

# 【尤利西斯】中英双语对照



《尤利西斯》是爱尔兰作家詹姆斯·乔伊斯（James Joyce）的代表作，首次出版于1922年。这部小说以其革命性的叙事技巧和深刻的主题探索，被广泛认为是20世纪最伟大的文学作品之一。小说的背景设定在1904年的都柏林，通过一天之内的事件，细致描绘了主人公利奥波德·布卢姆、斯蒂芬·戴德勒斯和玛丽昂·布卢姆的生活。詹姆斯·乔伊斯（1882-1941），是现代主义文学的重要人物，他的作品以对传统叙事结构的颠覆、对意识流技巧的运用

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唐库学习 译

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STATELY, PLUMP BUCK MULLIGAN CAME FROM THE STAIRHEAD, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. —

肥硕的巴克·马利根从楼梯头走了出来，手持一碗泡沫，镜子和刀交叉放在上面。 —

A yellow dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. —  
他身后随和的晨风轻轻地撑着一件未系腰带的黄色睡袍。 —

He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

他高举着碗，高声吟唱道：

– Introibo ad altare Dei.

– 我要到神的祭坛前去。

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely:

他停住脚步，凝视着黑暗蜿蜒的楼梯，粗声喊道：

– Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful jesuit.

– 上来吧，金奇。上来吧，你那胆怯的耶稣会士。

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. —

他庄严地走到前方，登上了圆形的炮架。 —

He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. —

他转身向四周的国家和苏醒的群山庄严地祝福三次。 —

Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. —

然后，他看见了史蒂芬·德达拉斯，俯身向他靠近，迅速在空气中划十字，喉间发出咕咕声，摇着头。 —

Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untousured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

不悦而困倦的史蒂芬·德达拉斯用手肘撑在楼梯顶端，冷冷地看着那个摇摆咕啾着祝福他的脸，宽长如马，头发如淡色橡木一样纹理分明。

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

巴克·马利根悄悄瞥了一眼镜子下面，然后迅速盖住了碗。

– Back to barracks, he said sternly.

– 返回军营，他严厉地说。

He added in a preacher's tone:

他以传教士的语气补充道：

– For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. —

– 亲爱的人啊，这就是地道的基督：肉体 and 灵魂、血肉 and 名词。 —

Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. —

请慢节奏的音乐。闭上眼睛，先生们。片刻。 —

A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

关于那些白细胞有点麻烦。安静，都别说话。

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. —

他斜视向上，吹了一个长长的低音口哨，然后一时半刻专注地停下来，他那一排洁白的牙齿上偶尔闪烁着金色的点。 —

Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

克里索斯托莫斯。两声响亮的尖叫口哨回答着宁静。

– Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

– 谢谢，老兄，他轻快地叫道。这样就够好了。可以关掉电流吗？

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. —

他跳下炮架，严肃地看着他的看守者，同时将长袍的松散褶边集拢在腿上。 —

The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. —

丰满的阴暗脸庞和愁郁的椭圆下巴让人想起中世纪的艺术赞助人。 —

A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

他脸上静静地泛起了愉悦的微笑。

– The mockery of it, he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek.

– 愚弄呢，他欢快地说。你那荒谬的名字，古希腊名字。

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. —

他友好地用手指指着，走到城垛边，在自己笑着走去。 —

Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily half way and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the

bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

史蒂芬·德达拉斯走近了他，疲倦地跟在他身后坐在炮架边缘，继续看着他，他把镜子靠在城垛上，把刷子浸入碗中，搓起脸颊和脖子的泡沫。

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

巴克·穆里根开怀大笑着说道。

– My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? —

– 我的名字也很荒谬：马拉基·穆里根，两个长音节。但这个名字带有希腊风情，不是吗？ —

Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. —

行动迅速而阳光灿烂，就像那只公羊本身。我们必须去雅典。 —

Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

如果我能让姨妈掏出二十英镑，你愿意来吗？

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

他放下刷子，高兴地笑着说：

– Will he come? The jejune jesuit.

– 他会来吗？那位单调无味的耶稣会士。

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

停下来，他开始仔细地刮脸。

– Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

– 告诉我，穆里根，史蒂芬轻声说。

– Yes, my love?

