

Tell Me A Riddle By *Tillie Olsen* (1961), New York: Dell

“These Things Shall Be”

1

For forty-seven years they had been married. How deep back the stubborn, gnarled roots of the quarrel reached, no one could say – but only now, when tending to the needs of others no longer shackled them together, the roots swelled up visible, split the earth between them, and the tearing shook even to the children, long since grown.

Why now, why now? Wailed Hannah.

給我打個謎

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這些事定會來臨¹

1

他們結婚四十七年了，吵鬧的根扎得多深沒人知道，逐漸它長得盤曲糾結，而且牢不可拔。一直到了如今，他們不須為了照顧家人被迫拴在一起，那些根就漲凸出來了，把他們截成兩塊領土，那股分裂的震撼，早已長大成人的兒女也感受到了。

為什麼？為什麼是現在哪？漢納嚷道。

把我們都帶大了，還不夠累？保羅說。

As if when we grew up weren't enough, said Paul.

Poor ma. Poor Dad. It hurts so for both of them, said Vivi.

They never had very much; at least in old age they should be happy.

Knock their heads together, insisted Sammy; tell'em: you're too old for this kind of thing; no reason not to get along now.

Lennie wrote to Clara: They've lived over so much together; what could possibly tear them apart?

Something tangible enough.

Arthritic hands, and such work as he got, occasional.

Poverty all his life, and there was little breath left for running. He could not, could not turn away from this desire: to have the troubling of responsibility, the fretting with money, over and done with; to be free, to be carefree where

爸、媽可憐呀！兩人多受罪！維維也說，一生人沒享過福，至少晚年該開開心心。

不能這樣子鬧下去，薩米老是說，告訴他們：年紀這麼大，還來這一套？沒理由現在相處不來。

倫尼給克萊拉的信上面寫著：他們一起經歷幾許風雨，什麼事令他們水火不容？

就是一些不能‘化無’的小事。

患了風濕的手，還有偶爾派到他身上的家務。窮了一輩子，想再去闖蕩一番，已是有心無力。可是

他有個想法驅之不去：把種種責任、金錢煩惱丟開，從此自由自在，不用怕人家拿財富來衡量

自己，況且他還有精力，可以用來幹點事情。

success was not measured by accumulation, and there was use for the vitality still in him.

There was a way. They could sell the house, and with the money join his lodge's Haven, cooperative for the aged.

Happy communal life, and was he not already an official; had he not helped organize it, raise funds, served as a trustee?

But she – would not consider it.

“What do we need all this for?” he would ask loudly, for her hearing aid was turned down and the vacuum was shrilling. “Five rooms” (pushing the sofa so she could get into the corner) “furniture” (smoothing down the rug) “floors and surfaces to make work. Tell me, why do we need it?” And he was glad he could ask in a scream.

有一個方法：只要把房子賣掉，就夠錢住進頤蔭園。那是一所服務長者的互助院舍，隸屬他是會員的地方分會。大夥兒住在一起，多快樂！況且他不是當上了幹事嗎？起初為了建頤蔭園，他出了力，也參與了資金籌組工作，還是其中一名基金信託人。

但她——她並不想。

「我們要這麼多地方幹嗎？」他提高聲音問她，她的助聽器關了，吸塵機又「呼呼」作響。「五個房間」（他推開沙發，好讓她把吸塵機拖入角落）、「傢具」（他把地氈屈摺了的部份攤平）、「地板、桌面、几面、櫃檯，叫人抹過不停。你告訴我，為什麼還要這房子？」他很高興可以大

“Because I’m use’t.”

“Because you’re use’t. This is a reason, Mrs. Word Miser?
Used to can get unused!”

“Enough unused I have to get used to already...Not enough words?” turning off the vacuum a moment to hear herself answer. “Because soon enough we’ll need only a little closet, no windows, no furniture, nothing to make work, but for worms. Because now I want room... Screech and blow like you’re doing, you’ll need that closet even sooner...Ha, again!” for the vacuum bag wailed, puffed half up, hung stubbornly limp. “This time fix it so it stays; quick before the phone rings and you get too important-busy.”

聲大氣地和她說話。

「因為我慣了。」

「因為你慣了？算是理由嗎？沒嘴葫蘆奶奶！
習慣可以改！」

「什麼都改！我改夠了，我受夠了...說夠了吧？」她關上吸塵機來聽自己的回答。「因為很快我們只需要一個小櫃子，裡面沒有窗子、也沒有傢具，任何要打理的東西都沒有，只會有各種各類的蟲來光顧。因為現在我需要空間...你這樣子尖聲怪氣說話，住那小櫃子的日子就更快...

哈，又來了！」這時吸塵機的袋子一聲呼嘯、漲起一半，就軟軟地癟下來，再也不動了。「這次你弄好些，不要一開就壞。快呀！不然電話一

But while he struggled with the motor, it seethed in him, Why fix it? Why have to bother? And if it can't be fixed, have to wring the mind with how to pay the repair? At the Haven they come in with their own machines to clean your room or your cottage; you fish, or play cards, or make jokes in the sun, not with knotty fingers fight to mend vacuums.

Over the dishes, coaxingly: "For once in your life, to be free, to have everything done for you, like a queen."

"I never liked queens."

"No dishes, no garbage, no towel to sop, no worry what to buy, what to eat."

"And what else would I do with my empty hands? Better

響，你就成了個大忙人。」

他出盡全力又扳又扭那吸塵機的摩托，心裡一股怒火在燒。為什麼要弄？幹嗎自找麻煩？一下子弄不好，還要為修理費傷腦筋。在頤蔭園自然有人帶吸塵機上門替你清潔。你可去釣魚、玩撲克牌、在陽光下嘻哈一番，何須辛苦地使喚腫脹變形的指去修理吸塵機！

吃飯時，他哄她：「從沒試過的呢！自由自在，什麼都有人服侍，就像做皇后。」

「我從不喜歡皇后。」

「不用洗碗、不用倒垃圾、不用浸泡抹巾、不用費心思買菜燒飯。」

「那我兩手閒著怎辦？及得上我想吃的時候，就

to eat at my own table when I want, and to cook and eat how I want.”

“In the cottages they buy what you ask, and cook it how you like. *You* are the one who always used to say: better mankind born without mouths and stomachs than always have to worry for money to buy, to shop, to fix, to cook, to wash, to clean.”

“How cleverly you hid that you heard. I said it then because eighteen hours a day I ran. And you never scraped a carrot or knew a dish towel sops. Now – for you and me – who cares? A herring out of a jar is enough. But when *I* want, and nobody to bother.” And she turned off her ear button, so she would not have to hear.

But as *he* had no peace, juggling and re-juggling the

在自家桌子上吃，喜歡怎樣煮就怎樣煮，要吃什麼就吃什麼？」

「在頤蔭園要什麼他們會替你買，依你的口味煮。你以前不老是說：人倒不如不長嘴巴、不長胃，也勝過為買菜錢操心，在家中又要弄、煮、洗呀什麼的。」

「原來你一直挺會裝聾！那時我這樣說是因為每天忙足十八個小時，而你呢，甘荀皮不幫我削，浸塊碗布也從不做。現在只得你和我，多簡單，從罈子拿條醃鯪魚就夠一頓飯。我想怎樣就怎樣，不用煩人。」她把助聽器耳掣關上，不必繼續聽他說話。

可是他的日子過得並不舒坦，怎樣應付到期的開

money to figure: how will I pay for this now?; prying out the storm windows (there they take care of this); jolting in the streetcar on errands (there I would not have to ride to take care of this or that); fending the patronizing relatives just back from Florida (at the Haven it matters what one is, not what one can afford), he gave *her* no peace.

“Look! In their bulletin. A reading circle. Twice a week it meets.”

“Haumm,” her answer of not listening.

“A reading circle. Chekhov they read that you like, and Peretz. Cultured people at the Haven that you would enjoy.”

“Enjoy!” She tasted the word. “Now, when it pleases you, you find a reading circle for me. And forty years ago, when

支？像玩雜耍，他將錢左挪右撥；風暴前夕，他要吃力地扛起防風窗（頤蔭園自然有人料理妥當）；為了什務，乘搭電車顛簸往來（那裡根本就毋須我乘車去辦這些小差使）；還有那班勢利親戚，剛從佛羅里達州度假回來後那股氣燄，他要想法子招架（在頤蔭園人家只看你的斤兩，而不是你的銀兩），所以他也不讓她過得舒坦。

「瞧他們的通訊！有個讀書會，每週聚會兩次。」

「嗯。」她聽也不聽就會這樣答他。

「讀書會選讀你喜歡的契訶夫，還有佩雷茨²。」

頤蔭園有的是讀書人，和你會很投契。」

「投契！」她咀嚼這兩個字。「現在你高興了，就找個讀書會給我。四十年前，孩子還是小不點

children were morsels and there was a Circle, did you stay home with them once so I could go? Even once? You trained me well. I do not need others to enjoy. Others!” Her voice trembled. “Because *you* want to be there with others. Already it makes me sick to think of you always around others. Clown, grimacer, floormat, yesman, entertainer, whatever they want of you.”

And now it was he who turned on the television loud so he need not hear.

Old scar tissue ruptured and the wounds festered anew. Chekhov indeed. She thought without softness of that young wife, who in the deep night hours while she nursed the current baby, and perhaps held another in her lap, would try to stay awake for the only time there was to read. She would feel again the weather of the outside on his cheek when,

時，也有讀書會，你試過留在家中照顧他們，好讓我騰空去嗎？一次也沒有！你教得我太好了，我不用和其他人投契。其他人！」她的聲音抖顫。「就是因為你要在外頭和其他人混。想起也叫我作嘔，老是做跟班團團轉，你是小丑、應聲蟲；你任人踩、整鬼做怪，最拿手扮鬼臉逗人，人家叫你作什麼就作什麼！」

現在輪到他把電視聲量校大，不用聽她說話。舊疤痕裂開，傷口再度潰爛。還提契訶夫呢！她回想那段歲月，內心沒一絲柔情。年紀輕輕成了家，半夜時分懷中伏著最小的孩子哺乳，膝上也許抱著另一個，硬撐著不睡，抓住那唯一的空檔來閱讀。而他從哪兒的聚會終於回來了，看見她

coming late from a meeting, he would find her so, and stimulated and ardent, sniffing her skin, coax: "I'll put the baby to bed, and you – put the book away, don't read, don't read."

That had been the most beguiling of all the "don't read, put your book away" her life had been. Chekhov indeed!

"Money?" She shrugged him off. "Could we get poorer than once we were? And in America, who starves?"

But as still he pressed:

"Let me alone about money. Was there ever enough? Seven little ones – for every penny I had to ask – and sometimes, remember, there was nothing. But always *I* had to manage. Now *you* manage. Rub your nose in it good."

一面哺乳、一面看書，情興勃發地湊過來。她從他的臉，重新感受到街外的冷和熱。他邊嗅她的肌膚、邊哄她：「我抱孩子到床上睡，你把書擱下，不要看了，不要看了。」

「你不要看了，把書擱下。」如此度過了一生，就是這一套誑得她最苦！還提契訶夫！

「錢？」她隨口頂回去，「還可能比以往更窮嗎？況且在美國，誰會捱餓？」

但他並不放棄。

「不要再叫我為錢發愁，好不好？我們幾時夠錢用？七個小孩，每分錢也要籌，不要忘記，有時是籌無可籌，但我總得撐下去。現在你來撐，滋味讓你嚐個夠！」

But from those years she had had to manage, old humiliations and terrors rose up, lived again, and forced her to relive them. The children's needings; that grocer's face or this merchant's wife she had had to beg credit from when credit was a disgrace; the scenery of the long blocks walked around when she could not pay; school coming, and the desperate going over the old to see what could be remade; the soups of meat bones begged "for-the-dog" one winter...

Enough. Now they had no children. Let *him* wrack his head for how they would live. She would not exchange her solitude for anything. *Never again to be forced to move to the rhythms of others.*

For in this solitude she won to a reconciled peace.

那些年頭還不是靠她撐過去？昔日屈辱、恐慌的情事泛起、重現眼前，她被迫再度經歷那些片段。為了孩子的吃喝花費，儘管賒帳在那年代是丟臉的事，她也要看糧油店主、或雜貨鋪老闆娘的臉色，求他們通融。帳拖欠久了，她記得怎樣在長街上走過一趟又一趟。孩子開課前，在舊衣物中東翻西找，無論如何也要找出一兩件縫縫改改給孩子穿。有個冬天，她好幾次在肉店討骨頭回家熬湯，卻說是給「狗兒」啃的...

夠了！孩子都長大了，就讓他為生活費傷透腦筋吧。她怎也不會放棄孤獨的生活，她再也不要被迫隨著別人的節奏而活。

因為在孤獨中，她贏得一份由妥協而來的安寧。

Tranquility from having the empty house no longer an enemy, for it stayed clean – not as in the days when it was her family, the life in it, that had seemed the enemy: tracking, smudging, littering, dirtying, engaging her in endless defeating battle – and on whom her endless defeat had been spewed.

The few old books, memorized from rereading; the pictures to ponder (the magnifying glass superimposed on her heavy eyeglasses). Or if she wishes, when he is gone, the phonograph, that is she turns up very loud and strains, she can hear: the ordered sounds and the struggling.

Out in the garden, growing things to nurture. Birds to be kept out of the pear tree, and when the pears are heavy and ripe, the old fury of work, for all must be canned, nothing wasted.

寧靜源自空房子不再是敵人，它現在經常乾乾淨淨—和從前不一樣，一家子住在裡面，卻亂踩亂踏，隨處塗畫，信手扔垃圾—她終日和這些對抗，屋子像是敵人，而她卻總是敗下陣來。現在的空房子是她過去連場敗仗的唾餘。

寥寥幾本熟到能背的書；數幅可端詳玩味的畫，(她架著深度數的眼鏡還要加上放大鏡)。他出去之後，如她想聽什麼，把留聲機聲量調校得夠高了，傾耳去聽，就可聽到井然有序或是迸發出來的聲響。

屋子外的花園，那些正在長的東西要好好照料。不能讓雀鳥飛近梨樹，等到纍纍果實熟透了，永遠要快手快腳地趕緊採摘，因全都要製成果醬裝

And her one social activity (for she will not go to luncheons or meetings) the boxes of old clothes left with her, as with a life-practised eye for finding what is still wearable within the worn (again the magnifying glass superimposed on the heavy glasses) she cans and sorts – this for rag or rummage, that for mending and cleaning, and this for sending away.

Being able at last to live within, and not move to the rhythms of others, as life had helped her to: denying; removing; isolating; taking the children one by one, then deafening, half-blinding – and at last, presenting her solitude.

And in it she had won to a reconciled peace.

進瓶子裡貯存，一個也不能糟蹋。

日常生活裡，她只有一項社交活動（不管是什麼午餐或其他形式聚會，她全不出席），從剩下來一箱箱的舊衣服，她運用多年從生活磨練出來的眼光（還是架著深度數的眼鏡加上放大鏡），找些破舊得來還可用的，把它們分開疊好——這塊作抹布，那件縫補後拿去洗，其他可捐出去。

過去的一生，終於讓她學曉了，可以活在自己的內心世界，而不用追隨別人的節奏：從前被迫否定、抹煞、孤立自己；孩子接著生；然後耳聾了，眼半盲了——到了現在，她拿孤獨來表明對生活的態度。

而在孤獨中，她贏得一份由妥協而來的安寧。

Now he was violating it with his constant campaigning:
Sell the house and move to the Haven. (You sit, you sit – there too you could sit like a stone.) He was making of her a battleground where old grievances tore. (Turn on your ear button – I am talking.) And stubbornly she resisted – so that from wheedling, reasoning, manipulation, it was bitterness he now started with.

And it came to where every happening lashed up a quarrel.

“I will sell the house anyway,” he flung at her one night. “I am putting it up for sale. There will be a way to make you sign.”

The television blared, as always it did on the evenings he stayed home, and as always it reached her only as noise. She did not know if the tumult was in her or outside. Snap! She

可是，現在這份安寧被他喋喋不休的說辭打破了：賣掉房子搬去頤蔭園住（你要坐，坐呀 – 那裡你也可像石頭般呆坐）。兩人長久以來的嫌隙，就給他用作武器，她則成了陣上的敵人（喂！開耳機！ – 我跟你講話）。她頑強地反抗 – 所以從哄她、和她講道理、列舉種種好處誘她接受，現在他一開口就充滿憤懣。

最後每次都激發一場吵架。

「無論如何我也會賣掉房子。」有一晚他向她甩下這句話。「我快招標出售，一定有法子叫你簽名。」

電視聲浪大而聒耳，他在家的晚上通常如此，而她通常只聽到一串噪音，那股煩囂不安感覺，不

turned the sound off. “Shadows,” she whispered to him, pointing to the screen, “look, it is only shadows.” And in a scream: “Did you say that you will sell the house? Look at me, not at that. I am no shadow. You cannot sell without me.”

“Leave on the television. I am watching.”

“Like Paulie, like Jenny, a four-year-old. Staring at shadows. *You cannot sell the house.*”

“I will. We are going to the Haven. There you would not hear the television when you do not want it. I could sit in the social room and watch. You could lock yourself up to smell your unpleasantness in a room by yourself – for who would want to come near you?”

“No, no selling.” A whisper now.

“The television is shadows. Mrs. Enlightened! Mrs.

知道來自身體內裡還是外界。啪！她把電視的聲響關掉。「影子。」她指著螢光幕，低聲地向他說。「看，只是影子。」然後她高聲喊：「你說要賣掉房子？望著我，不要望電視。我不是影子，沒有我你不能賣。」

「我在看，不要關。」

「就像波莉、像詹妮，四歲大的人兒，只呆看影子。房子不能賣！」

「我要賣，我們搬去頤蔭園住。那裡你幾時不想電視有聲音，就隨時把它關掉，我會去康樂室看。你可以把自己關起來「孤臭獨賞」—還有誰敢近你？」

「不，不能賣。」她的聲音變為低語。

Cultured! A world comes into your house – and it is shadows. People you would never meet in a thousand lifetimes. Wonders. When you were four years old, yes, like Paulie, like Jenny, did you know of Indian dances, alligators, how they use bamboo in Malaya? No, you scratched in your dirt with the chickens and thought Olshana was the world. Yes, Mrs. Unpleasant, I will sell the house, for there better can we be rid of each other than here.”

