依賴無論什麼事物。我被我的不能飽飲的好奇心的兩翼所高舉。無論什麼事物我都覺得有趣味；我無欲，無論什麼事物都不想：我們所以受苦不過因為有欲。我今天體會這個道理。我的性向原不是愁悶的。我是歡樂的，我自己卻不曉得。我所有的錢財並不多，但是凡能使我安於生命的需要，我全有啦。現在我不能安於生命啦。我的娛樂，我所注意的生活與

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the interest I took in life and in art, the joy of expressing in material form the visions of my brain, you have robbed me of them all, and without leaving me one regret. I no longer desire my liberty. I would not return to the tranquillity of past years. It seems as if I never lived till I met you. And now that I know what life really is, I can live neither without you nor away from you. I am more wretched than the beggars we saw on the road to Ema. They at least had the air to breathe. But I have not that, for you are the breath of my life, and you I have not. Nevertheless I rejoice that I have known you. It is all that counts in my life. Just now I thought I hated you. I was mistaken. I adore you, and I bless you for the suffering you have caused me. I love everything that comes from you."

They were approaching the dark trees at the entrance to the Porta San Niccola. On the other side of the river the land looked vague and infinite in the darkness. Seeing him once more calm and gentle, she thought that his passion, existing only in his imagination, had been appeased by expression and that his desire was merely a dream. She had not expected his resignation to come so quickly. She was almost disappointed at having escaped the danger she had so greatly feared.

She now offered him her hand more boldly than at first.

"Come, let us be friends. It is late. We must return, and you must take me to my carriage, which I have left on the Piazza della Signoria. I shall always be your good friend as I was before. You have not vexed me."

But he led her towards the open country, along the river bank, which became more and more deserted.

美術，我用物質形狀發表我腦海中所見，因而得着的快樂，全被你奪了，還使我覺得並無那一件是我捨不得的。我不復想得我的自由。我不願回到已往若干年的寧靜。我覺得好像一向未曾過活，等到我遇着你我才過活。我現在曉得生活實在是什麼，無你我不能過活，離開你我又不能過活。我們曾在往伊馬 (Ema) 路上看見幾個乞丐，我比這些乞丐更可憐。他們至少有空氣可吸。我並空氣都無有，因為你就是我的性命所需的空氣，我卻沒得你。我既認得你，我卻是歡樂的。在我的生命裏頭，只有三件事算數。剛才我以為我恨你，我曉得是錯了。我崇拜你，因為你令我受苦，我求天賜你福。凡是從你來的我無一不愛。』

他們走近博塔聖尼古利入口的黑樹林。對河的地方在黑暗裏有空虛與無限的情景。她看見他又更安靜與溫和，她以為他的熱烈愛情不過存在於他的想像中，現在既發表出來就平定下來啦，她又以為他的欲望不過是一場夢。他的退步來得這樣快，原是她的意料所不及的，她居然逃出她所極害怕的危險，令她幾乎失望。

現在她伸手給他，比初次來得更大膽。

她說道，『來呀，我們不如做朋友吧。天色不早啦。我們必得回去，你必得送我到我的馬車，我的馬車停在西諾利亞廣場上 (Piazza della Signoria)。我將來永遠做你的好朋友，如同從前一樣。你不曾使我煩惱。』

但是他領她向郊外走，沿着河邊走，那處地方越走越無人啦。

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"No, I will not let you go before saying what was in my mind. But I cannot express myself; the words will not come. I love you; I want you. I long to know that you are mine. I swear to you that I will not pass another night in the horror of doubt."

He took her and clasped her in his arms. With his face close to hers he gazed through her veil and looked deep into her eyes.

"You must love me. I will it, you also have willed it. Say that you are mine. Say it!"

Having gently freed herself from his embrace, she replied in a weak hesitating voice:

"I cannot. I cannot. You see I am quite frank with you. Just now I told you that you had not vexed me. But I cannot do as you wish."

And thinking of the absent lover awaiting her, she repeated:

"I cannot."

Bending over her, anxiously he questioned her wavering downcast glance.

"Why? You love me. I see it. Why do me the wrong of refusing to be mine?"

He drew her towards him and tried to kiss her lips beneath her veil. This time she withdrew quickly and decisively.

"I can't. Don't ask me. I can't be yours."

His lips trembled. His whole countenance was convulsed. He cried:

"You have a lover and you love him. Why do you trifle with me?"

"I swear that I never thought of trifling with you, and

『不，我要先把我的心事說了，才肯讓你走；但是我不能說出來；我所要說的話不肯出來。我愛你，我要你。我久已想曉得你是我的。我對你發誓，我不肯再過懷疑的恐怖的一夜。』

他抓住她，兩膀抱住她。他的臉湊近她的臉，透過她的面紗定眼看她，看她的兩眼看得很深透。

『你必得愛我。我要你愛我，你也曾要愛我。你說你是我的。你說呀！』

她輕輕的從他的擁抱中擺脫自己，她用微弱遲疑聲音答道：

『我不能。我不能。你看我對你是很坦白的。剛才我曾告訴你，說你不曾使我煩惱。但是我不能做如你所要我做的。』

她一面想着有一個不在眼前愛人等候她，她又說道：
『我不能。』

他低頭看她，他很着急的追問她的游疑低垂的眼。

『爲什麼？你愛我。我看得出來。你爲什麼拒絕不做我的人，對不起我？』

他拖她近前，嘗試在她的面紗下吻她的兩脣。這次她卻很快的很決絕的退縮。

『我不能。你不要問我。我不能是你的。』

他的兩脣抖動，他的全副面目發抖。他喊道：

『你有一個愛人，你愛他，你爲什麼同我開頑笑呀？』

『我對你發誓，我絕不曾想到同你開頑笑，我又對你

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that if ever in this world I were to love it would be you."

But he no longer listened to her.

"Leave me. Leave me," he cried.

And he fled through the darkness. The Arno had overflowed its banks on to the pasture lands. There the water lay in shallow sheets, on to which the half veiled moon cast its quivering beams. Past these lagoons and over the muddy fields he hastened sadly and distractedly.

She was afraid and uttered a cry. She called him. But he neither replied nor turned his head. With alarming decision he continued on his way. She ran after him. With her feet bruised by the stones, her skirt heavy with water, she rejoined him and drew him towards her.

"What were you going to do?"

Then as he looked into her eyes, he read there the fear that had possessed her.

"Don't be afraid. I did not see where I was going. I assure you I was not seeking death. Set your mind at rest. I am despairing, but I am calm. I fled from you. Forgive me. But I could not bear to look at you. Leave me, I entreat of you. Good-bye."

Weak and intensely agitated, she replied:

"Come. We will see what can be done."

But he remained sorrowful and silent.

She repeated:

"Come."

She took his arm. The gentle touch of her hand cheered him.

"Will you?" he asked.

"I am determined not to drive you to despair."

說，設使在這個世界上我愛一個人，這個人就是你。』

但是他不復聽她說話啦

他喊道，『你離開我，你離開我。』

他在黑暗裏頭飛走。阿爾諾(Arno)河漫了兩岸，漫到牧場上。那裏的水淺，一片片躺在地上，一半被遮的月發射抖動的光線在水上。他很愁慘的與失神的，快快走過這些水窪與濕泥田上。

她害怕，叫喊一聲。她叫他。他既不答話亦不回頭。他帶着令人恐怖之決絕，接連向前走。她在後追他。她兩腳被石頭擦捉，她的裙腳沾了水變作很重，她同他又在一起，拖他到面前。

『你剛才要作什麼呀？』

當他看她的兩眼時，他看出那裏露出她被害怕所迷的神色。

『你不必害怕。我不曾望見我往那裏走。我可以使你深信我並不是尋死。你只管放心。我是絕望的了，我卻還是鎮靜的。我飛跑離開你。請你饒恕我。但是我受不了看你。我求你離開我。同你告辭啦。』

她微弱無力，又飽受驚擾，她答道：

『來。我們試看能夠有什麼辦法。』

他還是憂愁的，一言不發。

她又說道：

『來。』

她拿他的膀子。她的手輕輕觸他，他就高興起來。

他問道，『你肯想法麼？』

『我決計不逼你到絕望。』

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"Will you promise?"

"I must."

Even in her anguish of spirit she half smiled to think how quickly his wildness had given him his desire.

"To-morrow?" he asked.

She replied eagerly with an instinct of self-defence:

"No, not to-morrow."

"You don't love me. You regret your promise," he said.

"No. I don't regret it, but . . ."

He implored her, entreated her. She looked at him for a moment, turned away her head, hesitated, and then said in a very low voice:

"Saturday."

XVIII

At four o'clock on Saturday Thérèse went to the English cemetery, according to her promise. At the gate she met Dechartre, grave and agitated. He said little. She was glad he did not appear elated. He led her past the cemetery walls to a narrow street she did not know. "Via Alfieri," she read on a tablet. After walking a few steps, he stopped in front of a dark entry.

"Here it is," he said.

She looked at him with infinite sadness.

"Do you want me to go in?"

