

OLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

死的得勝

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

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伍光建選譯

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WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

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作者傳略

但農吉奧以一八六三年生於貝斯伽拉 (Pescara)。他的父親是一個富翁，當過該處的市長。他在多斯干尼 (Tuscany) 學校與羅馬大學讀書；一八八〇年他未出學校就刊行一冊詩。他二十歲又刊行五冊詩，使國人驚愕；批評家說他是公德之敵。他自一八八九年，接連撰幾部小說；一八九四年他的「死的得勝」出版。一九〇〇年他刊行一部小說，說他自己的戀愛事，這時候他撰他最好的詩。他又撰過幾種劇本，與一部航空小說。歐戰發生的時候，他因為經濟困難，住在法蘭西；一九一五年他回國。他由文學家變作一個實行家與政治家；他先後投入馬隊，步隊，海軍，與航空隊。他曾在槍林彈雨中航空好幾次，一隻手腕中槍，一目失明；一九一八年，他領航空隊在維也納發散傳單，由是享國際大名。歐戰告終，他痛恨威爾遜 (Wilson) 待義大利太不公，不以停戰條款為然，寫過許多文章，痛斥這個和事老。先是，義大利駐兵於費烏米 (Fiume) 因為反對法蘭西，駐兵滋事，義大利政府撤回大部分的軍隊。但農吉奧大憤，統領不多的溜彈隊及其他軍隊，向該處進發，以一九一九年九月間據其地，創立一個

新國，自稱執政，在位十五個月，歐洲各國駭然，只是瞪眼看他，奈何他不得。妙在農民市民全聽他的號召，奉命惟謹；當時的軍長，帝王，小王，小侯，教王，紅衣主教等等所做不到的事，這個面貌寢陋，身高不及五尺，奢侈好色的詩人居然做到了。後來義大利政府爲履行條約，不能不召回軍隊，逼這個大膽負嵎的詩人出境。他只好服從政府。以一九二一年九月出境。他是一個熱心的法西斯提。一九二四年義大利王封他爲 Montenevoso 王，以酬他鞏固義大利的東方新邊陲的大功。一九二七年政府擔任刊行他的全集。他這部小說寫一個男人愛一個女人，因懷疑與妒忌，要使戀愛完全美滿，他抱住這個女人雙雙投水死。愛情濃烈到極點，往往會得這樣結果。因爲男女相愛，他雖然曉得她在他之前未曾愛過他人，他自己卻往往會疑心他自己很許不是她的美備的愛人；世人的閱歷，以此爲最普通。這篇戀愛歷史，是每雙男女戀愛的歷史，無論他們的戀愛局面是多麼小；事體是同類的，不過烈度不同罷了。摩登作者描寫愛情，以這部書爲最偉大。

民國二十三年甲戌白露日伍光建記。

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I

THE PAST

CHAPTER I

WHEN she perceived a group of men leaning against the parapet and looking down into the street below, Hippolyte stopped and exclaimed: "What has happened?"

With a slight gesture, betraying fear, she placed her hand involuntarily on George's arm as if to restrain him.

After watching the men a moment George said: "Someone must have leaped from off the terrace." Then he added: "Shall we turn back?"

She hesitated a few moments, wavering between curiosity and fear, and then replied: "No. Let's see what it is."

They advanced along the parapet as far as the end of the walk.

Unconsciously, Hippolyte accelerated her pace towards the small crowd that had gathered.

On this March afternoon the Pincio was almost deserted. Occasional sounds died away in the gray and heavy atmosphere.

"That's what it is," said George. "Someone has killed himself."

They stopped close to the crowd. All the spectators had their gaze intently fixed upon the pavement below.

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第一卷 已往

第一回

當希普利提 (Hippolyte) 看見一羣人靠着欄杆，低頭向下看大街的時候，她停住腳，喊道：“出了什麼事啦？”

她身子稍微動一動，露出害怕，不由自主的把她的手放在佐治 (George) 的臂上，好像要攔阻他。

佐治察看一會之後，說道：“必定有人從高坡跳下去”。他隨即又說道：“我們轉回去好不好？”

她遲疑幾秒鐘，她既好奇又害怕，遊疑不決，隨後答道：“不。我們試看是什麼事。”

他們沿着欄杆走，走到路的盡頭。

希普利提不知不覺的加快走，走向已經聚集的一小堆人。

當日是三月間的午後，平吉奧 (Pincio) 幾乎無人來往。不常有的聲響，在灰色與沉重的空氣中消滅了。

佐治說道：“原來是這麼一會事，有一個人自殺。”

(作者先在這裏有意無意的點題。譯者註)

他們走近那堆人，就立住腳。全數旁觀人都定睛看底。他們居多都是無事做的工人。他們的面貌各有



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Most of them were workmen without occupation. Their faces, each different, expressed neither compassion nor sorrow, and the immobility of the gaze imparted a sort of bestial dulness to their eyes.

A young lad came up, eager to see; but scarcely had he ensconced¹ himself in a position satisfactory to himself than he was hailed by one of the bystanders, in an indefinable tone of jubilation and pleasantry, as if delighted that no new arrival could enjoy the spectacle. "You're too late," he cried; "they've taken him away."

"Where to?"

"To the Santa Maria del Popolo."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead."

Another individual, emaciated and of a greenish complexion, with a large woollen muffler around his neck, leaned half over; then, removing a pipe from his mouth, he shouted: "What's that on the ground?"

His mouth was distorted on one side, seamed as if by a burn, and convulsed as if by an endless flow of bitter saliva. His voice was so deep that it sounded as if it emerged from a cavern.

"What's that on the ground?" he repeated.

Down in the street below, a wagon-driver was squatting close to the foot of the wall. So as to hear his answer the better, the spectators became quiet and motionless. On the pavement could be seen a little blackish mud.

"It's blood," replied the wagon-driver without rising.

And with the point of a stick he continued his search in the bloody mire.

¹ ensconced, 處于; 據住.

不同，既不表示憐憫，亦不表示憂戚，他們的眼不活動，使他們的眼得了一種獸類的愚鈍。

一個少年走上來，急於要看；他幾乎還未站在一個使他自己滿意的地位，就有一個旁觀人招呼他，這個人說話的腔調，是一種說不清楚的高興與取笑，好像他以新來的人不能享受這樣的光景為樂。他喊道：“你到得太遲了；他們已經把他擡走了。”

“擡往那裏去？”

“擡往聖瑪理亞墳地。”

“死了麼？”

“是的，死了。”

另一個人，羸瘦，面色青綠，頸子圍着一條大的羊毛頸巾，身子半倚出來；他隨即從口中取出一根烟管，大聲喊道：“地下是什麼東西？”

他的嘴歪在一邊，好像受火燙傷的，又好像被流出不盡的苦涎所抖動。他的聲音很幽深，好像是從洞穴出來的。

他又說道：“地下是什麼東西？”

在下頭的大街上有一個趕車的緊靠牆腳墩下。旁觀的人們因為要聽清楚他的答復，都寂靜不動。他們能夠看見街邊的路上有一小堆黑泥。

趕車的並不站起來，說道：“這是一團血。”

他接連用一根棍子的尖在血泥裏找東西。

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'Anything else?' asked the man with the pipe.

The wagon-driver rose. On the end of his stick he held something extended that could not be identified from above.

"Hair."

"What color?"

"Blond."

The precipice formed by the high walls lent a strange resonance to the voices.

"Let us go, George!" pleaded Hippolyte.

Disturbed and pale, she shook her lover's arm, as he leaned against the parapet near the group, fascinated by the horror of the scene.

They silently left the tragic spot. Both were preoccupied with painful thoughts of this death, and sadness was visible on their features.

"Happy are the dead!" exclaimed George at last. "They have no more doubts."

"That's true," replied his companion.

The weary tones in which both spoke seemed to indicate boundless discouragement.

She bent her head and added, with a bitterness mixed with regret: "Poor love!"

"What love?" asked George, preoccupied.

"Ours."

"Do you feel that it is growing cold?"

"In me, no," replied Hippolyte significantly.

"But you think it is in me?" persisted George.

An ill-concealed irritation lent sharpness to his words. Fixing his gaze on her, he repeated: "But you think it is in me? Don't you?"

She remained silent, her head drooping still lower.

拿着烟管的人問道：“還有別的麼？”

趕車的站起來。他的棍子尖上掛着一種展長的東西，上頭的人辨不清楚。

“頭髮。”

“什麼顏色？”

“老黃色。”

幾堵高牆成爲峭壁，底下的聲音變作一種怪異聲響。

希普利提懇求道：“佐治我們不如走吧！”

她受了驚，面色發白，搖她愛人的膀子，他靠在與那羣人相近的欄杆，被這樣情景的可怕處所迷。

他們不發一言，離開這個演慘劇的地點。兩人的心都在那裏想可怕的死，他們的臉都露出愁慘。

最後佐治說道：“死人是歡樂的。死人不復有疑慮”

（此處露出主題。因愛而疑慮妒忌，反不如死，所以稱爲死的得勝。譯者註。）

他的同伴答道：“這是真確的。”

他們兩人說話所用的厭倦腔調，好像表示無限的灰心。

她低頭，又說道：“可憐的愛情！”她說話的腔調，既痛恨，又追悔。

佐治心有所思，問道：“什麼愛情？”

“我們的愛情。”

“你覺得我們的愛情變老了麼？”

希普利提有所表示的答道：“在我的愛情卻並不曾變老。”

佐治逼着問道：“難道你以爲在我的愛情變老了麼？”

一種不善隱藏的怨怒，使他說話說得鋒利。他定睛看她，又問道：“難道你以爲在我的愛情變老了麼？你果作此想麼？”

她還是不響，她的頭垂得更低。

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“You won’t answer? You know you’re not telling the truth.”

There was a pause. Both felt an unspeakable desire to read the other’s heart. Then he continued:

“That is how the agony of love begins. You are not as yet aware of it, but since your return I have studied you ceaselessly and I daily discover in you a new symptom.”

“What symptom?”

“A bad symptom, Hippolyte.” Then, in a burst of mental agony, he exclaimed: “Oh, how horrible it is to love and yet not lose one’s keenness¹ of perception!”

She shook her head with a gesture of anger, and her face darkened. Once more, as on many previous occasions, hostility had risen between the two lovers. Each felt hurt by the injustice of suspicion, and secretly rebelled with that restrained anger which breaks out, from time to time, in brutal and irrevocable words, grave accusations and absurd recriminations.² An indescribable fury seized them to torture themselves, to rend and martyrize their hearts.

Hippolyte became gloomy and silent. Her brows were knit in a frown and her lips were tightly pressed together. George regarded her with an irritating smile.

“Yes, that’s how it will begin,” he repeated, still smiling his disagreeable smile and fixing her with his keen glance. “You find at the bottom of your soul an inquietude, a sort of vague impatience which you cannot repress. When near me, you feel an instinctive repugnance arise in your breast against me—a repugnance which you cannot

¹ keenness, 尖利; 靈敏. ² recriminations, 互相諉過.

“你不肯答麼？你曉得你不說實話。”

這時候暫停不響。兩個人都覺得說不出來的很想曉得彼此的心。隨後他接着說道：

“愛情的痛苦，就是這樣起首的。你現在還不覺得，但是自從你回來，我曾不停的研究你這個人，我每天都找出你有一種新徵象。”

“什麼徵象？”

“普希利提，一種不好徵象。”他隨即發出一陣心痛的話，說道：“哎！我一面戀愛，一面卻未曾失丟靈敏的感覺，是多麼可怕呀！”

她搖她的頭，作出發怒狀態，她的臉帶着怒容。從前有過好幾次在這兩個愛人之間發生仇恨，現在又發生啦。彼此都覺得被不公道的懷疑所損傷，彼此心理都帶着強制的怒氣反抗，這樣的怒氣久不久就發作，說粗野的及不能挽回的說話，很嚴重的互相責備，及無理的互相諉過。有一種寫不出來的狂怒抓住他們，使他們以酷刑施諸自己，要破碎他們的心，傷害他們的心。

希普利提變作愁悶與緘默。她縐着眉頭，她的兩唇緊緊的相壓。佐治帶着令人發怒的微笑看她。

他又說道：“是呀，愛情的傷心就是這麼樣起首，”他還是微笑他的令人不歡的微笑，瞪着一雙尖利眼看她。“你將在你的靈魂深處找着一種不安寧，一種空洞的不耐煩 這是你不能壓下的。當你在我身邊的時候，你覺得你的心裏有一種說不清楚的厭惡發生，這種厭惡是反對我的——你不能打倒這樣的厭惡。隨後你變作閉口無言，

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subdue. And then you become taciturn, you're obliged to make an enormous effort to speak to me at all; you misunderstand everything I say, and, perhaps unconsciously, you speak crossly even about the most trivial things."

She did not interrupt him even by so much as a gesture. Hurt by this indifference on her part, he continued to reproach her, spurred on to torment his companion not only by his sudden fit of temper, but also by a certain disinterested taste for investigation rendered the keener and the more literary by culture. He always tried to express himself with the accuracy and demonstrative precision which the works of the analysts had taught him; but, in the monologues, the formulæ by which he interpreted his inner inquiry exaggerated and modified the mental condition under observation, while, in the dialogues, the preoccupation caused by being perspicacious¹ often obscured the sincerity of his emotion and led him to err as to the secret motives which he claimed to discover in others. His brain, encumbered by a mass of psychological observations, personal or gathered from books, ended by confounding and confusing everything both as regarded himself and others.

He continued:

"Mind you, I make no reproach. I know it is not your fault. Every human soul has but a fixed quantity of sensitiveness for passion. It is inevitable that this quantity is exhausted in time and that no power can prevent

¹perspicacious, 月光鋒利.

你不能不費異常的大力對我說話；凡是我說的話你無不誤會，還許你不知不覺的，對於極不相干的小事，都說發怒的話。”

她不會說話打他的叉，連打叉的狀態也不曾有。他被她這樣的冷淡所激怒，他接連怪責她，他不獨被他自己的一陣發脾氣，且被一種殊非爲己的好研究（這種研究，被學殖所變爲更鋒利與更認真）所激，麻煩他的同伴。他做過解析工夫，所以他常時嘗試用準確，與驗證的謹嚴字眼達他的意思；當他一個人說話的時候，他用一種定式解說他的心理的研究，這種定式誇張與修改在研究下的心情，當他對人說話的時候，他有意要做一個眼光鋒利的人，這就往往遮掩他的情緒的誠實，使他誤會他所自以爲窺見他人的祕密動機。他的腦海被許多個人的或從書本得來的許多心理學的觀察所累，結果就是把關於自己的及關於他人的無論什麼事，全攪亂了，全混亂了。

他接着說道：

“你要曉得我並不怪責你。我曉得並非是你的錯。每人只有一定數量的愛情的感覺。這個數量日久是免不了消耗的，無論什麼力量都不能夠攔阻愛情停止。現在你已

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the cessation of passion. Now, you have already loved me for a long time—almost two years! It will be the second anniversary of our love on the second of April. Had you thought of it?"

She nodded. He repeated, as if to himself: "Two years!"

They approached a bench and sat down. Hippolyte sank down with a weary sigh, as if overcome by an enervating weakness. The heavy black coach of a prelate passed by on the road below, the wheels rattling on the uneven cobblestones. The faint sound of a bugle came from the Flaminian Road, and then once more silence regained possession of the surrounding groves. A few drops of rain fell.

"Our second anniversary will be dismal," he went on, without pity for his moody companion. "But we must celebrate it all the same. I have a fondness for bitter fruits."

Hippolyte revealed her sorrow by a painful smile, and with unexpected gentleness said: "Why all these unkind words?"

She looked long and searchingly into George's eyes. A second time an inexpressible desire to read each other's hearts seized them. She knew well the horrible malady from which her lover suffered; she knew well the obscure cause of all his acrimony. To induce him to talk so he might unburden his heart, she added:

"What ails you?"

The tenderness of her tone, for which he was unprepared, threw him into some confusion. At this accent he knew that she understood him and pitied him; and he felt a

經愛我許久了——幾乎有兩年啦！到了四月二日就是我們相愛的第二周年。你會想到這一層麼？”

她點頭。他好像對自己又說道：“兩年啦！”

他們走到一把長椅子坐下。希普利提歎一口疲倦氣坐下，好像被消耗精力的孱弱所打倒。有一個教長的很重的黑色馬車在底下的街走過，車輪在不平的石子上格刺格刺響。有喇叭的微弱聲音從弗拉明（Flaminian）路來，隨後四圍的樹林又是一片寂靜。下了幾點雨。

他並不體卹他的愁悶同伴，又說道：“我們的第二周年將來是愁慘的。但是我們必定要一樣的慶賀。我喜歡吃苦果子。”

希普利提用心痛的微笑表示她的愁苦，又帶着意外的溫和，說道：“你爲什麼說這許多不親愛的話。”

她看佐治的兩眼看了許久，要看出他是什麼意思。這是第二次兩個人都有一種說不出來的意思要曉得彼此的心事。她曉得她的愛人所犯的可怕毛病；她很曉得全數他的壞脾氣的黑暗原因；她要引他說話，使他把心事說出來，她又說道：

“什麼使你難過呀？”

他原想不到她說話這樣溫柔，他一聽就糊塗了。他一聽這樣腔調就曉得她明白他的意思，且可憐他；他覺得他

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great pity for himself swell in his bosom. A profound emotion stirred his whole being.

“What ails you?” repeated Hippolyte, touching his hand as though to sensually augment the power of her tenderness.

“What ails me?” he echoed. “I love!”

The aggressiveness had died away. In this expressing his incurable weakness, he commiserated with himself on his own malady. The vague rancor which had ravaged his soul appeared to be dissipated. He recognized the injustice of all resentment against this woman because he recognized a superior order of fatal necessities. No, no human creature caused his misery. It arose from the very essence of life. He had to complain, not of the woman he loved, but of Love itself. Love, towards which his whole being reached out with invincible impetuosity, was, he thought, the greatest of human sorrows. And, until death possibly, he was condemned to this supreme misfortune.