She did not know if the tumult was outside, or in her. Always a ravening inside, a pull to the bed, to lie down, to succumb.

“Have you thought maybe Ma should let a doctor have a look at her?” asked their son Paul after Sunday dinner, regarding his mother crumpled on the couch, instead of, as was her custom, busying herself in Nancy’s kitchen.

「電視是影子，真有見識！真有文化！整個世界駕臨你家 – 你說是影子。千年也不會遇上的人，還有種種世界奇景。對！像波莉、詹妮，你四歲大的時候，懂什麼是印弟安舞蹈嗎？見過鱷魚嗎？知道馬來人怎用竹枝嗎？不！你跟那些母雞一起趴泥巴，以為奧項納³是整個世界。是呀！臭脾氣奶奶，我會把房子賣掉，因為在頤蔭園，你我更易撇下對方過日子！」

她不知道那股騷動來自內裡還是外界，只是常常渴望回到床上，像有股力量拉扯她，要她躺下來、要她屈服。

「不如找個醫生替媽做次檢查？」保羅問。星期天晚飯後，保羅奇怪母親未有如常地在他家的廚

“Why not the President too?”

“Seriously, Dad. This is the third Sunday she’s lain down like that after dinner. Is she that way at home?”

“A regular love affair with the bed. Every time I start to talk to her.”

Good protective reaction, observed Nancy to herself. The workings of hos-til-ity.

“Nancy could take her. I just don’t like how she looks. Let’s have Nancy arrange an appointment.”

“You think she’ll go?” regarding his wife gloomily. “All right, we have to have doctor bills, we have to have doctor bills.” Loudly: “Something hurts you?”

She startled, looking to his lips. He repeated: “Mrs. Take It

房裡忙碌洗滌，而是在長沙發上蜷成一團。

「還要找總統來呢！」

「爸，說真的，最近這三個星期，她吃過晚飯後就躺下。在家是不是一樣？」

「對床簡直是不離不棄，只要我開口和她說話，她就往床上一躺。」

自我保護是正常的反應，源自敵對情緒，南施觀察過後的私下結論。

「可叫南施帶她去，她看來不大對。就讓南施和醫生約個時間。」

「你想她肯去嗎？」他帶點憂慮不安地瞅著她。

「唉！沒法子，醫療費，不能躲，躲也躲不過。」

他提高聲線問：「覺得哪兒不妥嗎？」

Easy. Something hurts?”

“Nothing...Only you.”

“A woman of honey. That’s why you’re lying down?”

“Soon I’ll get up to do the dishes, Nancy.”

“Leave them, Mother, I like it better this way.”

“Mrs. Take It Easy, Paul says you should start ballet. You should go to to see a doctor and ask: how soon can you start ballet?”

“A doctor?” she begged. “Ballet?”

“We were talking, Ma,” explained Paul, “you don’t seem any too well. It would be a good idea for you to see a doctor for a checkup.”

“I get up now to do the kitchen. Doctors are bills and foolishness, my son. I need no doctors.”

她乍然一驚，望著他的嘴巴。他重複問：「緊張大師，覺得哪兒不妥嗎？」

「我沒事...有你才不妥。」

「嘴巴真夠甜。為了這個你就躺下來？」

「南施，待會兒讓我來洗碗。」

「媽，就先讓它擱著，這樣省事。」

「緊張大師，保羅說你該去學芭蕾舞。不如你去問醫生：最快可幾時上課？」

「什麼醫生？」她不明所以。「什麼芭蕾舞？」

「媽，我們在說呢。」保羅向她解釋。「您的精神看來不大好，應該找個醫生檢查身體。」

「我現在去洗碗。看醫生要花錢，又不管用，我不用看醫生。」

“At the Haven,” he could not resist pointing out, “a doctor is *not* bills. He lives beside you. You start to sneeze, he is there before you open up a box of Kleenex. You can be sick there for free, all you want.”

“Diarrhea of the mouth, is there a doctor to make you dumb?”

“Ma. Promise me you’ll go. Nancy will arrange it.”

“It’s all of a piece when you think of it,” said Nancy, “the way she attacks my kitchen, scrubbing under every cup hook, doing the inside of the oven so I can’t enjoy Sunday dinner, knowing that half-blind or not, she’s going to find every speck of dirt...”

“Don’t, Nancy, I’ve told you – it’s the only way she knows to be useful. What did the *doctor* say?”

「在頤蔭園，看醫生不用錢。」他忍不住要說。

「他住在隔壁，你鼻子一癢，還沒打開紙巾盒他已來到。在那兒生病免費，任你病多少回。」

「哇啦啦大嘴巴！哪兒找個醫生把你弄啞？」

「媽，應承我您去，南施會和醫生約個時間。」

「細心一想，她不正是那類人？」南施說。「看她在我的廚房幹活那股勁頭呀！每隻杯子吊勾底去擦，焗爐裡面要抹，弄得我星期天也不能安樂地吃頓晚飯，心知不管她是否真的半盲，一定能把星點兒污跡找出來。」

「夠了，南施。我以前已說過—這是她顯示自己有用的唯一方式。醫生怎說？」

“A real fatherly lecture. Sixty-nine is young these days. Go out, enjoy life, find interests. Get a new hearing aid, this one is antique. Old age is sickness only if one makes it so.

Geriatrics, Inc.”

“So there was nothing physical.”

“Of course there was. How can you live to yourself like she does without there being? Evidence of a kidney disorder, and her blood count is low. He gave her a diet, and she’s to come back for follow-up and lab work...But he was clear enough: Number One prescription – start living like a human being ...When I think of your dad, who could really play the invalid with that arthritis of his, as active as a teenager, and twice as much fun...”

“You didn’t tell me the doctor says your sickness is in you,

「真像篇父親的訓話。今天六十九算是年輕的了，要多點外出，享受人生，培養興趣。配副新的助聽器，這副已是古董、不合適了。年老不是病，除非你讓它把自己弄垮。老年科公司示。」

「那她身體沒事？」

「當然不，像她那樣把自己關起來怎會沒事？腎有跡象不妥，也有貧血。醫生給了份餐單，還要她回去覆診、做化驗...有一點他講得清楚不過：治病主方—要正常地過活...試想，你爹患的是風濕，卻十足十像個老病號，但他又充滿活力，似個小伙子，不過卻比那些小伙子可愛多了...」

「你沒告訴我醫生說你的病是自己造成的，你的生活方式有問題。」他得理就趁機進言。「不光

how you live.” He pushed his advantage. “Life and enjoyments you need better than medicine. And this diet, how can you keep it? To weigh each morsel and scrape away each bit of fat, to make this soup, that pudding. There, at the Haven, they have a dietician, they would do it for you.”

She is silent.

“You would feel better there, I know it,” he says gently.

“There there is life and enjoyments all around.”

“What is the matter, Mr Importantbusy, you have no card game or meeting you can go to?” – turning her face to the pillow.

For a while he cut his meetings and going out, fussed over her diet, tried to wheedle her into leaving the house, brought in visitors:

“I should come to a fashion tea. I should sit and look at

是藥，你更需要享受人生、活得開心。還有，瞧這餐單，你能跟它煮嗎？逐小塊秤重量，一點點肥膏也要挑走，還有什麼湯、什麼布丁。頤蔭園呢，營養師會替你料理妥當。」

她保持緘默。

「在那裡你會好起來，真的。」他的語調趨向柔和。「那兒住得好，樂子多著呢。」

「幹嘛？沒牌局、沒會開嗎？大忙人先生？」 - 她的臉往枕頭另一側別過去。

有一段時間他減少了開會和外出次數，為她的餐單忙個不了，還花心思哄她外出，發動朋友來探她。

「我去時裝茶敘咧！坐著看漂亮女娃子穿我買

pretty babies in clothes I cannot buy. This is pleasure?”

“Always you are better than everyone else. The doctor said you should go out. Mrs. Brem comes to you with goodness and you turn her away.”

“Because *you* asked her to, she asked me.”

“They won’t come back. People you need, the doctor said. You own cousins I asked; they were willing to come and make peace as if nothing had happened...”

“No more crushers of people, pushers, hypocrites, around me. No more in *my* house. You go to them if you like.”

“Kind he is to visit. And you, like ice.”

“A babbler. All my life around babblers. Enough!”

不起的衣裳咧！這是樂子？」

「你呀，總是覺得自己見識比人高。醫生說你要多些外出，百靈太太一片好心來約你，卻討了頓沒趣。」

「因為是你叫她，她才來邀我。」

「她們不會再來了。醫生說你要多見人。我邀請了你的表姊妹來探你，她們往事不咎，準備和你重修舊好...」

「她們專損人、踩人、最假惺惺，這種人我不要見，我家不歡迎。你喜歡就探她們去。」

「他來探你，多好！你卻冷冰冰。」

「這個嘮叨鬼！我跟嘮叨鬼跟了一世，夠了！」

“She’s even worse, Dad? Then let her stew a while,” advised Nancy. “You can’t let it destroy you; it’s a psychological thing, maybe too far gone for any of us to help.”

So he let her stew. More and more she lay silent in bed, and sometimes did not even get up to make the meals. No longer the tongue-lashing inevitable if he left the coffee cup where it did not belong, or forgot to take out the garbage or mislaid the broom. The birds grew bold that summer and for once pocked the pears, undisturbed.

A bellyful of bitterness and every day the same quarrel in a

「爸，她的脾氣比以前更壞？不要理她，就讓她生一會兒悶氣。」南施說。「不要給唬住了。這是心理問題，毛病可能太深了，我們的法子都沒用。」

所以他就不管她，讓她生悶氣。越來越多時候，她默不作聲地躺在床上，有時甚至飯也不燒。儘管他到處亂擱咖啡杯子，忘了把垃圾拿出去，沒把掃帚放好，她竟然沒有一如以往那樣絕不放過他，狠狠數落他一頓。那個夏天，雀鳥的膽子忒大了，首次把園裡的梨子啄得千瘡百孔而沒被人趕走。

滿肚子的怨憤，每天都為賣房子挑開新的戰幔，

new way and a different old grievance the old quarrel forced her to enter and relive. And the new torment: I am not really sick, the doctor said it, then why do I feel so sick?

One night she asked him: “You have a meeting tonight? Do not go. Stay ... with me.”

He had planned to watch “This Is Your Life,” but half sick himself from the heavy heat, and sickening therefore the more after the brooks and woods of the Haven, with satisfaction he grated:

“Hah, Mrs. Live Alone And Like It wants company all of a sudden. It doesn’t seem so good the time of solitary when she was a girl exile in Siberia. “Do not go. Stay with me.’ A new song for Mrs. Free As A Bird. Yes, I am going out, and while I am gone chew this aloneness good, and think how

吵時舊怨掀開新的一章，迫她從不同角度再度感受舊日的委屈。另外還有別的折騰，我沒有什麼病，醫生不是說了嗎？幹嘛我老是病懨懨的？

一天晚上，她跟他說：「今晚有會要開嗎？不去行不行？陪陪...我。」

那晚有個電視節目「你的一生」他想看，可是白天濃厚的悶熱令到頭沈得很，想到要越過頤蔭園的樹林和溪流，就更叫他心中發慌。不過聽到這話他就樂開了，尖酸地說：

「哈！獨戶奶奶忽然要人陪了。當她還是個姑娘時，一個人放逐到西伯利亞可夠滋味⁴。『不去行不行？陪陪我。』愛自由奶奶唱起了新調子。對呀！我正準備外出。我出去後，你把孤獨味兒嚐

you keep us both from where if you want people, you do not need to be alone.”

“Go, go. All your life you have gone without me.”

After him she sobbed curses he had not heard in years, old-country curses from their childhood: Grow, oh shall you grow like an onion, with your head in the ground. Like the hide of a drum shall you be, beaten in life. Oh shall you be like a chandelier, to hang, and to burn...

She was not in their bed when he came back. She lay on the cot on the sun porch. All week she did not speak or come near him; nor did he try to make peace or care for her.

He slept badly, so used to her next to him. After all the years, old harmonies and dependencies deep in their bodies; she curled to him, or he coiled to her, each warmed, warming,

個透。本來我倆幾時要人陪就可以有人陪，可是你卻不要，你該好好反省。」

「你去！你去呀！一輩子你就撇下我。」

他出去後，她邊啜泣、邊咒他，都是小時家鄉罵人的話，多年沒聽過了。長啊長！願你愈長愈大像洋蔥，深深頭埋泥土中；長啊長！願你愈長愈厚像鼓皮，日日挨打痛到死；長啊長！願你愈長愈高像吊燈，夜夜烤烘眼睜睜。

他回到家，發覺房裡的大床是空的，她去了廊檐下的小床睡。整個星期她不和他說話，離他遠遠的。他也無意跟她講和、或看她一眼。但是他睡得不穩，因為慣了有她在旁。多年來互相配合和依賴，成了根深柢固的習慣。她的身體順著他彎

turning as the other turned, the nights a long embrace.
It was not the empty bed or the storm that woke him, but a faint singing. *She* was singing. Shaking off the drops of rain, the lightning riving her lifted face, he saw her so; the cot covers on the floor.

“This is a private concert?” he asked. “Come in, you are wet.”

“I can breathe now,” she answered; “my lungs are rich.”

Though indeed the sound was hardly a breath.

“Come in, come in.” Loosing the bamboo shades. “Look how wet you are.” Half helping, half carrying her, still faint-breathing her songs.

A Russian love song of fifty years ago.

向同一面，又或者他順著她向著另一面蜷曲，你的體溫烘著我，我的體溫烘著你。一個人轉身，另一個隨著轉，每一晚都是漫長的擁抱。
不是空蕩蕩的床，也不是雷暴把他把他從睡夢中驚醒，而是一陣微弱的歌聲。她在唱歌！猛地閃電掠過她揚起的臉，可以看見她正甩掉面上點點的雨水，床罩已經掉到陽台的地上。

「開私人演唱會嗎？」他說。「快進來，你身子都濕了。」

「看！我可以呼吸。」她答道。「我的肺多強壯。」
實質她唱歌的聲音跟呼吸差不多。

「進來，進來呀！」他放下竹簾子。「看你都淋濕了。」把她半扶半抱摻進來，她還一呼一吸、

He had found a buyer, but before he told her, he called together those children who were close enough to come.

Paul, of course, Sammy from New Jersey, Hannah from Connecticut, Vivi from Ohio.

With a kindling of energy for her beloved visitors, she arrayed the house, cooked and baked. She was not prepared for the solemn after-dinner conclave, they too probing in and tearing. Her frightened eyes watched from mouth to mouth as each spoke.

His stories were eloquent and funny of her refusal to go back to the doctor; of the scorned invitations; of her stubborn silence or the bile “like a Niagara”; of her contrariness: “If I clean it’s no good how I cleaned; if I don’t clean, I’m still a

聲音微弱地唱她的歌。

一首五十年前俄國的情歌。

他找到買主了，但告訴她之前，先把住得較近的兒女都找來。第一個當然是保羅，其他還有新澤西州的薩米、康涅狄格州的漢納、俄亥俄州的維維。

知道疼愛的兒女到訪，她的勁頭來了，執拾房子、燒幾道菜、還要烤焗幾道。可沒想到晚餐後竟然來個煞有介事的大會，他們同樣咄咄逼人地追問、挖掘她心裡的話。她驚惶地逐一望著每張說話的嘴巴。

他把她的事一樁樁地敘述，講得又流暢、又好笑；怎地不肯到醫生處覆診、不屑接受邀約、固

master who thinks he has a slave.”

(Vinegar he poured on me all his life; I am well marinated;

how can I be honey now?)

Deftly he marched in the rightness for moving to the Haven;

their money from social security free for visiting the

children, not sucked into daily needs and into the house; the

activities in the Haven for him; but mostly the haven for *her*:

her health, her need of care, distraction, amusement, friends

who shared her interests.

“This does offer an outlet for Dad, “said Paul; “he’s always

執地不肯說話、怨氣大似尼亞加拉瀑布、還有態度蠻橫極了。「我清潔屋子，無論弄得多好還是不夠乾淨；要是我不做，又說我還以為自己是主子，家裡養了奴隸。」

(一生人他單給我灌醋，我已渾身醃得酸澀透了，還會甜似蜜嗎?)

他滔滔不絕，將搬到頤蔭園的好處逐一說得清清楚楚：社會保障金可用作探望兒女的旅費，不須耗在生活費和屋子的維修費上頭；頤蔭園有適合他的各種活動；但最重要的是遷往頤蔭園是為了她：她健康狀況不佳、生活要人照顧，也需要精神寄託、找些消遣，那裡還可找到和她志同道合的朋友。

been an active person. And economic peace of mind isn't to be sneezed at, either. I could use a little of that myself.”

But when they asked: “And you, Ma, how do you feel about it?” could only whisper:

“For him it is good. It is not for me. I can no longer live between people.”

“You live all your life *for* people” Vivi cried.

“Not with.” Suffering doubly for the unhappiness on her children's faces.

“You have to find some compromise,” Sammy insisted.

“Maybe sell the house and buy a trailer. After forty-seven years there's surely some way you can find to live in peace.”

“There is no help, my children. Different things we need.”

「對爸來說，確是個好去處。」保羅說。「他向來活躍得很。還有，不用再擔心經濟問題可真不容易，我也想喘喘氣哩！」

不過當他們問：「媽，您呢？覺得這主意怎樣？」

她以低微的聲音回答：

「他覺得好，我可不。我不能再‘和’人一起過日子。」

「您一生都‘跟’人過活。」維維叫了出來。

「卻不是‘和’人生活。」看到兒女不開心的神情，她更感難受。

「您倆應想個折衷辦法。」薩米老是說。「不如把房子賣掉，買部拖車屋住。都四十七年了，總有法子可以好好地過日子。」

“Then live alone!” He could control himself no longer. “I have a buyer for the house. Half the money for you, half for me. Either alone or with me to the Haven. You think I can live any longer as we are doing now?”

“Ma doesn’t have to make a decision this minute, however you feel, Dad,” Paul said quickly, “and you wouldn’t want her to. Let’s let it lay a few months, and then talk some more.”