She saw that he was resolute, and she followed him silently into the damp gloom of the passage. He crossed a grass-grown courtyard. At the end was a little house

『你肯答應麼？』

『我必得答應。』

當她的精神正在受痛苦的時候，她還帶着一半微笑在那裏思維他的野性把他的欲望給他，給得多麼快。

他問道，『明天麼？』

她帶着自衛的本能，很認真的答道：

『不，不是明天。』

他說道，『你不愛我。你追悔你答應我。』

『不。我不追悔我的答應，不過……』

他哀求她，他懇求她。她看他一會，掉轉頭去，遲疑，隨後低聲說道：

『星期六。』

第 十 八 回

到了星期六四點鐘特利斯如約往英國墳地。她在大門口遇見狄沙爾特，看見他嚴肅與擾動不寧。他只說不多的話。她看見他並不十分高興，她卻歡喜。他領她走過墳園的牆，走入一條她所不曉得的一條窄街。她看見牌上寫的是亞菲爾利街 (Via Alfieri)。走了幾步之後，他在一個黑暗的進口立住腳。

他說道，『這裏就是的。』

她帶着無限的悽慘看他。

『你要我進去麼？』

她見他是很堅決的，她不響，跟他走進潮濕陰黑的過道。他走過生青草的院子。院子盡頭有一所有三個窗子的

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with three windows, with pillars and a pediment carved with goats and nymphs. On the moss-grown doorstep, slowly and with a grating sound, he turned the key in the lock.

"It is rusty," he murmured.

"In this country all keys are rusty," she replied mechanically.

They went up the staircase, so tranquil beneath its Greek moulding, that it seemed to have forgotten the sound of footsteps. He opened a door and showed Thérèse into the room. Without staying to examine it, she went straight to the open window, looking on the cemetery. . . .

He shut the window and lit the fire. She sat down in the arm-chair; and, while she sat there stiffly, he knelt before her, took her hands, kissed them, and gazed at her long with an admiration proud yet fearful. Then he bent down and kissed the tip of her shoe.

"What are you doing?"

"I am kissing the feet that brought you here."

He rose, drew her gently to him, and kissed her long on the lips.

She remained passive, her head thrown back, her eyes closed; her toque slipped off, her hair fell down.

She yielded without resistance.

Two hours later, when the setting sun was casting its long rays over the pavement, Thérèse, who had wished to go back through the town alone, found herself in front of the two obelisks of Santa-Maria-Novella, without knowing how she had come there. At the corner of the square she saw the old cobbler drawing his thread in the same

小房子，還有柱子與刻着山羊及水仙的三角牆。他站在生了綠苔的台階，慢慢的轉鎖匙，格拉格拉的響。

他喃喃道，「鎖生了銹啦。」

她不知不覺的答道，『在這個國裏頭，凡是鎖都是生銹的。』

他們登樓，在希臘派花式房頂下是很寂靜的，他們好像忘了腳步聲音。他開門請特利斯向裏看屋子。她並不停留詳細察看，就一直走到打開的窗子，看墳園。（屋裏是陳設得很合美術思想的。譯者註）……

他關了窗，點着火。她坐在交椅裏；當她板板的坐在那裏的時候，他跪在她面前，抓住她兩隻手，吻這兩隻手，定睛看她很久，帶着得意的與卻害怕的稱讚神色。隨後他低頭吻她的鞋尖。

『你做什麼？』

『我吻那兩隻送你到這裏來的腳。』

他站起來，輕輕拖她到面前，吻她的脣許久。

她許久不動，她的頭向後靠，她閉了兩眼，她的帽子跌下來，她的頭髮垂下來。

她並不抗拒就讓步了。

兩點鐘後，那時候落日在路邊上射長的光線，特利斯本來想獨自一人從市鎮回去，不曉得怎麼樣走到聖瑪理亞諾維拉前的兩個方尖塔。她看見那個老補鞋匠還在廣場的一角上，用同樣單調狀態拉線。他的麻雀站在他的肩

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monotonous manner. He was smiling, with his sparrow on his shoulder.

She went into his booth and sat down on a stool, and there she said in French:

"Quentin Matsys, my friend, what have I done, and what will become of me?"

He looked at her calmly, with cheerful good nature, making an effort to understand. He was past being astonished. She shook her head.

"What I did, my good Quentin, was because he was suffering, and I loved him. I do not regret it."

To which he answered, as was his custom, the sonorous Italian "yes":

"*Si, si.*"

"I did no wrong, did I, Quentin? But what will happen now?"

She was going, but he signed to her to wait a moment. He carefully picked a spray of basil and gave it to her. "Take it for its sweet smell, signora."

XIX

.

Madame Martin thought St. Francis the most lovable of saints.

"His work," Choulette resumed, "was destroyed during his lifetime. Nevertheless he died happy, because joy and humility were his. He was indeed God's sweet singer. And it is fitting that another poor poet should take up his work, and teach the world true religion and true joy. That poet shall be I, Madame, if only I can cast away pride and

上，他在那裏微笑。

她走進他的棚裏，坐在凳上，用法國話說道：

『昆田摩西斯，我的朋友，我作了什麼，我將來會變作什麼？』

他很鎮靜的看看她，帶着有與致的好脾氣，努力要明白她所問的話。他並不驚訝，他驚訝的時代已經過去了。她搖她的頭。

她說道，『我的好昆田，我所做的事，原為的是他受痛苦，我愛他。我並不後悔。』

他的習慣是用好聽的義大利『是』字答復。

『西，西。』

她又問道，『昆田，我不會做錯，是不是？但是現在會有什麼事體發生？』

她正在要走，他卻使手勢請她稍候一會。他很小心地折一枝香草送給她。『夫人，請你拿去聞香。』

第 十 九 回

〔翌日瑪當馬丁正在讀書，朱列特穿着羊皮褂，手執着多節的手杖等物，好像耶穌誕生的故事的牧羊人，他要往亞西西 (Assisi)，走來辭行。他們談起亞西西的聖佛朗西斯 (St Francis)。譯者註〕

瑪當馬丁以為聖佛朗西斯是聖賢中最可愛的。

朱列特再說道，『他的工作，當他在世的時候，已經被毀了。他卻死得歡樂，因為他是個快樂人又是個自卑的人。他誠然是上帝的悅耳的唱歌人。另外一個窮詩人繼續他的事功，以真正宗教與真正歡樂教世人，原是很合宜的。瑪當，我就是這個詩人，只要我能夠拋棄驕傲與智慧。

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wisdom. For all moral beauty is the result of that incomprehensible wisdom which comes from God and resembles madness."

"I will not discourage you, Monsieur Choulette. But I am anxious about the lot¹ of poor women in your new society. You will shut them all up in convents."

"I confess," replied Choulette, "that in my project for a reformation they cause me much embarrassment. The violence with which they are loved is bitter and bad. The pleasure they give brings no calm, and does not lead to joy. I, in my life, have for the sake of women committed two or three abominable crimes, of which no one knows. I doubt, Madame, whether I shall invite you to supper in the new Santa Maria degli Angeli."

He took up his pipe, his carpet-bag, and his stick with its human head.

"The faults of love will be pardoned—or, rather, one can do no wrong when one really loves. But sensual passion is compact of hatred, egoism, and wrath as much as of love. One evening, for having thought you beautiful as you sat on this sofa, I was assailed by a whole army of passionate thoughts. I had come from the *Albergo*, where I had heard Miss Bell's cook improvise two hundred magnificent lines on spring. My soul was flooded with a celestial joy which vanished at the sight of you. Eve's curse contains a profound truth. For in your presence I grew sad and wicked. Soft words were on my lips. But they lied. Within I felt myself your adversary; I hated you. When I saw you smile, I wanted to kill you."

¹lot, 命運.

因爲全數道德上的美原是那種不能明白的智慧的結果，這種智慧原是從上帝得來的，卻好像瘋狂。』

瑪當馬丁答道，『朱列特先生，我不願挫折你的勇氣（就是說，她不攔阻他去做苦行頭陀，如從前亞西西的聖佛朗西斯一般。譯者註）。但是我卻急於要曉得在你的新教會裏頭的可憐的婦女的命運。你要把她們全關在尼庵裏的。』

朱列特答道，『我承認，在我的改革計劃裏頭，婦女們使我很棘手，男人們所用以愛婦女們的猛烈激情是痛苦的，又是不好的。她們所給的娛樂既不帶着寧靜同來，又不引入歡樂。我生平因爲婦女起見，曾犯過兩三次可憎的罪惡，卻是無人曉得的。瑪當，我還不能說定我是否將請你到新的聖瑪理亞安吉利（Santa Maria degli Angeli）吃晚餐。』

他拿起他的笛子，他的氈製衣包，與他的帶着人頭的手杖。

他說道，『戀愛的過失會被饒恕的——一個人真實戀愛，其實是不能犯過的。可惜色慾原是擠得很緊的一堆怨恨，爲己，忿怒，與愛情。有一天晚上，你坐在這張榻上，我曾以爲你美貌，我被如一枝軍隊那麼多的肉慾思想所攻擊。我是從亞貝歌來的，我在那裏聽比勒小姐的廚子不假思索做了兩百行極好的詠春天的詩。我的靈魂被一陣如同潮水一般的天堂快樂所浸灌，不料一看見你就全消滅了。伊娃（Eve）的咀罵話藏着一條深奧的真理。因爲我在你的面前就變作愁苦與邪僻。溫柔的說話已經在我的唇上啦。但是這幾句溫柔話是說謊的。我心裏卻覺得我自己是你的仇敵；我憎惡你。當我看見你微笑的時候，我要殺你。』（非有此心不能成道。譯者註）

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“Really?”