As he remained silent and thoughtful, Hippolyte asked:

“Then do you think, George, that I don’t love you?”

“I believe that you love me now,” he answered. “But can you prove to me that to-morrow, or in a month, or in a year, you will still be happy to be mine? Can you prove to me that to-day, even at this very moment, you are wholly mine? How much of you do I possess?”

“Everything,” murmured Hippolyte.

“No,” he went on, “nothing, or almost nothing. And I do not possess what I should like to possess. You are a perfect stranger to me. Like every other human being,

滿胸中都是可憐他自己。一種幽深的情緒激動他的全個人。

希普利提又說道：“什麼使你難過？”她還摩他的手，好像要增加她的溫柔的感動力。

他答道：“什麼使我難過麼？我戀愛呀！”

他忿怒侵人的脾氣已經消滅了。他這樣把他自己不能療治的弱點說出來，他是爲自己的毛病哀憐自己。那種空洞的憎惡騷擾他的靈魂，好像消滅了。因爲他承認一種等級較高的致命傷的需要，他就承認怨恨這個女人是不公道的。不是的，並不曾有人使他愁苦。愁苦原是發生於生命的要素。他並非不滿意於他所愛的女人，他所不滿意的卻是愛情。他的全人用不能打倒的烈性直取愛情，他以爲愛情是人類的最大的痛苦。很許他是被譴要受這樣極端的不幸，要受到死。

希普利提因爲他久不說話，在那裏深念，就問道：

“佐治，然則你以爲我不愛你麼？”

“我相信你現在愛我。”他答道：“但是你能夠證明給我，明天或這一月內或這一年內，你還是喜歡做我的愛人麼？你能夠今天或此刻證實給我，你完全是我的麼？我取得你的多少部分？”

希普利提喃喃道：“無不是你的”

他往下說道：“不然，我得不着你什麼，幾乎全無所得。我所要取得的，我不曾得着。你對於我完全是個外人。你同他人一樣，你收藏一個世界在你自己裏頭，這個世界

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you conceal within yourself a world which is impenetrable to me and to which no depth of passion can give me access. Of your sensations, your sentiments, your thoughts, I know but a small part. Speech is at best an imperfect sign. The soul is incommunicable. You cannot show me your soul: Even in our most ecstatic¹ moments we are two, always two—separate, strangers, lonely at heart. I kiss your brow, and beneath that brow there exists possibly a thought that is not of me. I speak to you and what I say perhaps awakens in you memories of other days, and not of my love. A man passes, looks at you, and in your heart this slight fact gives rise to an emotion which I am unable to detect. And I never know what reflections of your past life may flash upon you even when you show most affection for me. Ah, I am so afraid of that past life of yours! I am by your side; I feel a delicious happiness invade my being, a happiness which at certain moments results from your presence alone. I caress you, I speak to you, I listen to you, I abandon myself entirely. All at once, a thought chills me. If, without being aware of it, I had evoked in your memory the phantom of a former sensation, melancholy relic of by-gone days? Never can I describe my anguish. This ardor, which induces in me the illusory feeling of I know not what communion between you and me, dies out all at once. You escape me, you steal away, you become inaccessible. And I remain alone in frightful solitude. Ten, twenty months of intimacy, are all as nothing. You seem to me

¹ecstatic, 狂樂.

我鑽不進去，無論我的愛情是多麼深，我進不去這個世界。你的感覺，你的意思，與你的思想，我所曉得的不過是一小部分。說話最好也不過是一個不完備的表示。靈魂是不能告訴人的。你不能把你的靈魂掏出來給我看。即使我們在最狂樂的時候，你我還是兩個人，常是兩個人——分開的，是外人，心裏是孤零的。我吻你的額，額下很許存了一個思想，所想的卻不是我。我對你說話，我所說的話也許使你追憶異日，並不追憶我的愛情。有一個男子走過，看看你，這件輕微事使你發生一種情緒，我何從偵察出來。即使當你對我表示最多愛情的時候，我絕不會曉得你已往的生活有什麼反光可以照着你。哎！我很怕你的已往生活！我現時在你身邊；我覺得有一種甜美的歡樂侵入我的全體，這是一種歡樂，有時單獨發生於你在我面前。我摟你，我對你說話，我聽你說話，我整個委身於你。忽然有一個思想使我渾身冰冷。若無這樣的感覺，假使我在你的記性裏頭使你追憶從前一種感覺的影子，追憶從前的愁悶遺蹟？我絕不能實寫我的痛心。這種熱烈令我心裏引起一種虛幻感覺，就是說我不曉得你我之間有什麼情投意合之處，一經引起，這種熱烈就立刻全消滅了。我捉摸不着你，你偷偷的溜了，我得不着你的心。我還是單獨一個人，處於可怕的孤零地位。十個月的親密，二十個月的親密，全是不相干的。據我看來，你還是一個外人，如同你不曾

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as much a stranger as before your love for me began. And I—I cease to caress you, I no longer speak, I retire within myself, I avoid all external manifestation, I dread that the slightest shock should raise from the bottom of your soul the obscure dregs deposited there by irrevocable¹ life. And then there fall on us those long silences full of anguish, in which the energies of the heart are uselessly and miserably consumed. I ask you: ‘Of what are you thinking?’ And you reply: ‘Of what are you thinking?’ I am ignorant of your thoughts and you are ignorant of mine. Every moment the distance between us widens, until finally it becomes abysmal.”

“But,” objected Hippolyte, “I experience no such feelings. I give you more of myself than ever. I think my love is stronger.”

This affirmation of superiority wounded anew the invalid.

“You think too much,” she continued. “You pay too much attention to your thoughts. Possibly I have less attraction for you than your thoughts, because your thoughts are always different, always new, while now I have nothing that is new to offer you. In the beginning of our love you were less reflective and more spontaneous.² You had not yet developed a taste for the bitter things in life; you were more lavish with your kisses than with your words. If, as you say, speech is an imperfect sign, it is not well to abuse³ it. And you do abuse it and in an almost always cruel manner.”

¹irrevocable, 不能挽回。 ²spontaneous, 出於自然的; 不是勉強的; 不是他人提起的。 ³abuse, 濫用; 枉用。

起首愛我的時候一般。我呢——我不撲抱你，我不復說話，我還是我自己，我避免全數在外的表示，我害怕最輕微的震動就會從你的靈魂深處激發不能挽回的生活所存儲的黑暗渣滓。隨後我們滿心都是慘痛，長久不說話，心的精力就很無用的與很愁悶的消磨於這樣的慘痛裏頭。我問你：‘你思想什麼？’你答道：‘你思想什麼？’你不曉得我的心思，我不曉得你的心思。無時無刻我們不是相離越遠的，等到末後，你我的相離如同一個無底深坑一般。”

希普利提反對他，說道：“我卻不曾閱歷過這樣的感覺。我委身於你，比無論什麼時候都多得多。我想我的愛情更熱烈。”

她肯定她的愛情更強，重新傷這個有懷疑病的人的心。

她接着說道：“你太用心，你太過注意於你的思想。也許我所能引動你的地方少過你心裏所想的，因為你的思想常是不同的，常是新鮮的，至於我呢，我卻無什麼新鮮事物獻與你。當我們初相戀愛的時節，你不是這樣好反省，卻比說時更出於自然。你還不曾發展一種要嘗人生苦處的嗜好；從前你更浪費你的吻，比浪費你的說話多得多（這就是說多吻少言。譯者註。）若果如你所說，說話是不完備的表示，我們莫如不濫說話。你卻濫說話，說得幾乎常是令人難堪的。”

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Then, after an interval of silence, prompted to speak by something he said, she yielded to the temptation to express herself:

“Only cadavers are dissected.”

But scarcely had she spoken than she regretted it. Her remark struck her as being vulgar, unfeminine, and acrimonious. She was sorry she had not preserved that gentle and indulgent tone which had moved her lover so strongly a few moments before. Once more she had failed in her resolution to be to him the most patient and tender of nurses.

“You see,” she said repentantly, “it is you who spoil me.”

He gave a faint smile. Both understood that in this quarrel their love only had been wounded.

The prelate’s carriage repassed, the two black, long-tailed horses going at a trot. In the atmosphere which the haze of twilight rendered more and more livid, the trees assumed the appearance of spectres. Leaden-looking clouds darkened the height of the Palatine and the Vatican. A ray of light, yellow as sulphur, straight as a sword, lightly touched Mount Mario behind the pointed tops of the cypress-trees.

“Does she still love me?” George thought to himself. “Why is she so easily irritated? It may be that she feels that I speak the truth, or, at least, what will soon be the truth. Irritation is a symptom. But am I not conscious of a constant dull irritation in myself also? I know well the cause of my irritation. I am jealous. Of what? Of everything Of the objects reflected in her eyes.”

她停了一會不響，隨後她被他所說的話所激動，要發表她自己的意思：

“惟有死屍是受人解剖的。”

她幾乎還未曾說完這句話，她就後悔。她覺得她這句話太俗，不是女人該說的，又是令人發怒的。她惱悔她不會保留幾分鐘前她對她的愛人說話所用的溫和及不與計較的腔調，因為這種腔調曾很有力的感動他。她曾決計做他的最耐煩及最溫柔的看護，她又失敗了。

她帶着悔過的意思說道：“你看呀，原是你慣壞我的。”

他微微一笑。兩人都明白這次吵嘴只損傷了他們的愛情。

教長的大馬車又回頭走過啦，兩匹黑色長尾馬慢慢的跑。黃昏的暮靄使空氣變作更深的藍青色，樹木得了如同鬼影的形狀。像鉛色的雲使崇高的天神廟及教王府變作黑暗了。一綫的光，其黃如硫磺，其直如刀，輕輕的摸柏樹尖後的瑪理奧(Mario)山。

佐治想道：“她還愛我麼？她爲什麼這樣容易生氣？也許她曉得我所說的是真實話，不然，至少不久也要變作真實話。生氣是一種徵象。但是我自己不是也覺得常有一種暗晦的生氣麼？我深知我生氣的原因。我妒忌。妒忌什麼？無論什麼全妒忌。妒忌她眼睛所反射的人物。”

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He looked at her. "She is very beautiful to-day. She is pale. It would please me to see her always depressed, always ill. When her color returns it seems to me as if it were no longer she. When she laughs I cannot repress a vague hostility, almost anger, at her laugh. Not always, though."

His thoughts died away in the shade of the twilight. He noticed suddenly how much the appearance of the evening reminded him of his beloved. From beneath the pallor of her dark face a light, violet-colored effusion shone through; and the narrow ribbon, of an exquisite shade of yellow, which she wore about her throat disclosed the brown marks of two beauty spots.

"She is very beautiful," he mused. "The expression of her face is nearly always profound, expressive, passionate. Therein rests the secret of her charm. Her beauty never tires me; it constantly suggests new dreams. What are the elements of this beauty? I cannot say. Materially, she is not beautiful. Sometimes, when I look at her, I am painfully surprised by a disillusion. That is because I then see only her physical characteristics; her face is not transfigured, illumined by the power of spiritual expression. She possesses, however, three divine elements of beauty: the brow, the eyes, and the mouth. Yes, divine."

Her laugh came to his mind.

"What did she tell me yesterday? I have forgotten what it was, some humorous incident that had happened at Milan during her visit to her sister's. '*How we laughed!*' So then, even when away from me, she can *laugh*, be happy! Yet all her letters, which I have treasured, are full of sorrow, of tears, of hopeless regrets."

他看看她。“她今天很美。她的臉色青白。我看見她常不高興，常帶病，我會喜歡的。當她面上顏色回轉的時候。我看好像不復是她。當她大笑的時候，我對她的大笑不能壓回一種空洞的仇視，這種仇視幾乎是忿怒。但是並不常是這樣。”

他的思想在黃昏的影子中消滅了。他忽然覺得傍晚的光景多麼使他追憶他的愛人。從她的黑暗臉的病容低下閃出滿面紫色；她結在喉嚨的極好看的淡黃色窄帶子現出兩個焦黃色的美點。（用顏色油或布貼臉上或頸上，稱爲美點。譯者註。）

他尋思道：“她是極美，她臉上的神色幾乎常是深遠的，有表示的，有熱情的。她的迷人祕密在此。她的美貌絕不令我厭倦；常使我做新夢。這樣美貌的元素是些什麼？我不能說。以體質論，她並不美。當我看她的時候，我有時被一種覺迷所驚，就覺得難受。這是因爲那個時候只看見她的體質的特色；她的臉並不改變，被精神的表視力所照耀。她卻有美貌的三個神聖元素：額、眼與口，是呀，是神聖的。”

他想起她的大笑。

“她昨天告訴我什麼？我忘記了是什麼，是一件好笑的偶然的事，當她探她的姊妹時發生於米蘭（Milan）。我們怎樣大笑呀！原來她離開我，還能夠，大笑，還能夠歡樂！但是我所寶藏全數她的來信滿紙全是愁苦，眼淚，與無望的追悔。”

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He felt as if he had received a wound, and then a great restlessness came upon him, as if he were cognisant of a serious and irreparable fact not entirely clear to him. The ordinary phenomena of sentimental exaggeration manifested themselves in him by means of associated images. This simple laugh was transformed in his imagination into an incessant hilarity,¹ ever-present, daily, hourly, during the entire period of her absence. Hippolyte had led a gay, commonplace existence, with people unknown to him, among the companions of her brother-in-law, in a circle of stupid admirers. Her sad letters were only lies. He remembered a passage in one letter: "*Life here is insupportable; friends weary us constantly and do not leave us a single peaceful hour. You know how cordial the Milanese are.*" In his imagination arose a vision of Hippolyte surrounded by a crowd of common clerks, advocates, and tradesmen. She smiled on them all, giving her hand to all, listening to witless conversations, making stupid answers, sinking herself to the same ordinary level.

And then there fell upon his heart all the weight of the misery he had endured for the past two years at the thought of the existence his mistress led and the unknown world in which she passed the time not spent with him.

"What does she do? Whom does she see? To whom does she speak? What is her behavior towards people who visit her, in whose life she is a factor?" Ever-recurring, unanswerable questions!

He thought, with anguish:

¹ hilarity, 大樂.

他覺得好像受了傷，隨後覺得極不安寧，好像他曉得一件嚴重的與不能補救的事實，他卻不完全明白這件事實。感覺過實的平常現象由聯想的影像表現其自身。平常的大笑，在他的幻想中變為不停的大樂，且變為當她不在他面前時總是大笑，無日，無時，不是大笑。希普利提曾過快活，平常的生活，她所與相處的人是他所不曉得的，在她的夫弟的同伴之間過的，在一羣愚蠢無知的讚美她的人們之間過的。她的愁苦信不過是謊話。他記得她的一封信裏頭有這麼一段：“這裏的生活是不能受的；朋友們常麻煩我們，不留我們一點鐘安閒。你曉得米蘭人是怎樣和藹的。”在他的想像裏頭發生一種幻境，以為希普利提被一羣平庸的錄事，律師，及生意人所包圍。她對他們個個微笑，同他們個個拉手，聽無意趣的談話，作無知識的答復，把她自己的身分降低，沉在同樣的平常水平線。

他一想到他的姘婦所過的生活，與她所在的他所不知的世界，她在這個世界不與他同過的時光，他就覺得這兩年來所受的愁慘的全數重累。

“她作什麼？她見什麼人？她對什麼人說話？她對於來探望她的人們作什麼行爲？她在什麼人的生活裏頭是一個要素？這都是不能答復的問題，永遠去而回來！”

他很傷心的想道：

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“Each one of these persons takes something from her, and consequently takes something from me. I shall never know what influence these people have over her, the emotions and thoughts they arouse in her. Hippolyte’s beauty is full of seductive power, the kind of beauty which torments men and arouses in them the passion of desire. Among that odious crowd, she must have been frequently desired. A man’s desire is discernible in his look and the look is free,¹ and the woman is without defence against the look of the man who desires her. What can be the impression of a woman who perceives that she is desired? She certainly cannot remain impassive.² It must produce in her a feeling of disquietude, certainly some kind of emotion, if only one of repugnance and disgust. And thus the first man who comes along has the power to disturb the woman who loves me! In what, then, consists my possession of her?”

He suffered keenly because the physical pictures bore out his mental reasoning.

“I love Hippolyte; I love her with a passion which I should judge to be everlasting, did I not know that all human passion must cease at some time. I love her, and I cannot imagine keener voluptuous delights than those she gives me. More than once, however, at the sight of some passing woman, I have been seized with a sudden desire; more than once has the flash of a pair of feminine eyes thrown me into a melancholy train of thought; more than once I have dreamed of meeting some woman—a woman perceived in a drawing-room, or the mistress of

¹ free, 無檢束. ² impassive, 不爲所動.

“每個這樣的人，無不被她取去多少東西，結果就是從我身上奪去多少東西。我將永遠不會曉得這些人們有什麼潛力及她，使她發生什麼情緒與思想。希普利提的美麗滿有引誘人的力量，這種美麗擾亂人，使人發生色慾。她在這一羣惡劣的人羣中，必定有許多人常想她。一個男人的好色，是可以在他的神氣裏頭窺見的，這樣的神氣是無檢束的，女人並無防禦可以抵抗想她的人的神氣。一個女人曉得有人想她，她能夠有什麼印象？她必定不能仍然不爲他所動。必定使她發生一種不安，必定發生某種情緒，那怕是一種討厭或憎惡的情緒，也是要發生的。所以第一個男人走來就有權力驚擾愛我的女人！我究竟得着她些什麼？”（活畫一個狂妒狂疑男子的幻想。譯者註。）

因爲肉體的形像證實他的心靈的理想，所以他受如刀割一般的痛苦。

“我愛希普利提；我若不是曉得凡是人類的愛情必有停止的時候，我當然以爲我該會永遠愛她的。我愛她，我不能想像有更透骨的色慾，快樂過於她所給我的。但是有時我看見一個女人走過。我忽然想她，這是不止一次的了；一雙女人的眼閃光，使我發生一串愁悶思想；這也是不止一次了，我也曾屢次夢見與女人相遇——這個女人或是去一個客廳裏，或是一位朋友的姘婦。她愛人的方法

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a friend. What can be her way of loving? Of what does its voluptuous secret consist? And for some time this woman has haunted my mind, not, indeed, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, but at intervals and persistently. Such phantasies suddenly present themselves to my imagination even when I hold Hippolyte in my arms. Why should she not have been seized by desire upon sight of some passing man? Had I the gift of reading her soul and saw it traversed by such a desire, if but for a moment, I should, without the slightest doubt, consider my mistress sullied by an indelible stain and it seems to me that I should die of grief. This material proof I can never have, because the soul of my mistress is invisible and impalpable;¹ this, however, does not prevent the soul from being as much or even more exposed to profanation than the body may be. But the analogy enlightens me; the possibility is certain. Perhaps at this very moment my mistress is cognisant of a recent stain upon her conscience and sees this stain expand beneath her contemplation."