“I think I can work it out to take Mother home with me for a while,” Hannah said. “You both look terrible, but especially you, Mother. I’m going to ask Phil to have a look at you.”

“Sure,” cracked Sammy. “What’s the use of a doctor husband if you can’t get free service out of him once in a while for the family? And absence might make the heart...you know.”

「難了，大家要求不一樣。」

「那你獨個兒住！」他忍無可忍。「我找到買主了。賣房子的錢一半歸你、一半歸我。你獨個兒住也好，跟我去頤蔭園也好。這樣子過活，我實在受不了！」

「媽不用馬上決定，無論爸怎的不好受。」保羅很快地接口：「爸您也不想媽倉卒決定呀！先把這件事擱下，幾個月後，我們再從長計議。」

「不如媽來我家住一陣子，我把地方收拾一下就成。」漢納說。「您倆看上去精神都不大好，特別是媽。讓我叫非爾替您作個檢查。」

「當然囉！」薩米衝口而出。「如果不是間中可以讓家人免費看病，為什麼要嫁個醫生丈夫？還

“There was something after all,” Paul told Nancy in a colorless voice. “That was Hannah’s Phil calling. Her gall bladder...surgery.”

“Her gall bladder. If that isn’t classic. ‘Bitter as gall’ – talk of psychosom – ”

He stepped closer, put his hand over her mouth, and said in the same colorless, plodding voice. “We have to get Dad.

They operated at once. The cancer was everywhere, surrounding the liver, everywhere. They did what they could...at best she has a year. Dad...we have to tell him.”

2

Honest in his weakness when they told him, and that she was not to know. “I’m not an actor. She’ll know right away by

有，俗語有云：小別勝.....你懂啦！」

「果然有事。」保羅告訴南施，他的聲音一片空洞。「漢納的丈夫非爾打了電話來。她膽囊.....要動手術。」

「哈！膽囊，可夠噲的。‘苦澀似膽’一身心病不就是說.....」

他上前，用手掩住她的嘴，用同樣空洞、單調的聲音說：「要通知爸。醫生說要立即做手術。瘤腫已擴散，肝周圍、其他內臟也有。他們只能盡人事.....媽活不過一年。爸.....我們得通知爸。」

2

他聽到消息，還知道要把她瞞著，並不假裝堅強。「我扮不來，她會馬上識破的。她真命苦，

how I am. Oh that poor woman. I am old too, it will break me into pieces. Oh that poor woman. She will spit on me: 'So my sickness was how I live.' Oh Paulie, how she will be, that poor woman. Only she should not suffer.... I can't stand sickness, Paulie, I can't go with you."

But went. And play-acted.

"A grand opening and you did not even wait for me....A good thing Hannah took you with her."

"Fashion teas I needed. They cut out what tore in me; just in my throat something hurts yet....Look! so many flowers, like a funeral. Vivi called, did Hannah tell you? And Lennie from San Francisco, and Clara; and Sammy is coming." Her gnome's face pressed happily into the flowers.

It is impossible to predict in these cases, but once over the

我也一把年紀了，受不了這番折騰。她真苦命啊！她呀！一定又會損我：『這樣子過活，怎不招這病！』保羅！她會怎樣？多苦命啊！不能再叫她受罪.....我怕見到人家病的模樣，保羅，不要叫我陪你去。」

結果還是去了，而且演了場戲。

「甚麼？演齣開‘膛’大戲也不等等我呀...幸好漢納請你去她家住。」

「那時你還叫我去時裝茶敘。現在醫生把裡面揪著我的東西切除了；只有喉嚨還有點兒痛...看呀！這許多花，像靈堂擺設。維維來過了，漢納告訴你沒有？倫尼從三藩市來探我，還有克萊拉呢；薩米也要來。」

immediate effects of the operation, she should have several months of comparative well-being.

The money, where will come the money?

Travel with her, Dad. Don't take her home to the old associations. The other children will want to see her.

The money, where will I wring the money?

Whatever happens, she is not to know. No, you can't ask her to sign the papers to sell the house; nothing to upset her.

Borrow instead, then after....

I had wanted to leave you each a few dollars to make life easier, as other fathers do. There will be nothing left now.

(Failure! You and your "business is exploitation." Why didn't you make it when it could be made? – Is that what you're thinking, Sammy?)

她乾癟的臉龐埋進花簇，快樂得很。

這類病情很難預測，手術一康復，有幾個月她會覺得好過一點。

錢呢？錢從何來？

爸，您帶她旅行。不要讓她回家想起往日的事。

何況，兄弟姊妹也想見她。

錢呢？怎攢下錢？

無論怎樣，都不要讓她知道。不能叫她簽約賣房子，不要惹她不開心。

可以去借，等.....

我本想像其他做父親的，給每個兒女剩點錢，讓他們過點舒服日子，現在可不會有幾文剩下了。

(真差勁！說甚麼‘做生意是剝削’。幹嘛有機會

Sure she's unreasonable, Dad - but you have to stay with her; if there's to be any happiness in what's left of her life, it depends on you.

Prop me up, children, think of me, too. Shuffled, chained with her, bitter woman. No Haven, and the little money going....How happy she looks, poor creature.

The look of excitement. The straining to hear everything (the new hearing aid turned full). Why are you so happy, dying woman?

How the petals are, fold on fold, and the gladioli color. The autumn air.

賺幾文時不賺？—薩米，我道出了你此刻的心中話？)

她的脾氣確實難挨，爸—可是您不能把她撇下；她剩餘的日子要是還有點樂趣的話，就全賴你了。

孩子，幫幫我！也想想我呀！脾氣這麼倔的女人，跟她拴在一塊、受她拖累，頤蔭園不消提了，一丁點積蓄也留不住了……噢，可是她現在多開心！苦命的女人！

一副興奮的神情，傾耳細聽所有聲音（新的助聽器調校到最大聲量）。瀕死的女人，為什麼你快樂若斯？

這些花瓣真奇妙，層層疊疊多整齊，瞧那劍蘭的

Stranger grandsons, tall above the little gnome grandmother, the little spry grandfather. Paul in a frenzy of picture-taking before going.

She, wandering the great house. Feeling the books; laughing at the maple shoemaker's bench of a hundred years ago used as a table. The ear turned to music.

“Let us go home. See how good I walk now.” “One step from the hospital,” he answers, “and she wants to fly. Wait till Doctor Phil says.”

“Look – the birds are too flying home. Very good Phil is and will not show it, but he is sick of sickness by the time he comes home.”

“Mrs. Telepathy, to read minds,” he answers; “read mine what it says: when the trunks of medicines become a

色彩，呀！秋日的氣息。

許久沒見的孫兒，在乾癟的祖母、好動的祖父，這兩位矮小老人家旁邊，顯得高出一截。保羅在走之前，飛快地替他們拍照。

她在偌大的房子裡，這裡走走，那裡走走。摩娑把弄那些書，笑他們拿一百年前鞋匠的楓木工作台用作餐桌。她的耳朵現在只顧得聽音樂。

「回家吧！我現在行得多穩，看！」他回答說：

「真是哪！剛踏出醫院，就想飛。要聽我們非爾醫生怎說。」

「鳥兒也飛回家了。非爾沒表示不耐煩，真有修養，但回到家還要對著病人，該有多膩。」

「他心通奶奶！能看穿別人的心思。」他回答

suitcase, then we will go.”

The grandboys, they do not know what to say to

us... Hannah, she runs around here, there, when is there time for herself?

Let us go home. Let us go home.

Musing; gentleness – but for the incidents of the rabbi in the hospital, and of the benediction.

Of the rabbi in the hospital:

Now tell me what happened, Mother.

From the sleep I awoke, Hannah's Phil, and he stands there like a devil in a dream and calls me by name. I cannot hear. I think he prays. Go away, please, I tell him, I am not a believer. Still he stands, while my heart knocks with fright.

道：「看看我在想甚麼：等到有天一大堆藥箱子變成行李筐，我們就走。」

那些孫兒，他們不知道跟我們說什麼才好……漢納整日忙得團團轉，沒一點空暇留給自己。

就讓我們回家！回去吧！

獨個兒不知想什麼，安靜平和多了一只除了那兩回：猶太經師到訪醫院、還有賜福祈禱儀式。

猶太經師到訪醫院的經過：

媽，是甚麼一回事？

我從睡夢中驚醒，原來是漢納的丈夫非爾。他站在跟前，就像發夢時見到的鬼怪，連名帶姓地叫喚我，其他就聽不清了，多半在祈禱吧。請你走

You scared *him*. Mother. He thought you were delirious.

Who sent him? Why did he come to me?

It is a custom. The men of God come to visit those of their religion they might help. The hospital makes up the list for them – race, religion – and you are on the Jewish list.

Not for rabbis. At once go and make them change. Tell them to write: Race, human; Religion, none.

And of the candles of benediction:

Look how you have upset yourself, Mrs. Excited Over Nothing. Pleasant memories you should leave.

Go in, go back to Hannah and the lights. Two weeks I saw candles and said nothing. But she asked me.

吧！我跟他說，我不是教徒。但他站著不動，我的心慌得抖簌簌地跳。

你反把他嚇壞了，媽。他以為你病得神智不清呢。

誰叫他來？幹嘛挑中我？

教士去探訪教中需要的人，是一般教會的慣例。醫院循病人的種族、宗教編成多份名單，交給他們，您在猶太名單內。

不用猶太經師來，去呀！馬上叫他們改，應該這麼寫：種族：人類；宗教：沒有。

賜福祈禱儀式用的蠟燭⁵：

大驚小怪奶奶，看你把自己氣得那個樣子！你知道不？要讓人想到你的開心模樣才是。進去吧！

So what was so terrible? She forgets you never did, she asks you to light the Friday candles and say the benediction like Phil's mother when she visits. If the candles give her pleasure, why shouldn't she have the pleasure?

Not for the pleasure she does it. For emptiness. Because his family does. Because all around her do.

That is not a good reason too? But you did not hear her. For heritage, she told you. For the boys, from the past they should have tradition.

Superstition! From our ancestors, savages, afraid of the

進去瞧瞧，漢納把那些蠟燭都點了。

我瞧了足足兩個星期，沒說什麼，可是她現在竟然叫我來點！

有什麼不妥？她忘了你從不來這套，現在只是請你在星期五點蠟燭，念賜福祈禱經文，就像非爾的母親來訪時行的儀式。如果點蠟燭讓漢納感到安樂，為甚麼不就讓她點？

她不是為了覺得安樂才點，我看她根本沒有什麼寄託，只因為非爾一家這樣做，周圍的人都這樣做。

這還不是個充分理由嗎？你沒聽她說，這是傳統，她要教導兒子繼承傳統一套。

這是迷信！人類的祖先，那些原始人，怕黑、怕

dark, of themselves: mumbo words and magic lights to scare away ghosts.

She told you: how it started does not take away the goodness. For centuries, peace in the house it means.

Swindler! Does she look back on the dark centuries?

Candles bought instead of bread and stuck into a potato

for a candlestick? Religion that stifled and said: in

Paradise, woman, you will be the footstool of your

husband, and in life – poor chosen Jew – ground under,

despised, trembling in cellars. And cremated. And

cremated.

This is religion's fault? You think you are still an orator of the 1905 revolution? Where are the pills for quieting?

Which are they?

自己，唸唸有詞，點起他們認為神奇的火來驅邪。

她解釋了嘛，不管起源怎樣，它的含義總是好的。多少個世紀以來，它意味家的安寧。

騙人的話！她可曾回顧黑暗時代的歷史？錢不用來買麵包，卻拿去買蠟燭，扎在馬鈴薯上當作燭台燒？坑人的宗教！說什麼婦人，在天國裡，你是你丈夫的腳凳；在塵世中，那些可憐的猶太人—還是上帝的選民唷！給折磨、賤待，在地窖中顫抖，然後一群、一群地被燒成灰燼。⁶

跟宗教有什麼關係？你以為這還是 1905 年，你在革命運動中演說嗎？⁷鎮靜劑放在哪兒？是這個嗎？

Heritage. How have we come from our savage past, how no longer to be savages – this to teach. To look back and learn what humanizes – this to teach. To smash all ghettos that divide us – this to teach. Learned books in the house, will humankind live or die, and she gives to her boys – superstition.

Hannah that is so good to you. Take your pill, Mrs.

Excited For Nothing, swallow.

Heritage! But when did I have time to teach? Of Hannah

I asked only hands to help.

Swallow.

Not to travel. To go home.

The children want to see you. We have to show them you are as thorny a flower as ever.

談到傳統，人類怎樣從蒙昧時代進化到今天的文明 這要教；回顧過去，學習人道精神何來—這要教；砸毀把人分隔的各種聚居區—這要教。她家中有許多有益的書，講人類存亡之道，這些她不教，卻教兒子迷信的東西。

你忘了漢納對你多好。大驚小怪奶奶，這是你的藥，來，吞！

對呀傳統！但我自己從來哪有時間教孩子？我

只顧得叫漢納幫手做家務。

吞吧。

我不想穿州過省，我想回家。

孩子都想見你呢。就讓他們看看你的雌威不減當

Not to travel.

Vivi wants you should see her new baby. She set the tickets – airplane tickets – a Mrs. Roosevelt she wants to make of you. To Vivi’s we have to go.

A new baby. How many warm, seductive babies. She holds him stiffly, *away* from her, so that he wails. And a long shudder begins, and the sweat beads on her forehead.

“Hush, shush,” croons the grandfather, lifting him back.

“You should forgive your grandmamma, little prince, she has never held a baby before, only seen them in glass cases.

Hush, shush.”

“You’re tired, Ma,” says Vivi. “The travel and the noisy dinner. I’ll take you to lie down.”

年！

我不想去任何地方。

維維想你去瞧瞧初生的孫兒。票也訂了——是飛機票呢——她要你像羅斯福總統夫人那樣威風。我們怎也得去探望她。

初生的嬰兒，許多暖烘烘、逗人愛的嬰兒。她僵硬地讓他躺在臂彎、離她懷中遠遠的，嬰兒登時呱呱大哭。她的身體開始抖個不了，前額沁出汗珠。

「噓！乖唷！」祖父邊哄、邊把他接過來。

「小王子，不要怪你外婆啊！她從沒抱過活生生的娃兒，只見過放在玻璃匣子裡那些。噓！乖！」

(A long travel from, to, what the feel of a baby evokes.)

In the airplane, cunningly designed to encase from motion (no wind, no feel of flight), she had sat severely and still, her face turned to the sky through which they cleaved and left no scar.

So this was how it looked, the determining, the crucial sky, and this was how man moved through it, remote above the dwindled earth, the concealed human life. Vulnerable life, that could scar.

There was a steerage ship of memory that shook across a

「媽，你累了。」維維說。「飛了好一段旅程，晚飯又鬧哄哄的。我帶你去躺下休息一會。」
(觸摸嬰兒所勾起的感受，屬於遙遠的往事；要喚起那些事，也要好長的一段旅程。)

在飛機內，巧妙的設計把動感隔開了(沒有風，也沒有飛行的感覺)，她坐得直挺挺的、一派肅然之色，臉龐卻別過去，望著那被飛機剖開、卻不留痕的天空。

天原來就是那樣，主宰一切、凌駕一切的天。人原來就是這樣穿越過去，遠離縮小了的地球、以及隱藏其中的活生生人類；他們的生命多脆弱、多輕易留下疤痕！

great, circular sea; clustered, ill human beings; and through the thick-stained air, tiny fretting waters in a window round like the airplane's – sun round, moon round. (The round thatched roofs of Olshana.) Eye round – like the smaller window that framed distance the solitary year of exile when only her eyes could travel, and no voice spoke. And the polar winds hurled themselves across snows trackless and endless and white – like the clouds which had closed together below and hid the earth.

Now they put a baby in her lap. Do not ask me, she would have liked to beg. Enough the worn face of Vivi, the remembered grandchildren. I cannot, cannot...

Cannot what? Unnatural grandmother, not able to make herself embrace a baby.

由記憶領航的船在浩瀚、圓形的大海中顛簸；擠迫、病懨懨的人；透過濃濁的空氣，那裡有形狀跟飛機內一樣的圓窗，可見到泛起波紋的一道道小水域—太陽是圓的，月亮是圓的。(奧項納的圓形茅草屋頂。)窗眼也是圓的—就像單獨囚禁流放那一年，更小的圓窗框著遠方，只有眼睛能望得那麼遙遠，沒有人和她說話。北極的大風在雪地漫天飛舞，白茫茫地無窮無盡—就像下面合攏成一片、掩蓋地面的白雲。

現在他們把嬰孩放在她的懷裡，其實她想求他們不要逼她。看夠了維維疲累的面容，孫兒的一切已好好地存在心坎中。我不能、不能...

She lay there in the bed of the two little girls, her new hearing aid turned full, listening to the sound of the children going to sleep, the baby's fretful crying and hushing, the clatter of dishes being washed and put away. They thought she slept. Still she rode on.

It was not that she had not loved her babies, her children. The love – the passion of tending – had risen with the need like a torrent; and like a torrent drowned and immolated all else. But when the need was done – oh the power that was lost in the painful damming back and drying up of what still surged, but had nowhere to go. Only the thin pulsing left that could not be quiet, suffering over lives one felt, but could no longer hold nor help.

不能甚麼？不正常的外婆，無法叫自己去抱娃娃。

她躺在兩個小女孩的床上，把新的助聽器聲量調校到最大，聆聽孩子睡覺前發出的各種聲響：娃娃不耐煩的哭喊；母親低聲的撫慰；洗滌、擺放碟子的叮零噹啣聲音。他們以為她睡著了，不，她的思緒繼續騁馳。

她並不是不愛自己的兒女。對兒女的愛—那份出自關切的強烈感情—自然地隨著兒女的需要像急流似的湧來；也像急流一樣把一切其他東西都淹沒、犧牲了。但當他們不再需要她，她的力量已在抵擋那股狂瀾、在壓抑無從宣洩但仍冒出來的一些東西時耗盡。剩下的只有那股不肯休止的

On that torrent she had borne them to their own lives, and the riverbed was desert long years now. Not there would she dwell, a memoried wraith. Surely that was not all, surely there was more. Still the springs, the springs were in her seeking. Somewhere an older power that beat for life. Somewhere coherence, transport, meaning. If they would but leave her in the air now stilled of clamor, in the reconciled solitude, to journey on.