– 是的，亲爱的？

– How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

– 海恩斯会在这座塔里待多久？

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

巴克·穆里根在右肩上露出一个刮得干净的脸颊。

– God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. —

– 天哪，他真恐怖，他坦率地说。一个沉重的撒克逊人。他认为你不是绅士。 —

God, these bloody English. Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. —

天哪，这些可恶的英国人。满脑子都是钱和消化不良。因为他来自牛津。 —

You know, Dedalus; you have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. —

你知道，戴达勒斯；你有真正的牛津风度。他看不懂你。 —

O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade.

噢，我给你起的昵称最好：金奇，刀刃。

He shaved warily over his chin.

他小心地刮脸颊。

– He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is his guncase?

–他整晚都在胡诌关于一只黑豹，史蒂芬说。他的枪盒在哪里？

– A woful lunatic, Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

–一个可怜的疯子，穆里根说。你当时害怕了吗？

– I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. —

–我害怕，史蒂芬说着，精力逐渐增加，担心愈发加重。 —

Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. —

在这片黑暗中，跟一个我不认识的男人在一起，他自言自语地咆哮着，叽叽咕咕地说着要射杀一只黑豹。 —

You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. —

你从淹死的人中救了男人。我不是一个英雄，然而。 —

If he stays on here I am off.

如果他留在这里，我就走了。

Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. —

巴克·穆利根皱着眉头看着剃刀刀刃上的泡沫。 —

He hopped down from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily.

他从高位跳下来，匆忙地开始搜查裤子口袋。

– Scutter, he cried thickly.

– 史卡特，他哑着声音喊道。

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket, said:

他走到了枪托旁边，并伸出手去进了史蒂芬的上口袋，说道：

– Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

– 借我你的手帕擦一下我的剃刀。

Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. —

史蒂芬让他拿出一块脏兮兮、皱巴巴的手帕，用手帕的角展示给他看。 —

Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. —

巴克·米利根整洁地擦拭着剃刀。 —

Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:

然后，他凝视着手帕上方说道：

– The bard’s noserag. A new art colour for our Irish poets: —

– 吟游诗人的鼻巾。我们爱尔兰诗人的一种新的艺术颜色：鼻涕绿。你几乎可以尝到它的味道，是吧？ —

snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can’t you?

他再次登上栏杆，凝视着都柏林湾，他那头金灿灿的橡树色头发微微摆动。

He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly.

– 天哪，他轻声说。海难道不是艾尔吉称之为的那样：一位苍白而甜蜜的母亲吗？那绿脓海。

– God, he said quietly. Isn’t the sea what Algy calls it: —

他再次伫立在栏杆上，凝视着都柏林湾， —

a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. —

他那头金灿灿的橡树色头发微微摆动。 —

The scrotumtightening sea. Epi oinopa ponton. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. —

海洋收紧着阴囊。埃皮·奥伊诺帕·庞通。啊，迪达卢斯，希腊人。我必须教你。 —

You must read them in the original. Thalatta! Thalatta! —

你必须阅读原著。~大海！大海！ —

She is our great sweet mother. Come and look.

她是我们伟大甜蜜的母亲。过来看看。

Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. —

史蒂芬站起来走到栏杆边。 —

Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbour mouth of Kingstown.

他靠在栏杆上俯瞰着海水，以及离开金斯敦港口的邮船。

– Our mighty mother, Buck Mulligan said.

– 我们伟大的母亲，巴克·穆利根说。

He turned abruptly his great searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face.

他突然把他那双深邃的眼睛从海洋转向了史蒂芬的脸。

– The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. —

– 阿姨觉得是你杀了你的母亲，他说。 —

That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you.

这就是为什么她不让我和你有任何关系。

– Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily.

– 有人杀了她，史蒂芬愁眉苦脸地说。

– You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you, Buck Mulligan said. —

– 在你垂死的母亲请求你跪下祈祷时，你竟然拒绝了，巴克·穆利根说。 —

I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. —

我像你一样是北极居民。但想想你的母亲在她最后一口气请求你跪下为她祈祷。 —

And you refused. There is something sinister in you.

你却拒绝了。你的内心中有着不祥之物。

He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek. A tolerant smile curled his lips.

