

**Eveline (伊芙林)**

James Joyce

SHE sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it -- not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field -- the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was

她坐在窗前看着黄昏涌上大街。她的头靠在窗帘上，鼻孔里满是提花窗帘布上的尘土气味。她累了。

很少有人走过。最后一所房子里的那个男人经过这里往家走；她听见他啪嗒啪嗒的脚步声走过水泥道，然后又嘎吱嘎吱地踩在新红房子前的煤渣小路上。过去那里曾经有一块空地，他们每晚都在空地上和其他家的孩子一起玩耍。后来一个贝尔法斯特来的男人买走了那块地并在那里建了房子——与他们棕色的小房子不同，他的房子是明亮的砖房还有闪亮的屋顶。这条街的孩子过去总是在那块地上玩——迪瓦恩家的，沃特家的，邓恩家的，瘸子小基奥，她和她的兄弟姐妹。但是欧内斯特却从来没有玩过，他太大了。她的父亲经常用他那根黑刺李木的拐杖到地里把她们赶出去；但小基奥总是站岗，一看见她的父亲过来就大声喊。即使这样他们那时似乎还是很开心。她父亲还没有这么坏，而且她母亲也还活着。那是很久以前的事了，她和兄弟姐

dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

--He is in Melbourne now.

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they

妹都已经长大了；她的母亲死了。迪齐·邓恩也死了，沃特一家回英格兰了。所有的一切都变了。现在她也要像其他人那样离开自己的家。

家！她环顾屋内，审视着这么多年来她每周都要掸擦一遍的一切熟悉的物品，心里奇怪究竟哪来的这么多灰尘。也许她再也见不到那些熟悉的东西了，她做梦也没想到过和它们分开。可是这么多年里她从来没有弄清楚那张泛黄的照片上的牧师的姓名，照片就挂在墙上，在破旧的风琴的上边，旁边是耶稣对圣玛利亚·玛丽·阿拉科特许诺的彩色图片。他是父亲的学友。每次父亲把照片递给到家里的朋友看时，总是不经意地带一句：

“他现在在墨尔本呢。”

她已经答应离开，离开自己的家。这样做明智吗？她试着权衡这个问题的每一个方面。在家里不管怎么说她有吃有住；有她认识了一辈子的人在她身边。当然她得拼命干活，不论是在家里还是在商店里。如果商店里的人知道她和一个男人

found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

--Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?

--Look lively, Miss Hill, please.

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married -- she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down

跑了，她们会怎么说她呢？也许说她是一个傻瓜；她们会登广告找别人代替她的位置。加文小姐会很高兴。她总是要压她一头，尤其是有旁人听着的时候。

“希尔小姐，难道你没有看见这些女士在等着吗？”

“请精神点，希尔小姐。”

离开商店她不会掉多少眼泪的。

但是在她的新家，在一个遥远陌生的国家，事情就不会是那样了。她会结婚——她，伊芙林。人们会很尊重她。她不会受到她母亲受过的那种对待。即使是现在，她已经过 19 岁了，她还是经常感到自己有挨父亲打的危险。她知道正是因为这种担心才使她心惊肉跳。她们长大以后，他还没有像他曾经打哈利和欧内斯特那样打过她，因为她是个女孩；但最近他开始威胁地，说要不是因为她死去的母亲的缘故，他会怎样对待她。现在没有人能保护她，欧内斯特死了，而干教堂装修的哈利几乎总是在乡下的什么地

somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages -- seven shillings -- and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work -- a hard life -- but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her. How well

方。另外，每星期六都为了钱而发生的争吵已使她开始感到说不出的厌倦。她总是交出她所有的工资——七个先令——哈利也总是尽力给家里寄钱，但问题是从她父亲手中要钱。他说她过去总是胡乱花钱，没有头脑，还说他不会将他辛苦挣来的钱交给她到街上乱花，等等，因为他星期六晚上通常心情相当糟。最后他会将钱给她，并问她是否打算买星期天晚饭吃的东西，然后她不得不尽快跑到市场上买东西，她紧紧地将黑皮钱包攥在手里，在人群中挤着走，直到很晚才背着沉重的食品回家。她好不容易才能将这个家维持下来，让那两个留给她照顾的年幼的弟弟妹妹能够按时上学，按时吃饭。工作很艰难——生活也很艰难——但是现在她就要离开这一切，她发现这种生活并不是完全令人不快的。

她将要和弗兰克一起去探索另一种生活。弗兰克非常善良，有男子气概，并且心胸坦荡。她要和他一起乘夜船逃走，去做他的妻子，和他一起生活在布宜诺斯艾利斯，

she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see *The Bohemian Girl* and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