And they put a baby in her lap. Immediacy to embrace, and the breath of *that* past: warm flesh like this had claims and nuzzled away all else with lovely mouths devoured; hot-living like an animal – intensely and now; the turning

微弱脈膊還在跳動，為那些感受得到、可是無法延續、拯救的生命備受煎熬。

循那道急流她把每人運載到各自的生命長河裡，到了現在，河床早已乾旱多年。她、一個充滿回憶的幽靈，也不再在那裡安身。沒理由這就是一切，一定還有其他東西。對了，還有涓涓湧出來的泉水，只要她尋覓就可以找到。某處應有股更古老的力量為生命擊出節奏，某處互通、互繫，存在著意義。為什麼不能讓她留在喧鬧過後的寂靜裡？在以妥協換來的獨處空間裡繼續上路？

而他們把一個嬰孩放在她的懷裡。他要求即時摟抱，也帶來了往日的氣息：這樣的暖肉團兒有種

maze; the long drunkenness; the drowning into needing and being needed. Severely she looked back – and the shudder seized her again, and the sweat. Not that way. Not there, not now could she, not yet....

And all that visit, she could not touch the baby.

“Daddy, is it the ...sickness she’s like that?” asked Vivi. “I was so glad to be having the baby – for her. I told Tim, it’ll give her more happiness than anything, being around a baby again. And she hasn’t played with him once.”

He was not listening, “Aahh little seed of life, little charmer,” he crooned, “Hollywood should see you. A heart of ice you would melt. Kick, kick. The future you’ll have for a ball. In 2050 still kick. Kick your granddaddy then.”

種的索求，他們可愛的小嘴大口地吞，把什麼都吮光，就像一頭熱烘烘有生命的動物一當下、那樣迫切，轉來轉去的迷宮；長年累月的宿醉；沈溺於個人的需索、他人的需索。她凜然回望一顫慄再度襲來，汗珠隨而沁出。不可以那樣。不可以放在懷裡，她現在不可以、還不可以...

整段探訪日子內，她沒法叫自己去碰嬰孩。

「爸爸，她是因為...病才變了？」維維問。「添了孩子，我以為……會討她歡喜。我跟提姆說，她一定會歡喜得不得了，因為又有娃娃給她逗。可是她從不去逗他。」

他沒聽她說話，「小乖種，惹人疼！」自顧自地

Attentive with the older children; sat through their performances (command performance; we command you to be the audience); helped Ann sort autumn leaves to find the best for a school program; listened gravely to Richard tell about his rock collection, while her lips mutely formed the words to remember: *igneous, sedimentary, metamorphic*; looked for missing socks, books, and bus tickets; watched the children whoop after their grandfather who knew how to tickle, chuck, lift, toss, do tricks, tell secrets, make jokes, match riddle for riddle. (Tell me a riddle, Grammy. I know no riddles, child.) Scrubbed sills and woodwork and furniture in every room; folded the laundry, straightened drawers; emptied the heaped baskets waiting for ironing (while he or Vivi or Tim nagged: You're supposed to rest here, you've been sick) but to none tended or gave food –

呢聲哄娃娃。「荷李活應找你做明星，見到你，鐵石心腸也會溶化。踢呀，繼續踢！未來世界是你的球兒，一直踢到 2050 年，來，踢你的公公！」而她則去陪伴較大的孫兒；坐著直到看完他們的表演（指定要看的表演；我們命令你做觀眾）；幫助安妮整理撿回來的落葉，挑最好的拿來做作業；正經地聽理查德談他的石頭標本，嘴唇跟著字的發音無聲地郁動，希望把詞兒好好記下：火成岩、沉積岩、變質岩；找襪子、書本、校車票；在孩子旁邊，她看著他們給外祖父逗得又笑又叫，公公會得呵癢、扔石子、把人舉高、拋起，又會做小把戲、跟你傾訴秘密、說笑話，你打個謎，他馬上打另一個。（給我打個謎，婆婆。我

and could not touch the baby.

After a week she said: "Let us go home. Today call about the tickets."

"You have important business, Mrs. Inahurry? The president waits to consult with you?" He shouted, for the fear of the future raced in him. "The clothes are still warm from the suitcase, your children cannot show enough how glad they are to see you, and you want home. There is plenty of time for home. We cannot be with the children at home."

"Blind to around you as always: the little ones sleep four in a room because we take their bed. We are two more people in a house with a new baby, and no help."

不懂呀！娃兒。) 每個房間的窗台、木製品、傢具去擦；把洗乾淨的衣服疊好，順帶整理抽屜；把籃裡堆得老高的衣物都拿出來燙了（而他、維維和提姆則在她身旁嘮叨，來這兒住圖的是休養，你還是剛病過呢）可是她卻沒有去帶孩子，沒去餵食—也沒法去碰那新生的嬰孩。

一個星期過去了，她說：「我們回家吧。今天就去問問機票。」

「小旋風奶奶，你有要事嗎？總統等著諮詢你嗎？」他大聲地問，因為心裡對未來恐慌極了。

「衣服的箱籠味兒還未散去，兒女還未來得及好好表達一番心意呢，你就要回家！耽在家的日子來日方長，可是要見孩子就見不到了。」

“Vivi is happy so. The children should have their grandparents a while, she told to me. I should have my mommy and daddy....”

“Babbler and blind. Do you look at her so tired? How she starts to talk and she cries? I am not strong enough yet to help. Let us go home.”

(To reconciled solitude.)

For it seemed to her the crowd noisy house was listening to her, listening for her. She could feel it like a great ear pressed under her heart. And everything knocked: quick constant raps; let me in, let me in.

How was it that soft reaching tendrils also became blows that knocked?

C'mon, Grandma, I want to show you....

「你呀老是對什麼都視而不見：我們佔了一張床，四個小孩就要擠一間房。一家人添了寶寶，倒多出我們兩口子，又幫不上忙。」

「維維多麼高興呢！她對我說：孩子應見見公公婆婆，我也想多見爸爸媽媽...」

「只會侃，不睜眼！你看不到她有多累嗎？才說幾句話，眼淚就流下來。我的身子還不行，不能幫她。我們回家吧！」

(回到經過妥協而來的獨處空間。)

因為那間擠迫嘈吵的房子似是等著聆聽她的聲音，也代她聆聽。它好比一隻巨大的耳朵緊壓著心臟，而所有東西都在敲她的心扉，急促、不斷的敲擊；讓我進去，讓我進去。

Tell me a riddle, Grandma. (*I know no riddles.*)

Look, Grammy, he's so dumb he can't even find his hands.

(Dody and the baby on a blanket over the fermenting autumn mould.)

I made them – for you. (Ann) (Flat paper dolls with aprons that lifted on scalloped skirts that lifted on flowered pants; hair of yarn and great ringed questioning eyes.)

Watch me, Grandma. (Richard snaking up the tree, hanging exultant, free, with one hand at the top. Below Dody hunching over in pretend-cooking.) (*Climb too, Dody, climb and look.*)

Be my nap bed, Grammy. (The “No!” too late.) Morty's abandoned heaviness, while his fingers ladder up and down

為什麼到處攀緣的柔軟觸鬚也會猛力地敲門？

來呀！婆婆，看我的...

給我打個謎，婆婆。(我不懂。)

婆，瞧！他笨死了，連自己的手在哪兒也不知道。(一幅毯子覆蓋著秋天的發酵軟土，道迪跟寶寶在上面玩。)

我做的，送給你。(安妮)(平面紙板人兒，穿著大花圖案長褲，上面套著波浪邊裙子，再在上面套著圍裙；毛冷做的頭髮，圓大的眼睛，像在發問。)

婆婆，看我！(理查德像蛇似的遊上了一棵樹，用一隻手把自己吊在半空，好自由、好不快樂。底下道迪彎腰駝背地玩家家酒。)(爬樹呀！道

her hearing-aid cord to his drowsy chant:

eentsiebeentsiespider. (*Children trust.*)

It's to start off your own rock collection, Grandma. That's a trilobite fossil, 200 million years old (millions of years on a boy's mouth) and that one's obsidian, black glass.

Knocked and knocked.

Mother, I *told* you the teacher said we had to bring it back all filled out this morning. Didn't you even ask Daddy? Then tell *me* which plan and I'll check it: Evacuate or stay in the city or wait for you to come and take me away. (Seeing the look of straining to hear.) It's for Disaster, Grandma.

(*Children trust.*)

迪，爬上去看看四周。)

婆！你是我的睡床。(說「不要！」已太遲了。)

莫蒂放軟的身子好沈重，他的手指隨著帶有睡意的呢喃，在她的助聽器線上揉：

嘛咧嘛咧哄。(孩子對人的信任)

外婆，給你這個，算是你收集石頭標本的第一塊。那是三葉蟲的化石，有兩億年歷史(多少億年在小男孩口中娓娓道來)，另一塊是黑曜岩，黑玻璃。

敲、敲個不了。

媽，我不是說了嗎？老師叫我們一定要全部填上，今早交回。你跟爸爸提也沒提？好！單告訴我選哪個就行了，我來打勾：疏散或留在市內或

Vivi in the maze of the long, the lovely drunkenness. The old old noises: baby sounds; screaming of a mother flayed to exasperation; children quarreling; children playing; singing; laughter.

And Vivi's tears and memories, spilling so fast, half the words not understood.

She had started remembering out loud deliberately so her mother would know the past was cherished, still lived in her.

Nursing the baby: My friends marvel, and I tell them, oh it's easy to be such a cow. I remember how beautiful my mother seemed nursing my brother, and the milk just flows....Was that Davy? It must have been Davy....

Lowering a hem: How did you ever...when I think how you made everything we wore...Tim, just think, seven kids and

等你來接。(看到她努力去聽的神情。) 外婆，是為了應付災難事故。

(孩子對人的信任。)

維維置身於誘人、長醉不醒的迷宮裡。依然是舊日的吵鬧聲：嬰兒的哭喊；母親歇斯底里的尖叫；小孩吵架；小孩玩耍；唱歌；歡笑。

維維的眼淚和回憶，一瀉如注，說的話一半也聽不清楚。

她把記得的事提高聲量逐一講述，讓母親知道她珍惜過去，並不忘懷。

給寶寶哺母乳：我的朋友驚嘆不已，我告訴她們，做頭母牛容易得很。我記得我媽餵弟弟簡直是輕而易舉，她的奶就是這樣子一直淌個不停...

Mommy sewed everything...do I remember you sang while you sewed? That white dress with the red apples on the skirt you fixed over for me, was it Hannah's or Clara's before it was mine?

Washing sweaters: Ma, I'll never forget, one of those days so nice you washed clothes outside; one of the first spring days it must have been. The bubbles just danced while you scrubbed, and we chased after, and you stopped to show us how to blow our own bubbles with green onion stalks...you always....

“Strong onion, to still make you cry after so many years,” her father said, to turn the tears into laughter.

While Richard bent over his homework: Where is it now, do we still have it, the Book of the Martyrs? It always seemed

是小戴維嗎？一定是他...

把裙腳放長：你怎可能...我常想到我們穿的全出自你手...提姆，試想想，七個小孩，什麼都由媽親手縫...我依稀記得你一面縫、一面還在唱歌。那條白色全身裙，下擺有紅蘋果，是漢納還是克萊拉的？你把它改了給我。

洗汗衣：媽，我怎也忘不了晴天你在屋外頭洗衣服的那些日子；應該是初春的某一天，你大力地搓，泡沫到處飛舞，我們在後面追趕，你於是停下來，教我們用洋蔥的青色莖身來吹泡沫...你常常...

「洋蔥可夠噲的，這麼多年仍噲出眼淚。」父親如是說，頓時把眼淚變成笑聲。

so, well – exalted, when you'd put it on the round table and we'd all look at it together; there was even a halo from the lamp. The lamp with the beaded fringe you could move up and down; they're in style again, pulley lamps like that, but without the fringe. You know the book I'm talking about, daddy, the Book of the Martyrs, the first picture was a bust of Socrates? I wish there was something like that for the children, Mommy, to give them what you.... (And the tears splashed again.)

(What I intended and did not? Stop it, daughter, stop it, leave that time. And he, the hypocrite, sitting there with tears in his eyes – it was nothing to you then, nothing.)

...The time you came to school and I almost died of shame because of your accent and because I knew you knew I was

理查德埋首做功課：我們還有那本《烈士錄》嗎？它現在放在哪兒？該怎樣形容...它總是讓人覺得...境界很高。你把書攤在圓桌上，大夥兒一起讀，我記得檯燈還照了個圓形光環出來。那座檯燈有道珠子流蘇，可以上下升降，這種滑輪燈現在又流行了，不過沒有了那道流蘇。爸爸，你知道我說的是哪本書吧？一打開就見到一幅蘇格拉底的半身像圖畫，就是那本《烈士錄》。媽，我也多想有這樣的一本書來教孩子，跟你一樣... (眼淚又奪眶而出。)

(跟我一樣，做不到想做的事？不要，女兒，不要講下去！不要提往事。而他，奸死了，坐在那

ashamed; how could I?...Sammy's harmonica and you danced to it once, yes you did, you and Davy squealing in your arms....That time you bundled us up and walked us down to the railway station to stay the night 'cause it was heated and we didn't have any coal, that winter of the strike, you didn't think I remember that, did you, Mommy?...How you'd call us out to see the sunsets....

Day after day, the spilling memories. Worse now, questions, too. Even the grandchildren: Grandma, in the olden days, when you were little....

It was the afternoons that saved.

While they thought she napped, she would leave the mosaic on the wall (of children's drawings, maps, calendars,

兒淌淚—那時你對之不屑一顧，理也不理。)

...那次你來學校，我窘得無處躲，因為你說話帶有外國口音，也因為我曉得你知道我窘；我真不應該... 薩米有具口琴，有一次你隨著琴音起舞，是真的呀！還抱著小戴維，他在你懷中呱呱大叫...有一晚你把我們包得嚴嚴地，帶著我們步行到火車站過夜，因為我們的煤都用光了，而那裡有暖氣。是大罷工的那年冬天。媽，你沒想到我會記得那些事吧？...你又會叫我們走到屋子外頭看日落...

每一天，回憶傾囊而出。更可怕的是問題。連孫兒也會問：外婆，從前你小時候...

pictures, Ann's cardboard dolls with their great ringed questioning eyes) and hunch in the girls' cupboard, on the low shelf where the shoes stood, and the girls' dresses covered.

For that while she would painfully sheathe against the listening house, the tendrils and noises that knocked, and Vivi's spilling memories. Sometimes it helped to braid and unbraid the sashes that dangled, or to trace the pattern on the hoop slips.

Today she had jacks and children under jet trails to forget.

Last night, Ann and Dody silhouetted in the window against a sunset of flaming man-made clouds of jet trail, their jacks ball accenting the peaceful noise of dinner being made. Had

只有到了下午她才得到拯救。

他們以為她在睡午覺，實情是她離開牆上五顏六色併在一起的東西（孩子的圖畫、地圖、月曆、照片、還有安妮的洋娃娃—畫有圓大眼睛、像在發問的紙板人兒），躲進女孩兒的櫃裡，蜷伏在放鞋子的下格，讓女孩兒的全身裙遮掩著。

只有在那時刻，她才可以辛苦地擋住那傾耳聆聽的房子、那些敲擊的觸鬚和聲音，還有維維澎湃的回憶。她有時把那些垂下來的腰帶編結、解開，有時手指順著傘形襯裙上的鐵圓圈逐個摸索，這樣她就好過一點。

今天她要忘記的是拋接子遊戲和噴射機煙雲下的孩童。

she told them, yes she had told them of how she played jacks in her village though there was no ball, no jacks. Six stones, round and flat, toss them out, the seventh on the back of the hand, toss, catch and swoop up as many as possible, toss again....

Of stones (repeating Richard) there are three kinds: earth's fire jetting; rock of layered centuries; crucibled new out of the old (*igneous, sedimentary, metamorphic*). But there was that other – frozen to black glass, never to transform or hold the fossil memory...(let not my seed fall on stone). There was an ancient man who fought to heights a great rock that crashed back down eternally – eternal labor, freedom,

昨天晚上，落日把噴射機遺留的人造煙雲染得火紅，在窗子上照出安妮跟道迪的身影，他們玩接子用的小球，一次又一次，給做晚飯安詳有序的聲音加強了節奏。她告訴了他們沒有？有的，從前她在村子裡玩拋接子，並沒有小球兒，也沒有真正的接子，只有六粒扁平圓形的石子，一把扔出去，放第七粒在手背上，把它往上拋，然後盡快撿起地上的石子，再接再拋起那一粒；再拋起...

石子有三種（跟著理查德唸）：地心的火噴出來的；不同世紀層疊形成的；從古老石頭燒煉成的（火成岩、沉積岩、變質岩）。還有其他一冷結為黑玻璃，永不會變化、或藏有化石記憶 ...（不

labor...(stone will perish, but the word remain). And you, David, who with a stone slew, screaming: Lord, take my heart of stone and give me flesh.

Who was screaming? Why was she back in the common room of the prison, the sun motes dancing in the shafts of light, and the informer being brought in, a prisoner now, like themselves. And Lisa leaping, yes, Lisa, the gentle and tender, biting at the betrayer's jugular. Screaming and screaming.

No, it is the children screaming. Another of Paul and Sammy's terrible fights?

In Vivi's house. Severely: You are in Vivi's house.

Blows, screams, a call: "Grandma!" For her? Oh please not for her. Hide, hunch behind the dresses deeper. But a

要讓我的種子落在石頭上)。從前有個人老是把一塊大石往山上推，而石頭老是滾下來—永恆的勞役、自由、勞役... (石頭會毀滅，⁹福音卻永存)。而你，大衛，用一塊石頭殺死了敵人，大叫道：「主呀，把我石頭造成的心拿去，¹⁰請賜我肉心！」

誰在大叫？為什麼她又在監獄的大牢房？太陽下，塵埃在一道道光線裡飛舞，然後告密者給帶進來了，跟他們一樣，現在也是個囚犯了。莉薩跳起來，對呀，溫文嬌柔的莉薩，撲上去咬告密者的頸。那一下又一下的慘叫聲。

不，只是小孩在叫喊，又是保羅跟薩米狠狠地打架嗎？

trembling little body hurls itself beside her – surprised, smothered laughter, arms around her neck, tears rub dry on her cheek, and words too soft to understand whisper into her ear (Is this where you hide too, Grammy? It's my secret place, we have a secret now).