他停下来轻轻地再向他的另一边脸涂上肥皂泡沫。一丝宽容的微笑浮现在他的嘴角。

– But a lovely mummer, he murmured to himself. Kinch, the loveliest mummer of them all.

– 但是美丽的演员，他对自己低语着。金奇，所有演员中最美丽的。

He shaved evenly and with care, in silence, seriously.

他小心翼翼地均匀地刮胡子，一言不发，认真地。

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat-sleeve. —



史蒂芬，一只手肘搁在参差不齐的花岗岩上，用手掌支撑着额头，凝视着他那件闪亮黑色外套袖子磨损的边缘。 —

Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. —

那不是爱的痛苦，却仍在折磨着他的心。 —

Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. —

沉默中，他仿佛梦中见到她，她的尸体被不合身的棺材布包裹着，散发出蜡和红木的气味，她的呼吸，曾经靠近他，缄默而怨恨，带着一丝潮湿灰烬的气味。 —

Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the well-fed voice beside him. —

穿过磨损的袖口边缘，他看见被旁边丰满声音所称赞的大海像甜蜜的母亲。 —

The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. —

岸边和天际线形成一个昏暗的绿色液体的团块。 —

A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

一个白色瓷碗曾放在她临终的床边，盛着她从腐烂的肝脏中剧烈呕吐时吐出的绿色粘液。

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.

巴克·马利根再次擦拭他的剃刀。

— Ah, poor dogsbody, he said in a kind voice. —

“啊，可怜的苦工，”他用一种温和的声音说。 —

I must give you a shirt and few noserags. —

“我必须给你一件衬衫和几块鼻巾。” —

How are the secondhand breeks?

“二手的短裤怎么样了？”

— They fit well enough, Stephen answered.

“挺合身的，”史蒂芬回答道。

Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip.

巴克·马利根攻击着他下唇下的凹陷处。

– The mockery of it, he said contentedly, secondleg they should be. —

“这真可笑，”他满意地说道，“应该是长裤的。” —

God knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. —

“天晓得是哪个龌龊混蛋让它们下掉的。我的那条漂亮，有一条发丝纹，灰色。” —

You'll look spiffing in them. I'm not joking, Kinch. You look damn well when you're dressed.

你穿上它们会看起来很漂亮。我不是在开玩笑，Kinch。你穿起衣服的时候看起来真是棒极了。

– Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey.

– 谢谢，斯蒂芬说。如果它们是灰色的话，我就不能穿。

– He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror. —

– 他不能穿它们，巴克·米利根在镜子里对着自己说。 —

Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers.

礼仪是礼仪。他杀了他妈妈但却不能穿灰裤子。

He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin.

他整齐地叠好刀片，用手指抚摸着光滑的皮肤。

Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes.

斯蒂芬把目光从大海上移开，转向那张肥胖的脸，那张脸有着烟蓝色的动态眼睛。

– That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan, says you have g. —

– 昨晚我在那家酒店里遇到的那家伙，巴克·米利根说，说你得了一种病。他和康诺利·诺曼在 Dottyville。 —

p.i. He's up in Dottyville with Conolly Norman. —

精神错乱。 —

General paralysis of the insane.

他在阳光照耀下，把镜子在空中划了一个半圆，让光芒闪耀到海面上。

He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea. —

他卷曲的修剪过的嘴唇笑了起来，他闪闪发光的白牙齿边缘。 —

His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth. —

笑声占据了他强壮结实的躯干。 —

Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk.

– 看看你自己，他说，你这个可怕的诗人。

– Look at yourself, he said, you dreadful bard.

斯蒂芬向前俯身，凝视着伸向他的镜子，上面有一道歪歪扭扭的裂缝，头发乱糟糟地竖立着。就像他和其他人看到的我一样。

Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack, hair on end. —

是谁为我选择了这张脸？这个除虫的老杂役。 —

As he and others see me. —

这也在问我。 —

Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too.

请问一下有什么可以帮助您。

– I pinched it out of the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her all right. —

– 我从女佣的房间拿走的，巴克·穆利根说。这对她很适合。 —

The aunt always keeps plain-looking servants for Malachi. —

姑母总是为马拉基留着相貌平平的仆人。 —

Lead him not into temptation. And her name is Ursula.