Stunned by his pain, he started violently.

"What ails you—of what are you thinking?" asked Hippolyte gently.

"Of you," he replied.

"Good or bad?"

"Bad."

She gave a sigh and then said: "Shall we go?"

"Yes—let us go."

They rose and regained the road by which they had

¹ impalpable, 摸不着

能够是什麼樣？她的縱慾方法有些什麼祕密？這個女人有時使我心裏常常想念她，我雖然並不因為想她就不想他事，但是隔了多少時，我就想她，屢屢想她。甚至於當我兩手抱住希普利提的時候，這樣的幻想忽然發生於我的想像中。爲什麼她看見有個男子走過就不會有這樣肉慾？（可謂推己及人。譯者註。）假使我有本事能够窺見她的靈魂，看見有這樣的肉慾在她靈魂走過，假使只看見片刻，我必定會當我的姘婦被一種洗刷不乾淨的沾染所汙，我好像會死於愁苦。我永遠不會得着具體的實證，因為我的姘婦的靈魂是看不見的又是摩不着的；但是這卻不能阻止靈魂不一樣的受汙辱或更受汙辱，有過於軀體。但是這樣的比論啓迪我；其可能性是必定有的。也許此刻我的姘婦覺得她的良心上有新進的一片汙辱，還見得這片汙辱在她的冥想下擴張。”

他被這樣的痛苦所打倒，他驚跳得很利害。

希普利提柔和的問道：“你覺得那裏不舒服——你想些什麼？”

他答道：“我想你。”

“想我的好，抑或想我的壞？”

“壞。”

她歎一口氣，隨即說道：“我們走嗎？”

“好呀，——我們走。”

他們起來，走到他們所從來的路。希普利提慢慢的，

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come. Slowly and with tearful accents Hippolyte murmured: "What a sad evening, O my love!"

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"Where shall we go to-night? What are you going to do?" she asked.

He replied dejectedly: "What I shall do? I do not know."

They suffered, both of them, as they stood side by side; and they thought with terror of a greater agony which awaited them, well known and far more cruel—the horrible torture with which their nocturnal imaginations would rend their defenceless souls.

"If you like, I will remain with you to-night," said Hippolyte timidly.

Devoured by a secret rancor and spurred on by a furious desire to be spiteful and resentful, George replied: "No."

But his heart protested. "Stay far from her to-night? You cannot. No, you cannot." And in spite of his blind, hostile impulses, the conviction of this impossibility, the sure knowledge of this absolute impossibility, gave him a kind of internal thrill, a strange thrill of exalted pride at being controlled by such a great passion. He repeated to himself: "*I could not stay away from her to-night; no, I could not.*" And he felt the indefinable sensation of being dominated by an unknown power. A tragic breath passed over his being. "George!" cried Hippolyte, frightened and clinging to his arm.

He started. He recognized the spot where they had stopped to look at the bloody stain left by the suicide. "Are you afraid?" he asked.

用含淚的腔調喃喃說道：“呀，我的愛，這是多麼淒慘的傍晚呀！”（落下幾點雨。譯者註。）

• • • • •

她問道，“我們今晚往那裏去？你將作什麼？”

他無精打彩的答道：“我作什麼嗎？我不曉得。”

他們並排站着，兩個人都心痛，他們想到還有更利害的痛心等候他們，他們一想起就很害怕，這樣的痛心是他們所深知的，又是更酷烈的——這就是他們深夜的想像這樣可怕的酷刑以破裂他們的無保衛的靈魂。

希普利提怯怯的說道：“你若喜歡，我今晚同你在一起。”

佐治被祕密的蓄怨所吞噬，又被狂怒所激動，要發怒與報怨，就答道：“我不。”

但是他的心卻要反抗。“今晚你能與她遠離麼？你做不到。不能，你做不到。”

他只管發生盲目的，仇視的衝動，他相信他做不到，確實曉得他做不得，這就給他一種內裏的震動，是一種極其得意的奇怪震動，因為他被這樣的大激情所節制。他的心屢次對他自己說道：“我今晚不能同她遠離；我不能。”他覺得被一種說不出來的勢力所節制。一陣慘劇的氣在他的全身經過。希普利提嚇了一驚，緊抱住他的膀子喊道：“佐治”

他也一驚，他認得那地點，是他們剛才立住腳看那個自殺的所留的血跡。他問道：“你怕麼？”

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"A little," she replied, still holding his arm.

He disengaged himself from this restraint and, approaching the parapet, leaned over. Darkness had already enshrouded the street below; but he believed he could still distinguish the blackish spot on the cobblestones, because he still had the recent picture before his mind. The deepening twilight seemed to suggest and create a phantom corpse, the indefinite and bloody form of a blond young man. "Who was this man? Why did he kill himself?" In this phantom he seemed to recognize his own form. Rapid, incoherent thoughts coursed through his brain. He saw, as by a lightning flash, his poor uncle Demetrius, his father's youngest brother, also a suicide—a face covered by a black pall resting on a white pillow, a slender, pale, yet virile hand, and a small silver vessel containing holy water suspended from the wall by three small chains which, every now and then, rattled as they were swung by the breeze. "Suppose I threw myself over? A leap forward, a rapid fall! Does one lose consciousness when falling through space?" He imagined the shock of the body against the stones, and he shuddered. Then he felt in all his limbs a violent, agonizing repulsion, mingled with a feeling of strange lassitude. In his imagination he conjured up the delights of the coming night: to be lulled gradually into a state of delicious languor; to awake with a superabundance of tenderness mysteriously accumulated during one's sleep. . . . Fancies and ideas followed one another with extraordinary rapidity.

When he turned round, his eyes met those of Hippolyte. Her eyes were widely dilated and fixed upon him, and he believed he could read in their depths things which

她還抓住他的膀子，答道：“有點怕。”

他擺脫他自己，不讓他抓住膀子，走到欄杆，靠着往下看。已經有一片黑暗罩住底下的大街，他卻相信他還能夠辨出在碎石子上的一塊黑點，因為他心眼之前仍有這幅新近的圖畫。越變越暗的黃昏好像令人想像及造出一個死屍的幻影。即是一個淺褐色少年男子的辨不清楚的又渾身是血的形像。“這個人是誰？他為什麼自殺？”他好像認得這個幻影就是他自己的形像。於是就有許多斷續不連貫的思想，很快的在他的腦海流過。他好像在一瞬的電光中看見他的叔父狄米特利 (Demetrius) 這是他父親的最小的兄弟，也是一個自殺的——他看見他的叔父被一條黑柩衣蓋住，靠着一個白枕，一隻細嫩灰白有氣力的手，還有一個小銀盃盛着聖水，從牆上用三條小鏈吊下來，風吹鏈動。作為咯喇咯刺聲。“譬如我跳下去，好不好；向前一跳，很快丟下去！當一個人在空閒墜下的時候，他會失了知覺麼？”他想像他的身子碰在石頭上，他就發抖。隨後他覺得他的肢體有一陣兇猛的，令人心痛的抗拒，與一種奇怪的疲倦混雜在一起。他在他的想像中喚起今晚的快樂：逐漸被撫慰，引入極其舒服的疲倦情狀；睡醒的時候帶着極多的溫柔，是睡着時很神祕的聚在一身。……幻想與理想非常迅速的相繼而來。

當他轉過身子來的時候，他的眼看見希普利提的眼。她的眼睜得很大，定睛看他，他相信他能夠在她兩眼的深處看出有許多事體增加他的痛苦。他把他的膀子放在他

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increased his pain. He passed his arm beneath that of his mistress with an affectionate gesture customary with him. And she pressed his arm firmly against her heart. Both felt a sudden desire to embrace, to dissolve one into the other, distractedly.

“All out! All out!”

The cry of the keepers resounded among the groves, disturbing the silence.

“All out!”

After the cry, the silence seemed heavier and more dismal than ever, and these few words, vociferated by men they could not see, gave the two lovers an insupportable shock. To show that they had heard and were preparing to leave, they hastened their step. But here and there, in the deserted paths, the voices obstinately repeated:

“All out!”

“Curse their cries!” exclaimed Hippolyte, with a gesture of impatience and exasperation, and increasing the rapidity of her pace.

The clock of the Trinita-de-Monti sounded the Angelus. Rome appeared, similar to an immense, grayish, formless cloud touching the earth. Already, in the neighboring houses, several windows were lit up, their lights enlarged by the fog. A few drops of rain were falling.

“You’ll come to me to-night, won’t you?” asked George.

“Yes, yes, I will come.”

“Early?”

“About eleven.”

“I should die if you did not come.”

“I will come.”

姘婦的膀子下，帶着他所習慣表示的親愛態度。她拿他的膀子緊緊的靠着她的胸脯。兩人都覺得忽然想互相摟抱，如發狂一般的要彼此融化爲一。

“全出去！全出去！”

看守樹林人們的喊聲在樹林中發響，驚破寂靜。

“全出去！”

喊過之後，寂靜好像比一向都更沉重更淒慘，這幾句話是他們所不能看見的人們說的，使這兩個愛人嚇了不能忍受的一驚。他們的腳要急急的走，表示他們聽見啦，預備走啦。但是在無人走的小路上還屢次聽見叫喊聲：

“全出去！”

希普利提喊道：“天譴他們的叫喊！”她說話還帶着不耐煩與發怒的態度，她走得更快。

特利尼塔(Trinita-de-Monti)的鐘報告祈禱時刻。羅馬好像一堆極大的，灰色的，無定形的雲，與他相觸。鄰近的房屋窗子已經露出燈光，因爲有霧，燈光變大了。落下幾點雨。

佐治問道：“今晚你到我那裏，你肯麼？”

“我肯，我肯，我願來。”

“你來得早麼？”

“大約十一點鐘。”

“你若不來我就要死。”

“我願來。”

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They gazed in each other's eyes, exchanging an intoxicating promise.

Overcome by his emotion, George murmured: "Am I forgiven?"

They looked at each other again, and their gaze was charged with caresses.

"Adored one!" he murmured.

"Addio!" she rejoined softly. "Think of me until eleven."

"Addio!"

They separated at the foot of the Via Gregoriana. She went down the Via Capo-le-Case. As long as he could see her going along the wet pavement, lit up by the reflection of the shop windows, his gaze followed her.

"Thus it is," he thought. "She leaves me; she enters a house of which I know nothing; she reënters upon her commonplace life, despoiled of all the ideality in which I have clothed her; she becomes another woman entirely. I no longer know her. The gross necessities of life occupy her, absorb her, and degrade her. . . ."

A perfume of violets was carried to him from a florist's close by, and his heart swelled with confused aspirations.

"Ah! why is it not permitted as to conform our existence according to our dreams, and to live forever in ourselves alone?"

他們眼眼相視，交換能醉人的應允。

佐治被他的情緒所打倒，喃喃說道：“你饒恕我麼？”

他們又眼眼相視，他們的相視，充滿了極親愛的神色。

他喃喃道：“我所崇拜的人兒！”

她輕輕答道：“暫別啦！你得想我，想到十一點鐘。”

“暫別啦！”

他們在伽列哥利街腳分手。她走下伽普街。只要他還能看見她跟着濕的路上走，有店舖窗子射出來的燈光照着她，他的眼睛還是跟着她。

他想到：“她就是這樣離開我；她走入一所我所全不曉得的房子裏；她又走入平常的生活裏，糟塌了我所加諸她身上的全數理想；她整個的變作另外一個女人。我不復認得她，人生的俗事據有她，吸收她，降低她……”

附近有一個花店，他聞着一陣紫羅蘭的香氣，於是有許多雜亂無章的想望漲大他的心。

“呀！爲什麼不許我們照着我們的夢境做人，爲什麼不許我們永遠只照着我們的理想做人？”

CHAPTER II

AT ten o'clock in the morning George was still buried in the profound and refreshing slumber which, in the young, follows a night of voluptuousness, when his servant entered to awaken him.

Turning in his bed, he cried ill-humoredly:

"I am at home to no one.¹ Let me be."

But from the adjoining room he heard the importunate visitor's voice addressing him in beseeching accents:

"Excuse me, George; I must speak to you."

George recognized the voice of Alphonso Exili, and his annoyance was only the greater.

This Exili was a college chum, a man of mediocre² intelligence, who, ruined by gambling and debauch, had become a parasite and adventurer.

He still appeared a handsome young man, in spite of his face devastated by vice; yet in his person and manners there was that indefinable cunning and ignobleness noticeable in persons reduced to living by their wits.

He entered, waited until the servant had retired, and assumed a distressed air. Then, swallowing half his words, he said: "Forgive me, George, if I have recourse once more to your kindness. I must pay a card debt. I want you to help me. It's a small sum. Only three hundred lira. Forgive me."

¹I am at home to no one, 無論什麼人來都說我不在家。
²mediocre, 平庸。

第二回

早上十點鐘佐治還埋在酣暢的睡鄉裏，少年人縱慾一夜總是繼以熟睡的，他的僕人進來喊醒他。

他在牀上翻身，很不高興的喊道：

“你隨我睡，無論什麼人來我全不見。”

但是他聽見隔壁屋裏有求見人的聲音，用哀求腔調對他說話道：

“佐治，我請你勿怪；我必得見你，我有話說。”

佐治認得這是愛西利(Al. Exili)的聲音，他更生氣。

這個愛西利原是他在大學時最親密的同學，是一個知識平庸，被好賭好色所毀，變作一個蛀蟲與投機人（其實可稱為招搖撞騙人。譯者註。）

他現在還是一個美少年，但是他的臉已被邪僻行為所損壞了；他的面貌與態度有說不出來的奸詐與卑鄙，凡是墮落專靠詭詐過活的人都有這種面目。

他走進來，等僕人出去，就做出困難神氣。他隨即半吞半吐的說道：“佐治，我若再來求你施惠，我請你勿怪。我必得還一筆打牌的賭債。我要你幫我。款子並不大。不過三百利拉（義大利幣名。譯者註。）請你饒恕我。”

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"What? You pay your card debts now?" said George. "I'm surprised."

He threw this insult at him with the most perfect *sans-gêne*.¹ Not knowing how to break off all connection with the parasite, he treated him with contempt, just as one would use a stick to ward off a dirty animal.

Exili smiled.

"Come, don't be unkind," he pleaded, in supplicating tones, like a woman's. "You'll give me the three hundred lira, won't you? I will pay you back to-morrow, on my word of honor!"

George burst into laughter. He pulled the bell to summon the servant. The servant entered. "Get my bunch of keys out of those clothes there, on the sofa." The servant found the keys. "Open the second drawer. Give me the large card-case." The servant passed him the card-case. "Very well, you may go."

"Couldn't you let me have four hundred lira?" asked Exili, with a half-timid, half-convulsive smile when the servant had left the room.

"No, there's three hundred. It's the last time. Now go."

Instead of handing him the bills, George laid them on the edge of the bed. Exili smiled, took them, and placed them in his pocket; then, in an ambiguous tone, in which irony was mixed with adulation, he said: "You have a noble heart."

His gaze wandered around the chamber, and he added: "You have a delicious bedroom."

He seated himself on the sofa, poured out a small glass of liqueur, and refilled his cigar-case.

¹ *sans-gêne*, 無拘束; 自然.

佐治說道：“什麼呀？你現在還打牌的賭債麼？我聽了很詫異。”

他極其無拘束的當面羞辱他。他不曉得怎樣同這個蛀蟲絕交，他只好藐視他，剛好像一個人用棍子拒絕一隻腌臢狗走近前一般。

愛西利微笑。

他用如同一個女人的懇求腔調求他，說道：“來來，不必這樣不顧朋友。你給我三百個利拉，你肯不肯？我明天歸還你，我決不食言！”

佐治大笑。他拉鈴喊僕人。僕人進來。“在榻上的衣服裏取我那一束鎖匙給我。”僕人找着鎖匙。“開第二個抽屜。把那個大名片盒給我。”僕人把名片盒給他。“很好，你可以出去啦。”

等到僕人出了屋子，愛西利帶着一半膽怯及一半顫動的微笑，問道：“你不能給我四百利拉麼？”

“不能，這是三百利拉。這是最末後一次。你去吧。”

佐治並不把鈔票交給他，只放在牀邊。愛西利微笑，拿了鈔票，放在他的口袋裏；隨即用騎牆兩可的腔調說道（他的腔調裏頭有挖苦有恭維）：“你有一副慷慨心腸。”

四面看看屋子，又說道：“你有一間極舒服的臥室。”

他坐在榻上，倒出一小盃蜜酒，把他的雪茄盒子重裝滿了。

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

“Who is your present mistress?” he went on. “What’s her name? I believe it’s no longer the one you had last year.”

“Go away, Exili. I want to sleep.”

“What a splendid creature! She has the handsomest eyes in Rome. She’s away, I suppose. I have not met her for several days. She must be out of town. She has a sister in Milan, I think.”

He refilled his *petit verre*¹ and swallowed its contents at a single gulp. Possibly he gossiped only in order to gain time enough to empty the bottle.

“She’s separated from her husband, isn’t she?” he continued. “I imagine that her finances must be at a very low ebb, and yet she is always most elegantly dressed. About two months ago I met her in the Via del Babuino. You know your probable successor. But no, you can’t know him. It’s Monti, the *mercante di campagna*, a great big fellow, with dirty blond hair. That very day I saw her he was close at her heels in the Via del Babuino. You know one can see at a glance when a man is following a woman. Monti has money, too.”