And the sweat beads, and the long shudder seizes.

It seemed the great ear pressed inside now, and the knocking.

“We have to go home,” she told him, “I grow ill here.”

“It's your own fault, Mrs. Busybody, you do not rest, you do too much.” He raged, but the fear was in his eyes. “It was a

維維的家，正色地跟自己說：你是在維維的家。

你打我一掌，我回敬一拳，尖叫聲，有人大喊：

「外婆！」是叫她嗎？呀！請放過她。快躲起來，在裙子堆裡縮入更深。但有個顫抖的小身軀忽地歪倒在身邊一吃吃低笑中帶著驚奇，攬著她的脖子，眼淚在她臉上揉擦都給揩乾了，湊近耳邊的語音輕軟到聽不清（婆！你也常躲在這兒嗎？這是我的秘密巢穴，我們有個共同秘密了。）

汗珠開始沁出，長長的顫慄又來侵襲了。

好像大耳朵已進入體內，在裡面緊壓著傾聽，敲門聲同時響起。

「我們應回家去。」她對他說。「在這裡我的病更重。」

serious operation, they told you to take care....All right, we will go to where you can rest.”

But where? Not home to death, not yet. He had thought to Lennie’s, to Clara’s; beautiful visits with each of the children. She would have to rest first, be stronger. If they could but go to Florida – it glittered before him, the never-realized promise of Florida. California: of course. (The money, the money, dwindling!) Los Angeles first for sun and rest, then to Lennie’s in San Francisco.

He told her the next day. “You saw what Nancy wrote: snow and wind back home, a terrible winter. And look at you – all bones and a swollen belly. I called Phil: he said: ‘A prescription, Los Angeles sun and rest.’”

「大忙人奶奶，都是你自作自受，你沒休息，終日忙個不了。」他的氣來了，但眼睛流露恐懼。

「這是項大手術，醫院叫你小心靜養...好！就讓我們去一個能讓你休息的地方。」

但哪兒？不可以回家去等候死亡，還沒到那刻。想過去倫尼、或是克萊拉家；逐個孩子的家好好地探訪一次。但她先要休養，把體力恢復過來。只要他們能去佛羅里達—那地方在他面前閃爍生光，可是只是個無法實現的承諾。加州：對呀。（錢，錢呢？愈來愈少了！）先去洛杉磯曬太陽休息，再去倫尼在三藩市的家。

第二天他告訴她：「你讀過南施的信哩：家鄉正刮風下雪，這個冬天可糟了。瞧瞧你一皮包骨似

She watched the words on his lips. “You have sold the house,” she cried, “that is why we do not go home. That is why you talk no more of the Haven, why there is money for travel. After the children you will drag me to the Haven.”

“The Haven! Who thinks of the Haven any more? Tell her, Vivi, tell Mrs. Suspicious: a prescription, sun and rest, to make you healthy....And how could I sell the house without *you?*”

At the place of farewells and greetings, of winds of coming and winds of going, they say their goodbyes.

They look back at her with the eyes of others before them: Richard with her own blue blaze; Ann with the Nordic eyes of Tim; Morty’s dreaming brown of a great-grandmother he will never know; Dody with the laughing eyes of him who had been her springtide love (who stands beside her now);

的，只剩下個發脹肚皮。我打電話問了非爾，他說：『有一道藥方，就是洛杉磯、陽光跟休息。』」

她望著他咀唇郁動，讀到他的話，高聲叫道：「你把房子賣了！所以我們不回家。就是這原因，你不再提頤蔭園了，也怪不得我們有錢旅行。探過孩子後，你就會硬拖我去頤蔭園住！」

「頤蔭園！誰還有心思去理它？維維，告訴你媽，告訴這個多疑的老太太：一道藥方，陽光跟休息，身體就可恢復過來...還有呀！沒有你，房子賣得成嗎？」

在那分離及迎接的地方，風送來又遠去，他們道別了。

兒孫望著她，他們都承襲了上一代的眼睛：理查

Vivi's, all tears.

The baby's eyes are closed in sleep.

Good-bye, my children.

3

It is to the back of the great city he brought her, to the dwelling places of the cast-off old. Bounded by two lines of amusement piers to the north and to the south, and between a long straight paving trimmed with black benches facing the sand – sands so wide the ocean is only a far fluting.

In the brief vacation season, some of the boarded stores fronting the sands open, and families, young people and children, may be seen. A little tasseled tram shuttles between the piers, and the lights of roller coasters prink and tweak over those who come to have sensation made in them.

德灼灼的藍色像她；安妮那北歐人澄澈的水藍則酷肖添姆；莫蒂做夢的啡黑來自他永沒見過的曾祖母；道迪眸子裡笑意盈盈，跟她的初戀意中人一樣（正在她的身旁）；維維是滿眶淚水。

寶寶眼睛閉上，睡著了。

孩子，再見了。

3

他帶她去了大城市偏遠的一角，那是孤零零老人家住的地方。¹¹南北兩面是兩個排成一列的遊樂碼頭，中間相連的是一條人工鋪砌、又長又直的路，路旁點綴著一些向著沙灘的黑色長椅——沙灘很大，海洋變得似是遠處的一道溝槽。

在短暫的旅遊季節裡，一些面向沙灘、平日上了

The rest of the year it is abandoned to the old, all else boarded up and still; seemingly empty, except the occasional days and hours when the sun, like a tide, sucks them out of the low rooming houses, casts them onto the benches and sandy rim of the walk – and sweeps them into the decaying enclosures once again.

A few newer apartments glint among the low bleached squares. It is in one of these Lennie's Jeannie has arranged their rooms. "Only a few miles north and south people pay hundreds of dollars a month for just this gorgeous air, Granddaddy, just this ocean closeness."

She had been ill on the plane, lay ill for days in the unfamiliar room. Several times the doctor came by – left

圍板的店舖開門營業，大大小小一家子、年輕人、小孩都來了。一輛垂掛著飾物的小電車南北碼頭穿梭，過山車的燈光誇張地閃爍、照亮了來尋找刺激的人。其餘的日子他們就絕足了，只剩下老人家。什麼都給圍上了板、一片靜悄悄；房子好像空置了似的。例外的幾天，陽光偶然出現幾個小時，就似是潮水般，把他們從低矮的小房裡扯出來，扔在長椅上、又或是沙灘的路旁——然後又一下子把他們揮回朽敗的封閉空間去。

幾座較新的樓房在矮小、褪了色的四方住宅區中特別顯眼，就是在這裡倫尼的女兒珍妮給他們租了套房間。「爺爺，南北多走幾哩的地方，人家要付好幾百塊才有這麼清新的空氣、才可以住得

medicine she would not take. Several times Jeannie drove in the twenty miles from work, still in her Visiting Nurse uniform, the lightness and brightness of her like a healing.

“Who can believe it is winter?” he asked one morning.

“Beautiful it is outside like an ad. Come, Mrs. Invalid, come to taste it. You are well enough to sit in here, you are well enough to sit outside. The doctor said it too.”

But the benches were encrusted with people, and the sands at the sidewalk’s edge. Besides, she had seen the far ruffle of the sea: “there take me,” and though she leaned against him, it was she who led.

這麼近海邊呢！」

她之前坐飛機感到不舒服，連續多天在陌生的房間裡躺下了。醫生來了好幾次一留下的藥她卻不肯服。珍妮也從二十哩外工作的地方駕車來了好幾次，身上還穿著「家訪護士」的制服，渾身的輕盈和鮮明好比是一帖藥。

「真不信冬天經已來了。」一天早上他說道。「外面美得像幅廣告畫。病號太太，來呀！好好品嚐。你能坐在這兒，也就能坐在外面，醫生不也說了嗎？」

但長椅上的人都久久不願起來，路旁的沙灘上也如是。更何況她看到了遠處起伏的一道海，「帶我過去。」雖然她身子挨著他，卻領先往前走。

Plodding and plodding, sitting often to rest, he grumbling, patting the sand so warm. Once she scooped up a handful, cradling it close to her better eye; peered, and flung it back. And as they came almost to the brink and she could see the glistening wet, she sat down, pulled off her shoes and stockings, left him and began to run. “You’ll catch cold,” he screamed, but the sand in his shoes weighed him down – he who had always been the agile one – and already the white spray creamed her feet.

He pulled her back, took a handkerchief to wipe off the wet and the sand. “Oh no,” she said, “the sun will dry,” seized the square and smoothed it flat, dropped on it a mound of sand, knotted the kerchief corners and tied it to a bag – “to look at with the strong glass” (for the first time in years

吃力地、一步接一步，隔不遠就坐下來歇息，他不住嘮叨，拍拍身旁的沙，呀，多暖和！她掬起一把，撮成一小堆，把視力較好那隻眼湊上去端詳，然後又一把扔出去。差不多到了水邊，她已可以見到那閃亮濕潤的一片，坐下了，除去鞋襪，撇下他開步跑。「你會著涼呀！」他大叫。可是鞋子裡的沙使他步履維艱—儘管他向來較她敏捷—而海浪的奶白色泡沫已浸沒她的腳板。他拉她回來，拿手帕揩抹她腳上的沙和水。「噢！別揩。」她說。「太陽會晒乾。」把正方的手帕一手摺過來，把它攤平，放下一小把沙，四隻角打上結，然後再把手帕繫在袋子旁—「用放大鏡好好的看」(多年來首次解釋自己做的事)—接著

explaining an action of hers) – and lay down with the little bag against her cheek, looking forward the shore that nurtured life as it first crawled toward consciousness the millions of years ago.

He took her one Sunday in the evil-smelling bus, past flat miles of blister houses, to the home of relatives. Oh what is this? she cried as the light began to smoke and the houses to dim and recede. Smog, he said, everyone knows but you....Outside he kept his arms about her, but she walked with hands pushing the heavy air as if to open it, whispered: who has done this? sat down suddenly to vomit at the curb and for along while refused to rise.

One's age as seen on the altered face of those known in youth. Is this they he has come to visit? This Max and Rose, smooth and pleasant, introducing them to polite children,

躺下來，小袋子貼著面龐，直望前面的海岸，那千萬年前孕育生命的起點，從那裡生物開首爬上岸去，意識逐漸增強。

一個星期日，他帶她坐上了惡臭的公共汽車，走過一列接一列泡形的樓房探訪親戚去。噢！這是什麼？見到陽光逐漸變成煙雲、房子顯得模糊、褪色，她叫出來。煙霧，人人都知道除了你，他回答說。…下了車，他雙臂一直擁著她，可是她邊行邊用手老是往前推，好像要把沉重的空氣打開一道口子。她低語：「是誰搞成這模樣？」忽然在路邊坐下了，接著嘔吐，良久也不肯起來。一個人的歲數呈現在故人添了滄桑的面容上。他要探訪的就是這兩老？麥克斯和羅茲，既圓滑又

disinterested grandchildren, “the whole family, once a month on Sundays. And why not? We have the room, the help, the food.”

Talk of cars, of houses, of success: this son that, this daughter this. And *your children*? Hastily skimmed over, the intermarriages, the obscure work – “my doctor son-in-law, Phil” – all he has to offer. She silent in a corner. (Car-sick like a baby, he explains.) Years since he has taken her to visit anyone but the children, and old apprehensions prick: “no incidents,” he silently begs, “no incidents.” He itched to tell them. “A very sick woman,” significantly, indicating her with his eyes, “a very sick woman.” Their restricted faces did not react. “Have you thought maybe she’d do better at Palm Springs?” Rose asked. “Or at least a nice section of the

可親，向他們介紹彬彬有禮的子女和不大理睬的孫兒。「老老少少每個月找個星期天聚一次，蠻好哦！橫豎我們有空房間、有用人、有吃的。」談汽車、房子、成功之道；這個兒子怎樣了，那個女兒又怎樣了。你的呢？匆匆略過兒子娶了女婿的妹妹、那些說不出名堂的工作之類——「我那個做醫生的女婿非爾」——他唯一能抬出來的家人。而她則坐在角落裡悶聲不響。(像小孩般暈車浪，他為她解釋。)多少年了，除了子女，他從沒帶她去探過任何親戚，往日的回憶一下下扎著她。「沒啥事。」他沒說話，但神情透出希冀。「沒啥事。」他多想和盤托出。「她的病況不輕。」把目光別有用心地射向她示意。「她的病況不

beach, nicer people, a pool.” Not to have to say ‘money’ he said instead: “would she have sand to look at through a magnifying glass?” and went on, detail after detail, the old habit betraying of parading the queerness of her for laughter.

After dinner – the others into the living room in men- or women-clusters, or into the den to watch TV – the four of them alone. She sat close to him, and did not speak. Jokes, stories, people they had known, beginning of reminiscence, Russia fifty-six years ago. Strange words across the Duncan Phyfe table: *hunger, secret meetings; human rights; spies; betrayals; prison; escape* – interrupted by one of the

輕。」可是他們沒什表情的面孔卻沒有回應。「有想過和她搬去棕櫚泉住嗎？也許對她身體有點幫助。」羅茲問。「或至少是海邊的較好地段？住客較好，還有泳池。」為了不用談到「錢」的問題，他就這樣回答了：「那兒有沙讓她拿著放大鏡看嗎？」跟著他的老習慣來了，細緻地敘述她的怪僻，只是為了博人一粲。

晚飯後，年輕一輩男一堆、女一堆去了客廳，或是到家庭廳看電視去，只有他們四個留在飯桌旁。她緊靠著他坐，但是沒作聲。笑話、故事、故人、回憶乍現，那是五十六年前的俄羅斯。名家鄧肯·法福設計的桌子飄來一堆生疏的字眼：飢餓、秘密會議；人權、間諜；出賣；監獄；逃

grandchildren: “Commercial’s on; any Coke left? Gee, you’re missing a real hair-raiser.” And then a granddaughter (Ma proudly: “look at her, an American queen”) drove them home on her way back to U.C.L.A. No incident – except that there had been no incidents.

The first few mornings she had taken with her the magnifying glass, but he would sit only on the benches, so she rested at the foot, where slatted bench shadows fell, and unless she turned her hearing aid down, other voices invaded.

Now on the days when the sun shone and she felt well enough, he took her on the tram to where the benches ranged in oblongs, some with tables for checkers or cards. Again the

亡—這些給一個孫兒打斷了：「廣告時間，還有可樂沒有？哎！您們錯過了好精采的一套驚嚇片子。」然後一個孫女兒（她的母親得意地說：「瞧啊！美國選美皇后的料子。」）回加州大學洛杉磯分校順道載他們回家。沒啥事—就是一直以來都沒啥事。

最初的幾個早晨她帶同放大鏡出去，但他只肯坐在長椅上，所以她只好靠著椅腳、坐在長椅投下的一道道參差陰影裡。除非她把助聽器的聲量校小，不然其他聲音就會入侵。

有陽光的日子，她精神又夠好的話，他帶她坐電車，到放有排成長方型長椅、間或還有幾張可以下棋或玩撲克牌的小桌那一個角落去。仍舊把毯

blanket on the sand in striped shadows, but she no longer brought the magnifying glass. He played cards, and she lay in the sun and looked towards the waters; or they walked – two blocks down to the scaling hotel, two blocks back – past chili-hamburger stands, open-doored bars. Next to New and Perpetual Rummage sale stores.

Once, out of the aimless walkers, slow and shuffling like themselves, someone ran unevenly towards them, embraced, kissed, wept: “dear friends, old friends.” A friend of *hers*, not his: Mrs. Mays who had lived next door to them in Denver when the children were small.

Thirty years are compressed into a dozen sentences; and the present, not even in three. All is told: the children scattered;

子舖在沙上，躲在一道道參差陰影裡，但她不再帶同放大鏡。他玩牌，而她躺下來晒太陽，眺望大海；有時他們也會走走，走到兩條街外那外牆剝落的酒店，再走回來，中途經過甩辣椒漢堡包攤子、大門敞開的酒吧，隔鄰是新開張及老牌的二手衣物慈善義賣店。

有一次，從同樣漫無目的、慢吞吞、拖著腳步走的路人當中，有人跌跌撞撞地迎面跑過來，跟他們擁抱、親吻面龐、然後哽咽起來：「老朋友！多年沒見了唷！」是她的朋友，不是他的。這是孩子還小時、在丹佛市住在隔壁的梅斯太太。

過去三十年的時光壓縮成十二旬句子；現在呢，三旬也不用。什麼也知道了：孩子移居各處，丈

the husband dead; she lives in a room two blocks up from the sing hall – and points to the doomed auditorium jutting before the pier. The leg? Phlebitis; the heavy breathing? That, one does not ask.. She, too, comes to the benches each day to sit. And tomorrow, tomorrow, are they going to the community sing? Of course he would have heard of it, everybody goes – the big doings they wait for all week. They have never been? She will come to them for dinner tomorrow and they will all go together.

So it is that she sits in the wind of the singing, among the thousand various faces of age.

She had turned off her hearing aid at once they came into the auditorium – as she would have wished to turn off sight.

One by one they streamed by and imprinted on her – and though the savage zest of their singing came voicelessly soft

夫去世；她現在的居所是離大會堂兩條街外的一間房——她指向碼頭前面突出來的圓頂音樂廳。腿？靜脈發炎；氣喘？卻沒問了。她也每天出來在長椅坐坐。明天，呀！明天他們會去聽社區歌唱表演嗎？他怎會不知道？人人都去——這是每個星期大家等待的盛事。從沒去過？明天她會來，和他們吃過晚飯後就一塊兒去。

就是這樣，她坐在歌唱的聲浪裡、千百各式各樣的老年人面容當中。

一走進音樂廳，她就把助聽器關上了一——其實她也想把眼睛閉上。人的面孔逐一迎上來、留下印記、然後遊走——雖然他們狂熱的歌聲似是從遠處傳來般裊裊不可聞，他們的面孔卻在吼叫——

*and distant, the faces still roared – the faces densed the air –
chorded into*

Children-chants, mother-croons, singing of the chained love
serenades, Beethoven storms, mad Lucia's scream drunken
joy-songs, keens for the dead, work-singing

*While from floor to balcony to dome a bare-footed
sore-covered little girl threaded the sound-thronged tumult,
danced her ecstasy of grimace to flutes that scratched at a
cross-roads village wedding.*

*Yes, faces became sound, and the sound became faces; and
faces and sound became weight – pushed, pressed*

“Air” – her hands claw his.