“Oh, Madame, it is a very natural feeling, and one that you must have often inspired. But the ordinary man feels it without knowing what it is, whilst my vivid imagination defines it clearly. I am in the habit of contemplating my own soul; sometimes I find it splendid, sometimes hideous. If you had seen it that evening, you would have been horrified.”

Thérèse smiled.

“Good-bye, Monsieur Choulette; don’t forget the Santa Chiara medal.”

He put his bag on the ground, and, stretching out his arm, with his forefinger raised in the manner of one who teaches, he said:

“From me you have nothing to fear. But him whom you shall love and who shall love you will be your enemy. Farewell, Madame.”

He took up his bag and went out. She saw his tall quaint form disappear behind the shrubs in the garden.

In the afternoon she went to San Marco, where Dechartre was waiting for her. She longed and yet she feared to see him again so soon. Her anguish of heart was appeased by a new feeling of intense sweetness. The moral numbness of her first yielding to passion, followed by a sudden vision of the irreparable, did not recur. She was now under serener, vaguer, more powerful influences. This time the memory of caresses and the violence of passion was veiled in a charming reverie. She was troubled and anxious, but not ashamed or regretful. It was not so much by her own will as in obedience to a higher power that she had acted. She justified her action by its unselfishness. She counted

『當真的麼？』

『呀，瑪當，這是很自然的感情，你必定屢屢令人發生這種感情。（參觀但農吉奧的「死的得勝」。譯者註）但是平常人雖然覺得這樣的感情，卻不曉得是什麼，我的活現的想像卻辨別得很清楚的。我習慣冥想我自己的靈魂；有時我見得是很華美的，有時我見得是很醜惡的。假使那天晚上你看見我的靈魂，你會受恐怖的。』

特利斯微笑。

她說道，『朱列特先生，我望上帝一路保護你，不要忘記聖吉阿拉的紀念牌。』

他把衣包放在地下，伸出他的膀子，好像用教人狀態，舉起他的食指，說道：

『你從我這方面不必害怕。但是你將來所愛的人，與將來愛你的人，會變作你的仇人。瑪當，我與你告別啦。』

他拿起他的衣包就走出去。她看見他的身高古怪形狀在花園小樹堆後走了。

當天下午她往聖馬可，狄沙爾特在那裏等她。她久已想見他，她又怕這樣快又見他。她的痛心被一種新的濃厚甜美感覺所撫慰。她初次讓步於體慾，原是她道德麻痺了，繼而忽然覺得這件事是不能挽回的了，後來不再有這樣感覺啦。她現時受更沉靜更空洞與更猛烈的勢力所潛移。已往的摟抱與愛情的熱烈，這次被一場迷人的白晝作夢所遮蓋了。她覺得煩惱與着急，卻並不覺得羞恥或後悔。她日前做這件事大半不是由她自主，她只是服從一種更高勢力的命令。她做這件事並非出於爲己，她就以此證明她所作的事是可以作的。她並不曾倚賴什麼，因爲她不

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on¹ nothing, having expected nothing. Certainly she had been wrong to yield when she was not free, but then she on her part had exacted nothing. Perhaps she was for him only a passing fancy all absorbing, yet serious only for the moment. She did not know him. She had not put to the test those fine imaginings, which are so far above mediocrity in evil as well as in good. If he were suddenly to depart and disappear, she would not reproach him, she would not bear him ill-will, at least she believed so. She would treasure the memory of what is rarest and most precious in the world. Perhaps he was incapable of an enduring love. He had thought he loved her. He had loved her for an hour. She did not dare to hope for more in the embarrassment of a false position in which her frankness and her pride were outraged and the usual clearness of her thought obscured. While the carriage was bearing her to San Marco, she succeeded in persuading herself that he would not mention what had happened on the previous day, and that the memory of that room, looking on the dark pine-trees, would be to them both but the dream of a dream.

He gave her his hand as she got out of the carriage. Before he spoke she saw by his glance that he loved her and that he wanted her still; and she perceived at the same time that she was pleased it should be so.

"It is you," he said, "really you—I have been here since noon, waiting, knowing that you would not come yet, but feeling that I could not live away from the place where I

¹ counted on, 倚賴.

會希望什麼。當她不自由的時候，她卻讓步，這誠然是她的錯，但是在她一方面不曾苛刻要求什麼。也許他所以要她不過一時的幻想，這樣幻想是吸收全副精神的，卻亦不過俄頃間是嚴重的。她從前不認得他。她不會試驗那許多精妙的想像，不問是喜是惡，這許多想像計至這個時候原是超過庸俗的。設使他忽然走開與忽然匿跡不見，她不會怪責他，她不會怨恨他，她至少她相信她自己是這樣的。她會把世上最罕見與最寶貴的記念寶藏在她心裏。也許他不能有能持久的愛情。他曾以為他愛她。他曾愛過她一點鐘。她不敢希望他更多愛她，因為礙着她所處的一種虛假地位，他糟塌了她的坦白與她的傲氣，況且還把她向來的清明思想變作暗晦了。當那部馬車送她往聖馬可的時候，她居然能夠相信他不會提起前日所發生的事，她又相信他們都會忘記了那間向着黑色杉樹的屋子，在他們兩人的記憶中這間屋子不過是夢中的夢。

當她下車的時候他用手扶她。他還未說話，她從他的眼色先看出他愛她，他還要她；同時她覺得既是這樣，她心裏喜歡。

他說道，『原來是你，原來真是你——我自從中午起就在這裏等候，我原曉得你不會這樣早就來，但是我覺得我不能離開我盼望見你的地方過活。原來是你呀！……』

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was to see you. It is you! . . . Speak that I may see you and hear you."

"Do you still love me?"

"It is now that I really love you. I thought I loved you when you were but a phantom pursued by my desire. Now you are the body of my soul. Is it true, say, can it be true that you are mine? What have I done that I should possess the greatest, the only good upon earth? And those other men who fill the earth! They think they live! But I alone live! Say what have I done to possess this treasure?"

"Oh! what has been done has been done by me. I tell you frankly. If we come to that, it is my fault. She may not always avow it, but it is always the woman's fault. So, whatever may happen, I shall never reproach you."

.

"What could you see to admire in me that day? It was nearly dark."

"I could see you walk. It is by motion that forms speak. Each of your steps revealed to me the secret of your regular beauty and your charm. Oh! when you are concerned my imagination has never kept within the bounds of discretion. I did not dare to speak to you. The sight of you filled me with fear. I was terrified before her who could do everything for me. In your presence I adored you with trembling. Away from you I felt all the irreverence of desire."

"I never guessed it. But do you remember the first time we met, when Paul Vence introduced you? You were sitting by the screen, looking at the miniatures

你說我可以見你的面，且可以聽你說話。』

『你現在仍然愛我麼？』

『現在我是真正愛你。當初我的欲望所追逐的不過是你的影子，我就以為我愛你。現在你是我的身體的靈魂。這是真正的麼，你說，你能夠當真是我的麼？我作了什麼事就該得着世界上最偉大的好，與惟一的好？塞滿大地其他的男子們算得了什麼！他們以為活在世上呀！（說得熱鬧到極點。譯者註）只有我是活在世上呀！你說，我究竟作了什麼，得着這樣的寶貝呀？（但農吉奧的「死的得勝」也有此想。譯者註）

『呀！日前所作的事原是我作的。我坦白告訴你。我們所以到了這樣地步，原是我的錯。婦女們很許不常肯承認，這種事卻常是女人的錯。所以無論將來可以發生什麼，我絕不會怪責你的。』

〔他們走入教堂，碰見一班乞丐與嚮導出來。他們入小屋看名畫。他提起從前有一冬天傍晚看見她。很讚美她。譯者註〕

『那時候天快黑了，你能看見我什麼，稱讚我？』

『我能夠看見你走。身材由行動表示出來。你每一踏步都把你的整齊的美麗與你的迷人處的祕密流露出來。呀！到了與你有關切的時候，我的胡思亂想絕不肯不越出忌憚範圍之外的。那時候我不敢同你說話。我一見你，我滿心全是害怕。凡是為我就能夠做無論什麼事的婦女，我一見她就害怕。我在你的面前，我是發着抖崇拜你的。但是一離開你我覺得存了全數不恭的欲望。』

『我始終不曾猜着。但是你記得我們初次會面麼，那個時候是保羅文斯介紹你的？你坐在帷屏旁邊，看掛在

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hanging on it. You said: 'That woman, painted by Siccardi, is like André Chénier's mother.' I replied: 'That's my husband's grandmother. What was André Chénier's mother like?' And you said: 'We have her portrait that of a degenerate Levantine woman.'"

He was sure he had not spoken so rudely.

"But yes. My memory is better than yours."

.

"Thérèse, I cannot bear that any part of you should escape from me. It is terrible to think that you do not live in me and for me alone. I long to possess entirely you and your past."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh! as for the past!"

"The past alone is real. The past alone exists."

She looked up at him with eyes like the sun shining through the rain:

"Well I can say truly never really live except when I am with you."

On her return to Fiesole, she found a short threatening letter from Le Ménil. He could not understand her silence and her prolonged absence. If she did not immediately name the date of her return he would come to Florence.