He uttered these last words in a curious tone; an odious tone of envy and cupidity.² Then he drank for the third time, noiselessly.

“Are you asleep, George?”

Instead of answering, George pretended to sleep. He had heard everything, but he feared that Exili might see his heart-beats through the bedclothes.

¹ *petit verre* [法文], 小酒盃. ² cupidity, 貪得.

他往下說道：“誰是你現在的姘婦(現在兩字有深意。譯者註。)她叫什麼？我相信現在不是去年那一個啦？”

“愛西利，你走吧。我要睡覺。”

“她是多麼一個美貌女人呀！羅馬城裏的女人，以她的兩眼爲最美。我猜她不在這裏。我有好幾天不曾遇見她。她必定離開市鎮了。我想，她有一個妹妹在米蘭。”

他又倒滿他的小酒盃，一口咽下去。很許他在這裏閒談，不過是因爲多耽擱時光，以便好把那瓶酒喝完了。

他接着說道：“她是同她丈夫分離了，是不是？我猜她的財政必定是很窘的，他卻常是穿得很華麗的。約在兩個月前我在巴布努街(Via del Babuino)碰見她。你曉得誰是你的成數最高的後任。但是你不能曉得他。他就是孟提，是一個鄉下商人，是身軀碩大的人，一頭汗穢老黃色頭髮。我碰見她的那一天，他在巴布努街上緊緊的跟隨她。一個男人緊跟一個女人，我們一看就能知道，你是曉得的。孟提也是有錢的。”(這個無賴有意無意說出這番話，激刺佐治，使他更懷疑，更妒忌。譯者註。)

他用奇怪腔調說這番話。是一種羨慕與貪得的腔調。他不作聲響，喝第三盃酒。

“佐治，你睡着了麼？”

佐治裝作睡着不答他。他所說的話，他全聽見，但是他恐怕愛西利也許可以看見他的心在被下跳。

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

“Georgel”

He feigned to start like a man suddenly awakened.

“What! You are still here? Aren’t you going?”

“I am going now—but look! A tortoise-shell pin!”

He stooped to pick it up from the carpet, examined it with curiosity, and laid it on the coverlid.

“Lucky fellow!” he exclaimed in the same ambiguous tone. “And now, ta-ta—a thousand thanks.”

He extended his hand, but George kept his beneath the clothes. The chatterbox turned towards the door.

“Your cognac is exquisite. I’ll take another *petit verre*.”

He drank, and then went away. George, in his bed, could relish the poison at his leisure.

• • • • •

“佐治!”

他裝作好像忽然被人驚醒的，驚了一跳。

“什麼呀！你還在這裏麼？你還不走麼？”

“我現在要走啦——你看呀！一條玳瑁針子！”

他低頭從地毯拾起來，很詫異的察看針子，放在被罩上。

他用同樣的騎牆兩可腔調說道：“走好運的朋友！現在我同你暫別啦——我很謝謝你。”

他伸出手來，佐治卻把兩手放在被下。這個好說話的人掉過身子向房門走。

“你的白蘭地酒實在是好極了。我再喝一小盃。

他喝酒，隨即走了。佐治在牀上能夠很有閒工夫嚼嚼這服毒劑的滋味。

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II

THE PATERNAL ROOF

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CHAPTER II

“You must help me,” said his mother. “You must speak to him; you must make him listen to you. You are his first-born. Yes, George, it is essential.”

She continued to enumerate her husband's faults, to lay bare before the son the shame of the father. This father had for a concubine a chamber-maid, formerly in the service of the family, a degraded¹ and very mercenary² woman; it was for her and the children born in adultery that he dissipated all his fortune, without regard for anybody—careless of his affairs, neglecting his property, selling his crops at a sacrifice to the first comer, in order to obtain money. And he went so far that, sometimes, through his fault, the house lacked necessities; and he refused to give a dowry to his younger sister, although she had been engaged for a long time; and if any observation was made to him, he responded by cries, insults, sometimes even by the most brutal violence.

“You live far from us, and do not know in what a hell we live. You cannot even imagine the smallest part of

¹ degraded, 下賤. ² mercenary, 貪鄙.

第二卷 在父母家裏

第二回

（到了四月底佐治接到他母親的一封令人恐怖的信，他就要回家，同時希普利提要回米蘭。當他們兩人依依不捨分手的時候佐治吻她，她扯下她的黑面紗遮住他的吻，佐治覺得很難過，以為是不祥的預兆。他到了家，見了姑母，就見他的母親。譯者註。）

他的母親說道：“你必得幫我。你必得對他說；你必得使他聽你說。你是長子。佐治，是的，這是很要緊的。”

她接連數她丈夫的錯處，在兒子面前把父親的醜行和盤託出。這個父親收了一個侍婢作妾，她從前原是在他們家裏傭工的，是一個下賤的又是極其貪鄙的女人；他的父親因為她與她的私生子們把全個家財花費完了，誰也不願——不理他的正業，不理他的財產，因為要用錢，第一個人給價他就賤賣他的收穫。他亂花錢，花到有時家裏無衣無食；他（佐治譯者註）的小妹妹久已與人定婚，他的父親不肯給她妝奩；若是對他說一句話，他的答復就是喊叫，辱罵，有時還用最野蠻的暴力。

“你住得離我們很遠，你不曉得我們住在什麼地獄裏。我們所受的痛苦，即使是最小的部分，你也不能想像。

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our sufferings. But you are the eldest. You must speak to him. Yes, George, you must."

His eyes cast down, George remained silent; and to repress the exasperation of all his nerves in the presence of this unhappiness, which disclosed itself to him in so brutal a manner, he required a prodigious effort. What? Was this his mother? That contorted mouth, so full of bitterness, which was contracted so sharply when she uttered coarse words, was that his mother's mouth? Had misery and anger changed her so much? He raised his eyes and looked at her, to see if traces of the old-time gentleness still lingered on the maternal visage. How gentle he had always known this mother to be formerly! What a beautiful and tender creature she always was! And how tenderly he had loved her in his childhood, in his adolescence. In those days Donna Silveria was tall and svelte,¹ pale and delicate; her hair was almost blond, her eyes black; all her person bore the stamp of a noble race, for she descended from that Spina family which, like the Aurispas, has its armorial bearings sculptured beneath the portal of the Santa Maria Maggiore. What an affectionate being she used to be! Why, therefore, this great change? The son was distressed by all his mother's abrupt gestures, at the bitterness of her words, at all the ravages which a rancorous hate had made in her features; and he was distressed also to see his father covered with so much ignominy, to find such a terrible abyss yawning between the two beings to whom he owed his existence. And what an existence!

¹ svelte, 苗條.

但是你是長子。你必得對他說話。佐治，你必得對他說。”

佐治兩眼向下；一聲不響；有這樣的不歡樂在他眼前，是用這樣野蠻態度揭露與他，他若壓制全數他的神經的憤怒，要極大的努力。什麼呀？這是他的母親麼？這個縮成歪曲的嘴，含着全數的痛恨，當她說粗話的時候，縮到這樣尖，這是她母親的嘴麼？愁苦與憤怒竟把她改變到這樣麼？他舉目看她，試看他母親的面上有無從前溫和的痕跡。從前他常曉得他的母親是多麼柔和呀！從前她常是一個多麼美麗多麼溫柔的人呀！當他幼小時代，當他成人時代，他曾多麼溫柔的愛他母親呀，在那個時代西維利亞 (Silveria) 夫人是一個長而苗條，淡白而細嫩的女人；她的頭髮幾乎是老黃色，她的眼是黑色的；她的面貌態度是一個名貴種族的樣子，因為她是士披那 (Spina) 的後裔，這一族與奧利帕 (Aurispas) 族一樣，都有徽章在聖瑪理教堂門廊下。他從前是多麼親愛的母親呀！為什麼現在有這樣的大改變？兒子看見母親的突如其來的態度，覺得很難過，聽見她所說的痛恨話，怨恨的憎惡毀了她的美麗，現在變作醜惡了，他看見了實在難過；他看見他的父親周身都是不名譽的事，他看見生他的父母這樣可怕的乖離，他又難過。這是什麼生活呀！

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"You understand, George!" insisted his mother. "You must be energetic. When will you speak to him? Make up your mind."

He heard her, and he felt at the bottom of his entrails the shock of a thrill of horror; and he said to himself: "Oh! mother, demand of me everything, ask of me the most atrocious of sacrifices; but spare me this step, do not compel me to do that. I am a coward." At the thought that he must face his father, that he must accomplish an act of vigor, and of his own will, an unconquerable repugnance arose from the very roots of his being. He would prefer to have a hand cut off.

"Very well, mother," he replied gloomily. "I will speak to him. I will wait for a favorable opportunity."

He took her in his arms and kissed her cheeks as if to tacitly demand forgiveness for the lie; for he said to himself: "I shall not find a favorable opportunity. I shall not say anything."

They stayed in the embrasure of the window. The mother opened the shutters, saying:

"They are about to take away Don Defendente Scioli's body."

They leaned on the balcony, side by side. Then, looking up at the sky, she added:

"What a day this has been!"

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"I will not see Hippolyte again," thought George. "I have dark forebodings. I know that, in five or six days, I shall go to seek the hermitage of our dreams; but, at the same time, I know that it will be in vain, that I shall

他的母親又逼他，說道：“佐治，你要明白。你必得用你的精力。你幾時對他說？你得打定主意呀。”

他聽見她說，他的肚裏最深處覺得恐怖所發生的一陣震動；他對自己說道：“咳！母親，你要我做什麼都可以，你問我要最兇惡的犧牲都可以；惟是切勿要我走這一步，切勿逼我做這件事。我是一個怯懦人。”（他這句話卻有自知之明。譯者註。）他一想到他必得見他父親，他必得很嚴厲的辦成一件事，還要由他自己的志意去做，於是從他的心的最深處發生一種不能降伏的不願意。他寧願斬丟一隻手。

他惘然答道：“很好，母親。我將對他說。我將等一個好機會。”

他兩手抱住他母親，吻她的臉，好像無言的求她饒恕他說謊；因為他對自己說道：“我將不找好機會，我將不說什麼。”

他們站在窗洞裏。母親打開百葉窗，說道：

“他們快要把狄芬登特(Don Defendente Scioli)的屍身擡走啦。”

他們並排的靠着露臺。她隨後擡頭看天，又說道：

“今天是個什麼天呀！”

• • • • •

佐治想道：“我將不再見希普利提。我心裏有黑暗的預告。我曉得在五六天內我將去找我夢想的隱居地方；但是同時我曉得這是枉然的，我曉得我做不成什麼事，我又

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achieve nothing, that I shall hurl myself against an unknown obstacle! How strange and indefinable are my feelings! It is not *I* who know; but *some one* in me knows that all is about to end."

He thought: "She does not write to me any more. Since I am here I have received from her only two short telegrams—one from Pallanza, the other from Bellagio. I never felt so far away from her. Perhaps at this moment another man pleases her. Is it possible that love falls out of a woman's heart *all at once*? Why not? Her heart is tired; at Albano, warmed anew by buried memories,¹ it palpitated for perhaps the last time. I was mistaken. But certain incidents, for him who knows how to consider them under their ideal forms, bear in themselves secret significance, precise and independent of appearances. Well! when I examine in thought all the little incidents constituting our life at Albano, they assume an unquestionable significance and an evident character, they are *final*. On the evening of Good Friday, when we arrived at the station at Rome, and when we said good-by, and the cab carried her off in the fog, did it not seem to me that I had just lost her forever? Had I not the innate conviction that all was at an end?" His imagination presented to him the gesture with which Hippolyte had lowered her black veil after the last kiss. And the sun, the azure, the flowers, the general joyousness of nature, suggested to him only this reflection: "Without her, life for me is impossible."

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¹ memories, 往事.

曉得我將把我自己摔在一個我所不知的障礙上！我的感覺是多麼無定多麼怪異呀！並不是我本人曉得；卻是在我之內的‘某人’曉得全盤快要結束啦。”

他想到：“她再不寫信給我啦。自從我到這裏來，我只收過她兩次電報——一次是從頗蘭沙 (Pallanza) 發的，一次是從貝拉吉奧 (Bellagio) 發的。我一向不曾覺得我這次離她那麼遠。也許這個時候有另外一個人使她歡喜。難道愛情能夠一次過全從一個女人的心跌出來麼？爲什麼不能？她的心厭倦了；在阿爾巴諾 (Albano) 的時候她的心被已經掩埋的往事所煽熱，又跳動起來，也許是末後一次，我是錯了。但是有幾件偶然的事，凡是曉得怎樣在其理想的形式下考慮的人，就會曉得其中含有祕密表示，是謹嚴確切的，不依賴外表的。好嗎！當我在心裏考察其造成我們在阿爾巴諾的生活的全數輕微小事的時候，這些小事就取得一種不必詰問的表示與一種顯然的性格；這都是結局的。復活節前的星期五日晚上，我們到羅馬車站，我們互相告別，馬車在霧中把她送走了，我不是覺得好像我永遠失丟她麼？我不是有一種直覺的深信，全盤都完了麼？”他的想像把當時希普利提在最後一吻之後放下她的黑面紗的狀態全現出來。太陽，一片青天，花草，自然的一片歡樂，不過使他作這樣的反省：“無她我不能過活。”

(她母親告訴他，出殯的儀仗出教堂啦。譯者注。)

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When the whole cortège had spread out in the street, musicians dressed in red with white facings struck up a funeral march. The undertaker's assistants regulated their steps to the time of the music; the brass instruments glittered in the sun.

"What sadness and ridicule in the honors rendered to the dead!" thought George. He saw himself in a coffin, imprisoned between the boards, carried by that masquerade of people, escorted by those candles and that horrible noise of trumpets; and the idea filled him with disgust. Then his attention was attracted to the ragged urchins who strove to collect the waxen tears, walking unevenly, painfully, the body bent, their eyes fixed on the flickering flames.

"Poor Don Defendente!" murmured the mother, watching the cortège as it disappeared in the distance.

Then, immediately, as if she were addressing herself and not her son, she added wearily:

"Why poor? He is at peace now; it is we who are to be pitied."

George looked at her. Their eyes met; and she smiled at him, but a smile so faint that not a line of her face was moved. It was like a very light veil, scarcely visible, which had spread over this face ever stamped with sorrow. But the imperceptible gleam of this smile had the same effect on George as some sudden great illumination; and then, for the first time, he saw distinctly on the maternal face the irremediable work of a great grief.

Confronted¹ with the terrible revelation which came to him from this smile, an impetuous wave of tenderness

¹ confronted, 面面相對.

當全副儀仗排列在街上時，穿了紅衣白邊的音樂隊，奏出殯音樂。扛棺材的人們整齊他們的步伐，以湊合音樂的節奏；白銅樂器在陽光下閃爍。

佐治想道：“飾終的典禮是多麼淒慘與好笑呀！”他想像他自己在棺材裏頭，被囚在木板內，被那羣穿怪異服飾的人擡走，還有許多蠟燭與喇叭的可怕聲音護衛他；這個想像使他滿肚子都是憎惡。隨後他注意於那許多穿了一身破爛衣服的孩子們爭着要收蠟燭滴下來的淚，走得不齊不整的，彎着身子，肢體很痛的，他們的眼釘在搖擺的燭光上。

她的母親看着儀仗越走越遠，走到看不見了，說道：“可憐的狄芬登特先生。”

她立即好像對自己說，不是對兒子說，她用疲倦聲音又說道：

“爲什麼可憐？他現在享安寧啦；可憐的原是我們。”

佐治看看她。他們眼眼相視；她對他微笑，但這一笑却是很輕微的，她臉上的紋並無一條動。這樣微笑好像一層很薄的面紗，幾乎看不見，鋪在她的永遠被愁苦所印的臉上。但是這樣微笑的不能看見的一閃，很有效力及於佐治，如同忽明的大光照耀一般；他隨即第一次很清楚的看見他母親面上有重大愁苦的不能補救的工作。

這樣可怕的流露是從這次的微笑出來的，他既與這樣的流露面面相對，於是他們胸中塞滿愛親的洶湧波濤。

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welled up in his bosom. His mother, his own mother, could no longer smile but in that way—only in that way. Henceforth the stigmas of suffering would be indelible on the dear face which he had seen bent over him so often, and with such affection, in sickness and in affliction! His mother, his own mother, was killing herself little by little, was wearing herself out day by day, was drifting slowly to the inevitable tomb! And what caused his own suffering just now, while his mother was breathing out her distress, was not the maternal sorrow so much as the wound inflicted¹ on his egotism, the shock given his unstrung nerves by the unvarnished expression of this sorrow:

“Oh! mother,” he stammered, suffocated by tears.

And he took her hands and drew her into the room.

“What’s the matter, George? What’s the matter, my child?” asked the mother, frightened at seeing his face all bathed in tears.

“What’s the matter? Tell me.”

Ah, now he had found the dear voice again, that unique, unforgettable voice, which touched his soul to its very bottom; that voice of consolation, of forgiveness, of good advice, of infinite goodness, which he had heard in his darkest days—he had found it again, he had found it! In short, he recognized the tender creature of long ago, the adored one.

“Oh! mother, mother!”

And he pressed her in his arms, sobbing, wetting her with burning tears; kissing her cheeks, her eyes, her forehead, in a wild transport.

¹ inflicted, 施(施刑之施).