“Whenever I enjoy myself...” Then he saw the gray sweat
on her face. “here. Up. Help me, Mrs. Mays,” and they

把空氣都填滿了—

和音的是

小兒歌謠、母親低哼、反覆詠嘆的愛情小夜曲、
貝多芬的風暴、瘋癲露西亞尖聲的醉酒歡唱、悼
亡的輓曲、勞動者的謳歌

從地板到露台到穹頂，一個赤腳、滿身瘡痍的小
女孩在混亂的嘈音中穿插，隨著大村落一場婚禮
中尖銳的笛子聲興奮地亂舞。

就是如此，面孔變成聲音，聲音也變成面孔。面
孔加上聲音變成重量一推、壓著她

「我透不過氣...—她的手抓著他的手。」

「每逢我高興...」跟著看到了她灰白的面色，汗
珠沁出。「來！梅斯太太，幫我扶一把。」他們

support her out to where she can gulp the air in sob after sob.

“A doctor, we should get for her a doctor.”

“T’ch, it’s nothing,” says Ellen Mays, “I get it all the time.

You’ve missed the tram; come to my place. Fix your hearing

aid, honey...close...tea. My view. See, she wants to come.

Steady now, that’s how.” Adding mysteriously: “Remember

your advice, easy to keep your head above water, empty

things float. Float.”

The singing a fading march for them, tall woman with a

swollen leg, weaving little man, and the swollen thinness

they help between.

The stench in the hall: mildew? Decay? “We sit and rest then

合力把她架到外頭，讓她大口大口地呼吸。

「找醫生，該找個醫生看看她。」

「哎！不用擔心，」梅斯太太說，「我也常是這樣子。電車的班次過了，來我家吧。先把助聽器戴好...靠著我...去喝杯茶。我家外面的風景。看呀，她想來呢！站穩了，這就好。」故作神秘地：

「你教過我的法子：不讓水淹過頭部其實很容易，東西中空就會浮起、一直浮。」

背後漸趨低微的歌聲成了他們的進行曲，他們三人一隊，高大、有條腿腫脹了的女士、搖搖擺擺的小老頭、中間是他們摻扶著、瘦弱卻腹部隆然的老奶奶。

大堂的臭味：是什麼發霉、還是腐爛了？「我們

climb. My gorgeous view. We help each other and here we are.”

The stench along into the slab of room. A washstand for a sink, a box with oilcloth tacked around for a cupboard, a three-burner gas plate. Artificial flowers, colorless with dust. Everywhere pictures foaming: wedding, baby, party, vacation, graduation, family pictures. From the narrow couch under a slit of window, sure enough the view; lurching rooftops and a scallop of ocean heaving, preening, twitching under the moon.

“While the water heats. Excuse me...down the hall.” Ellen Mays was gone.

“You’ll live?” he asks mechanically, sat down to feel his fright; tried to pull her alongside.

坐下歇一會才上去。我家往外望的風光可好呢。你扶我、我扶你，看，不就到了？」

臭味直飄至木板間房。洗手盆充作洗濯槽，一個木箱釘上油布就是碗櫥，此外，還有一個三頭的電爐和褪了色、鋪滿灰塵的假花。全屋觸目處全是照片：婚禮、嬰兒、派對、假期、畢業典禮、家人的合照。狹小窗子下有一張窄沙發，從那裡確實可以眺望風景：傾斜的屋頂、扇貝似的大海在月光下一起一伏、緩緩抖動、細心梳理自己。

「水還沒燒開，我去方便一下...就在走廊那邊。」

埃倫·梅斯離開了房間。

「你還好吧？」他無意識地問，然後坐下來感受襲來的恐懼，同時拉她坐在自己的身邊。

She pushed him away. "For air," she said; stood clinging to the dresser. Then, in a terrible voice:

After a lifetime of room. Of many rooms.

Shhhh.

You remember how she lived. Eight children. And now one room like a coffin.

She pays rent!

Shrinking the life of her into one room like a coffin Rooms and rooms like this I lie on the quilt and hear them talk

Please, Mrs Orator-without-Breath.

Once you went for coffee I walked I saw A Balzac a Chekhov to write it Rummage Alone On scraps

她推開他，說道：「我要透氣。」還是靠著抽屜櫃子。然後開腔了，刺耳的聲音：

一生人曾經活得那麼寬敞，屋子有那麼多的房間！

噓！

你該記得她過往的日子，八個小孩。現在只得一個房間，就像副棺材！

現在她要付房租！

生活減縮為一個房間 像副棺材 這類房間 到處都是 我躺在墊子上 聽到人家說話

歇歇，你透不過氣，還要演講？

你去了買咖啡 我四處走走 見到 一本巴爾扎克 契訶夫寫的 二手店 獨個兒 零散的幾張紙

Better old here than in the old country!

On scraps Yet they sang like like Wondrous!

Humankind one has to believe So strong For what? To
rot not grow?

Your poor lungs beg you. They sob between each word.

Singing. Unused the life in them. She in this poor room

with her pictures Max You The children

Everywhere unused the life And who has meaning?

Century after century still all in us not to grow?

Coffins, rummage, plants; sick woman. Oh lay down. We

will get for you the doctor.

上

在這裡比在老大的祖國終老要好！

零散的幾張紙上 可是他們唱起歌來 變得
奇妙！

人要相信人類 要信得真 為什麼？就是為了
腐朽 不再成長…？

不要再說了，你的肺不行，逐個字喘氣。

唱歌。浪費了 他們的生命。她 在這簡陋的房間
只有 照片 麥克斯 你 孩子

到處 浪費了 生命 誰能解釋？ 一個世紀接
著另一個 我們仍沒好好利用 不再 成長？

棺材、二手店、植物；你這個病了的女人。躺下
來，我們去找醫生。

“And when will it end. Oh, *the end.*” That nightmare thought, and this time she writhed, crumpled against him, seized his hand (for a moment again the weight, the soft distant roaring of humanity) and on the strangled-for breath, begged: “Man...we’ll destroy ourselves?”

And looking for answer – in the helpless pity and fear for her (for *her*) that distorted his face – she understood the last months, and knew that she was dying.

4

“Let us go home,” she said after several days.

“You are in training for cross-country run? That is why you do not even walk across the room? Here, like a prescription

「什麼時候終結？噢！終結！」一個念頭升起，多恐怖！此刻她痛苦地扭動、在他身邊蜷為一團、緊緊抓著他的手（有一刻她又感到那重量、人類從遠處傳來低微的吼聲），她的聲音似被人扼著喉嚨，哀求似的說：「人類...我們會毀滅自己？」

從他臉上尋求答案—看到他面容扭曲，因憐憫她、替她恐懼（為了她）卻又無能為力—她明白了幾個月來發生的事情，她快要死了。

4

許多天後，她說：「我們回家吧。」

「你正在為橫越全國的跑步比賽預備嗎？所以在房間這端到那端幾步路也不願走！非爾說住

Phil said, till you are stronger from the operation. You want to break doctor's orders?"

She saw the fiction was necessary to him, was silent; then:

"At home I will get better. If the doctor here says?"

"And winter? And the visits to Lennie and to Clara? All right," for he saw the tears in her eyes, "I will write Phil, and talk to the doctor."

Days passed. He reported nothing. Jeannie came and took her out for air; past the boarded concessions, the hooded and tented amusement rides, to the end of the pier. They watched the spent waves feeding the new, the gulls in the clouded sky; even up where they sat, the wind-blown sand stung. She did not ask to go down the crooked steps to the sea.

在這裡好比一帖藥，非要等到你從手術康復才可回家。你敢不聽醫生的吩咐？」

她見到他有必要為自己編一套說詞，就不作聲了。可是隔一會又問：「如果這裡的醫生說回家後我會好起來呢？」

「你忘了現在是冬天？還說要探訪倫尼和克萊拉呢？好了！好了！」因為他看到她眼中的淚水，「我會寫信問非爾，也會跟醫生談談。」

幾天過去了，他什麼也沒提。珍妮來訪，帶她外出吸點新鮮空氣。她們經過圍了板的店舖、蓋上帳篷的遊樂場、走到碼頭的盡頭。在那裡觀望洩了勁的前浪孕育出後浪，看海鷗在雲層密佈的天空飛翔，就算他們坐在高處，風吹過來的沙粒還

Back in her bed, while he was gone to the store, she said:
“Jeannie, this doctor; he is not one I can ask questions. Ask
him for me, can I go home?”

Jeannie looked at her, said quickly: “Of course, poor granny.
You want your own things around you, don’t you? I’ll call
him tonight...Look, I’ve something to show you,” and from
her purse unwrapped a large cookie, intricately shaped like a
little girl. “Look at the curls – can you hear me well,
Granny? – and the darling eyelashes. I just came from a
house where they were baking them.”

“The dimples, there in the knees,” she marveled, holding it
to the better light, turning, studying, “like art. Each singly
they cut, or a mold?”

是扎得人痛。她沒說要循那道歪倒的梯級走到海
邊去。回到床上，趁他去了買東西，她說：「珍
妮，這個醫生我問不了他。你代我問問：我想回
家，行嗎？」

珍妮望著她，很快地回答：「奶奶，沒問題，我
去問。您想有自家東西在身邊，對嗎？今天晚上
我就打電話給他...呀！有件東西給您看。」她從
手提包取出一件東西，打開是一大塊曲奇餅，造
成小女孩模樣，很是精緻。「看她的卷髮—奶奶，
聽得見嗎？—還有，那眼睫毛挺可愛。來這兒之
前我探訪了一家人，剛在焗製這個。」

「膝蓋還有個小窩兒，」她嘖嘖稱奇，就著光線
在手裡反覆地仔細端詳，「跟藝術品一樣。是逐

“Singly,” said Jeannie, “and if it is a child only the mother can make them. Oh Granny, it’s the likeness of a real little girl who died yesterday – Rosita. She was three years old. Pan del Nuerto, the Bread of the Dead. It was the custom in the part of Mexico they came from.”

Still she turned and inspected. “Look, the hollow in the throat, the little cross necklace....I think for the mother it is a good thing to be busy with such bread. You know the family?”

Jeannie nodded. “On my rounds. I nursed....Oh Granny, it is like a party; they play songs she liked to dance to. The coffin is lined with pink velvet and she wears a white dress. There are candles....”

塊捏、還是用模子做？」

「逐塊捏的。」珍妮回答說。「如果逝世的是小孩，就只能由他的母親親手做。奶奶，這是一個名叫羅西塔女孩兒的造像，她只有三歲大，昨天死了。逝者麵包，是他們家鄉墨西哥某處的習俗。」

她還在那裡反覆把玩。「看哩！喉嚨有道彎，還掛了條小小的十字架項鍊... 母親顧得做這種麵包也好，你認識這家人嗎？」

珍妮點頭。「值班時我照顧過她... 噢奶奶！就像開派對，他們彈奏她喜歡的跳舞音樂。棺木襯裡是粉紅色的天鵝絨，她穿著白色裙子，還有蠟燭...」

“In the house?” Surprised, ‘they keep her in the house?’”

“Yes,” said Jeannie, “and it is against the health law. I think she isprepared there. The father said it will be sad to bury her in this country; in Oaxaca they have a feast night with candles each year; everyone picnics on the graves of those they loved until dawn.”

“Yes, Jeannie, the living must comfort themselves.” And closed her eyes.

“You want to sleep, Granny?”

“Yes, tired from the pleasure of you. I may keep the Rosita? There stand it, on the dresser, where I can see; something of my own around me.”

「在自己屋子裡？」很是驚訝，「他們把遺體放在自己屋子裡？」

「是呀！」珍妮回答，「其實是違反了衛生條例。我猜也是在那裡...料理她的。孩子的爸說美國的葬禮太孤清清了；要是在奧薩卡¹²，每年會有個節日，人們晚上點起蠟燭，在墳前野餐至天亮，悼念深愛的死者。」

「對，珍妮，生人應彼此安慰。」跟著她把眼睛閉上。

「奶奶，你累了？」

「有你陪挺好，但你陪夠了。可以留下羅西塔嗎？把她擱在抽屜櫃子上頭，讓我看得到；我想有點自家東西在身旁。」

In the kitchenette, helping her grandfather unpack the groceries, Jeannie said in her light voice:

“I’m resigning my job, Granddaddy.”

“Ah, the lucky young man. Which one is he?”

“Too late. You’re spoken for.” She made a pyramid of cans, unstacked, and built again.

“Something is wrong with the job?”

“With me. I can’t be” – she searched for the word – “What they call professional enough. I let myself feel things. And tomorrow I have to report a family....” The cans clicked again. “It’s not that, either. I just don’t know what I want to do, maybe go back to school, maybe go to art school. I thought if you went to san Francisco I’d come along and talk it over with Momma and Daddy. But I don’t see how you can go. She wants to go home. She asked me to ask the

在小廚房裡，珍妮一面幫祖父放好買回來的食物，一面用她那輕快的聲音說：

「爺爺，我辭了職哩！」

「真的嗎？誰家小伙子有這份福氣？」

「太遲了，你已有了主兒。」她把罐頭堆砌成小山、拆掉，又重新堆砌。

「是工作有問題嗎？」

「有問題的是我，我不夠...」她找尋適當的字眼 「『專業』，套用他們的說法。我不能做到麻木不仁，明天我又要為另一個家庭呈交報告了。」罐頭再度響起來。「其實也不是為了那個。問題是我根本不知道自己想幹什麼，也許返回校園，唸美術也不錯。我本來打算跟您們一起回三藩市

doctor.”

The doctor told her himself. “Next week you may travel, when you are a little stronger.” But next week there was fever of an infection, and by the time that was over, she could not leave the bed – a rented hospital bed that stood beside the double bed he slept in alone now.

Outwardly the days repeated themselves. Every other afternoon and evening he went out to his newfound cronies, to talk and play cards. Twice a week, Mrs. Mays came. And the rest of the time, Jeannie was there.

By the sickbed stood Jeannie’s FM radio. Often into the room the shapes of music came. She would lie curled on her side, her knees drawn up, intense in listening (Jeannie

和爸媽好好談一談，但現在怎可能呢？噢！奶奶想回家，叫我問醫生去。」

結果是醫生自己告訴她的：「下星期身體好些就可以動身。」可是到了第二個星期，她因炎症而發起燒來，等到熱度減退，已經無法起床——那床還是從醫院租回來的，跟現在只得他一個人睡的雙人床並排。

表面上日子一切如常，每隔一天，他下午和晚上出去跟他新認識的朋友談天說地、玩玩牌。梅斯太太一個星期來兩次，其他時候有珍妮在身邊。病床旁邊放了珍妮的收音機，房間裡音樂經常以各種形狀降臨。她側起身子、膝蓋彎曲地蜷臥在床上，留心地傾耳聆聽（珍妮給她勾了幅速寫，

sketched her so, coiled, convoluted like an ear), then thresh her hand out and abruptly snap the radio mute – still to lie in her attitude of listening, concealing tears.

Once Jeannie brought in a young Marine to visit, a friend from high-school days she had found wandering near the empty pier. Because Jeannie asked him to, gravely, without self-consciousness, he sat himself cross-legged on the floor and performed for them a dance of his native Samoa.

Long after they left, a tiny thrumming sound could be heard where, in her bed, she strove to repeat the beckon, flight, surrender of his hands, the fluttering foot-beats, and his low plaintive calls.

Hannah and Phil sent flowers. To deepen her pleasure, he placed one in her hair. “Like a girl,” he said, and brought the

蜷曲的樣子像隻耳朵)，但又猛地伸手把收音機倏忽關掉—不過躺在那裡的表情，還是一副似在聆聽、背人垂淚的樣子。

有一回珍妮帶了一名年輕的海軍士兵來訪，是她高中的同學。他在渺無一人的碼頭閒蕩，剛好遇上了珍妮。在珍妮的要求下，他毫不害羞、正經地盤膝坐在地板上，為她們表演家鄉薩摩亞的土風舞。他們走了好一會，從她的床上傳來微弱的手指叩動聲，是她在那裡努力地模仿薩摩亞人手部的動作，打招呼、逃跑、投降；還有腳部急速移動的節奏、低沉悲哀的呼叫。

漢納和非爾送了花束來。為了使她更開心，他插了一朵在她的頭髮上。「跟小姑娘一樣。」他說，

hand mirror so she could see. She looked at the pulsing red flower, the yellow skull face; a desolate, excited laugh shuddered from her, and she pushed the mirror away – but let the flower burn.

The week Lennie and Helen came, the fever returned. With it the excited laugh, and incessant words. She, who in her life had spoken but seldom and then only when necessary (never having learned the easy, social uses of words), now in dying, spoke incessantly.

In a half-whisper: “Like Lisa she is, your Jeannie. Have I told you of Lisa who taught me to read? Of the highborn she was, but noble in herself. I was sixteen; they beat me; my father beat me so I would not go to her. It was forbidden, she was a Tolstoyan. At night, past dogs that howled, terrible dogs, my son, in the snows of winter to the road, I ride in her

並把小鏡子拿來讓她照。她望著那朵顫動的紅花，那張癟陷、蠟黃的臉，哆嗦地發出一下蒼涼、興奮的笑聲，然後推開了鏡子，卻留那朵紅花在鬢間燃燒。

倫尼和海倫來訪那週，熱度又回來了，伴隨的還有興奮的笑聲、絮絮不休的說話。她一生寡言，只在必要時才開口（從沒學會輕鬆地運用語言作社交用途）。現在快要死了，卻變得多話。

像是耳語：「你的珍妮像莉薩。以前我有告訴你嗎？是莉薩教我認字的。她出身上等，品格可真的高尚。當時我十六歲，他們打我，我爹也打我，不准我去找她，因為她是犯了禁的托爾斯泰信徒。¹³晚上，我要經過嗚嗚吠叫的狗，兒啊！可

carriage like a lady, to books. To her, life was holy, knowledge was holy, and she taught me to read. They hung her. Everything that happens one must try to understand why. She killed one who betrayed many. Because of betrayal, betrayed all she lived and believed. In one minute she killed, before my eyes (there is so much blood in a human being, my son), in prison with me. All that happens, one must try to understand.