She read his letter, not in any way surprised, yet overwhelmed by the realisation that the inevitable was happening and that she would be spared nothing of all she had feared. She might yet pacify and reassure him.¹ She had only to write that she loved him, that she was soon

reassure him, 使他放心.

上頭的小畫片。你說道：「西卡爾狄(Siccardi)所繪的女人像齊尼爾(Chénier)的母親。」我答道：「這是我丈夫的祖母。齊尼爾的母親像什麼？」你說道：「我們有她的像，是一個失德的地中海東的女人。」』

他說他深信不會說得這樣無禮。

『但是你會說過。我的記性比你的好。』

【他們又往另一間小屋看名畫。他幾乎當着兩個英國女人的面吻她。她要遊覽他處。譯者注】

他說道，『特利斯，我不能忍受無論你的身體那一部分逃出我的手中。我一想到你不以我爲生活你又不爲我而活，這是很可怕的。我久想把整個的你，與你的既往，全據爲我有。』

她聳聳肩。

『呀！說到既往！』

『只有既往是實在的。只有既往存在。』

她擡頭看他，她的兩眼好像穿過雨點的太陽光：

『我能夠說得很真實：除了我同你在一起的時候不計，我其實絕不會過活。』

她回去菲素利，看見曼尼勒來了一封短的恐嚇信。他說他不明白她許久無信給他，與她久去不歸。他說，她若不立刻定期回來，他就要來佛羅稜薩。

她讀這封信，雖然並不詫異，卻被一件具體化的事所嚇倒，這就是說一件在所不能免的事已經發生啦，況且全數她所害怕的事全免不了啦。她或者還可以平他的怒及使他放心。她只要寫信給他，說她愛他，說她不久就回

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coming back, and that he must renounce the wild idea of meeting her at Florence, which was only a village, where they would be recognised immediately. But she must write: "I love you." She must soothe him with loving words. She had not the courage. She allowed him to guess the truth. In vague terms she accused herself. She wrote mysteriously of souls carried away on the waves of life and how powerless one is on the ocean of vicissitude. Sadly and tenderly she asked him to keep a kindly memory of her in one corner of his heart.

She herself went to post the letter on the Piazza of Fiesole. In the twilight some children were playing at hopscotch. From the top of the hill she looked down on the beautiful basin and Florence like a lovely jewel nestling in the hollow. The peacefulness of evening made her shudder. She dropped the letter into the box. And then only did she clearly realise what she had done and what would be its result.

XXI

. :

He offered her a chair. She put it on one side and continued standing.

"Thérèse, there is something that I do not know. Speak."

After a moment's silence, she replied with painful hesitation:

"Why did you leave me in Paris?"

The sadness of her tone made him believe, and he wished to believe, that she was reproaching him. He blushed and replied eagerly:

"Ah! If I had foreseen! You must know that at heart

來，還說他必得拋棄與她在佛羅稜薩相見的不能實行的思想，因為那個地方，不過是一個村莊，他們立刻會被人認得的。但是她必要寫：『我愛你。』她必得用戀愛話安慰他。她卻沒得膽子。她隨他猜着實在情形。她用空洞話怪責她自己。她寫神祕話，說靈魂被人世的波濤衝走了，又說一個人在變遷的大海上是多麼無抗拒的力。她很愁苦的與很溫柔的請他把她親熱的紀念，保留在他的心的一個角落裏。

她自己走去菲素利街寄信。有幾個孩子當黃昏時候在街上擲石子頑。她從山頂往下看美麗的凹地，佛羅稜薩好像一顆可愛的珠寶嵌在凹地裏。晚上的寂靜使她發抖。把信放在信箱裏。隨後她纔體會她所作的是什麼事，會得什麼結果。

第二十一回

〔五月一日，佛羅稜薩婦女慶賀花節，特利斯得了她的舊愛人的一封信約她在大不列顛客寓第十八號房相見。屆時她果然找着。譯者註〕

他拉一把椅子過來請她坐。她把椅子推開一邊，接連站着。

他說道，『特利斯，我有件事不明白，請你說。』

她有一會子不響，隨後她帶着痛苦的遲疑答道：

『你爲什麼撇下我在巴黎？』

她的腔調的悽慘使他相信，他自己也願意相信，她是怪責他。他的臉紅了，很熱烈的答道：

『呀！假使我曾預料在先！你心裏必定曉得我其實不

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I cared little for that hunting-party! But you, your letter of the 27th (he had a good memory for dates) made me terribly anxious. Something had happened when you wrote it. Tell me everything."

"I thought, dear, that you had ceased to love me."

"But now you know that to be untrue."

"Now . . ."

She was still standing with her hands clasped.

Then with assumed tranquillity, she said:

"Our union was formed in ignorance. One never knows. You are young, younger than I, since we are nearly of an age. Doubtless you have plans for the future."

He looked her haughtily in the face. She continued with less assurance:

"Your relatives, your mother, your aunts have made plans for you. It is quite natural. I ought to have guessed that there was some obstacle. It is better that I should disappear from your life. We shall keep a kindly memory of each other."

She offered him her gloved hand. He folded his arms.

"And so you are tired of me," he said. "You think that when you have made me happier than any other man has ever been, you can put me on one side, that everything is over! . . . And what have you come to tell me? That a union such as ours is quickly sundered. That a parting is easy? . . . I tell you, no! You are not the kind of woman from whom one parts."

"Yes, you probably loved me with an affection stronger than is usual in such cases. I was more to you than a passing fancy. But, what if I were not the woman you thought me, what if I were a flirt, and betrayed you. . . .

甚理會那個打獵會！但是你，你二十七日的信（他有好記性，善記日子）使我可怕的着急。當你寫信的時候，發生了什麼事。你盡情告訴我。』

『寶貝，我以為你不愛我啦。』

『但是現在你曉得這是不確的了。』

『現在……』

她還是合手站着。

她隨即帶着裝成的安靜，說道：

『我們是當彼此無知的時候締結的。我們是絕不會曉得的。你年少，比我年少，我們幾乎是同歲。你有將來的計劃，這是無疑的了。』

他很驕蹇的看她的臉。她稍微不敢自信，接連說道：

『你的親戚們，你的母親，你的姑母姨母們，曾為你定計劃。這是很自然的。我該猜着其間有多少阻礙。不如還是我捨你而去。我們將來彼此互相好好的紀念就是了。』

她伸出戴手套的手給他。他兩手交加。

他說道，『原來你就是這樣厭棄了我。你當日使我變作很歡樂，歡樂過無論什麼人，你以為你就能夠撇開我在一邊，以為無論什麼都光了！……現在你來告訴我些什麼呀！你告訴我如我們兩人這樣的締結很快就打散啦。你說分手是容易的……我告訴你，不是容易的！你不是那種女人，男人不能容易同你分手的。』

『是呀，很許你愛我是用一種更堅固的愛情，過於平常的愛情。你愛我不止是過而不留的戀愛。但是設使我不是你的意中人，設使我是一個裝作戀愛的女人，騙了你

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You know what has been said. . . . Well! what if I have not been all that I ought to have been . . .”

She hesitated and resumed in a grave serious tone which contrasted with her words:

“Supposing that while I was your mistress I yielded to other attractions and was possessed by other longings. Perhaps I am not made for a serious passion. . . .”

He interrupted her.

“You lie,” he said.

“Yes, I lie. And I do not lie well. I wanted to spoil our past. I was wrong. It is what you know it was. But . . .”

“But . . .?”

“Well! I always told you I am not to be depended on. There are women, so I am told, who are mistresses of their feelings. I warned you that I was not like them, that I am not answerable¹ for mine.”

He looked left and right and turned his head like a creature irritated and yet hesitating to attack.

“What do you mean? I don’t understand. I understand nothing. Explain yourself. There is something between us. I don’t know what. But I am determined to know. What is it?”

“It is because I am not sure of myself, dear. You ought never to have placed your confidence in me. No, you ought never to have done it. I never promised anything. . . . And, then, if I had promised, what are words?”

“You love me no longer. You have ceased to love me, I see it well. But, so much the worse for you! I love you.

¹ answerable, 負責.