他的母親，他自己的母親，不復能作平常的微笑——只能這樣微笑。當他有病的時候，當他愁苦的時候，這個可寶貴的臉，帶着多麼親熱的愛情屢屢垂下來看他，從此以後，她所受的痛苦的烙印，永遠不能從這個可寶貴的臉磨擦丟啦！他的母親，他自己的母親，慢慢一點點的殺她自己，逐日消磨她自己，慢慢的浮到必不能免的墳墓！當他的母親正在呼出她的困難時候，現在使他痛苦的，不甚是母親的愁苦，居多還是施於他的爲己主義的重傷，就是這樣痛苦的無掩飾的表示所給與他的放鬆的神經的震動。

他哭不成聲，吞吞吐吐斷續的說道：“哎！母親。”

他抓住她的兩手，拖她入屋裏。

母親看見他滿面都是眼淚，害怕，問道：“佐治，什麼事？我的孩子，什麼呵？”

“你告訴我，什麼事？”

呀，他現在又聽見可愛的聲音，聽見惟一特別的，不能忘記的聲音，感動他的靈魂到最深處；這是安慰聲音，饒恕聲音，好言相勸聲音，無限好的聲音，當他過最黑暗日子時曾聽過這樣聲音——他現在又聽見啦，他又聽見啦！說句簡單話，他認得許久已前的慈愛人，他所崇拜的人。

“哎！母親，母親！”

他緊緊抱住她，嗚咽，他的熱淚滴溼她的臉；他如同發狂一般吻她的臉，吻她的眼，吻她的額。

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"My poor mother!"

He made her sit down, knelt before her, and looked at her. He looked at her for a long time, as if it were the first time he had seen her after a long separation. She, her mouth contracted, with a sob but badly concealed which choked her, asked:

"Have I pained you very much?"

She dried her son's tears and caressed his hair. Then, in a voice interspersed with convulsive starts, she said:

"No, George. No! It is not for you to suffer. God has kept you far away from this house. It is not for you to suffer. All my life, since your birth, all my life, always, always, I have sought to spare you a single pain, a moment's unhappiness. Oh! why did I not have the strength to remain silent this time? I should have said nothing; I should not have told you. Forgive me, George. I did not think I should cause you so much unhappiness. Don't cry any more, I entreat you. George, I entreat you, don't cry any more. I cannot bear to see you cry."

She was on the point of breaking down, overcome by anguish.

"See," he said, "I am not crying now."

He leaned his head on his mother's knees, and beneath the caress of the maternal fingers soon became calm. From time to time a sob shook his body. Through his mind, in the form of vague sensations, passed once more the distant afflictions of his adolescence. He heard the twittering of the swallows, the grating of the scissors grinder's wheel, the shrill cries on the streets—familiar sounds, heard in the afternoons of long ago, which used to make his heart grow faint. After the crisis, his soul found itself in a state

“我的可憐母親呀！”（他何嘗不可以是一個孝子。譯者註。）

他使她坐下，跪在她面前，看她。他看她許久，好像是久別之後初次見她一般。她抽縮她的嘴，她嗚咽，要掩飾她的嗚咽又不甚能掩飾，嗚咽堵住她的喉嚨，他問道：

“我令你很心痛麼？”

她擦乾她兒子的眼淚，撫弄他的頭髮，她隨即抑抑的，斷斷續續的說道：

“佐治，不要這樣！不要這樣！你不該受痛苦，上帝使你遠離這個家庭。你不該受痛苦。自從你出世以來，我畢生，常要，常要設法免你受一點痛苦，免你受片刻的不歡。哎！我這次爲什麼沒得氣力閉口無言？我不該說什麼。我不該告訴你們。佐治你饒恕我。我不曾想到我會使你受這許多痛苦。我哀求你不要再哭啦。佐治，我哀求你不再哭。我看見你哭我不能忍受。”

她被心痛所打倒，幾乎支持不住啦。

他說道：“你看呀，我現在不哭啦。”

他的頭靠着他母親膝上。母親的手指撫弄他的頭髮，他不久就變作鎮靜啦。久不久還有一陣嗚咽震動他的身體。從前他少年所受的痛苦，這個時候成爲一種空洞的感覺，又在他的心中經過。他聽見燕子呢喃，磨剪子人的磨輪聲響，街上的尖銳喊聲——這都是他所熟聞的聲音，是許久以前在下午聽見的，這許多聲音曾使他的心變作微弱。經過事變之後，他的靈魂見得其自身處於無定的起

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of indefinable fluctuation. But the image of Hippolyte reappeared; and he felt within him a new upheaval, so tumultuous that the young man gave vent to a sigh on his mother's knees.

"How you sigh!" she murmured, bending over him.

Without raising his eyelids, he smiled; but an immense prostration came over him—a desolate lassitude, a desperate desire to withdraw from this truceless struggle.

The desire to live left him little by little, as the heat gradually leaves a corpse.

Of the recent emotion nothing remained; his mother had once more become a stranger to him. "What could he do for her? Save her? Restore peace to her? Restore to her health and happiness? But was not the disaster irreparable? Henceforth, was not this woman's existence forever poisoned? His mother could no longer be a refuge for him as in the days of his childhood, in the bygone years. She could neither understand, console, nor cure him. Their souls, their lives, were too different. She could only offer him the spectacle of his own torture!"

He arose, embraced her, disengaged himself, went out, ascended to his room, and leaned on the balcony. He saw the Majella all pink in the twilight, enormous and delicate, against a greenish sky. The deafening cries of the swallows which were whirling around drove him in. He went to lie down on his bed.

As he lay on his back, he thought to himself: "Good; I live, I breathe. But what is the substance of my life? To what forces is it subjected? What laws govern it? I do not belong to myself—I escape from myself. The sensation I have of my being resembles that of a man

伏情狀中。但是希普利提的形影又出現啦；他覺得心裏有一種新的翻騰，翻騰得很紛亂，使這個少年在母親膝上歎了一口氣。

她低頭看他，喃喃道：“你歎氣歎得多麼利害呀！”

他並不舉目只是微笑；但是他覺得非常的軟弱——一種孤寂的困倦，一種趨向極端的想要退避，再不作無停戰的奮鬥。

他逐漸不想活在人世，想活的欲望離開他，如同暖氣逐漸離開一個死屍一般（這裏先點他想死。譯者註。）新近的情緒全消滅無遺啦；（畢竟孝心敵不過愛情。譯者註。）在他眼中看過去，他的母親又變作一個外人啦。“他怎樣能夠幫助她？怎樣救她？怎樣恢復她的健康與歡樂？她所遇的禍害不是不能補救的麼？從此以後這個女人的生活不是永遠中了毒的麼。在好些年前，當他是個孩子的時代，他的母親原是他的庇護，現在卻不能了，她既不能明白他，又不能安慰他，亦不能療治他。母子的靈魂，母子的生活，是太過不相同了。她只能把他自己受酷刑的景象給他！”

他站起來，摟抱她，擺脫自己，走出去，走上他的屋子，憑着露臺。他看見瑪吉拉（Majolla）在黃昏中，有一個淡綠色的天作背景，全變作淡紅色巨大而細緻。聽見聒耳的燕子呢喃聲，燕子們盤旋，趕他入屋。他進去躺在床上。

他仰天躺着，就想道：“好；我活着，我呼吸。但是我的生活的要素是什麼？我的生活受什麼力所節制？有什麼法律節制我的生活？我不屬於我自己——我從我自身逃出。我覺得有我，好像一個人受罰，要直直的站在一個永

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who, condemned to hold himself upright on a surface constantly in oscillation and never in equilibrium, feels support constantly lacking, no matter where he places his foot. I am in a perpetual anguish, and even this anguish is not well defined. Is it the anguish of the fugitive who feels someone at his heels? Is it the anguish of the follower who can never reach his aim? Perhaps it is both."

The swallows twittered as they passed and repassed in flocks, like black arrows, before the pale rectangle formed by the balcony.

"What do I lack? What is the lacuna¹ of my moral being?² What is the cause of my impotency? I have the most ardent desire to live, to give all my faculties a rhythmic development, to feel myself complete and harmonious. And, on the contrary, I secretly destroy myself every day; each day my life goes out by invisible and innumerable fissures; I am like a half-emptied bladder, which becomes misshapen in a thousand different ways at every agitation of the liquid it contains. All my strength does not serve me more than to enable me to drag, with immense fatigue, a little grain of dust to which my imagination gives the weight of a gigantic rock. A perpetual conflict confuses all my thoughts and renders them sterile. What is it I lack? Who is it holds in his power that portion of my being which eludes³ my consciousness and yet which, I feel sure, is indispensable for the continuance of my life? Or rather, is not this portion of my existence already dead, so that only death will enable me to regain it? Yes, that is it. In fact, death attracts me."

¹ lacuna, 斷簡; 缺少. ² my moral being, 道德的我. ³ eludes, 躲閃.

遠搖擺從來不平穩的面上，無論他立腳在什麼地方，他總覺得永遠無物扶持他。我永遠受痛苦，又說不出來是什麼樣的痛苦。這樣痛苦是不是如同一個逃亡人覺得有人在後尾追一般？是不是如同一個追逐人永遠走不到目的地所覺得的痛苦一般？也許是兩種痛苦全有。”

成羣的燕子好像黑色的箭，在露臺所成的淡白長方前面飛來飛去，一面飛，一面呢喃。

“我缺少什麼？道德的我缺少些什麼？爲什麼我無力量？我極有熱心要活在世上，給全數我的天賦能力以合節奏的發展，要覺得我自己是完備的，是諧和的。不料正與此相反，我每日祕密的毀我自身；我的生命每日從無形的與無數的裂縫漏出；我像一個半空的泡，每動一次泡裏的流質，這個泡就變形，是一千種不同的改變。全數我的氣力不替我効勞，只會使我拖一粒塵土就覺得非常的疲倦，我的想像還覺得這粒塵土有一塊大石那麼重。永遠不停的衝突，攪亂全數我的思想，使這許多思想無生發。我缺什麼？有一部分的我，是我所不知覺的，但是我深曉得爲接續我的生命起見，這一部分是必不可少的，究竟是誰操縱這一部分？不然，很許是這一部分的我已經死了，所以惟有一死才能夠使我恢復這一部分，是不是？是的，是這樣。其實死在那裏吸引我。”（又預伏下文。譯者註。）

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The bells of Santa Maria Maggiore tolled for vespers. Again he saw the funeral convoy, the coffin, the cowed men, and the ragged children who strove to collect the waxen tears, walking unevenly, painfully, the body bent, their eyes fixed on the flickering flames.

These children greatly preoccupied him. Later, when he wrote to his mistress, he developed the secret allegory which his mind, interested in such studies, had confusedly perceived:

“One of them, sickly, yellowish, leaning with one arm on a crutch and collecting the wax in the hollow of his disengaged hand, dragged himself along by the side of a species of giant with a hood, whose enormous fist brutally grasped the taper. I still see them both, and I shall not forget them. Perhaps there is something in myself which makes me resemble that child. My real life is in the power of *some one*, a mysterious and unknowable being who holds it in a grasp of iron; and I see it being consumed, and I drag myself after it, and I tire myself trying to collect at least a few drops, and every drop that falls burns my poor hand.”

• • • • •

聖瑪理亞教堂響晚禱鐘。他又看見出殯儀仗，棺材，披僧帽的人們，還有穿破爛衣服的孩子們設法收蠟燭淚，走得不整齊，彎着腰走，走得很辛苦，眼睛注視搖擺的燭光。

這許多孩子們很使他注意。後來當他寫信給她的姘婦的時候，他發展他心裏（他覺得這樣的研究很有意味）所混亂感覺的祕密比喻：

“其中有一個人，面黃，帶病容，一隻膀子靠着一架代腳的拐杖，用他那隻空手收蠟，在一個很高很大的人身邊拖着自己走，這個人頭披僧帽，他的大拳頭很野蠻的抓住蠟燭。我現在還看見這兩個人，我不會忘記他們。也許我自己有點什麼，使我像那個孩子。我的實在生命在某事物的掌握中，是一種神祕的與不能曉得的事物，把我抓在鐵拳裏；我看見我的生命正在消磨間，我拖我的自身追隨生命，我嘗試至少也要收幾滴，我因此疲倦了，每滴下來的一點，燒我的可憐的手。”

（佐治同希普利提隱居於深山享受戀愛的厚福。佐治因妒忌與懷疑，終想一死以了此局，以爲必如此然後戀愛才臻完滿。他嘗說音樂教他曉得死的神祕。他又相信死就是在無限裏頭延長他的存在的一法，會融化在“偉大全神”的接連帶和裏頭，會享“永恆”的無限的縱慾。有一個朋友送他們一座鋼琴及許多樂譜。他們不分日夜享受音樂。他們覺得他們的肉體已經化爲雲烟，用不着全數凡人的需要。他們最好「特立斯旦(Tristan)與伊蘇爾特(Ysolde)的歌劇。」（其大致如下：譯者註。）

（譯者在未譯歌劇大致之先，略述這段故事的大概：特立斯旦是柯安和爾(Cornwall)王馬可(Mark)妹妹的兒子；特立斯旦與人決鬪受傷，被愛爾蘭公主伊蘇爾特所治療調護得癒。他回去告訴他的舅舅說公主很美。馬克果然使人求親，公主嫁與他，卻與特立斯旦私通。事敗特立斯旦被逐。他到不列但尼(Brittany)，娶該地公爵的女兒綽號白手伊蘇爾特爲妻。他又出外做許多冒險事，又受傷，有人說惟有馬克王后伊蘇爾特能療治他的傷。於是派使者往柯安和爾，並吩咐使者倘若王后陪他同來，船到時要揚一面白帆，船到的時候果然揚白帆，不料白手伊蘇爾特吃醋，告訴她丈夫船上揚黑帆。特立斯旦立刻氣絕死了。伊蘇爾特跳在他的屍上也死了。馬可哀憐這兩個情種把他們同葬在一個墳裏，在墳上種一株玫瑰一株葡萄，這兩株樹變作連理無人能分開。十二世紀之前，有日耳曼歌曲家以詩歌撰這兩個人的小說。續者數人，成爲幾千節的長歌，一八六五年大音樂家瓦格諾撰這兩個人的歌劇。）

III
THE INVINCIBLE
CHAPTER I

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And here another voice, a human voice, modulated by human lips, young and strong, mingled with melancholy, irony, and menace, sang a song of the sea, from the head of a mast, on the ship that carried to King Mark the blond Irish spouse. It sang: "Toward the Occident wanders the gaze; toward the Orient sails the ship. The breeze blows fresh toward the natal land. O daughter of Ireland, where dost thou linger? Is it thy sighs that swell my sail? Blow, blow, O wind! Woe, ah! woe, daughter of Ireland, my wild love!" It was the admonition of the lookout, the prophetic warning, joyous and menacing, full of caress and of raillery, indefinable. And the orchestra became silent. "Blow, blow, O wind! Woe, ah! woe, daughter of Ireland, my wild love!" The voice sang over the tranquil sea, alone in the silence, while under the tent, Ysolde, motionless, on her couch, seemed plunged in the obscure dream of her destiny.

Thus opened the drama. The tragic breath, that had already been given by the prelude, passed and repassed in the orchestra. Suddenly the power of destruction was manifested in the enchantress against the man of her choice, whom she had devoted to death. Her anger was unchained

第三卷 長勝

第一回

到了這裏另有聲音，是人的聲音，被少年體健的人的兩層唱成節奏，用愁悶 譏刺，恐嚇腔調，在船上的桅頂唱海歌，這條船送淡黃金色頭髮的未婚王后（愛爾蘭人）與國王馬可（Mark）。這片聲音唱道：“眼向大海四面的看；船向東駛。和風向桑梓之邦吹。愛爾蘭的女兒呀，你在那裏逗留呀？使我的帆飽滿的，難道是你的歎氣麼？風呀，你吹呀，你吹呀！痛苦呀！呀，痛苦呀，我所狂愛的愛爾蘭的女兒呀！”這是瞭望人的警告，預先的警告。既快樂又恐嚇，全是分別不能清楚的撫慰話與開玩笑的話。音樂隊不響啦。臺上又唱道：“風呀，你吹呀！你吹呀！痛苦呀！呀，痛苦呀，我所狂愛的愛爾蘭女兒呀！”這片聲音在風平浪靜的海上唱，獨自一人在寂靜中唱，那時候伊素勒第（Ysolde）躺在帳篷下的榻上不動，好像在那裏夢她的黑暗的前定命運。

這一出樂劇就是這樣開幕的。楔子所示人的淒慘腔調在音樂隊中唱了又唱。有一個女魔戀愛一個男子，現在她反對他，要致他於死，她代表毀壞勢力，這個時候忽然出現啦。她用盲目無睹的風火雷雨的氣力，放出她的忿

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with the energy of the blind elements; she invoked all the terrible forces of earth and heaven to destroy the man whom she could not possess. "Awake at my call, indomitable power; come forth from the heart where thou art hidden! O, uncertain winds, hear my will! Awake the lethargy of this dreamy sea, resuscitate¹ from the depths implacable covetousness,² show it the prey which I offer! Crush the vessel, engulf the wreckage! Everything that palpitates and breathes, O winds, I give to thee in recompense." To the admonition of the lookout responded the sentiment of Brangane: "O, woe! what ruin I foresee, Ysolde!" And the gentle and devoted woman tried to appease that mad fury. "Oh! tell me thy sorrow, Ysolde! Tell me thy secret!" And Ysolde replied: "My heart is choking. Open, open wide the curtain!"

Tristan appeared, upright, motionless, his arms crossed, his gaze fixed on the distances of the sea. From the mast-head the lookout resumed his song, on the wave mounting from the orchestra, "Woe, ah! woe—" And, while Ysolde's eyes, lit up by a sombre flame, contemplated the hero, the fatal motif³ arose from the Mystic Gulf: the great and terrible symbol of love and death, in which was enclosed every essence of the tragic fiction. And, with her own mouth, Ysolde predicted the end: "Chosen of mine, lost by me."

Passion aroused in her a homicidal mania, awakened in the roots of her being a hostile instinct to existence, a need of dissolution, of annihilation. She raged to find in herself and all about her a crushing power that would

¹ resuscitate, 使復活. ² covetousness, 原解作貪, 這裏解作貪殘的海怪. ³ motif, 元素; 特出情節; 屢次再奏的一段音樂.