“The name?” Her lips would work. “The name that was their pole star; the doors of the death houses fixed to open on it; I read of it my year of penal servitude. Thuban!” very excited. “Thuban, in ancient Egypt the pole star. Can you see, look

真駭人！冬夜的雪地裡，我像個淑女般坐在她的馬車內，踏上知識之路。她認為生命是神聖的，知識是神聖的，所以教我認字。他們卻把她問吊了。每件事發生我們總得找出因由，對嗎？她殺了人，一個眾人的叛徒。這叛徒的所為，把她的一生、她的信仰都出賣了。在獄中只消一分鐘，我親眼見到她把他殺了（兒呀！一個活人可以

有那麼多的血！）發生了的事，一個人總得弄清楚。

「名字？」她的咀唇嚙動。「跟他們的北極星一樣；打開死亡屋子的門扉就可通往；勞改那年我讀到的。托賓！」興奮極了。「托賓，古埃及的北極星。見到嗎？珍妮，向外望找找看，看它是

out to see it, Jeannie, if it swings around *our* pole star that seems to *us* not to move.

“Yes, Jeannie, at your age my mother and grandmother had already buried children... yes, Jeannie, it is more than oceans between Olshana and you ... yes, Jeannie, they danced, and for all the bodies they had they might as well be chickens, and indeed, they scratched and flapped their arms and hopped.

“And Andrei Yefimitch, who for twenty years had never known of it and never wanted to know, said as if he wanted to cry: but why my dear friend this malicious laughter?” telling to herself half-memorized phrases from her few books. “pain I answer with tears and cries, baseness with indignation, meanness with repulsion... for life may be hated or wearied of, but never despised.”

否圍繞著我們認為不動的北極星運轉？」

「珍妮，是的，在你的年紀，我媽和外婆已埋葬過孩子...是呀！奧項納和你中間，相隔的不只是海洋...對，他們跳舞，生下那麼多的一堆孩子，就好比母雞。真的，就跟母雞一樣，抓呀、揮動翅膀、四處跳躍。

「廿年來，安德烈·耶非密契夫從沒聽過、也不想聽這些事，說不好受、想哭出來：但我這位好友，為何笑聲不懷好意？」跟著喃喃唸著從她寥寥幾本書記得的片言隻語：「我以眼淚及呼喊回應痛苦，以憤慨回應低劣，以憎惡回應卑鄙...因為我們可以憎恨、厭倦生活，卻不應鄙夷它。¹⁴」神志不清：「梅斯太太，作為鄰居，你告訴我：

Delirious: “Tell me, my neighbor, Mrs. Mays, the pictures never lived, but what of the flowers? Tell them who ask: no rabbis, no ministers, no priests, no speeches, no ceremonies: ah, false – let the living comfort themselves. Tell Sammy’s boy, he who flies, tell him to go to Stuttgart and see where Davy has no grave. And what?” A conspirator’s laugh. “And what? Where millions have no graves – save air.”

In delirium or not, wanting the radio on; not seeming to listen, the words still jetting, wanting the music on. Once, silencing it abruptly as of old, she began to cry, unconcealed tears this time. “You have pain, Granny?” Jeannie asked.

照片從沒有自己的生命，但花呢？要是他們問，就說是我說的：不要猶太經師、不要牧師、不要神父、不要致詞、不要任何儀式，全都是假的——就讓生人彼此安慰夠了。告訴薩米那會飛的兒子，叫他去斯圖加特，¹⁵看小戴維沒有墳就下葬了。什麼？」陰惻惻地一笑，「也沒有什麼，那裡成千上萬的死者並沒有墳墓——只有空氣為伴。」

不管是否神志不清，也要把收音機開著；不似在聽，話語仍然噴發，只要音樂繼續播放。有一天她把它倏忽關上，一如從前，跟著哭起來，不一樣的是她這次任得眼淚直淌。「奶奶，您哪兒不舒服哦？」珍妮問。

“The music,” she said, ‘still it is there and we do not hear; knocks, and our poor human ears too weak. What else, what else we do not hear?’”

Once she knocked his hand aside as he gave her a pill, swept the bottles from her bedside table: “no pills, let me feel what I feel,” and laughed as on his hands and knees he groped to pick them up.

Nighttimes her hand reached across the bed to hold his.

A constant retching began. Her breath was too faint for sustained speech now, but still the lips moved:

When no longer necessary to injure others

Pick pick pick Blind chicken

「那音樂還在，不過我們卻聽不見。」她說。「它在敲，可是人的耳朵像是聾了。還有什麼？還有什麼我們聽不見？」

有一天他遞來藥丸，她卻把他的手推開，順勢把床邊小桌上的瓶瓶罐罐掃走。「我不吃藥。怎地不好受，我也要感受得真。」見到他趴在地上四處摸索藥丸和瓶子，她笑了。

夜裡，她的手伸過去，在另一張床那邊握住他的手。

乾嘔不停的階段來了，她的呼吸微弱，說話變得斷斷續續，但咀唇仍在動。

幾時不再需要 傷害其他人¹⁶

啄 盲了的母雞 啄呀啄

As a human being responsibility

“David!” imperious, ‘Basin!’ and she would vomit, rinse her mouth, the wasted throat working to swallow, and began the chant again.

She will be better off in the hospital now, the doctor said.

He sent the telegrams to the children, was packing her suitcase, when her hoarse voice startled. She had roused, was pulling herself to sitting.

“Where now?” she asked. ‘Where now do you drag me?’

“You do not even have to have a baby to go this time,” he soothed, looking for the brush to pack. “Remember, after Davy you told me – worthy to have a baby for the pleasure of the ten-day rest in the hospital?”

“Where now? Not home yet?” Her voice mourned. “Where

人類的 責任¹⁷

「戴維！」聲音迫切，「盆子！」然後開始嘔、嗽口，用力過度的喉嚨費勁地吞嚥，又吟唱起來了。

以她現在的狀況，住醫院較好。醫生這樣說。他打了電報給兒女，正在替她收拾住院的東西，冷不防聽到她沙啞的聲音。她給吵醒了，努力在床上撐起身子坐起來。

「去哪？」她問道，「又要拖我去哪兒？」

「這次不用生孩子就可以去了。」他哄著說，四處找小髮刷放入箱子去。「記得嗎？生下小戴維後，你跟我說一單為了能夠好好在醫院休息十天，生個孩子也值得？」

is my home?”

He rose to ease her back. “The doctor, the hospital,” he started to explain, but deftly, like a snake, she had slithered out of the bed and stood swaying, propped behind the night table.

“Coward,” she hissed, ‘runner.’”

“You stand,” he said senselessly.

“To take me there and run. Afraid of a little vomit.”

He reached her as she fell. She struggled against him, half slipped from his arms, pulled herself up again.

“Weakling,” she taunted, “to leave me there and run.

Betrayer. All your life you have run.”

「去哪？還不回家？」她的聲音帶著深深的感傷，「我家在哪兒啊？」

他走過去扶她重新躺下來。「醫生…醫院…」他剛開口解釋，她已靈活地像條蛇般滑下床，可是靠著小桌支撐站立的身子卻搖晃不定。

「懦夫！」語音從牙縫絲絲迸出，「只懂逃避。」

「你站起來了。」他茫然地說。

「把我帶到那兒，然後跑掉。只不過是丁點兒嘔吐，也受不了。」

她跌倒之前被他及時扶住。她在他懷中掙扎，身子一半離開他的臂彎，再度站起來了，然後數落他。

「沒用的東西！把我擱在那兒，然後跑掉。從不

He sobbed, telling Jeannie. “A Marilyn Monroe to run for her virtue. Fifty-nine pounds she weighs, the doctor said, and she beats at me like a Dempsey. Betrayer, she cries, and I running like a dog when she calls; day and night, running to her, her vomit, the bedpan....”

“She needs you, Granddaddy,” said Jeannie. “Isn’t that what they call love? I’ll see if she sleeps, and if she does, poor worn-out darling, we’ll have a party, you and I: I brought us rum babas.”

They did not move her. By the bed now stood the tall hooked pillar that held the solutions – blood and dextrose – to feed her veins. Jeannie moved down the hall to take over the sickroom, her face so radiant, her grandfather asked her

顧我，一生人只懂逃避。」

他告訴珍妮時聲音哽咽：「似是瑪麗蓮夢露參加爛淑選拔賽。醫生說她只剩下五十九磅，打我的力度卻像個世界重量級拳王。她罵我從不顧她，其實只消開口一叫，我就像條狗奔過去，不管日夜地侍候，嘔吐、尿盆子…」

「爺爺，她需要您。」珍妮說。「這不就是人家說的鯁鯁情深嗎？我去看她睡了沒有。要是睡著了，我們兩爺孫就開個派對，您累壞了。我帶了個郎姆酒蛋糕來哩。」

他們沒移動她。床邊豎了高架子掛著喉管，源源流著輸入她動脈的液體—血液跟葡萄糖。珍妮搬了過來，住在走廊的另一邊，好全心全意照顧病

once: “you are in love?” (Shameful the joy, the pure overwhelming joy from being with her grandmother; the peace, the serenity that breathed.) “My darling escape,” she answered incoherently, “my darling Granny” – as if that explained.

Now one by one the children came, those that were able. Hannah, Paul, Sammy. Too late to ask: and what did you learn with your living, Mother, and what do we need to know?

Clara, the eldest, clenched:

Pay me back, Mother, pay me back for all you took from me.

Those others you crowded into your heart. The hands I needed to be for you, the heaviness, the responsibility.

Is this she? Noises the dying make, the crablike hands

房。她看來神采飛揚。她爺爺有天問她：「有對象了？」(那份快樂叫她羞愧，伴著奶奶，一股安詳、寧靜之感徐徐升起，它不摻雜什麼，只是令她感到無比的快樂。)「難得的喘息機會，」她似是答非所問，「難得的奶奶」一彷彿這就可以解釋一切。

孩子可以來的都逐一來了。

漢納、保羅、薩米。想問卻經已太遲了：媽，您從生活中學曉甚麼？有甚麼咱們必須知道？

年紀最長的克萊拉，遏制著憤慨：

媽，你要償還！償還所有從我身上取走的東西。你的心擠滿了其他人，而我的一雙手卻整天供你使喚，責任壓得我透不過氣。

crawling over the covers. The ethereal singing.

She hears that music, that singing from childhood; forgotten sound – not heard since, since....And the hardness breaks like a cry: Where did we lose each other, first mother, singing mother?

Annulled: the quarrels, the gibing, the harshness between; the fall into silence and the withdrawal.

I do not know you, Mother, I never knew you.

Lennie, suffering not alone for her who was dying, but for that in her which never lived (for that which in him might never come to live). From him too, unspoken words:
good-bye Mother who taught me to mother myself.

Not Vivi, who must stay with her children; not Davy, but he

這是她嗎？瀕死的人發出的聲音，像螃蟹的手在被子上爬行；依稀可聞的歌聲。

她聽到了，是兒時唱過的歌；早遺忘了一最後聽到是什麼時候？是不是...憤慨令她叫了出來：什麼時候我們失去了對方？最初的媽、唱著歌的媽？

都抹煞了：齟齬、譏諷、似仇人看待；然後不再搭話，最終自我封閉。

媽，我不認識你，我從不認識你。

倫尼：他感到痛苦不僅因為她瀕死，也因為她身內某些東西從沒有機會存活（他因此沒法承襲）。他同樣在心裡說：媽，永別了。您教曉我從小就要自己照顧自己。

is already here, having to die again with *her* this time, for the living take their dead with them when they die.

Light she grew, like a bird, and, like a bird, sound bubbled in her throat while the body fluttered in agony. Night and day, asleep or awake (though indeed there was no difference now) the songs and the phrases leaping.

And he, who had once dreaded a long dying (from fear of himself, from horror of the dwindling money) now desired her quick death profoundly, for *her* sake. He no longer went out, except when Jeannie forced him to; no longer laughed, except when, in the bright kitchenette, Jeannie coaxed his laughter (and she, who seemed to hear nothing else, would laugh too, conspiratorial wisps of laughter).

Light, like a bird, the fluttering body, the little claw hands,

維維沒來，她要留在家照顧孩子；小戴維也沒來，不過他已在這裡，須隨她再度離開人世，因為生人死時會把已逝的親人一起帶走。

她的身軀輕得像隻小鳥。也跟小鳥一樣，聲音在她喉嚨啾咕、受折磨的身子輕微抖動。不管日夜、睡著還是醒來（現在也沒有實質分別了）忽地唱一段歌，忽地吐出半句話。

他一度怕她得捱好一段日子才死（怕剩下他孤身一人，也怕錢不夠花），現在渴望她速速離世，卻全為了她著想。他不再出外了，除非格於珍妮的要求；也不笑，除非在明亮的廚房裡給珍妮哄得開心（在這時候，她本來好像甚麼也聽不見，也同聲同氣地『嘿嘿』一笑）。

the beaked shadow on her face; and the throat, bubbling, straining.

He tried not to listen, as he tried not to look on the face in which only the forehead remained familiar, but trapped with her the long nights in that little room, the sounds worked themselves into his consciousness, with their punctuation of death swallows, whimpers, gurglings.

Even in reality (swallow) life's lack of it

Slaveships deathtrains clubs enough

The bell summons what enables

78,000 in one minute (whisper of a scream) 78,000 human

beings we'll destroy ourselves?

“Aah, Mrs. Miserable,” he said, as if she could hear, “all

抖動的身軀輕得像隻小鳥，瘦小的手似爪，面上鼻尖落下的陰影呈勾狀；還有喉嚨裡費勁的嚕咕聲音。

他不想聽，也不想看她的臉——那張臉只剩下前額還似舊貌。不過被逼和她在那小房間內度過漫漫長夜，她說的話不知何時潛進意識裡，摻雜喉嚨發出一下又一下吞嚥、抽答、咯咯的聲音，意味著死亡逼近。

就算是現實(吞嚥聲) 生命中也欠缺

奴役 死亡車卡 棍子 夠了

鐘 命令那些能夠

一分鐘七萬八千(她的呼喊低微得似是耳語)

我們自己殺害七萬八千個人？¹⁸

your life working, and now in bed you lie, servants to tend,
you do not even need to call to be tended, and still you work.

Such hard work it is to die? Such hard work?”

The body thrashed, her hand clung in his. A melody,
ghost-thin, hovered on her lips, and like a guilty ghost, the
vision of her bent in listening to it, silencing the record
instantly he was near. Now, heedless of his presence, she
floated the melody on and on.

“Hide it from me,” he complained, “how many times you
listened to remember it so?” And tried to think when she first
played it, or first begun to silence her few records when he
came near – but could reconstruct nothing. There was only
this room with its tall hooked pillar and its swarm of sounds.

「哎！苦瓜乾奶奶，」他向她說，就好像她聽得
見，「辛苦了一生，現在躺在床上，不用哼聲就
有用人服侍，還要沒事找事？死是如此艱難？如
此辛苦？」

她的身體抽動，手被他緊緊握著。一段歌曲旋
律，若有若無地掛在唇邊。似是歉疚下產生的鬼
影，他看見她彎下身傾耳聆聽，一見到他就把唱
機關掉。現在呢？不管他就在身旁，她任得旋律
不住地四處飄揚。

「瞞得我好苦，」他埋怨，「記得那麼熟，你究
竟聽了多少次？」他意圖去想何時第一次見到她
播放這張唱片、或什麼時候見到他走近就把唱機
關上，可是腦中只是空白一片。面對他的只有這

No man one except through others

Strong with the not yet in the now

Dogma dead war dead one country

“It helps, Mrs. Philosopher, words from books? It helps?”

And it seemed to him that for seventy years she had hidden a tape recorder, infinitely microscopic, within her, that it had coiled infinite mile on mile, trapping every song, every melody, every word read, heard, and spoken – and that maliciously she was playing back only what said nothing of him, of the children, of their intimate life together.

“Left us indeed, Mrs. Babblers,” he reproached, “you who called others babblers and cunningly saved your words. A lifetime you tended and loved, and now not a word of us, for

房間、有勾子的高架跟嗡嗡的聲音。

沒人自己 除非 通過 其他人

強壯 跟 那些 還 沒有 在 現時

教條 死亡 戰爭 死亡 一個 國家¹⁹

「哲學家奶奶，好過一點嗎？書本上的詞兒，有用嗎？」過去的七十年，她好像在體內藏起了一部超微型的錄音機，錄音帶的長度以哩計，捲呀捲沒完，把每首歌、每段旋律、每個讀到、聽到、說過的字收集，現在重播一遍，但關於他、孩子、過去攜手與共的歲月在哪？她不懷好意地漏掉了。

「嘮叨奶奶，就這樣把我們撇下了？」他責怪她。「你常叫人做『嘮叨鬼』，自己卻狡猾地扮啞

us. Left us indeed? Left me.”

And he took out his solitaire deck, shuffled the cards loudly, slapped them down.

*Left high banner of reason (tatter of an orator's voice) justice
freedom light*

Humankind life worthy capacities

Seeks (blur of shudder) belong human being

“words, words,” he accused, “and what human beings did you seek around you, Mrs. Live Alone, and what humankind think worthy?”

Though even as he spoke, he remembered she had not always been isolated, had not always wanted to be alone (as he knew there had been a voice before this gossamer one;

巴。一生人你照顧家人，愛惜我們，現在提也不提？沒有話留下？真的就這樣把我們撇下了？

把我撇下？」

他拿出了一副單人跳棋牌，把牌洗得颯颯作響，然後『啪』的一聲甩在桌上。

剩下理性高高的橫額 (失聲演說家的嗓子) 公義 自由 光明

人類 生命值得 能力

尋覓 (因顫抖而聲音不清) 屬於 人類

「這許多話！」他指責說，「周圍的人，你尋覓過誰了？獨戶奶奶？哪些人你又認為值得了？」

儘管說出這番話，他卻想起從前並不常常撇下她一個，她也不想孤零零過日子 (那時的她語音清

before the hoarse voice that broke from silence to lash, make incidents, blame him – a girl’s voice of eloquence that spoke their holiest dreams). But again he could reconstruct, image, nothing of what had been before, or when, or how, it had changed.