……你曉得有人說過什麼……也罷！我原該是某種女人，我若不是的，你該怎樣。」

她遲疑一會，隨即又用嚴重認真的腔調，卻與她所說的話相反：

『譬如我一面做你的姘婦，我一面讓步於其他鈎引，且被其他的渴想所迷。也許天生我不是爲認真戀愛的……』

他打她的叉。

他說道，『你說謊。』

『是的，我說謊。我說謊說得不好。我要指囑我們的既往。是我錯了。你曉得是我錯了。但……』

『但……什麼？』

『也罷！我常告訴你，我是靠不住的。有人告訴我，世上有許多女人能節制她們的感情。我曾警告你我與她們不同，況且我對於我自己的感情不能負責。』

他左右看，轉他的頭，如同一個動物被激怒卻遲疑不即攻擊。

『你所說的話是什麼意思呀？我不明白。我一字也不明白。你解說你自己的意思。我們兩人之間有了隔閡。我卻不曉得是什麼。但我決計要曉得究竟是什麼？』

『寶貝，這是因爲我靠不住我自己。你絕不該深信我。不，你絕不該信我。我始終不曾答應過什麼。……假使我曾答應過，口頭的答應算得了什麼？』

『你不復愛我啦。我看得很清楚你已經停止愛我了。但是這卻與你不利！我愛你。你絕不該委身於我，你以爲

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You ought never to have given yourself to me. It is no use your thinking you can take back that gift. I love you and I keep you. . . . Ah! You thought you were easily rid of me? Listen. You made me love you; you charmed me; it is your fault that I cannot live without you. You enjoyed your share in our raptures. I did not take you by force. You were willing. Six weeks ago you asked for nothing better. You were everything to me. I was everything to you. So complete was our union that our very lives were mingled. And then all of a sudden you ask me to forget you, to regard you as a stranger, a casual acquaintance. Ah! you have an unparalleled¹ assurance. Tell me, was I dreaming when I felt your kisses and your breath upon my neck? Was it not true? Am I imagining it all? Oh! I cannot doubt that you loved me once. I feel the breath of your love upon me still. And yet, I have not changed. I am what I was. You have nothing with which to reproach me. I have never deceived you. Not that it is any credit to me. I could not have done it. When one has known you, all other women, even the most beautiful, appear insipid. The idea of deceiving you never occurred to me. I always treated you honourably. Then why have you ceased to love me? But tell me, speak. Say that you still love me. Say so, since it must be true. Come, come! Thérèse, you will feel at once that you love me, as you used to love me in our little nest in the Rue Spontini, where we were so happy. Come!"

Passionately, eagerly he threw his strong arms around her. She, with tears in her eyes, repulsed him icily.

¹unparalleled, 無與倫比。

你能夠取回你所委與我的身是無用的。我愛你，我就保留你……呀！你以為你很容易就擺脫我！你聽着。你使我愛你；你迷了我；我無你不能過活，這原是你的錯。在我們兩人的狂樂裏頭，你享受你的一部分。我並不曾強逼你。原是你願意的。六星期前，你只求狂樂，並不求比狂樂更好的事物。我有了你，我就是無論什麼全有了。你有了我，也是無論什麼全有了。我們的縮合是很完全的，我們兩個人的生活是混合爲一的。隨後你忽然要我忘記你，當你是一個路人，當是一個偶然的相識。呀！你有無與爲比的果於自信。我請你告訴我，當我覺得你吻我，與你的呼吸在我的頸子的時候，是我做夢麼？這種情景不是真的麼？難道我現時還在那裏憑空想像麼？呀！我不能疑心你會愛我一次。我仍然覺得你的愛情的呼吸在我身上。我卻未曾改變呀。現時的我還是從前的我呀。你並無可以怪責我的事呀。我始終未騙過你呀。這原不算是我的好處。我不能做這樣的事。一個人只要曉得你，全數其他婦女，即使是最美貌的，全變作無味啦。我絕不會有過騙你的意思。我常以真誠待你。既是這樣，你爲什麼不愛我呀！你說，你告訴我。你說你仍然愛我。你就這樣說，因爲你愛我必定是真的。來，來！特利斯，你會立刻覺得你愛我，如同你在斯瀉提尼街我們的小窩裏常戀愛我一般，我們在那裏很歡樂。來呀！」

他很動情的，很熱烈的伸出他的兩隻有力的手摟她。她兩眼含淚，如冰那麼冷拒絕他。

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He understood and said:

"You have a lover."

She bowed her head, and then raised it, grave and silent.

Then he struck her on the breast, on the shoulder, and in the face. But immediately he drew back ashamed, and looked down in silence. With his fingers on his lips, biting his nails, he noticed that his hand had been scratched by a pin in her bodice. He threw himself into an arm-chair, took out his handkerchief to dry the blood, and remained as if benumbed and stupefied.

She, leaning against the door, pale, her head erect, her glance uncertain, was instinctively unpinning her torn veil and readjusting her hat.

At the sound, once so delicious, of the rustling of her clothes, he shuddered, looked at her, and relapsed into fury.

"Who is it?" he asked. "I must know."

.

Via Alfieri! She returned to the little house at the back of the courtyard, overgrown with pale green grass. It seemed peaceful, silent, faithful, with its goats and nymphs, carved for the lovers of the days of the Grand-Duchess Eliza. Already she felt a sense of escape from a sorrowful and brutal world, as if she had been carried through the ages to a life where suffering was unknown. At the bottom of the staircase, the steps of which were strewn with roses, Dechartre was waiting for her. She fell into his arms and remained there passive, while he carried her upstairs like the precious relic of her before whom he had once grown pale and trembled. With eyes half closed she tasted the superb humiliation of feeling herself his. Her weariness,

他明白了，說道：

『你有一個愛人。』

她垂頭，隨即擡起來，神色嚴重，一言不發。

他隨即打她的胸，打她的肩，打她的臉。他卻立刻縮手，覺得愧慚，垂頭，一言不發。他把手指放在嘴唇咬指甲，看見他的手被她的胸衣的針所擦破。他倒在交椅上，掏出手絹擦血，倒在那裏，好像是瘋癲了，糊塗了。

她靠在門邊，臉色灰白，她的頭挺得直直的，她的眼無定向，不知不覺的解開她的已經撕破的面紗，戴正她的帽子。

他聽見她的衣裙響聲，從前有過一度是很好聽的，他看看她，又發狂怒。

他問道，『你的愛人是誰？我必要曉得。』

〔她不告訴他，他想殺她，隨後恨她到極點，自己反哭起來。她後來告訴他她愛那個人；假使他有手槍，他是會打死她的。最後他把她推出門外，喊一聲，走，她出來，喊馬車。譯者註〕

亞非爾利街！她回去長滿淡綠色草的院子後那所小房子。這裏好像很太平，寂靜，可靠，還有山羊與水仙，這是在女大公伊利沙時代為愛人們雕刻的。她已經覺得脫離一個愁苦的野蠻的世界，好像她已經過了許多時代，現時來過不知痛苦的生活。狄沙爾特在樓梯腳等她，一步一步樓梯全鋪滿玫瑰花。她倒在他的兩膀間，在他懷中不動，他抱她上樓，好像是抱她的寶貴遺蹟，他有過一度曾在她的面前發抖，臉色變作灰白。她半閉兩眼，嘗最極端的屈辱滋味，覺得她自己是他的了。她的疲倦，她的愁慘，

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her sadness, the mortifications of the day, the memory of violence, her re-conquered liberty, the desire to forget, some vestige of fear, all intensified her tenderness. Lying on the bed, she clasped her arms round her lover's neck.

They were as gay as children. They laughed, talked nonsense, and played as they sucked lemons, oranges, and water-melons piled near them on painted plates.

She was flushed with pride in the comeliness of the body she was offering upon the altar of love. For she had discarded her clothes save for one thin rose-hued garment, and this had slipped scarfwise from her shoulder, laying bare one breast, whilst the warmer tinted tip of the other glowed through the rosy gossamer that veiled it.

Her half open lips displayed the whiteness of her teeth. With coquettish anxiety, she asked whether, after all his glowing dreams of her, he had not been disappointed.

In the half-light which he had contrived he contemplated her with youthful ardour, mingling kisses with his praises.

In pretty caresses, loving disputes, and happy glances they passed the time, till all of a sudden grave, with looks overcast and compressed lips, a prey to that sacred wrath which brings love near hatred they plunged into the abyss of passion.

Then her head upon the pillow, her hair flowing, she would open her eyes bathed in tears, and smile sweetly.

He asked her how she had come by that little red mark on the temple. She replied that she did not know and that it was nothing.

It was hardly a lie. For really she had forgotten.

當日所受的羞辱，與所受的兇暴，她所恢復的自由，她想忘記，餘剩下來的害怕，都要她的溫柔變作濃厚。她躺在牀上，她兩手抱住她的愛人的頸子。

他們快樂到同孩子們一般。他們大笑，他們說糊塗話，他們一面吮放在顏色盤子上堆在他們身邊的檸檬，橘子，與西瓜，一面兩個人鬧着玩。

她把她的身體獻在愛情的神座上，她看見自己美麗，得意到滿臉發紅。因為她把衣服全脫去，只留一件薄的玫瑰色內衣，這件內衣卻從肩上溜下來，露出一乳，同時那一顆顏色更溫暖的乳尖從蓋住的一層玫瑰薄紗閃出光來。

她的半開的唇露出她的牙齒的白色。她用媚人的着急，問他作過這好幾場她的夢之後，他是不是還不滿意。

他曾設法使屋裏只得半明半暗，他帶着少年的熱情在那裏細看她，一面讚美她好看，一面吻她。

他們在好看的撫摩，戀愛的吵嘴，與歡樂的眼眼相視過日子，等到後來，他們忽然嚴重起來，帶着憂悶的臉色，與緊閉的唇（這是他們做了神聖不可侵犯的怒氣的犧牲，這樣的怒氣送愛情到憎厭身邊）他們就跳入色慾的深坑裏。

隨後她的頭放在枕上，散着頭髮，她睜大一雙含淚的眼，微笑得很甜美。

他問她太陽上一片小紅痕是怎樣得來的。她答稱她不曉得，還說這算不了什麼。

這句話幾乎不算是說謊。因為她實在是忘記了。

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They recalled their beautiful short story—which yet covered¹ all their life, for life began the day they first met.

“You remember being on the terrace the day after your arrival. You talked vaguely and incoherently. I guessed then that you loved me.”