不要引诱他。她的名字是厄休拉。

Laughing again, he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes.

笑着，他把镜子从斯蒂芬好奇的眼睛前拿开。

– The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. —

– 卡里班因看不到自己在镜子里的脸而愤怒，他说。 —

If Wilde were only alive to see you.

如果王尔德还活着能看到你就好了。

Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:

斯蒂芬退后指着说道，带着苦涩：

– It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass of a Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them.

– 这是爱尔兰艺术的象征。巴克·默利根突然挽起斯蒂芬的手臂，围着塔楼和他一起走，他把剃刀和镜子塞在口袋里，发出卡嗒卡嗒的声音。

– It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. —

– 这样戏弄你不太公平，金奇，对吧？他和蔼地说。 —

God knows you have more spirit than any of them.

上帝知道你比他们任何人都更有精神。

Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steelpen.

再次被挡开。他害怕我的艺术之刀，就像我害怕他的一样。那寒冷的钢笔。

– Cracked lookingglass of a servant. Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea. —

– 仆人的破镜子。去告诉楼下那个氧苔家伙，并向他要一英镑。 —

He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman. —

他身上沾满了钱，还觉得你不是绅士。 —

His old fellow made his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other. —

他老头在向祖鲁人出售一些该死的麝香草或其他一些骗局挣钱。 —

God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island. Hellenise it.

天啊，金奇，如果你我能一起工作，我们或许能为这座岛国做点什么。希腊化它。

Cranly's arm. His arm.

克兰利的手臂。他的手臂。

– And to think of your having to beg from these swine. —

– 要想到你得向这些猪一样的人乞讨。 —

I'm the only one that knows what you are. —

只有我知道你是谁。 —

Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? —

你为什么不再信任我？你对我有什么成见？难道是海因斯吗？ —

If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe.

如果他在这里大吵大闹，我会叫来西摩，我们会比他们对待克莱夫·肯普索普更加严厉。

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces: —

克莱夫·肯普索普房间里富裕人士的年轻声音。苍白的脸： —

they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another, O, I shall expire! —  
他们捧着肋骨笑个不停，一个紧抱另一个，哦，我要笑死了！ —

Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! —  
温和地告诉她，奥布里！我会死的！ —

With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears. —  
他的衬衫上沿着割破的丝带在空中拍打，他提着落在脚跟上的裤子，被马格达伦的艾迪斯用裁缝的剪刀追着跳跃。 —

A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade. —  
一张被糖醋橘子糊上的吓坏的小牛脸。 —

I don't want to be debagged! Don't you play the giddy ox with me!  
我不想被脱裤子！别和我开这种玩笑！

Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. —  
从敞开的窗户传来的尖叫声吵醒了院子里的傍晚。 —

A deaf gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalm.  
一个戴着马修·阿诺德面具，园丁打着围裙，推着割草机在阴暗的草坪上，紧盯着舞动的草叶微尘。

To ourselves... new paganism... omphalos.  
对自己.....新异教.....轴心。

– Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at night.  
– 让他留下吧，史蒂芬说。他白天没什么问题。

– Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. —  
– 那么是什么问题呢？巴克·米利根不耐烦地问道。说吧。 —

I'm quite frank with you. What have you against me now?  
我对你非常坦诚。你现在又对我有什么意见？

They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. —  
他们停下来，朝着像一头正在睡觉的鲸鱼的鼻头一样躺在水面上的布雷角急岬望去。 —

Stephen freed his arm quietly.

史蒂芬悄悄地挣脱了他的胳膊。

– Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

– 你想让我告诉你吗？他问道。

– Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

– 是的，什么事？巴克·穆利根回答说。我什么都不记得了。

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes.

他说话时盯着史蒂芬的脸。一阵轻风掠过他的额头，在他尚未梳理的金发上柔和地拂过，并在他的眼中激起银色的焦虑点。

Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said:

史蒂芬压抑着自己的声音说：

– Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death?