在那里他有一个家在等着她。第一次见到他的情景她记得多么清楚啊：他住在她常去的那条大街上的一所房子里。一切似乎就是几个星期以前的事，他站在大门口，尖顶帽推向脑后，头发向前散乱垂在晒得黧黑的脸上。接着他们就彼此认识了。他每晚都到店外接她并送她回家。他带她去看《波希米亚女孩》，同他一起坐在剧院她难得一坐的地方使她感觉十分得意。他非常喜欢音乐，也会唱一点。大家都知道他俩在谈恋爱，当他唱到爱上一个水手的少女时她常会有一种愉快又困惑的感觉。他总是开玩笑地叫她雌天鹅。起初她觉得有个男朋友是件令人兴奋的事，接着她开始喜欢他了。他会讲许多遥远的国家的故事。他一开始在阿伦航运公司的一艘开往加拿大的船上做舱面水手，月薪一英镑。他告诉她他呆过的船的名字以及船上不同活计的名称。他曾经穿过了麦哲伦海峡，他给她讲可怕的巴塔哥尼亚印地安人的故事。他说在布宜诺斯艾利斯他站稳了脚跟，回到祖国只是为了度假。当然，她的父亲知道了他们的事并禁止他们交往。

--I know these sailor chaps, he said.

One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mothers bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness;

“我可知道那些水手，”他说。

有一天他和弗兰克吵了起来，从那以后她就不得不和她的情人偷偷地约会了。

街上的夜色更深了。她腿上放的两封信的白色已变得模糊难辨了。一封是给哈利的；另一封是给她父亲的。她最喜欢欧内斯特，但她也喜欢哈利。她注意到近来父亲变老了；他会想她的。有时他还是非常不错的。不久以前，她生病躺了一天，他给她读了一个鬼的故事，还在火炉上给她烤面包片。还有一天，他们的母亲还活着的时候，他们一起去霍斯山野餐，她记得父亲带着母亲的无沿女帽逗孩子们笑。

她的时间不多了，但她仍然坐在窗前，头靠着窗帘，呼吸着提花窗帘上的尘土气味。她听见下面街的深处传来街头风琴演奏的声音。她知道这支曲子。真奇怪这支曲子恰好在这个夜晚出现，提醒她对母亲的承诺——保证尽可能维持这个家。她记得她母亲生病的最后一个夜晚，她又一次置身于门厅另一侧

she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

--Damned Italians! Coming over here!

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being -- that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

--Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she

那间闷热黑暗的房间，她听见外面奏着一首忧伤的意大利曲子。他父亲给了风琴手六个便士让他走开。她记得父亲神气活现地回到病房说：

“该死的意大利人！居然到这里来！”

她陷入沉思，母亲一生的可怜景象触动了她感情的最深处——那为平凡琐事牺牲了一切，最后在神经失常中结束了的一生。她颤抖起来，再一次听到母亲的声音一遍一遍地固执地重复着：

“享乐的归宿是痛苦！享乐的归宿是痛苦！”

在突然的恐怖感引起的冲动下，她站了起来。逃走！她一定要逃走！弗兰克会拯救她。他会给她生活，也许还有爱。但是她想活下去。为什么她就该不开心呢，她有快乐的权利，弗兰克会把她拥在臂弯里，紧紧地拥抱她。他会拯救她。

她站在北墙站拥挤摆动的人群中。他握着她的手，她知道他在同

knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

--Come!

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

--Come!

她说话，一遍遍地说着有关航行的事。车站里满是带着棕色行李的士兵。从棚子的大宽门望去，她瞥了一眼黑色的巨大的船体，停在码头旁边，舷窗上亮着灯光。她什么也没有回答。她感到自己的脸颊苍白冰冷。在一片茫然的苦恼中，她请求上帝指引她，告诉她她该怎么做。船在薄雾中发出长长的哀伤的汽笛声。如果她走了，明天她就会同弗兰克一起在海上，向布宜诺斯艾利斯驶去。他们的旅行已经预定好了。在他为她做了这么多以后，她还能退缩吗？她的苦恼在她的身上引起想吐的感觉，她不停地动着嘴唇默默地、狂热地祈祷着。

一阵铃声摇响在她的心头。她感到他在抓着她的手：

“来！”

她的心潮汹涌澎湃。他正拉着她走进那波涛，他会把她淹死的。她的双手紧紧地抓着铁栏杆。

“来！”



No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

Eveline! Evvy!

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

不! 不! 不! 不可能。她的手疯狂地抓着铁栅栏, 在心海中她发出痛苦的叫喊。

“伊芙林! 艾微!”

他冲过栅栏, 大喊着要她跟上。人们喊着让他快走, 但他仍在大声喊着她。她苍白的面孔对着他, 那么迟钝、被动, 像个无助的动物。她的眼里没有向他表示出任何的爱或离情别意, 就像不认识他一样。