“I was afraid you thought me stupid.”

“You were rather. But that was my triumph. I was beginning to grow impatient with your serenity in my presence. I loved you before you loved me. Oh! I am not ashamed of it.”

He poured into her mouth a few drops of sparkling Asti. But on the table was a bottle of Trasimene wine. She wanted to taste it in memory of that lake lying in the evening light so melancholy and beautiful in its opal cup. She had seen it during her first visit to Italy, six years ago.

He reproached her with having appreciated beauty without his aid.

“But, without you, I should never have seen anything,” she said. “Why did you not come sooner?”

He silenced her with a kiss.

And she exhausted with joy cried:

“Yes, I love you! Yes, I have never loved any one but you.”

XXXIV

“He has not come home.” As she repeated them over and over again, they seemed to lose their meaning. With burning eyes she looked at the door.

¹ covered, 包括.

他們追說他們很好的短篇故事——這篇故事雖短，卻包括她們的終身，因為他們初相會時，他們的生活纔算起首。

『你記得你到後那一天在高坡上嗎。你說話說得空洞，又不連貫。我那時候就猜着你愛我。』

『我恐怕你以我爲愚鈍。』

『你有點愚鈍。這卻是我的勝利。你在我的面前那樣恬靜，我就起首不耐煩。我愛你在你愛我之先。呀！我並不以爲慚愧。』

他用幾滴閃光的阿斯提酒倒入她口裏。桌上卻有一瓶特利西明酒。她要嘗這種酒，以記念那個湖，當日那片湖躺在傍晚的光中，在她的蛋白色石杯中那樣愁悶，又那樣美麗。六年前當她初次遊義大利的時候曾見過這個地方。

他怪她不與他同領略這樣美麗的湖光。

她說道，『但是若沒得你，我是絕不會看見什麼美景的。你爲什麼不早些來呀？』

他吻她，不許她說話。

快樂把她的精力消耗淨盡了，她喊道：

『是呀，我愛你呀！是呀，我始終不會愛過什麼人，只是愛你。』

第三十四回

〔後來特利斯的丈夫組織政府，她回去巴黎，幫她丈夫大請客，商量位置黨員。她乘機走出，要去會她的新愛人狄沙爾特，不料在大街上遇見她的舊愛人曼尼勒。他要求她再愛他，她不肯，走了。有一天晚上，特利斯同許多貴人看戲，她的新舊愛人都在戲院裏。特利斯將出戲院，曼尼勒走過來，替她穿大衣，快快的低聲對她說道，『特利斯，我愛你。你要記得我前天對你說過，每天三點鐘後，我總在斯滂丁尼街候你。』不料這個時候她看見狄沙爾特一隻手抓住門把；他怒目看她一眼就走了。她回去丈夫家裏，一夜不曾閉目。一到天亮，她就到了狄沙爾特家裏。他不在家，她就對着自己喃喃的說道：譯者註〕『他不曾回家。』當她說這句話，說了又說的時候，這幾句話好像失去意思啦。她用一雙發燒的眼看門。

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She remained thus without moving, without thinking, how long she didn't know; perhaps it was half an hour. Then there was a sound of footsteps; the door opened. He entered. She saw that he was wet through, and muddy, and burning with fever.

She looked at him so sincerely and so frankly that he was astonished. But, almost immediately at his anguish welled up within him.

"What do you want of me now?" he said. "You have done me all the harm in your power."

His fatigue made him seem gentle. She was alarmed. "Jacques, listen to me . . ."

He signified that there was nothing more to be said.

"Jacques, listen. I have not deceived you. Oh! no I have not deceived you. Could it have been possible? Could it . . ."

He interrupted:

"Have pity on me. Don't hurt me any more. Leave me, I entreat of you. If you knew what a night I have passed, you would not dare to torture me further."

He sank on to the divan, where, six months ago, he had kissed her under her veil.

All night he had walked without thinking of where he was going. He had followed the Seine, until he found its banks fringed with willows and poplars. To still his suffering he had tried to distract his mind.¹ On the Quai de Bercy he had watched the moon fleeing among the clouds. For an hour he had seen her hidden and then reappearing. Then he had set himself with minute accuracy to count the

¹distract his mind, 分他的心.

她就是這樣不動，不思想，呆了許久，她自己也不知道有多久；也許有半點鐘。後來聽見有腳步聲；門開了。他走進來。她看見他通身濕透了，衣服上有許多泥，發燒發熱。

她很真誠很坦白的看他，他覺得詫異。但是全數他的痛苦心幾乎立刻在心裏噴出來。

他說道，『你現在要我做什麼？你已經用盡你的力量害我到極點啦。』

他因為疲倦，好像變作溫和。她恐怖。

『查克，你聽我……』

他使手勢表示不必多說。

『查克，你聽我說。我並不會騙你。哎！不會，我不會騙你。我能夠騙你麼？能夠……』

他打叉，說道：

『你可憐我吧。不要再害我啦。我哀求你離開我。設使你曉得我過了怎麼樣的一夜，你就不敢再使我受酷刑啦。』

他倒在睡榻上，六個月前他曾在這裏在她的面紗下吻她。

原來他走了一夜，不曾想到他往那裏走。他沿着辛納 (Seine) 河邊走，等到他看見沿岸都是柳樹與白楊。他爲的是要鎮定他的痛苦，他曾嘗試分他的心。他曾在狄博爾塞 (de Bercy) 碼頭看月亮在雲裏飛走。他看月亮或隱或現看了一點鐘。隨後他用精細的準確，數房舍的窗子。後

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windows of houses. It had begun to rain. He had gone to the Market, and drunk brandy in a tavern. A big woman, who squinted, had said to him: "You don't look happy." He sank down on a leather covered bench. And for a moment he was at rest.

The visions of that terrible night passed before him. He said: "I thought of that night on the bank of the Arno. You have robbed me of all beauty and all joy."

He besought her to leave him alone. In his weariness he pitied himself profoundly. He would have liked to sleep, not to die: death always filled him with horror. But to sleep and never wake. Meanwhile he saw her before him, ardently desired, and as desirable as before, with her face worn by suffering and in spite of the fixity of her fevered gaze. And inscrutable now, more mysterious than ever. He looked at her. His hatred revived with his anguish. With an evil glance, he sought signs of carresses that he had not given her.

She held out her arms to him:

"Listen, Jacques."

He showed that it was useless for her to speak. Nevertheless he wanted to hear her, and already he was listening eagerly. What she was going to say, he hated and rejected beforehand, but it was the only thing in the world that interested him. She said:

"You dared to believe that I betrayed you, that I did not live in and for you alone. But don't you understand? Don't you realise that if that man had been my lover he would not have needed to speak to me in the theatre, in that box; he would have had a thousand other opportunities of arranging a *rendezvous*. Oh! no, my love, I assure

來起首落雨。他曾走到市場，在酒店裏喝白蘭地。有一個斜眼看人的肥女人對他說道：『你的神氣不歡樂。』他倒在一張蒙熟皮的凳子上。他休息了一會子。

那個可怕的深夜的幻兒在他眼前走過。他說道：『我想起在亞爾諾河邊的那一夜。你把我的全數美麗與快樂都奪了。』

他求她走開，讓他獨自一人在這裏。他正在疲倦。他很可憐他自己。他想睡，不想死：死常令他恐怖。他但願長睡不醒。當下他看見她在眼前，他很熱烈的要她，她還是如同從前那樣可欲，雖然這時候她因為受痛苦，她的臉有疲倦神色，她的發燒眼瞪着不動。現在比無論什麼時候更加神祕，不能看出什麼來。他看看她。他又痛心，他的憎厭復活。他用不懷善意的眼找他所不會給她的親愛的示意。

她對他伸出兩手：

『查克，你聽我說。』

他示意，要她曉得她說話也是無用。雖是這樣，他卻要聽她說，已經在那裏急於要聽她說啦。他預先厭惡與擯斥她所快要說的話，但是世上只有這件事是他所注意的。她說道：

『你敢相信我欺騙你，你敢相信我不會以你為生活，不會只為你而過活。難道你不明白麼？難道你不體會假使那個人是我的愛人，他不必要在戲院裏在包廂裏同我說話；他會有一千個其他機會，同我布置幽期密約地方。哎！不是的，我的愛人，我能使你深信自從享受認得你的歡樂

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you that since I have had the happiness—and even to-day in agony and sorrow, I still say happiness—of knowing you, I have been yours alone. Cou'd I possibly have been another's? It is monstrous to imagine it. But I love you, I love you. It is you alone that I love. I have never loved another."

He replied slowly, with crue' deliberation:

"'Every day I shall be in our flat, Rue Spontini, after three o'clock.' It was no lover, not your lover who spoke those words! No! It was a stranger."

She rose, and with sad seriousness:

"Yes, I have been his mistress. You knew it. I denied it, I lied, so as not to give you pain, not to irritate you. I saw how anxious and suspicious you were. But I lied so little and so badly! You knew it. Don't reproach me with it. You knew it, you often spoke of the past, and then one day at a restaurant you heard. . . . And your imagination went beyond the truth. I did not deceive you when I lied. And if you knew how little it counts in my life! And besides, I did not know you. I did not dream that I should ever know you. I was so weary of my life."