– 你还记得我在我母亲去世后第一天去你家吗？

Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said:

巴克·穆利根皱起眉头说：

– What? Where? I can't remember anything. —

– 什么？在哪里？我什么都记不起来了。 —

I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? —

我只记得一些想法和感觉。为什么？ —

What happened in the name of God?

一切到底发生了什么？

– You were making tea, Stephen said, and I went across the landing to get more hot water. —

– 你在泡茶，史蒂芬说，而我去过对面走廊拿更多的热水。 —

Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. —

你的母亲和一位访客走出客厅。 —

She asked you who was in your room.

她问你谁在你的房间。

– Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.

– 是吗？巴克·穆利根说。我说了什么？我忘记了。

– You said, Stephen answered, O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.

– 你说，史蒂芬回答道，哦，那只是迪达洛斯的母亲已经可怜地去世了。

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek.

巴克·默利根的脸颊泛起一抹红晕，让他看起来更年轻更迷人。

– Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that?

– 我说过那个吗？他问道。那有什么错吗？

He shook his constraint from him nervously.

他神经质地摆脱了自己的束缚。

– And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. —

– 死是什么？他问，你母亲的死还是你的死，还是我的死？你只看到过你母亲去世。 —

I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissecting room. —

我每天都看着他们在马特尔医院和里士满医院离世，然后在解剖室里被切割成碎片。 —

It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. —

那只是一件可恶的事情，什么都不是。简直无关紧要。 —

You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why?

—

你母亲临终时请求你跪下为她祈祷，你却拒绝了。为什么？ —

Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. —

因为你体内带有被诅咒的耶稣会因素，只不过注入的方向有误。 —

To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. —

对我来说这一切都是愚弄和可怕的。她的大脑叶片已经无法正常工作。 —

She calls the doctor Sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt. —

她把医生称作彼得·蒂兹尔爵士，并从被子上拔下了蒲公英。 —

Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. —

让她欢笑直到结束。你违背了她临终时的愿望，却因为我不像拉鲁特的雇佣哑巴那样牢骚满腹而和我生气。 —

Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

荒谬！我想我确实说了。我并不是想冒犯你母亲的记忆。

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly:

他自言自语地变得大胆起来。史蒂芬冷冷地说，掩护着那些言语在他心中留下的裂口：

– I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

– 我没有考虑到对我母亲的冒犯。

– Of what, then? Buck Mulligan asked.

– 那么，什么事？巴克·穆利根问道。

– Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

– 是针对我的冒犯，史蒂芬回答道。

Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel.

巴克·穆利根突然转身。

– O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

– 噢，一个不可理喻的人！他叫道。

He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. —

他迅速地绕过城墙走开了。史蒂芬站在原地，凝视着宁静的海面和海角。 —

Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his cheeks.

海和海角渐渐隐去。他眼中有脉搏跳动，遮蔽了视线，他感到脸颊发热。

A voice within the tower called loudly:

塔内有人大声喊道：

– Are you up there, Mulligan?

– 穆利根，你在上面吗？

– I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered.

– 我来了，巴克·穆利根回答道。

He turned towards Stephen and said:

他转向史蒂芬说道：



– Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? —

– 看看这片海。它关心什么冒犯呢？ —

Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers.  
快来吧，洛约拉、金奇。萨克森人想要他的早餐肉片。

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof.  
他的头再次停顿在楼梯顶端，与屋顶齐平。

– Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding.  
– 别整天愁眉苦脸的，他说道。我毫无关联。放下忧郁的思虑。

His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead:  
他的头消失了，但他下降时的低沉声音在楼梯口回荡。

And no more turn aside and brood  
不要再远离，默默沉思

Upon love's bitter mystery  
关于爱的痛苦之谜

For Fergus rules the brazen cars.  
因为弗格斯统治着明净的战车。

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where  
he gazed. —

木影在清晨的宁静中从楼梯口静静漂过，他凝视着海洋的方向。 —

Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. —  
近岸和更远处的水面镜面般地变白，被轻盈的脚步践踏。 —

White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. —  
昏暗的海洋的白色胸膛。两对两串的应力。 —

A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. —  
— 一只手拨动竖琴弦，它们的纠缠和谐。 —

Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide.  
波光粼粼的结合词在昏暗的潮汐上闪耀。

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. —  
一朵云开始慢慢遮住太阳，使海湾更深绿。 —

It lay behind him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song: —

它在他身后，一个装满苦水的碗。弗格斯的歌： —

I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: —

我独自在房间里演奏，弹奏沉稳的长调。她的门敞开着： —

she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. —

她想听我的音乐。我充满敬畏和怜悯地走向她的床头。 —

She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: —

她在她悲惨的床上哭泣。因为那些话，史蒂芬： —

love's bitter mystery.