怒；她喚起天地的全數可怕狂力，毀滅她所不能得到手的男子。她喊道，“打不倒的勢力，一聞我呼喚就醒來；從你們所躲藏的心裏出來！無定向的風呀，你們聽我的命令！你們去警醒這片在睡夢中的大海的怠倦，使不能調和的貪殘海怪復活，示他們取我所獻的犧牲！打破兩條船，沉沒那條破船！風呀！凡是心能跳動，口能呼吸的東西，我全給你作酬勞。”巴蘭甘（Brangano 是伊素勒第的女僕）用她的意思盡瞭望人的警告，說道，“可憐呀！伊素勒第，我所預料的是什麼禍害呀！”

這個溫和與忠誠女人嘗試和緩那樣的狂怒。“哎，伊素勒第！把你的愁苦告訴我！把你的祕密告訴我！”伊素勒第答道：“我的心脹悶。你打開帷帳！你大大的打開帷帳。

特立斯丹（Tristan 本劇的男英雄）出現，他站得直直的，不動，交加兩膀，釘眼看大海的遠處。瞭望人在桅頭又唱他的歌，浪起的從隊中唱，“可憐呀，呀！可憐呀——”當下伊素勒第的眼，被一種黑暗火焰所照，細看這個英雄，致禍的特別情節或元素從神祕的海灣起來：這是愛與死的偉大的與可怖的符號，這篇慘劇的無論什麼要素都包藏在內。伊素勒第親口預言結果說道：“我所愛的人，死於我手”

愛情激動她發生殺人的狂想，在她的心根中喚醒一種本能，要仇視生存，要解散生存，要消滅生存。她發狂，在她自己本身與在他的全數環境內找着一種破壞一切的勢力，這樣勢力會打擊與破壞一切，不留一點痕跡。她看

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strike and destroy without leaving a trace. Her hate became fiercer at the sight of the calm and motionless hero, who felt the menace concentrate upon his head and who knew the uselessness of any resistance. Her mouth was filled with bitter sarcasm. "What thinkest thou of that slave?" she demanded of Brangane, with an uneasy smile. Of a hero she made a slave; she declared herself the conqueror. "Tell him that I, Ysolde, command my vassal to fear his sovereign." Such was the defiance she cast at him for a supreme struggle; such was the gauntlet¹ that force threw down to force. A sombre solemnity accompanied the hero's march toward the threshold of the tent when the irrevocable hour had sounded, when the philter² had already filled the cup, when destiny had already closed its circle around the two lives. Ysolde, leaning on her couch, pale as if the great fever had consumed all the blood in her veins, waited, silently. Tristan appeared on the threshold: both erect to their full height. But the orchestra told of the inexpressible anxiety of their souls.

From this moment recommenced the tempestuous ascension. It seemed that the Mystic Gulf had once more become inflamed like a furnace and shot higher, even higher, its sonorous flames. "Only comfort for an eternal mourning, salutary draught of oblivion, I drink thee without fear!" And Tristan placed the cup to his lips. "Half for me! I drink it for thee!" cried Ysolde, snatching the cup from his hands. The golden cup fell, empty. Had they both drunk death? Must they die? Instant of superhuman agony. The philter of death was but a poison

¹ gauntlet, 挑戰時所捍的鐵手套。 ² philter, 媚藥; 迷藥。

見這個鎮靜與不動的英雄，她的怨恨變作更兇，這個英雄曉得她的恐嚇集中在他頭上，又曉得抗拒是無用的。她滿口都是痛恨的冷嘲話。她帶着不安的微笑，問巴蘭甘道，“你看這個奴隸怎麼樣？他本是一個英雄，她說他是奴隸；這是她宣佈她自己是征服人。“你對他說，我伊素勒第，命令我的臣僕畏懼他的君主。”她到了奮鬥到極端的時候她就是這樣同他挑戰；力同力鬪，她就是這樣挑戰。當注定的命運已經收窄環繞這兩個人的圈子的時候，當媚藥已經倒滿盃子的時候，當不能挽回的鐘點已經敲打的時候，這個英雄向帳篷的門檻走，現出沉悶嚴肅神色。伊素勒第靠在她的榻上，臉上作死白色，好像熱病消耗了她血管放的血，不言不語等候。特利斯丹到了門檻：兩個人都挺直身子站着。音樂隊奏這兩個人的靈魂說不出來的着急。

從這個時候起，如狂風暴雨的高唱又起首啦。神祕海灣好像又發火啦，如同一座大爐一樣。隆隆的火焰越升越高。“令人消滅無聞的有益的飲料，永遠悲痛的惟一安慰，我毫不害怕，我飲你！”特利斯丹把盃子送到唇邊。伊素勒第伸手從他的手裏奪盃，喊道，“留一半給我！我替你喝。金盃墮地，是個空的。他們兩人都喝了死酒麼？他們必定死麼？這是超人痛苦的一個榜樣。致死的媚藥不過是激

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of love that filled them with an immortal fire. At first, astonished, motionless, they looked at each other, sought in one another's eyes the symptom of the death to which they believed they had devoted themselves. But a new life, incomparably more intense than that they had lived, agitated their very fibre, beat at their temples and at their wrists, swelled their hearts with an immense wave. "Tristan!" "Ysolde!" They called one another; they were alone; nothing breathed about them; appearances were effaced; the past was wiped out; the future was a dark night that even their recent intoxication could not pierce. They lived; they called one another in hot, passionate tones; each was drawn to the other by a fatality that henceforth no power could arrest. "Tristan!" "Ysolde!"

And the melody of the passion spread out, enlarged, exalted itself, throbbed and sobbed, cried and chanted above the profound tempest of harmonies that became more and more agitated. Mournful and joyous, it took an irresistible flight toward the heights of unknown ecstasies, toward the heights of the supreme voluptuousness. "Delivered from the world, I possess thee at last, O! thou, who alone fill my soul, supreme voluptuousness of love!"

"Hail! Hail to Mark! Hail!" cried the crew amid the blasts of the trumpets, saluting the king, who drew away from the shore to go to meet his blond spouse. "Hail to Cornwall!"

It was the tumult of common life, the clamor of profane joy, the dazzling splendor of the day. The Elect, the Lost, with a look in which floated the sombre shadow of a dream, demanded: "Who comes hither?" "The King." "What king?" Ysolde, pale and convulsed beneath the

動愛情的毒藥，使他們裝滿一種永熾不滅的慾火。他們初時詫異，不動。彼此相視，他們相信他們已經犧牲自身，彼此在對方的眼裏找死的徵象。不料一種新生命，比他們所曾過的生活，無可與比的更加濃厚，鼓盪他們周身，打他們的太陽，打他們的手腕，一個極大的波浪漲滿他們的心。
“特立斯丹!”“伊素勒特!”他們彼此互叫；這時候只有他們兩個人；四圍全無聲響；他們不顧面目啦。已往的事一筆勾銷；將來是一片黑夜，他們新近是醉了，也不能看穿，他們過活，他們相稱都用熱烈的，極親愛其的腔調；注定的慘禍，使他們互相吸引，從此以後，無論什麼勢力，都不能阻止他們。

“特立斯丹!”“伊素勒第!”

愛情的主調伸展，張大，升高，跳動，嗚咽，叫喊，歌唱，高過其越變越紛亂的勢如狂暴的風雨的諧和。既悲哀，又快樂，愛情作不能抗拒的高飛，飛向無人知的狂樂的高處，飛向極端縱慾的高處。“哎！只有你充塞我的靈魂，愛情的極端縱慾，我既脫離世界，最後我竟把你得到手了！”

正在一陣一陣大吹喇叭歡迎國王的時候，船上的海員們喊道：“歡迎！歡迎馬可，歡迎！歡迎到柯爾安和爾 (Corawall)！”國王前去歡迎的未婚王后。

這是平常生活的喧譁，是人世快樂的吵鬧，白日眩人的光耀。她所選的，她所失的，臉上浮着一場夢的晦氣，問道“來的是誰？”“國王。”“什麼國王？”伊素勒第

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royal mantle, asked: "Where am I? Do I still live? Must I still live?" Gentle and terrible, the motif of the philter ascended, enveloped them, enclosed them in its ardent spiral. The trumpets sounded. "Hail to Mark! Hail to Cornwall! Glory to the King!"

But, in the second prelude, all the sobs of too strong a joy, all the pantings of exasperated desire, all the starts of furious expectation, alternated, mingled, were confounded. The impatience of the feminine soul communicated its thrills to the immensity of the night, to all the things that, in the pure summer night, breathed and watched. The ravished soul threw its appeals to everything, that they might remain vigilant beneath the stars, that they might be present at the festival of its love, at the nuptial banquet of its joy. Insubmergible over the restless ocean of harmony, the fatal melody floated, growing light, clouding. The wave from the Mystic Gulf, like the respiration of a superhuman bosom, swelled, rose, fell back to rise again, to fall again and slowly die away.

"Dost thou hear? It seems to me that the sound has died away in the distance." Ysolde heard nothing more but the sounds imagined by her desire. The horns of the nocturnal chase resounded in the forest, distinct, coming nearer. "It is the deceptive whispering of the leaves that the wind rustles in its sport. That gentle sound is not that of horns; it is the murmur of the mountain stream that gushes forth and falls in the silent night." She heard nothing but the enchanting sounds born in her soul by the desire left there by the old yet ever new charm. In the orchestra, as in her abused senses, the resonances of the chase were magically transformed, dissolving into the

面色青白，在王后的袍下發抖，問道：“我現時在那裏？我現在還活在人世麼？我必得活在人世麼？”媚藥的精華既溫和又可怕，現在上升，罩住他們，把他們裹在其熱烈的螺絲裏。吹喇叭啦。歡迎馬可！歡迎他到柯爾安和爾！願國王榮耀！”

在第二個楔子裏頭，太強固的一種快樂的全數嗚咽，發狂色慾的全數喘氣，發狂期望的全數驚跳，輪流發現，揉直一起，混成一片。女人靈魂的焦急傳其顫動於無際的深夜，傳於全數在清潔的夏夜呼吸的東西，與察看的東西。狂樂的靈魂哀求所有的事物，使他們在衆星之下可以永遠熬夜不眠，使他們可以眼見其愛情的廢節，可以在其歡樂的結婚的喜筵。悲慘的主調不能被一片不停流的海的諧和所淹沒，浮在空際逐漸變輕微，如浮雲一般。神祕海灣的波濤如同一個超人胸中的呼吸，漲大啦，起來啦，隨發隨起，又落下來，慢慢消滅了。

“你聽見麼？我好像聽見聲音在遠處消滅了。”伊素勒第不復聽見什麼，只聽見她縱慾所想像的聲音。夜獵的角聲，在樹林裏作迴響，聽得清楚，越來得近啦。“這是當遊戲時風吹樹葉所作的欺人的低微聲。那樣溫和聲音並不是吹角聲；原是山溪的潺潺聲，在寂靜的深夜間噴出流下來的。”她只聽見她的靈魂所發生的迷人聲音，這是舊時的即仍然還是新的迷惑所遺留在那裏的欲望所發生的。在音樂隊裏頭，如在她的枉用的官覺裏頭，如同魔術

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infinite murmurs of the forest, into the mysterious eloquence of the summer night. All those smothered voices, all the subtle seductions, enveloped the panting woman and suggested to her the approaching ravishment, while Brangane warned and begged in vain, in the terror of his presentiment: "Oh! let the protecting torch blaze! Let its light show thee the peril!" Nothing had the power of enlightening the blindness of desire. "Were this the torch of my life, I would extinguish it without fear. And I extinguish it without fear." With a gesture of supreme disdain, intrepid and superb, Ysolde threw the torch to the ground; she offered her life and that of the Elect to the fatal night; she entered with him into the shadow forever.

Then the most intoxicating poem of human passion was triumphantly unfolded, like a spiral, to the summits of delirium and ecstasy. It was the first frantic embrace, the mingling of voluptuousness and of anguish, in which the souls, eager to melt into one another, encountered the impenetrable obstacle of the body; it was the first rancor, against the time when love did not exist, against the empty and useless past. It was the hate against hostile light, against the perfidious day, that sharpened all their sufferings, that revived all the fallacious appearances, that favored pride and oppressed tenderness. It was the hymn to the friendly night, to the beneficent shade, to the divine mystery of which the marvels and inner visions were unveiled, in which were heard the distant voices of the spheres, in which the ideal corollas flourished on inflexible stems. "Since the sun is hidden in our bosom, the stars of happiness hsed their laughing light."

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一般演出打獵聲音，逐漸消化於樹林的無限的喃喃聲，消化於夏夜的神祕的動人聲。全數這樣被窒塞的聲響，全數這樣巧妙鈎引，罩住這個氣喘喘的女人，令他想起快要臨頭的縱慾，當下巴蘭甘被他的先知所嚇倒，警告她哀求她，也是枉然：“哎！讓這個能保護的火把發光！讓火把的光把危險照着給你看！色慾是盲的，無論什麼事物都無力使盲目的看見。”伊素勒第說道“假使這是我的性命的火把，我敢毫不害怕的吹滅了。我今並不害怕，將火把弄滅了。”伊素勒第用極其藐視的態度，既有膽又激昂，將火把摔在地下；她把她自己的性命與她的愛人的性命傳與這致死的一夜；她同他走入黑影永遠不出來了。

人慾的最醉人的詩歌很得意的打開啦，如同一個螺絲一般，往上繞，繞到狂醉與狂樂的尖子。這是第一次發狂的相抱，縱慾與痛心揉在一起，當相抱的時候，兩個靈魂急於要互相鎔化為一，碰着軀體，這是不能鑽入的障礙；這是第一次痛恨，痛恨未有愛情的時代，痛恨無有與無用的既往（這幾句都是想入非非的話，虧作者想得出說得出，譯者註。）這是一種憎惡，憎惡仇視的光，憎惡欺詐的白天，因為白天使他們所受的痛苦變作更鋒利，使全數假偽的外觀復活，利於驕傲，與受壓制的溫柔。這是一篇聖歌，歌頌有友誼的黑夜，歌頌有善意的樹陰，歌頌神聖的祕奧，奇異的事體的祕奧與心裏幻見的祕奧，全揭露出來，在祕奧裏頭聽見天上星球的遠聲，在這處的理想花冠在堅硬的花枝上開放。“太陽既然密藏在我們的懷裏。歡樂的諸星，放他們的大笑的光”

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The frightful power of the philter operated on the soul and on the flesh of the two lovers already consecrated¹ to death. Nothing could extinguish or soften that fatal ardor; nothing, except death. They had vainly tried every caress; they had vainly summoned all their strength to unite in a supreme embrace, to finally possess one another, to become one and the same being. Their sighs of voluptuousness were transformed into agonizing sobs. An infrangible obstacle was interposed between them, separated them, rendered them strangers and solitary. The obstacle was their corporeal substance, their living personality. And a secret hate was born in both. A longing to destroy themselves, to annihilate themselves; a desire to cause death and a desire to die. Even in the caress they recognized the impossibility of crossing the material limits of their human senses. Lips met lips and stopped. "Why not succumb² to death," said Tristan, "rather than separation, and what prevents Tristan from loving Ysolde forever, living hereafter eternally for her alone?" And already they entered into the infinite darkness. The outside world disappeared. "So," said Tristan, "so should we die, unwilling to live but for love, inseparable, forever united, without end, without awakening, without fear, without name in the bosom of love." The words were distinctly heard in the *pianissimo*³ of the orchestra. A new ecstasy ravished the two lovers and carried them to the threshold of the marvellous nocturnal empire. Already they tasted in advance the beatitude of dissolution, felt themselves delivered from the weight of the body, felt

¹ consecrated, 祭神的犧牲. ² succumb, 被逼讓步. ³ *pianissimo*, 極柔 [音樂名詞].

媚藥的可怕勢力在這兩個已經注定殺以祭神的兩個愛人的靈魂及軀體上發作。無論什麼都不能消滅或減輕那樣致死的熱火；無論什麼都不能，惟有死能。他們曾嘗試種種的相愛，無效；他們也會用盡全數他們的氣力要在戀愛到極點的相抱以連合爲一，到底要你之中有我，我之中有你，要變作一個人，要變作同爲一人，全是枉然。他們縱慾的呼氣變作心痛的嗚咽（誰謂熱情縱慾可樂。譯者註。）有一樣難以破分的障礙在他們兩人中間，分隔他們，使他們成爲外人，成爲你是你，我是我，各自孤立的人。這個障礙就是他們肉體，他們的有生命的本人。兩個人心裏全發生祕密的憎惡。兩人都渴想毀了自己，消滅了自己；都想使對方死，又想自死。當他們摟抱的時候。他們承認渡過他們人類感覺的體質界限，是不能的。唇與唇遇就停止了。特立斯丹說道，“與其分離，爲什麼不讓步於死，有什麼事阻止特立斯丹永遠愛伊素勒第，阻止他從此以後永遠只爲她而活呀？”他們已經深入無限的黑暗啦，在外的世界已經不見啦。特立斯丹說道，“我們只想永遠在相愛的懷抱裏永不分離，永遠締結，無窮期，長睡不醒，永不害怕，不知名，不然，我們就不願活，不如死了。”在音樂隊的極柔的音調中聽這句說話聽得很清楚。一陣新的狂樂鼓盪這兩個愛人，送他們到奇異的深夜世界的邊境上。他們已經先嘗消化的幸福，覺得他們已經脫離軀體的累，

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their substance sublimated and float, diffused in an endless joy. "Without end, without awakening, without fear, without name. . . ."

"Take care! Take care! Behold the night giving way to the day," warned from above the invisible Brangane. "Take care!" And the shudder of the matinal frost traversed the park, awoke the flowers. The cold light of the dawn ascended slowly and covered up the stars that palpitated more strongly. "Take care!" Vain warning of the faithful watcher. They were not listening; they would not, could not, awaken themselves. Under the menace of the day, they plunged still further on into that darkness from which could never come the slightest glint of twilight. "Let the night eternally envelop us." And a whirlwind of harmonies enveloped them, clasped them close in its vehement spirals, transformed them to the distant shore invoked by their desire, there where no anguish oppressed the flights of the loving soul, beyond all languor, beyond all pain, beyond all solitude, in the infinite serenity of their supreme dream.