She threw herself on her knees:

"I was wrong. I ought to have waited for you. But, if you only knew how all that is as if it had never been, and it was so very little."

And in a sweet, singing voice, she said over and over again like a refrain:

"Why did you not come before? Why?"

She crept to him, tried to take his hands and clasp his knees. He repulsed her:

(我今日雖然痛苦憂愁,我還要說歡樂)以來,我一向都是你一個人的人。我能夠做了另外一個人的人麼?只要想像到這一層就是怪事。但是我愛你,我愛你。我所愛的只是你一個。我始終不會愛過別人。』

他慢慢答她,很刻薄的特爲慢慢答她:

『「每天三點鐘後我必在斯滂丁尼街我們的那一層房子。」這不是愛人說的,這不是你的愛人說的話!不是的,他是一個路人。』

她站起來,帶着愁苦的嚴重:

『是的,我曾經做過他的姘婦。你曉得的。我從前不承認,那是我說謊,意在不使你受痛苦,不使你發怒。我看出你是怎樣的不放心,又怎樣的懷疑。但我所說的謊不多,又說得很不好!你是曉得的。你不必以此話詈我。你既曉得,你又屢次說既往的事,隨後有一天你在飯館聽見……你的想像越過真實情形。當我說謊的時候,我並不會騙你。我但願你曉得這件既往的事在我的生活中算不了什麼!況且那個時候我還不會認識你。我不會夢到我後來會認識你。那個時候我很厭倦我的生活。』

她雙膝跪下:

『我從前原是錯了。我該等候你的。但是你若曉得全數現在的事怎樣使既往變作好像是絕未曾有過的,況且既往的事又是極其小的。』

她用甜美的歌唱聲音把這兩句話說了又說,如同唱曲的疊聲一般:

『你爲什麼先前不來呀?爲什麼呀?』

她爬到他那裏,嘗試抓他的兩手與拖他的兩膝。他拒絕她:

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"I was stupid. I did not believe, I did not know. I was resolved not to know."

He rose, and, in an outburst of hatred:

"I could not bear it, no, I could not bear it to be that one."

She sat down on the divan that he had quitted; and then plaintively, speaking low, she explained the past. She had been cast all alone into a horribly commonplace society. Then it had happened, she had yielded. But immediately she had regretted it. Oh! if he knew how dull and sad her life had been, he would not be jealous, he would pity her.

She shook her head, and, looking at him through her disordered hair:

"But I am talking of another woman. I have nothing in common with that woman. I have existed only since I knew you, since I was yours."

He had begun to pace wildly up and down the room, just as a short time before he had walked on the banks of the Seine. He burst into a bitter laugh:

"Yes, but while you were loving me, what about the other woman, who was not you?"

She looked at him indignantly:

"Can you believe . . .?"

"Didn't you see him at Florence, didn't you go with him to the station?"

She told him that he had sought her in Italy, that she had met him and parted from him, that he had gone away in anger, and that since he had tried to persuade her to come back to him, but that she had not even thought about it.

"My love, I see none, I know none but you."

『我當日愚蠢。我不相信，我不曉得。我打定主意不要曉得。』

他站起來，噴出他的憎惡，說道：

『我不能忍受這件事，不，我不能忍受這件事裏頭有他。』

她坐在他所離開的睡榻上；隨即用哀求的與低微的聲音，解說從前的事。她說她獨自一人被人摔在一個可怕的庸俗的社會裏。那件事體原是在那個時候發生的，她就讓步了。但是立刻她就後悔。哦！他若曉得從前她所過的生活是多麼愁悶與多麼悽慘，他就不會妒忌，反會可憐她。

她搖頭，從她的亂髮中看他：

『但是我所說的是另外一個女人。我與那個女人是絕不相同的。自從我是你的人以來，自從我認得你以來，我纔起首過活。』

他已經起首在屋裏亂走，走來走去，如同不久以前，他在辛納河畔亂走一般。他一陣大笑，表示痛恨：

『是呀，但是當你正在愛我的時候，那個女人，那個不是你，怎麼樣啦？』（駁得極妙。譯者註）

她很生氣的看看他：

『你能相信……？』

『你不曾在佛羅稜薩見他麼，你不曾送他到車站麼？』

她告訴他，他在義大利尋她，她曾與他相見，與他分手，他發怒走了，後來他曾嘗試勸她回去他那裏，她連想都不曾想過這一層。

『我的愛人，我不看見什麼愛人，我不認得什麼人，我只認得你。』

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He shook his head.

"I do not believe you."

She grew angry.

"I have told you everything. Accuse me, condemn me, but don't insult my love for you. That I forbid."

He shook his head.

"Leave me. You have hurt me too much. I loved you so dearly that any sorrow you might have caused me, I would have accepted and kept and loved; but this is hideous. I hate it. Leave me. My grief is too deep. Good-bye."

Standing firmly, her little feet planted on the carpet:

"I came. It is for my happiness, my life, that I am contending. I am resolute, you know. I will not go."

And she repeated all she had said. Emphatic and sincere, convinced that she was in the right, she explained how she had broken the already slackened tie that chafed her. She told how from the day when she had yielded to him in the little house in the Via Alfieri, she had been his entirely, without a regret, certainly without a glance or a thought for any one else. But when she spoke of another, she angered him. And he cried:

"I don't believe you."

Then she began again to repeat what she had said.

And suddenly, instinctively she looked at her watch:

"Good heavens! it is twelve o'clock."

Many a time she had uttered the same cry of alarm when the hour for parting had surprised them. And Jacques trembled when he heard those familiar words now so sorrowful and despairing. For a few minutes longer she

他搖頭。

「我不相信你。」

她發怒。

「我無論什麼全告訴你了。你只管說我犯罪，定我的罪，你卻不可侮辱我所給你的愛情。我不許你侮辱。」

他搖頭。

「你離開我吧。你太過傷害我啦。我當你是個寶貝，極愛你，無論你怎樣令我愁苦，我都肯受，我還是要你，還是愛你；但是這件事體是令人不可嚮邇的，我憎惡這件事體。你走吧。我的憂傷太深啦。我們分手啦。」

她站得穩穩的，她的兩隻小腳好像種牢在地毯上：

「我來了。我來同你爭，原爲的是我的歡樂，我的生命。你是曉得的，我是堅決的，我不肯走。」

她再說她剛纔所說的全數那一番話。她說得著重又說得真誠，她深信她是對的，她解說她怎樣已經打斷已經放鬆磨痛她的束縛。她告訴他，自從那一天在亞菲爾利街的小房子失身於他以來，她怎樣整個是他的了，她毫不後悔，的確無眼看別人，無心想別人。但是當她說及他人的時候，她令他發怒。他喊道：

「我不相信你。」（就是容不得一個他字。譯者註）

她隨即又起首再說她所說過的話。

忽然她不由自主的看她的表：

「天呀！原來十二點鐘了。」

從前每當要分手的時刻驚嚇他們，她就是這樣叫喊，不止一次的了。查克聽見現在令他很愁苦與絕望的幾個字，一向卻是聽慣的幾個字，就渾身發抖。她用眼淚與熱

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implored him with tears and passionate words. Then she was obliged to go; she had gained nothing.

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She tried to eat. She could swallow nothing. For everything she felt an uncontrollable loathing.

About two o'clock she went back to the little house at Les Ternes. She found Jacques in his room. He was smoking his wooden pipe. A cup of coffee nearly empty was on the table. He looked at her with a hardness that froze the blood in her veins. She did not dare to speak, feeling that all she might say would offend and irritate him, and that her mere appearance discreet¹ and silent rekindled his wrath. He knew that she would come back; he had expected her with the impatience of hatred, with an eagerness as keen as when he waited for her in the house in the Via Alfieri. She saw in a flash that she had been unwise in coming; absent he would have desired her, longed for her, summoned her perhaps. But it was too late; and besides, being prudent had not occurred to her.

She said to him:

"You see, I came back; I could not do otherwise. And it was quite natural, since I love you. You know it."

She had felt that everything she could say would only irritate him. He asked her if she said as much in the Rue Spontini.

She looked at him profoundly sad.

"Jacques, you have often said that deep down in your

¹discreet, 隨機應變

烈的話，哀求他幾分鐘。她不會贏得什麼，她不得不去啦。

〔她回家同丈夫談話。她的丈夫吃完飯放下飯巾，走出去了。譯者註〕

她嘗試吃點東西。他無論什麼都吞咽不下。對於無論什麼東西，她總覺得有一種不能壓制的憎惡。

約在兩點鐘時候她回去利陀爾安街(Les Ternes)的小房子。她看見查克在他的屋裏。他在那裏吸他的木煙筒。桌上有一盃幾乎喝完了的咖啡。他用很嚴厲的神色看她，幾乎凍結了她血管裏的血。她不敢說話，她覺得她所說的話很許得罪他，激怒他，又覺得只是她的隨機應變的與不響的出現，也許可以再激他生氣。他曉得她會回來；他盼望她回來，他帶着憎惡的不耐煩與熱烈，望她回來，他這時候的熱烈很鋒利，也有他從前在亞菲爾利街的小房子裏等候她那樣鋒利。她一瞬眼就看出她來得不智；她若不在他眼前，他會要她，想她，也許請她來。但是此時後悔也來不及啦；況且她不會想到要先要盤算一番的。

她對他說道，「你看，我回來啦；我不能不回來。因為我愛你，我回來原是很自然的，你曉得我愛你。」

她已經覺得她所能說的無論什麼話只會令他生氣。他問她在斯滂丁尼街是不是也說過許多話。

她極其愁苦的看看他。

「查克，你屢次說過，在你的心裏的最深處有一個憎

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heart was a world of hatred and anger, which might break forth against me. I see you like to make me suffer."