爱的痛苦之谜。

Where now?

现在该何去何从？

Her secrets: old feather fans, tasselled dancecards, powdered with musk, a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer. —

她的秘密：老旧的羽毛扇，带流苏的舞会卡片，撒满麝香粉，一个琥珀珠的饰物在她锁着的抽屉里。 —

A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl. —

她小时候家里的阳光明媚窗户上挂着一个鸟笼。 —

She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the terrible and laughed with others when he sang:

当她还是个女孩时，她听过老罗伊斯在《可怕的突厥人》的童话剧中唱歌，与其他人一起笑着：

I am the boy

我是那个

That can enjoy

能够享受

Invisibility.

隐形的孩子。

Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.

隐形的欢乐，被折叠起来：带着麝香芳香。

And no more turn aside and brood

不要再转身冷淡

Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys. Memories beset his brooding brain. —

在自然记忆中折叠着她的玩具。回忆缠绕着他沉思的脑海。 —

Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament. —

她从厨房水龙头里拿来的一杯水，当她走近圣餐时。 —

A cored apple, filled with brown sugar, roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn evening. —

在一个阴暗的秋日傍晚，她在灶台上为自己烤着一个填满褐糖的苹果。 —

Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from the children's shirts.

她那修长的指甲因儿童衬衣上被压扁的虱子的血染得发红。

In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

在梦中，她默默地来到他身边，她消瘦的身体穿着宽松的殓衣，散发着蜡和红木的气味，她呼吸弯曲在他身上，传递着无声的秘密词语，微弱的湿灰烬气味。

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. —

她那冷冽的眼神，死亡中凝视着我的灵魂。只有我。 —

The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. —

捉摸不定的蜡烛照亮她的痛苦。在受折磨的脸上的幽灵般光芒。 —

Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. —

她沙哑而大声的喘息声令人恐惧，所有人都跪在地上祈祷。 —

Her eyes on me to strike me down. Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: —

她的眼睛盯着我要将我击倒。Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: —

iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.

iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!

食尸鬼！尸体的啃食者！

No mother. Let me be and let me live.

没有母亲。让我自己生存吧。

– Kinch ahoy!

金奇，前进！

Buck Mulligan's voice sang from within the tower. —

巴克·穆利根的声音从塔内传来。 —

It came nearer up the staircase, calling again. —

越来越接近地走上楼梯，再次喊道。 —

Stephen, still trembling at his soul's cry, heard warm running sunlight and in the air behind him friendly words.

史蒂芬，灵魂呼唤时仍在颤抖，听到了暖暖的阳光奔涌而来，背后是友好的话语。

– Dedalus, comedown, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. —

达达勒斯，下来吧，像个好孩子。早餐准备好了。 —

Haines is apologizing for waking us last night. It's all right.

海因斯为昨晚叫醒我们道歉。没关系。

– I'm coming, Stephen said, turning.

我来了，史蒂芬说，转身。

– Do, for Jesus' sake, Buck Mulligan said. For my sake and for all our sakes.

为了耶稣的缘故，快下来，巴克·穆利根说。为了我的缘故，也为了我们大家的缘故。

His head disappeared and reappeared.

他的头消失又出现。

– I told him your symbol of Irish art. He says it's very clever. —

我告诉他你的爱尔兰艺术象征。他说很聪明。 —

Touch him for a quid, will you? A guinea, I mean.

向他借一吉尼的钱，好吗？我的意思是一镑钱。

– I get paid this morning, Stephen said.

– 今天早上我会拿到工资的，史蒂芬说。

– The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much? Four quid? Lend us one.

– 学校的小费？巴克·默利根问道。四英镑？借我一点。

– If you want it, Stephen said.

– 如果你想要的话，史蒂芬说。