"Save thyself, Tristan!" It was the cry of Kurvenal after the cry of Brangane. It was the unexpected and brutal assault that interrupted the ecstatic embrace. And, while the theme of love persisted in the orchestra, the motif of the hunt burst out with a metallic clash. The king and his courtiers appeared. Tristan hid Ysolde, stretched on the bed of flowers, beneath his ample mantle; he hid her from both gaze and light, affirming by this act his domination, signifying his undoubted right. "The sad day—for the last time!" For the last time, in the calm and resolute attitude of a hero, he accepted the battle with the

覺得他們體質化去，浮在空際，散布在一種無限的快樂裏頭。“無止境，無醒，無畏，無名……。”

那個無人能看見的巴蘭甘在高處警告道，“小心呀！小心呀！你們看黑夜已過，要到白晝啦，小心呀！”早霜的戰慄走過花園，驚醒花卉。破曉的寒光慢慢上升，蓋住閃光閃得更利害的星。“小心呀！”這個忠誠看守人警告也是枉然。他們不聽；他們既不肯又不能驚醒他們自己。他們受白晝恐嚇，更跑入黑暗的深處，那裏絕不能有最微渺的黃昏的閃光進來。“由得深夜永遠籠罩我們。”於是就有如旋風一般的諧和籠罩他們，在其熱烈的螺旋上緊緊的抱住他們，送他們到他們的色慾所喚起的很遠的海岸，到了這裏並無痛苦壓制戀愛靈魂高飛到了這裏，在他們的長夢的無限安靜中遠離全數疲倦，痛楚，孤寂。

“特立斯丹，你得救你自己呀！”這是巴蘭甘喊後古爾文那（Kurvenal）的叫喊。這是意外的又是野蠻的攻擊，打斷狂樂的摟抱。音樂隊一面憂憂不捨的奏愛情音樂，同時打獵的音樂用銅喇叭聲噴出來。國王與從臣出來啦。特立斯丹把伊素勒第直挺挺的放在花畦上，用他的闊大袍子蓋住她；他把她藏起來，使眼不能見，光不能到，他用這樣舉動，證實他的勢力，表示他的確實無疑的權利。“這是很慘的一天——這是最後一次！”他最後一次用鎮靜與果決態度，情願與他所不知的種種勢力戰，他深知

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unknown forces, sure henceforth that nothing could modify or suspend the course of his destiny. While the sovereign sorrow of King Mark was exhaled in a slow and deep melopee,¹ he remained silent, immovable in his secret thought. And finally he responded to the king's questions: "Never can I reveal that mystery. Never can you know what thou dost ask." The philter motif condensed in this response the obscurity of the mystery, the gravity of the irreparable event. "Dost thou wish to follow Tristan, O, Ysolde?" he demanded of the queen, simply, in the presence of all. "In the land where I am going the sun does not shine. It is the land of shadows; it is the land of night from which my mother sent me when, conceived by her in death, in death I came to life." And Ysolde: "There where the country of Tristan is, there would Ysolde go. She wants to follow him, gentle and faithful, in the path that he will point out."

And the dying hero preceded her to that land, struck by the traitor Melot.

Meanwhile, the third prelude evoked the vision of the distant shore, the arid and desolate rocks, where, in the secret caves, the sea seemed to weep ceaselessly in inconsolable mourning. A mist of legend and of mysterious poesy enveloped the rigid forms of the rock, perceived as in an uncertain dawn or in an almost extinguished twilight. And the sound of the pastoral pipe awoke the confused images of the past life, of the things lost in the night of time.

¹ melopee = melopoeia, 造曲調方法.

從此以後無論什麼都不能修改或停止他的註定的命運進行。當下用一種慢而深的造主調方法以發表國王馬可的君主的愁苦，他都不響，在那裏深思不動。後來他答復國王的詰問，說道：“我永遠不能揭露那件神祕。你永遠不能曉得你之所問。”奏媚藥的音樂就在這一答復中凝聚神祕的黑暗，與這件不能補救的事的重要。他當着衆人只問王后道，“哎伊素勒第，你願意跟隨特立斯丹麼？”“太陽不照我正在要去的地方。那裏是黑暗地方；那裏是長夜無晝的地方，我的母親當日往這個地方送我，那時候她懷着我，是個死胎，我即死而復活。”伊素勒第說道：“特立斯丹在那裏，伊素勒第就願到那裏。她要追隨他，既溫和又有信，我在他所指出的路上追隨他。”

這個快要死的英雄在她前面領她往那裏去，被奸賊米洛特 (Melot) 所擊。

當下第三楔子揭露遠處海岸景象，揭露焦燥及荒涼大石，海水在深密洞穴裏好像在不能安慰的悲哀中不停的啼哭。石頭的堅硬形狀被一層荒古無稽的古史及神祕詩歌所籠罩，想像爲一片無定的破曉，或一片幾乎不能熄滅的黃昏。牧人的笛子的聲音喚醒既往生活的混亂形影，及在渺茫時代所失去的事物的形影。

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“What says the ancient lament?” sighed Tristan. “Where am I?”

On the fragile reed the shepherd modulated the imperishable melody transmitted by our ancestors through the ages; and, in his profound unconsciousness, he was without inquietude.

And Tristan, to whose soul these humble notes had revealed all: “I did not linger in the place of my awakening. But where have I dwelt? I could not say. There I saw neither the sun, nor the land, nor the inhabitants; but what I saw then, I could not say. . . . It was there where I always was, there where I will go forever; in the vast empire of the universal night. Yonder, a single and unique science is given us: the divine, the eternal, the original oblivion!” The delirium of fever agitated him; the ardor of the philter corroded his inmost fibres. “Oh! what I suffer thou canst not suffer! The terrible desire which devours me, that implacable fire which consumes me! Ah! if I could tell thee! If thou couldst understand me!”

And the unconscious shepherd breathed, breathed into his reed. It was the same air; the notes were always the same; they spoke of the life that was no more, they spoke of distant and annihilated things.

“Old and grave melody,” said Tristan. “You lamenting sounds reached me even on the evening wind, as when, in distant times, the death of the father was announced to the son. In the sinister dawn thou didst seek me, more and more uneasy, when the son learned of the departure of the mother. When my father engendered me and died, when my mother brought me to light and died, the old melody came to their ears also, languishing and sad. She

特立斯丹歎氣說道：“古時的輓歌說什麼？我現時在什麼地方？”

牧童在薄笳上高下抑揚的吹不能破滅的音調，這是我們的祖先經過多少時代傳下來的；在他的極深的無知無覺中，他卻並無不安。

這個人所吹的庸俗音調曾把全數情景揭露與特立斯丹的靈魂：“我並不曾在我睡醒的地方逗留。但是我剛才住在那裏？我不能說。我在那裏不看見太陽，不看見地土，亦不看見居民；但是我曾看見什麼，我卻不能說……我常在那個地方，那裏是將來我所永遠去的地方；在全片黑夜的大世界裏頭。那裏教我們一種單獨的及惟一的科學：就是神聖的，永恆的，原始的完全忘記？發狂的熱病驚擾他；媚藥的烈性腐蝕他的最深處的纖維“哎！我所受的痛苦，你不能受！可怕的色慾吞噬我，不能撲滅的火燒我！呀！但願我能够告訴你！但願你能明白我！”

那個無知無覺的牧童吹他的笳。調子還是一樣的；音調永遠是同樣的；吹的是今日所無的生活，說的是荒遠的及已經消滅的事體。

特立斯丹說道，“陳舊的，嚴肅的音調。你的悲歌聲音隨傍晚的風吹到我耳邊，如同古時父親死了報告到兒子。在不祥的破曉時，你越覺得不安會來找我，那時候兒子曉得母親死了。當我的父親生我與他死了的時候，當我的母親產我，使我得見天日，與她死了的時候，這個陳舊的調也吹到他們的耳朵，是頹喪的又是悽慘的。有一天她

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interrogated me one day, and now she is speaking to me again. To what destiny was I born? To what destiny? The old melody is repeating it to me: To desire and to die! to die of desire! Oh! no, no. Such is not your true sense. To desire, to desire, to desire, even unto death; but not to die of desire!" Stronger and stronger, more and more tenacious, the philter corroded him to the marrow. All his being writhed in the unbearable spasm. At moments, the orchestra had the crepitations of a funereal pyre. The violence of the pain traversed him at times with tempestuous impetuosity, reviving the flames. Sudden starts shook him; atrocious cries escaped from it; choking sobs were extinguished in it. "The philter! the philter! the terrible philter! with what fury I feel it mount from my heart to my brain! Henceforth no remedy, no sweet death, can deliver me from the torture of desire. In no place, in no spot, alas! shall I find repose. The night repulses me toward the day, and the eye of the sun feeds on my perpetual suffering. Ah! how the ardent sun burns me and consumes me! And not even to have, never to have, the refreshment of a shade for that devouring ardor! What balm would procure a relief to my horrible torture?" He bore in his veins and marrow the desire of all men, of every species, amassed generation after generation, aggravated by the faults of all the fathers and of all the sons, the intoxications of all, the anguishes of all. In his blood blossomed the germs of the secular¹ concupiscence,² remingled the most diverse impurities, refermented the venoms, the most subtle and violent, that, since immemorial ages,

¹secular, 久不消滅的. ²concupiscence, 色慾.

問我，現在她又對我說話啦。我生下來，要我走什麼註定的命運呀？走什麼命運呀？那個老調又對我說道：“要縱慾與死！死於縱慾！哎！不是的，不是的。這不是你的真正意義。縱慾，縱慾，縱慾，縱到死；卻不是死於縱慾！”媚藥越變越強，越變越堅持不放鬆他，蝕入他的骨髓。他全個人在這樣的不能忍受的顫動中亂扭。音樂隊有時有焚屍的畢剝爆炸聲。兇狂的痛楚有時帶着狂風暴雨的猛烈在他身上穿過，使火焰復活。忽然的跳動震撼他，一撼動就有極兇惡的喊聲出來；堵住喉嚨的嗚咽消滅於震撼中。“媚藥！媚藥！可怕的媚藥！我覺得媚藥多麼兇猛的從我的心竄上我的腦！到了腦就無藥可救啦，無論怎樣甜美的死都不能解放我，使我不受縱慾的酷刑啦。哎呀！無論在什麼地方，無論在什麼地點，我都找不着安逸啦。黑夜逐我向白晝，太陽的眼愛看我的永遠不停的痛苦。呀！猛烈的太陽怎樣燒我，怎樣焚化我！我得不着。永遠得不着樹陰，躲避這樣食人的烈火，振刷我的精神！我受可怕的酷刑，有什麼安神劑會止我的痛呀？”他的血管裏與骨髓裏裝着全數人類的色慾。無論什麼種人，一代傳一代的色慾全堆在他身上，還加上全數為父的及全數為子的罪過，加上全數人類的酣醉與痛心。身從荒遠不能記憶的時代以來，凡是女人們的紫色的，彎曲的嘴所灌在熱烈的及受制的男人們身上的不潔與毒液，都在他的血內發生久

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the purplish sinuous mouths of women had poured out on eager and subjugated males. He was the heir of the eternal evil. "That terrible philter which condemns me to torture, it is I, I myself, who have compounded it. With the agitations of my father, with the convulsions of my mother, with all the tears of love shed in other times, with laughter and with tears, with pleasures and with wounds, I myself have compounded the poison of that philter. And I have drunk it by deep, enjoyable draughts. A curse on thee, terrible philter! A curse on he who compounded thee!" And he fell back on his couch, exhausted, inanimate, to recover his equanimity, to feel once more the ardor of his wound, to see once more with his hallucinated eyes the sovereign image crossing the fields of the sea. "She is coming, she is coming towards land, softly rocked on the great waves of intoxicating flowers. Her smile throws on me a divine consolation; she brings me the supreme refreshment." Thus he invoked, thus *he saw*, with his eyes closed henceforth to the common light, the sorceress, the mistress of balms, the healer of all wounds. "She comes, she comes! Dost thou not see her, Kurvenal; dost thou not see her?" And the agitated waves of the mystic Gulf gathered confusedly from the depths all the melodies already heard, mingling them, raising them up, submerging them in an abyss, repulsing them again to the surface, crushing them: those that could have expressed the anguish of the decisive conflict on the bridge of the ship, those in which one heard the boiling of the draught poured into the golden cup and the buzzing in the arteries invaded by the liquid fire, those in which had been heard the mysterious breath of the summer night inviting voluptuousness

不消滅的色慾的微生物，與種類最多的污穢重復混雜，使最詭異與最兇猛的毒液重新發酵。他是永恆罪惡的承產人。“罰我受酷刑的可怖的媚藥，原是我自己用許多物料合成的。我自己用我父親的擾動，和母親的顫動，用別的時候所流的全數愛情的眼淚，用大笑與多次的眼淚，用快樂與傷痛，造成媚藥的毒。我曾深吸好幾口這樣娛人的毒酒。天譴你這樣可怖的媚藥！天譴調合你的人！”他隨即倒在榻上，疲乏了，沒得精神了，他要恢復他的安寧，要再覺得他的傷痛的熱烈，要用他的狂透眼再看見那個君主形像渡海。“她快來啦，她正在向陸地來，在醉人的花卉的大浪上輕輕的搖擺。她的微笑摔一片神聖的安慰在我身上：她把至高無上的精神爽快送來給我。”從此以後他閉着眼，呼喚那個女魔，那個會撫慰的女人，那個善治全數傷的人出來，他就是這樣看見她。“她來啦，她來啦！古爾文那，你不看見她麼？你不看見她麼？”神祕海灣的紛亂波濤從大海亂七八糟的收集已經聽見的全數音調，把這些音調揉雜在一堆，提起來，埋沒在一個深坑裏，又激上水面，再打碎：上文所說的音調，包括凡是可以在船的望臺上發表其決定勝負的衝突的痛心的，凡是在其中有人聽見沸騰的媚藥倒入金盃的，與流火侵入血管，在管內作轟轟聲的，凡是在其內曾聽見夏夜呼吸聲引人無窮縱慾

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without end, all the melodies, with all the images and all the recollections. And on this immense shipwreck the fatal melody passed, proud, sovereign, implacable, repeating at intervals the atrocious condemnation: "To desire, to desire, to desire even unto death: but not to die of desire!"

"The vessel drops its anchor! Ysolde! behold Ysolde! She springs to the shore!" cried Kurvenal from the top of the tower. And, in the delirium of joy, Tristan tore off the bandages of his wound, excited his own blood to flow, to inundate the earth, to empurple the world. At the approach of Ysolde and Death, he believed he *heard* the light. "Do I not hear the light? Do not my ears hear the light?" A great inner sun dazzled him; every atom of his substance darted rays of sunlight that, in luminous waves, expanded through the universe. The light was music; the music was light.

And then the Mystic Gulf truly became irradiated like a sky. The sonorities of the orchestra seemed to imitate those distant planetary harmonies that, long ago, the souls of vigilant contemplators believed they surprised in the nocturnal silence. Gradually, the long tremblings of restlessness, the long bursts of anguish, the pantings of vain pursuits, and the efforts of the ever-deceived desire, and all the agitations of terrestrial misery, were appeased, became dissipated. Tristan had finally crossed the limit of the "marvellous empire"; he had finally entered into eternal night. And Ysolde, bent over the inert shell, felt at last the heavy weight that still crushed her slowly dissolve. The fatal melody, become clearer and more solemn, consecrated the great funereal hymn. Then the notes, like

的，包括全數音調，還帶着全數的形像與全數的記憶。致死的，驕傲的，威嚴的，及不能調和的音調，在這條很大的破船上。久不久又宣布兇惡的讒詞：“縱慾，縱慾，縱慾到死：卻不是死於縱慾！”

“船拋錨啦！伊素勒第！看見伊素勒第啦！她跳上岸啦！”這是古爾文那在高臺頂上所說的話。特立斯丹歡喜到發狂，扯下裹傷的布，激動他自己的血流，要浸大地，要染世界變成紫色。當伊素勒第與‘死’走到的時候，他相信他聽見光。“我不是聽見光嗎？我的兩耳不是聽見光嗎？”一個在內的大太陽睜他：他的體質的每個分子都射出陽光來，射出的是發光的浪，穿出宇宙展拓。光就是音樂；音樂就是光。

神祕的海灣真是變作如同天一般發光。音樂隊的聲響好像學遠處行星的諧和，許久以前夜觀天象的人們相信忽然在寂靜的深夜曾聽見過這樣的諧和。不寧的長久顫動，長久的心痛發作，追求無效的喘息，永遠受欺的縱慾的努力，人世愁苦的全數騷擾，都平靜下來啦，消耗了啦。最後特立斯丹越過“怪異世界”的邊界啦？他最後走入永恆的深夜啦。伊素勒第在不動的殼上彎着身子，覺得仍然壓在她身上的重物慢慢消化了。致死的音調變作更清楚更嚴肅，成爲神聖不可侵犯的偉大輓歌。隨後那些

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ethereal chords, began to weave about the lover veils of diaphanous purity. Thus commenced a sort of joyous assumption,¹ by degrees of splendor, on the wing of a hymn. "What a sweet smile he is smiling! Dost thou not see? Dost thou not hear? Am I alone to hear that new melody, infinitely sweet and consoling, that streams from the depths of his being, and ravishes me, and penetrates me, and envelops me?" The Irish sorceress, the formidable mistress of philters, the hereditary arbitrator of obscure terrestrial powers, she who, from the tops of the ship, had invoked the whirlwinds and tempests, she whose love had chosen the strongest and most noble of heroes to intoxicate and destroy him, she who had closed the path of glory and victory to a "conqueror of the world," the poisoner, the homicide, became transfigured by the power of death into a being of light and of joy, exempt from all impure covetousness, free from all base attachment, throbbing and respiring in the breast of the diffused soul of the universe. "Are not these clearer sounds that murmur in my ear the soft waves of the air? Must I respire, drink, plunge myself, slowly drift in the vapors and perfumes?" All in her dissolved, melted, dilated, returned to the original fluidity, to the immense elementary ocean in which the forms were born, in which the forms disappeared to become renewed and to be reborn. In the Mystic Gulf the transformations and transfigurations were being accomplished, note by note, harmony by harmony, without interruption. It seemed as if all things there were decomposed, exhaling their hidden essences, changing into immaterial symbols. Colors

¹ assumption, 升天.