"I don't believe you," he said. And he added:

"And if I did believe you, the very thought that you had been the mistress of that man would make it impossible for me ever to see you again. I told you so, I wrote it to you—you remember, when you were at Dinard. I could not bear it to be he. And since . . ."

He paused. She said:

"You know there has been nothing since."

He resumed with sullen passion:

"Since, I have seen him."

Long they remained silent. At length, in a surprised and plaintive tone she said:

"But, my love, you should have thought that a woman like me, married as I was. . . . Every day women come to their lovers with a more serious past than mine, and are loved nevertheless. Ah! if you only knew how little my past counts for in my life."

"I know what you can be. One cannot forgive in you what one would overlook in another."

"But, my love, I am like other women."

"No, you are not like the others. In you nothing can be overlooked."

"Why did I ever know you?" he sighed.

Through her tears, she answered:

惡與忿怒世界，很許可以發作反對我。我看出你喜歡令我受痛苦。」

〔她很耐煩的又把她從前所過的愁苦寂寞生活，及她與曼尼勒的關係告訴他。譯者註〕

他說道，「我不相信你。」他又說道：

「即使我相信你，我一想起你曾經做過那個人的姘婦，就使我永遠不能再見你啦。我曾經這樣告訴你，寫信給你——你當記得，這是在狄拿特(Dinard)地方時候。我不能忍受那個人就是他。又因……」

他停口不說。她說道：

「自從那個時候以來，就不曾有過什麼事，這是你曉得的。」

他又帶着悻悻怒色，說道：

「後來我曾看見他。」

他們兩人許久不響。後來還是她用詫異的與哀求的腔調說道：

「但是，我的愛人，你當然該會想到如我這樣的一個女人，如我這樣嫁過人的……每天總有女人們帶着比我更嚴重的既往，走到她們的愛人們那裏，卻是被他們所愛的。呀！你只要曉得我的既往在我的生活中，算不了什麼。」

「我曉得你能夠是什麼。別的女人犯了這種事還可以放過，惟有你犯了卻不能饒恕。」

「我的愛人，我是同其他女人一樣的。」

「不是的，你與其他女人們不同。你所做的事，是無一件能夠放過的。」

〔他的神色很可怕，她放聲大哭。譯者註〕

他歎氣道：「從前我為什麼要認識你？」

她哭着答道：

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"I do not regret having known you. It is killing me, and I do not regret it. I have loved."

He cruelly persisted in making her suffer. He knew how badly he was acting and yet could not help himself.

"It is possible that after all you may have loved me too."

With a slight bitterness, she replied:

"But I loved you only. I loved you too well. That is what you are punishing me for now. . . . Oh! how can you think that I ever was to another what I have been to you!"

"Why not?"

She looked at him without strength or courage:

"Tell me, is it true that you don't believe me?"

She added very softly:

"If I were to kill myself, would you believe me?"

"No, I should not believe you."

She wiped her face with her handkerchief, then looking up, her eyes sparkling through her tears:

"Then, it is all over."

She rose, looked round the room at the thousand things with which she had lived in joyful, voluptuous intimacy, that she had made her own, and that now suddenly were nothing to her; they regarded her as a stranger and an enemy; she looked at the nude woman, who was making that gesture in flight that had not been explained to her; the Florentine medals recalling Fiesole and the enchanted hours in Italy; Dechartre's study of the profile of a street girl with a laugh on her thin worn pretty face. She paused for a moment, she stood in front of it, sympathising with that little newspaper-seller, who had also come there and

『我並不後悔我認識你。我的認識你正在要殺害我，我還是不追悔我認識你。我已經戀愛過了。』

他極其苛刻的絕不肯放鬆使她受痛苦。他曉得他自己的戲演得不好，他卻不能自主。

『很許到底你或者也戀愛過我。』

她帶點怨恨，答道：

『但是我只愛你一個人。我愛你愛得太深啦。你現在就是因為我太愛你，才懲罰我……哎，你怎樣能夠以為我對別人能夠同我對你一樣呀！』

『爲什麼不能？』

她氣力沒有了，勇氣也沒有了，看看他：

『你告訴我，你不相信我，是真的麼？』

她又很溫柔的說道：『假使我殺了我自己，你肯相信我麼？』

『不，我不肯相信你。』

她用手絹擦她的臉，隨即擡頭看，她的兩眼從淚珠裏閃出光來：

『既是這樣，全完了。』

她站起來，四面看看那千百種東西，她前幾時在這許多東西裏頭過快樂的，縱慾的親密生活，這許多東西原是她作爲自己的，現在忽然與她毫無相干了；這許多東西當她是一個路人，當她是一個仇人；她看那個裸體美人，這個美人作逃跑狀態，她的愛人從未解說與她聽；幾個佛羅稜薩 模型使她追憶菲素利與在義大利所過的迷人時間；狄沙爾特所製的一個街上女孩子的旁看臉，她的薄而疲倦的好看臉還帶着大笑。她停了一會，她站在模型前，與這個賣報紙的小女孩表同情，這個女孩也會到過這裏，現

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disappeared, carried into the terrible immensity of life and things.

She repeated:

"Then it is over."

He was silent.

Their forms were growing indistinct in the twilight.

She said:

"What is to become of me?"

He replied:

"And what will become of me?"

They looked pitifully at each other, because each was filled with self pity.

Thérèse continued:

"And I who used to fear growing old, for your sake and mine, lest our beautiful love might utterly die! It would have been better had it never been born. Yes, it would have been better had I never been born. Was it not an omen when as a child, under the lime-trees at Joinville, near the Crown, in front of the marble nymphs, I longed to die?"

With arms hanging down and hands clasped, she looked up; through her tears, her eyes sparkled in the gloom.

"Is there no way of making you feel that what I tell you is true, that never, since I was yours, never. . . . But how could I? The very idea seems to me horrible, absurd! Can you know me so little?"

He shook his head sadly.

"I don't know you."

Once again she looked round questioningly at all the things in the room that had witnessed their love.

"But then, all that we have been to each other . . . it

在不見了，走入人生與世事的可怕的無限裏頭了。

她又說道：

「既是這樣，全完了。」

他不響。

他們的身形在黃昏中變作模糊了。

她說道：

「我將來怎麼樣呢？」

他答道：

「我將來又怎樣麼呢？」

他們很可憐的眼着眼，因為彼此滿胸中都裝滿了自憐。

特利斯接着說道：

「我爲你起見，爲我自己起見，常怕衰老，惟恐我一老了，我們的美滿愛情就許全死完了！與其這樣，反不如始終不生戀愛，豈不更好麼。是呀，這樣看來，向使天不生我，豈不更好。當我做小孩子的時候，我在佐安維爾的菩提樹下，與克留安(Crown)旅館(?)不遠，在白石水仙像面前，我渴想要死，這不是一個預兆麼？」

她兩膀下垂，合着兩手，擡頭看；她的兩眼在黑暗中，眼光從淚珠射出。

「難道沒得方法使你相信我所告訴你的話是真實的麼，使你相信，自從我是你的人以來，我絕不曾，我絕不曾……我怎樣能夠呀？據我看來，連這樣意思都是可怕的，無理的！難道你能夠這樣不深知我麼？」

他慘然搖頭。

「我不知你。」

她又四面看看，好像詰問會親眼看見他們戀愛的屋子裏的全數東西。

「既是這樣，全數我們的彼此相親相愛……是枉然

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was in vain, it was useless. We have merely met, we have not become one."

She grew indignant. It was impossible for him not to realise what he was to her.

And in the passion of her rejected love, she threw herself into his arms and covered him with tears and kisses.

He forgot everything, took her, aching, broken; but happy, and pressed her in his arms with the mournful rage of desire. Already her head thrown back on the pillow, she was smiling through her tears. Suddenly he tore himself away from her.

"I no longer see you alone. The other is always with you."

Silent, indignant, despairing, she looked at him. She rose, arranged her dress and her hair, with a feeling of shame that was new to her. Then, realising that the end had come, she looked around her in astonishment, with eyes that saw nothing, and went out slowly.

的了，是無用的了。我們不過是相遇罷了，我們不會變作一個人。』

她變作憤怒。他不能不體會他是她的什麼。

她的愛情被擯斥，她的情性發作，她把自己摔在他懷裏，她的淚與吻鋪滿他的臉。

他無論什麼全忘記了，他抱住她，心痛了，心裂了，却是歡樂的，帶着悲痛的狂怒，兩手緊緊抱住她。她的頭已經倒在枕上，她一面滴淚一面微笑。他忽然掙脫，離開她。

『我不復看見你是獨自一人。那個人常同你在一起。』

她看了他只是不響，憤怒，絕望。她起來，理理她的衣服與她的頭髮，覺得另一種慚愧，是一向所不會覺得的。隨後她體會他們的末日到了，她很詭異的四面看看，有眼却看不見東西，她慢慢走出去。





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