音調，如同浮絲一般，起首在透光清潔的愛人面紗左右組織。於是在一篇聖歌的翼上經過深淺不同的光耀，音調就是這樣起首作一種快樂的升天啦。“他微微一笑，笑得那麼甜美呀！你不看見麼？你不聽見麼？這個新音調，既是無限的甜美又能安慰人，是從他的胸臆最深處流出來的，迷惑我，鑽透我，籠罩我，難道只是使我一個人聽麼。”這個愛爾蘭的女魔，這個可怖的製媚藥的女人，這個世襲的專管黑暗凡間勢力的人，她從船的桅頂上呼喚旋風與暴風，她的愛情會選擇最強健與最高貴的英雄，要迷惑他，要毀滅他，她已經把光榮與戰勝的路堵塞了，使這一個“世界的征服人”走不通，她是一個放毒人，又是一個殺人兇手，她的形狀現在被死的勢力所改變，變作一個有光而快樂的人，擺脫了全數不潔的貪得，擺脫了全數卑劣的依戀，在宇宙的散佈靈魂的懷中跳動與呼吸。“在我耳中喃喃作響的較為清楚聲音，不是空氣的柔和波浪麼？我必定要在水氣中及香氣中呼吸麼，在氣中飲麼，跳入氣中麼，慢慢浮在氣中麼？”凡是在她體中的全消化了，鎔了，展大了，復歸於原始的流質，復歸於無量大的原始的海中，形狀生於海，消滅於海，經過一番整新，又生於海。變形與變質都是在神祕海灣完成的，是逐個音調，逐個諧和，並無間斷作成的。好像全數事物全在那裏析分，吐出深藏的精華，變作無體質的符號。人世最嬌嫩花瓣的顏色絕比不上這裏的顏色。浮在這裏的有一種幾乎聞不着那樣微妙的香氣。在一閃光中現出幾處祕密，天堂的光景：將來發生的世界的種子就在這裏開花。令人恐慌的沉醉上升又

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never before seen on petals of the most delicate terrestrial flowers, perfumes of an almost imperceptible subtlety, floated there. Visions of secret paradises were revealed in a flash of light; the germs of worlds to be born blossomed there. And the panicky intoxication ascended, ascended; the chorus of the Great All covered the unique human voice. Transfigured, Ysolde entered into the marvellous empire triumphantly. "To lose oneself, to throw oneself into the abyss, to swoon without consciousness in the infinite throbbing of the universal soul: supreme voluptuousness."

上升；偉大的包羅萬有的音樂隊蓋住獨一的人聲。伊素勒第變了形體很得意的走入怪異世界。“忘了自己，把自己摔入深坑裏，無知無覺的暈倒在普遍靈魂的無限的跳動中，這是極端的縱慾。”

CHAPTER II

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. . . They went out into the loggia. She raised her face towards the stars and breathed the perfume of the summer night.

“You see how beautiful the night is!” said George, in a hoarse yet gentle voice.

“They are beating the flax,” said Hippolyte, listening attentively to the continuous rhythm.

“Let us go down,” said George. “Let us walk a little. Let us go as far as the olive-trees, yonder.”

He seemed to hang on Hippolyte’s lips.¹

“No, no. Let us remain here. You see in what a state I am!”

“What does that matter? Who will see you? We shall not meet a living soul at this hour. Come as you are. I’d go without my hat. The country is almost like a garden for us. Let us go down.”

She hesitated a few seconds. But she, too, felt the need of fresh air, of getting away from this house that still seemed to resound with the echo of her horrible laughs.

“Let us go down,” she finally consented.

At these words, George felt as if his heart had ceased to beat.

With an instinctive movement he approached the threshold of the illuminated room. He cast toward the interior

¹ hang on Hippolyte’s lips, 留心細聽之說話.

第 二 回

(佐治與希普利提同被這篇長劇所迷。相信他們與劇中主要人物相等。他就慢慢勸她死。有一天夏夜，佐治勸希普利提出外閒步。譯者註。)他們出去，走入四面無壁的長廊。她擡頭看星，吸夏夜的香氣。

佐治用沙而柔和的聲音說道，“你看今晚是多麼美呀！”

希普利提留心細聽接續的節奏，說道，“他們在那裏捶麼。”

佐治說道，“我們不如走下去，散步一會，我們不如走到在那邊的橄欖樹。”

他好像留心細聽希普利提說話。

“不，不。我們不如在這裏盤桓。你看我是什麼打扮呀！”（上文說她披着頭髮。譯者註。）

“這算什麼？有誰看見你呀！這個時候我們絕不會遇着什麼人的。你就是這樣（披着頭髮）來吧。我不戴帽子就去。這個鄉下幾乎就像是我們的花園。我們走下去吧。”

她遲疑幾秒鐘。但是她也覺得要吸新鮮空氣，要離開這間屋子，屋子裏好像還有她的可怖的大笑的迴響聲音。

最後她答應了，說道，“我們走下去吧”

佐治一聽見這句話，他的心好像已經不跳動啦。

他用一種本能的行動，走到點着燈的屋子門檻。他很

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a look of anguish, a look of farewell. A hurricane of recollections arose in his distracted soul.

"Shall we leave the lamp lit?" he asked, without thinking of what he was saying.

And his own voice gave him an indefinable sensation as of some distant and strange thing.

"Yes," answered Hippolyte.

They went down.

On the staircase they took each other by the hand, slowly descending step by step. George made so violent an effort to repress his anguish that the effort caused in him a strange exaltation. He considered the immensity of the nocturnal sky, and believed it to be filled by the intensity of his own life.

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They walked several steps in silence.

The night was bright, glorious in all directions. The Great Bear shone on their heads in all its sextuple mystery. Silent and pure as the heaven above, the Adriatic gave as the only indication of its existence its respiration and its perfume.

"Why do you hurry so?" asked Hippolyte.

George slowed down his step. Dominated by a single thought, pursued by the necessity of the act, he had only a confused consciousness for everything else. His inner life seemed to disintegrate, to decompose, to dissolve in a heavy fermentation that invaded even the deepest depths of his being, and brought to the surface shapeless fragments, of diverse nature, as little recognizable as if they had not belonged to the life of the same man.

心痛的看看屋裏，同屋裏永訣。有一陣如同狂風一般的往事的記憶，起於他的擾亂靈魂裏。

他問道，“我們隨那盞燈點着麼？”他並不想他說些什麼。

他自己的聲音給他一種說不清楚的感覺，好像是在遠處的及奇怪東西的聲音。

希普利提答道，“隨那盞燈點着吧。”

他們走下去。

他們在樓梯上手拉手慢慢逐步下樓。佐治用很兇狂的力壓下自己的痛心；這樣的出力使他發生一種奇怪的高超思想。他想到夜深的天的曠遠無際，他就相信他自己的生活的濃烈充塞上天。

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（當她走入小路的時候，她跌倒，佐治扶住她。譯者註。）他們不說話，走了幾步。

這天晚上很光，無處不是一片光耀。北斗照他們的頭，有六倍神祕。阿特利阿忒 (Adriatic) 海同上天一樣的寂靜與清潔，只有其呼吸與香氣，表示有這片大海存在。

希普利提問道，“你爲什麼走得這樣匆忙？”

佐治就慢慢走。他被單獨一個思想所節制，被必要的舉動所追逐，他只想快走，關於其他諸事他只有混亂的知覺。他的內裏生活好像要解散啦，要破壞啦，要在重濁的發酵中消化啦，這樣的發酵侵入他的最深處，使不成形狀的碎塊浮在上面，碎塊的性質各有不同，幾乎不能辨認，好像是不屬於同此一人的生命的。

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All these strange, inextricable, abrupt, violent things he vaguely perceived, as if in a half-slumber, while at the same time one single point in his brain retained an extraordinary lucidity, and, in a rigid line, guided him toward the fatal act.

"How melancholy the sound of the flax brake in that field is," said Hippolyte, stopping. "All night long they beat the flax. Does that not make you feel melancholy?"

She abandoned herself on George's arm, brushed his cheek with her tresses.

"Do you recall, at Albano, the pavers who were beating the pavement from morning to night beneath our window?"

Her voice was veiled with sadness, somewhat tired.

"We became accustomed to that noise."

She stopped, restless.

"Why do you keep turning around?"

"It seems to me that I hear a man walking barefoot," responded George in a low voice. "Let us stop."

They stopped, listened.

George was under the empire of¹ the same horror that had frozen him in front of the door of the funereal chamber. All his being trembled, fascinated by the mystery; he seemed to have already crossed the confines of an unknown world.

"It is Giardino," said Hippolyte, on perceiving the dog, which approached. "He has followed us."

And, several times, she called the faithful animal, which came running up friskily. She bent down to caress him,

¹under the empire of, 受制於。

他好像半睡半醒的，空空洞洞的覺得有全數怪異的擺脫不開的，兇猛的東西，同時他的腦海有單獨一點還保留着非常的清楚知識，在一條不能移動的直線上領他走向致死的舉動。

希普利提立住腳，說道，“在那片田上的捶麻聲音是多麼愁悶呀？他們終夜捶麻。這樣聲音不令你覺得愁悶麼。”

她整個身子倒在他的兩膀上，用她的頭髮刷他的臉。

“你還記得我們在阿爾巴諾時候，鋪路石的工人們在我們的窗子下日夜捶路麼？”

她的聲音有愁慘腔調蓋住，多少帶點疲倦。

“我們聽慣那種聲響啦。”

她站着，有不安態度。

“你爲什麼次回頭看呀？”

佐治低聲答道，“我好像聽見有一個人赤腳走路的聲響。我們站住罷。”

他們站住細聽。

佐治從前在停棺的屋子門口，嚇到渾身冰冷，現在被同樣的恐怖所嚇倒。他的全個人被神祕所迷惑，在那裏發抖；他好像已經越過一個人所不知的世界的邊境。

希普利提看見狗走來，說道，“是伽丁諾（Gi rdino 狗名。譯者註。）他跟着我們。”

她喊這條忠心的狗幾次，這條狗快快跑上來。她低頭

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spoke to him in the special tone she habitually used when she petted animals she was fond of.

"You never leave your friend, do you? You never leave her?"

The grateful animal rolled in the dust.

George made a few steps. He felt a great relief on feeling himself free from Hippolyte's arm; up to now, this contact had given him an indefinable physical uneasiness. He imagined the sudden and violent act he was about to accomplish; he imagined the mortal embrace of his arms around the body of this woman, and he would have liked to touch her only at the supreme instant.

"Come, come; we'll soon be there," he said, preceding her in the direction of the olive-trees, whitened by the moonlight and stars.

He halted on the edge of the plateau, and turned around to assure himself that she was following him. Once more he gazed around him distractedly, as if to embrace the image of the night. It seemed to him that, on this plateau, the silence had become more profound. Only the rhythmic beats of the flax brake could be heard from the distant fields.

"Come!" he repeated in a clear voice, strengthened by a sudden energy.

And, passing between the twisted trunks, feeling beneath his feet the softness of the grass, he directed his steps towards the edge of the precipice.

This edge formed a circular projection, entirely free in every direction, without any kind of railing. George pressed his hands on his knees, bent his body forward on this support, and advanced his head cautiously. He

撫摩他，她用特別腔調對他說話，當她撫摩她所愛的動物時候，她常用這樣腔調。

“你不離開你的朋友，是不是？你絕不離開她麼？”

這條感恩的狗在地下滾。

佐治前走不多幾步。這時候希普利提的膀子不摟住他，他就覺得得了大解放；計到這個時候為止，這樣的兩體相觸給他一種說不清楚的肉體的不快。他想像他快要做成的忽然的與兇殘的事；他想像他的兩手的致死的摟抱，摟住這個女人的身體，他只要當最要緊的時刻與她相觸。

他在她前面，向被月光與星光照成發白的橄欖樹林走，說道，“來，來；我們快到那裏啦。”

他在高地邊上立住腳，掉過頭看，要的確曉得她跟着他走。他又心裏很慌亂的四面看，好像要摟抱夜影。他好像覺得在這個高地上的寂靜變作更深沉。只能聽見遠處田上打麻聲。

他得了忽然一陣的精力，就覺得氣力增加，用清楚聲音說道，“來呀！”

他在彎曲樹身之間走過，覺得腳下的青草柔軟，他踏腳走向懸崖邊上。崖邊成爲一片突出的圓形，四圍無阻礙，並無什麼欄杆。佐治用兩手壓着兩膝，這樣支柱着，彎着身子向前，很小心的伸出他的頭。他察看底下的大石；他

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examined the rocks below him; he saw a corner of the sandy beach. The little corpse stretched out on the sand reappeared to him. There appeared to him also the blackish spot he had seen with Hippolyte from the heights of the Pincio, at the foot of the wall; and he heard again the answers of the teamster to the greenish-looking man; and, confusedly, all the phantoms of that distant afternoon repassed before his soul.

"Take care!" cried Hippolyte, as she came up to him.
"Take care!"

The dog barked among the olive-trees.

"Do you hear me, George? Come away!"

The promontory fell perpendicularly down to the black and deserted rocks, around which the water scarcely moved, splashing feebly, rocking in its slow undulations the reflections of the stars.

"George! Georgel!"

"Have no fear!" he said in a hoarse voice. "Come nearer! Come! Come and see the fishermen, fishing by torchlight among the rocks."

"No, no! I am afraid of vertigo."

"Come! I will hold you."

"No, no."

She seemed frozen by the unusual tone in George's voice, and a vague fright commenced to invade her.

"Come!"

And he approached her, his hands extended. Suddenly he seized her wrists, dragged her several steps; then he seized her in his arms, made a bound, and attempted to force her towards the abyss.

"No! no! no!"

看見沙灘的一角。他的心眼又看見小屍身挺得直直的在沙上（這是從前親眼看見的，參觀第一卷第一回譯者注。）他又看見那個黑色的點，這是他同希普利提從平吉奧高處牆腳看見的；他又聽見駕車人對答面色發綠的人的話；許久以前的下午所看見全數影像，現時又很混亂的復現於他的靈魂之前。

希普利提走上來，喊道，“你要小心呀！”你要小心呀！”

那條狗在橄欖樹林間吠。

“佐治，你聽見麼，你走開！”

這個石壁直直的落在黑而無人的許多石頭上，環繞石頭的水幾乎不動，不過微微衝擊石頭，起落得很慢，搖動其中的星光。

“佐治！佐治！”

他用啞聲答道，“不要怕！走近些；來呀！來看打魚人，他們在石上用火把打魚。”

“不，不！我怕頭暈。”

“來啦！我扶住你。”

“不，不。”

她聽見佐治聲音的異常腔調，就渾身冰冷，一陣不知所以的恐怖首侵犯她。

“來呀！”

他伸出兩手走到她那裏。他忽然抓住她的兩隻手腕，拖她幾步；他隨即兩手抱住她，跳了一跳，嘗試逼她向深潭走。

“不！不！不！”

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She resisted with furious energy.

She succeeded in disengaging herself, jumped back, panting and trembling.

"Are you mad?" she cried, choked by anger. "Are you mad?"

But when she saw him come after her without speaking a word, when she felt herself seized with more brutal violence and dragged again toward the precipice, she understood all, and a great, sinister flash of light struck terror to her soul.

"No, George, no! Let me be! Let me be! Only one minute! Listen! Listen! One minute! I want to tell you—"

Insane with terror, she supplicated him, writhing. She hoped to stop him, to move him to pity.

"One minute! Listen! I love you! Forgive me! Forgive me!"

She stammered incoherent words desperately, feeling herself becoming weaker, losing her ground, seeing death before her.

"Assassin!" she then shrieked, furious.

And she defended herself with her nails, with her teeth, like a beast.

"Assassin!" she shrieked, as she was seized by the hair, thrown to the ground on the edge of the precipice, lost.

The dog barked at the tragic group.

It was a brief and fierce struggle, like the sudden outburst of supreme hate which, up to then, had been smouldering, unsuspected, in the hearts of implacable enemies.

And they both crashed down to death, clasped in each other's arms.

她用發狂的氣力抗拒。

她居然掙扎成功，擺脫她自己，往後跳，在那裏喘氣與發顫。

她的怒氣堵住喉嚨，她喊道，“你瘋了麼？你瘋了麼？

但是等到她看見他一言不發在後趕來，等到她覺得被他用更野蠻的暴力捉住她，又拖她向懸崖走，她全明白了，於是有一陣大而不祥的閃光使她的靈魂發生恐怖。

“不，佐治，不！你隨我去吧！你隨我去吧！我只要一
分鐘！你聽我說！你聽我說！一分鐘！我要告訴你——”

她恐怖到發狂，如蟲子一般曲扭着身子哀求他。她希望阻止他，希望激動他憐憫她。

“一分鐘！你聽我說！我愛你！你饒了我吧！你饒了我吧！”

她拚命的吞吞吐吐說斷斷續續的話，覺得她自己的氣力變作更薄弱啦，失了她的地步啦，她看見死在她的眼前。

她隨即發狂怒喊道，“殺人的兇手！”

她隨即用她的指甲，用她的牙齒，如同一隻野獸一般保護她自己。

他抓住她的頭髮，她被他摔倒在崖邊地下，被他打倒了，她喊道，“行刺的兇手！”

那條狗對着這一羣演慘劇的人吠。

這一場奮鬥短促而兇狂，如同忽然發生的極端仇怨，這樣的仇怨自當初至如今，一向在兩個不能和解的仇敵心中醞釀（原文作悶着無烟的火，譯者注）兩人都不會疑心到有這樣的怨仇。

他們兩個人摟抱着，跳下死所。（這部書的主義就是說男女相愛到極點居多會生疑心會生忌妒惟有同死能够打勝疑心與忌妒。佐治想起特立斯丹與伊素勒第的慘劇所以他到底要他的愛人與他同時跳海死。譯者注。）



(8 1 2 2 1)

英漢對照名家小說選

死的得勝

The Triumph of Death

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