Ace, queen, jack. The pillar shadow fell, so, in two tracks; in the mirror depths glistened, a moonlike blob, the empty solution bottle. And it worked in him: *of reason and justice and freedom ... Dogma dead*: he remembered the full quotation, laughed bitterly. “Hah, good you do not know what you say; good Victor Hugo died and did not see it, his twentieth century.”

Deuce, ten, five. Dauntlessly she began a song of their youth of belief:

晰可聞，不似現在氣若游絲，也不似那把沙啞的嗓子，忽地從靜默中迸發、沒渣找渣、不是責罵就是埋怨—那時她用女孩兒的嗓音，流暢地縷述他們神聖的夢想)。但他同樣無法在回憶中組建當中的過程，她的聲音在哪時候及為什麼而改變。

A、Q、J。高架子的陰影投下，留下兩道軌跡；在鏡子深處，像月亮的一個圓點，是空的吊液瓶子。觸動了他的內心：**理性、公義和自由...教條死亡**：他記得原文那一段，苦澀地一笑：「嘿，你不知自己在說什麼，多好；正義的兩果死了，沒機會見到他的二十世紀。」

2、10、5。她以大無畏的姿態唱起了他們年輕

These things shall be, a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes
King, four, jack. 'In the twentieth century, hah!'
They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
... earth and fire and sea and air
"To spill no drop of blood, hah! So, cadaver, and you too,
cadaver Hugo, "in the twentieth century ignorance will be
dead, dogma will be dead, war will be dead, and for all
mankind one country – of fulfillment?" Hah!"
And every life (long strangling cough) shall
Be a song

時代理想之曲：
這些事定會來臨
一個超卓無倫的民族崛起
人民靈魂燃燒著自由火燄
眼睛閃爍著知識光芒
K、4、J。「二十世紀，嘿！」
他們既溫柔、又勇敢強壯
不須灑一滴熱血
敢與地、火、大海、清風對抗
「不須灑一滴熱血，哈！骷髏骨奶奶，骷髏骨雨
果：『無知將在二十世紀死亡；教條、戰爭也統
統死亡，人類完成締建一個單一國家？』哈！」
每條生命（像給人扼著咽喉似的不住咳嗽）成

The cards fell from his fingers. Without warning, the bereavement and betrayal he had sheltered – compound through the years – hidden even from himself – revealed itself,

Uncoiled,

Released,

Sprung

And with it the monstrous shapes of what had actually happened in the century.

Ravering hunger or thirst seized him. He groped into the kitchenette, switched on all three lights, piled a tray – “you have finished your night snack, Mrs. Cadaver, now I will have mine.” And he was shocked at the tears that splashed on the tray.

為歌曲高唱²⁰

牌從他的手中滑落。了無聲息地、一份收藏已久、出賣自己、失落的感受—多年來毫不察覺它複合地增長—浮現出來

解開

釋放

昇起

與之同來的是本世紀真實事件的畸形醜態。

極度飢渴之感襲來，驅使他摸索著走入小廚房，把三盞燈統統開著了，然後給自己堆滿整個托盤的食物—「骷髏骨奶奶，你吃過夜宵，現在輪到我了。」令他措手不及的是，在這一剎那他忽然淚下如雨，點點滴滴灑落在托盤上。

“Salt tears. For free. I forgot to shake on salt?”

Whispered: “Lost, how much I lost.”

Escaped to the grandchildren whose childhoods were childish, who had never hungered, who lived unravaged by disease in warm houses of many rooms, had all the school for which they cared, could walk on any street, stood a head taller than their grandparents, towered above – beautiful skins, straight backs, clear straight-forward eyes. “Yes, you in Olshana,” he said to the town of sixty years ago, “they would seem nobility to you.”

And was this not the dream then, come true in ways undreamed? He asked.

And are there no other children in the world? He answered, as if in her harsh voice.

「鹹的眼淚，免費贈送。我忘了加鹽哦？」

低聲道：「失去了，我失去的料不到這麼多。」

他一直在孫兒的世界裡逃避；那裡童年是稚氣的，從不用捱餓，房子又寬大、又溫暖，孩子不會受到疾病蹂躪，書可讓你讀到夠，在哪一條街道也可以昂首闊步；他們長得比祖父母要高一個頭，矗立著—還有是皮膚光滑緊緻、腰背挺拔、眼神清澈堅定。「當年在奧項納，」他說的是六十年前的那個城鎮，「你會以為他們是哪一家貴族。」

這不就是當年從的夢想不知怎的成了真？他問。

世上豈非沒有其他兒童？他答道，似是出自她刺耳的嗓子。

And the flame of freedom, the light of knowledge?

And the drop, to spill no drop of blood?

And he thought that at six Jeannie would get up and it would be his turn to go to her room and sleep, that he could press the buzzer and she would come now: that in the afternoon Ellen Mays was coming, and this time they would play cards and he could marvel at how rouge can stand half an inch on the cheek; that in the evening the doctor would come, and he could beg him to be merciful, to stop the feeding solutions, to let her die.

To let her die, and with her their youth of belief out of which her bright, betrayed words foamed; stained words, that on her working lips came stainless.

Hours yet before Jeannie's return. He could press the buzzer and wake her up to come now; he could take a pill, and with

沒有自由火燄、知識光芒？

熱血，不須灑一滴熱血？

他想起六時珍妮就會起床，然後輪到他去她的房間睡覺，但其實只要他按鐘，她就會進來；埃倫·梅斯會在下午來訪，這次他們可玩牌，見到她臉頰厚達半吋的胭脂，他會嘖嘖稱奇；而醫生傍晚到診，他會請求醫生大發慈悲，不要再輸營養液，讓她死去。

讓她死去，隨之消逝的還有他們年輕時代的信念、那些一度如泡沫般冒出來充滿光明、但沒有實現的說話；那也是玷污了的說話，雖則在她作為勞動者口中道來卻是正氣凜然的。

還有數小時才到珍妮輪值。他可按鐘叫醒她過

it sleep; he could pour more brandy into his milk glass, though what he had poured was not yet touched.

Instead he went back, checked her pulse, gently tended with his knotty fingers as Jeannie had taught.

She was whispering; her hand crawled across the covers for his. Compassionately he enfolded it, and with his free hand gathered up the cards again. Still was there the thirst or hunger ravening in him.

That world of their youth – dark, ignorant, terrible with hate and disease – how was it that living in it, in the midst of corruption, filth, treachery, degradation, they had not mistrusted man nor themselves; had believed so beautifully, so ... falsely?

來；也可吞顆藥丸令自己安睡；或者為盛牛奶的玻璃杯子添些白蘭地酒，雖然原先的酒根本沒碰過。

他什麼也沒做，反而回到她的身邊，用珍妮教的方法，使喚變形的手指小心翼翼地為她把脈。

喃喃細語透出來，她的手慢騰騰越過被子去摸索他的，這一刻他的內心深受牽動，伸掌把她的手整隻包攏，然後用另一隻手再度拾起桌上的牌。那極度飢渴的感覺仍是驅之不去。

他們年輕時代的世界——是那麼黑暗、無知，被憎恨和疾病沾染得多恐怖——但生活在腐朽、污穢、欺騙、屈辱當中，為什麼他們竟然還會信任其他人、信任自己，而且信得那麼純真、毫不察覺其

“Aaah children,” he said out loud, “how we believed, how we belonged.” And he yearned to package for each of the children, the grandchildren, for everyone, *that joyous certainty, that sense of mattering, of moving and being moved, of being one and indivisible with the great of the past, with all that freed, ennobled.* Package it, stand on corners, in front of stadiums and on crowded beaches, knock on doors, give it as a fabled gift.

“And why not in cereal boxes, in soap packages?” he mocked himself. “Aah. You have taken my senses, cadaver.” Words foamed, died unsounded. Her body writhed; she made kissing motions with her mouth. (Her lips moving as she read, poring over the Book of the Martyrs, the magnifying glass superimposed over the heavy eyeglasses.) *Still she*

中的 … 虛妄？

「孩子啊！」他叫了出來，「我們一夥人信得多真、多團結呀！」他多想為每個兒女、每個孫兒、甚至每個人，把那份堅信的歡欣、那份憂患意識、那份休戚與共的激盪心情，與歷史上偉大、崇高、被解放的一群融為一體的感受包紮起來，豎在露天體育場前面和擠擁的沙灘的角落裡，或四處敲門，作為寓言中的禮物送出去。

「不如放進麥片或肥皂盒子裡？」他笑自己。「骷髏骨奶奶，你弄得我不知所謂。」泡沫般的話語冒出來，又悄然逝去。她的身軀扭動，咀唇似在吻什麼。(她全神貫注在《烈士錄》上，閱讀時咀唇隨著郁動，深度數的眼鏡加上放大鏡。) 她

believed? “Eva!” he whispered. “Still you believed? You lived by it? These things shall be?”

“One pound soup meat,” she answered distinctly, “one soup bone.”

“My ears heard you. Ellen Mays was witness:
‘Humankind...one has to believe.’” Imploringly: “Eva!”

“Bread, day-old.” She was mumbling. “Please, in a wooden box...for kindling. The thread, hah, the thread breaks. Cheap thread” – and a gurgling, enormously loud, began in her throat.

“I ask for stone; she gives me bread – day-old,” He pulled his hand away, shouted” “Who wanted questions? Everything you have to wake?” Then dully, “Ah, let me help you turn, poor creature.”

仍然相信？「伊娃！」他低聲說，「你仍然相信？它令你活得有指望？這些事定會來臨？」

「一磅用來熬湯的肉，」她清楚地回答，「加一塊熬湯骨頭。」

「我聽見了。埃倫·梅斯可作證：『人類 … 我們總得相信。』他的聲調變為哀求：「伊娃！」

「隔夜麵包，」她喃喃說道：「麻煩你放在木箱裡 … 拿來燃點的。線…呀，斷了，真是劣貨！」

—她的喉嚨開始大聲地「咯咯」作響。

「我要石頭，她給麵包一隔夜的，」他放開她的手，叫道：「誰要面對這麼多問題？你要把一切都喚醒？」跟著木然地說：「噢！讓我替你翻個身，可憐嘍！」

Words jumbled, cleared. In a voice of crowded terror:

Paul, Sammy, don't fight.

“Hannah, have I ten hands?”

“How can I give it, Clara, How can I give it if I don't have?”

“You lie, he said sturdily, “there was joy too.” Bitterly: “Ah how cheap you speak of us at the last.”

As if to rebuke him, as if her voice had no relationship with her flailing body, she sang clearly, beautifully, a school song the children had taught her when they were little, begged:

“Not look my hair where they cut...”

吐出的話時而瞎七搭八，時而清楚分明，各式各樣刺耳的聲音此起彼落：

保羅，薩米，不要打了！

「漢納，我有十隻手嗎？」

「克萊拉，我拿什麼給你？我根本沒有，叫我怎給你？」

「你扯謊，」他一字一字地說，「我們也有快樂時光。」苦澀地：「到了最後，我們在你口中恁地輕賤。」

似是反駁他，她唱起歌來，聲音跟她荏弱身軀似乎拉不上關係，又清脆又好聽，那是孩子還小的時候從學校學會了回來教她的。跟著她的聲音變為哀求：

(The crown of braids shorn.) And instantly he left the mute old woman poring over the Book of the Martyrs; went past the mother treading at the sewing machine, singing with the children; past the girl in her wrinkled prison dress, hiding her hair with scarred hands, lifting to him her awkward, shamed, imploring eyes of love; and took her in his arms, dear, personal, fleshed, in all the heavy passion he had loved to rouse from her.

“Eva!”

Her little claw hand beat the covers. How much, how much can a man stand?

He took up the cards, put them down, circled the beds,

「不要看 我的頭髮 他們剪了那處…」

(頭頂的辮髮給剪了。)²¹ 就在此刻，他條地離開了那個全神貫注在《烈士錄》上靜默的老婦人；那個邊踏縫紉機、邊與孩子一起唱歌的母親；那個穿著皺巴巴監獄衣服、用疤痕纍纍的雙手掩藏頭髮的女孩—她仰視的眼內滿是柔情，但也夾雜著忸怩、羞赧和祈求之意；他把她攬進懷中，以他過往深沉的激情去喚醒她的愛，他最貼心、親近且是有血有肉的人！

「伊娃！」

她瘦削似爪的小手敲打被子。一個男人能夠承受多少？究竟多少？

他拾起桌上的牌、擱下；在床邊繞過來、又繞過

walked to the dresser, opened, shut drawers, brushed his hair, moved his hand bit by bit over the mirror to see what of the reflection he could blot out with each move, and felt that that at any moment he would die of what was unendurable. Went to press the buzzer to wake Jeannie, looked down, saw on Jeannie's sketch pad the hospital bed, with her; the double bed alongside, with him; the tall pillar feeding into her veins, and their hands, his and hers, clasped, feeding each other.

And as if he had been instructed he went to his bed, lay down, holding the sketch (as if it could shield against the monstrous shapes of loss, of betrayal, of death) and with his free hand took hers back into his.

So Jeannie found them in the morning.

The last day the agony was perpetual. Time after time it lifted her almost off the bed, so they had to fight to hold her

去；走到抽屜櫃子旁，逐一打開抽屜、逐一關上；把頭髮梳理一番；手在鏡子上面逐步移動，試看每次能遮蓋多少映像；他已經無法忍受了，分分鐘會死去。正要按鐘叫醒珍妮，一低頭看到了珍妮的速寫冊，畫在上面的她躺在醫院床裡，而他則睡在並排的大床上；高架子源源把營養液輸進她的脈管內；他倆的手緊握，互相扶持。就好像受了教導，他走到大床躺下，手裡還拿著那幅速寫（它似可用來抵擋種種失落、叛離、死亡的恐怖），另一隻手再度把她的手緊握。

早上，珍妮見到他倆就是如此模樣。

最後的那一天，每一刻也是痛苦的熬煎。一次又一次，她抵受不了，猛地從床上騰起，他們要把

down. He could not endure and left the room; wept as of there would never be tears enough.

Jeannie came to comfort him. In her light voice she said: Granddaddy, Granddaddy don't cry. She is not there, she promised me. On the last day, she said she would go back to when she first heard music, a little girl on the road of the village where she was born. She promised me. It was a wedding and they dance, while the flutes so joyous and vibrant tremble in the air. Leave her there, Granddaddy, it is all right. She promised me. Come back, come back and help her poor body to die.

For two of that generation

Seevya and Genya

Infinite, dauntless, incorruptible

Death deepens the wonder

她按回床上。他不忍再看，步出房間，眼淚如決了堤似的流下來。

珍妮過來安慰他，以她清脆的嗓子說：爺爺，不要哭哦！她應承我不會在那兒。最後那天，她說會回去第一次聽到音樂那刻，她還是一個小姑娘，站在家鄉的一條路上，她應承了的。村子裡有婚禮，村民都跳起舞來了，笛聲是那麼歡快，在空氣中迴盪。爺爺，就讓她留在那兒，不用擔心，她應承了我呀！回去吧！回去替她料理，好使她安息。

獻給處身那個時代的兩位

斯芙雅和吉雅

無限、無懼、無玷

	1961

	死亡只會加深景仰
	1961

¹ Hymn by John Addington Symonds, British poet, sung in the British labor movement and in progressive circles in the United States, including the Unitarian Church.

英國詩人約翰·艾定頓·西蒙茲 (1840-1893) 所作之頌歌，廣受英國勞工運動及美國前進分子誦唱，例如，一位論派基督教會。

² Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, nineteenth-century Russian writer, and Issac Loeb Peretz, turn-of-the-century Russian writer of short fiction in Yiddish.

安東·巴甫洛夫·契訶夫，十九世紀俄國作家；以薩·洛布·佩雷茨，二十世紀初俄國一位用意第緒語（猶太人使用的國際語）寫作短篇小說的作家。

³ Olsen's invented name for a typical village of Czarist Russia.

奧爾森杜撰的沙皇時代典型俄國村落。

⁴ Political and other prisoners were exiled to Siberia by the Czarist regime.

在沙皇時代，政治及其他犯人會被放逐至西伯利亞。

⁵ The lighting of the candles on Friday night initiates the traditional Jewish Sabbath.

星期五晚上燃點蠟燭的儀式來自傳統猶太安息日。

⁶ Alludes to Yiddish folk saying, refuted in Peretz's story, "A Good Marriage," and to the cremations in the Nazi concentration camps of the Holocaust. 此處典故來自猶太俗語，佩雷茨在其短篇小說《美滿婚姻》內曾予以駁斥；亦指第二次世界大戰時納粹黨在集中營燒死大量猶太人。

⁷ Broad uprising against the regime of Czar Nicholas II that forced a series of democratizing concessions, notably the establishment of a parliamentary government, and that set up the soviets, or workers' councils, as a means of organization.

廣泛的人民抗爭運動迫使尼古拉二世作出讓步，引進一連串民主措施，其中廣為人知的是議會政府，由此蘇維埃或工人代表會議隨之建立。

⁸ Olsen's synthesis of several books that told the stories of fighters for freedom.

奧爾森多本關於自由戰士故事的綜合體。

⁹ Alludes to the myth of Sisyphus, who was punished eternally in Tartarus for reporting the whereabouts of Zeus, king of the gods, to the father of the maiden Zeus had seized.

指希臘神話中西西弗斯的故事；西西弗斯被永遠囚禁於陰間，因他向被主神宙斯擄走的少女父親透露宙斯的去向。

¹⁰ Alludes to the biblical story of David's triumph over the giant Philistine, Goliath; Samuel I:17. The quotation, which Olsen heard in a black church, paraphrases Ezekiel 11:19: "I shall remove the heart of stone from their bodies and give them a heart of flesh."

指《聖經舊約·撒母耳記上：17》中大衛戰勝非利士族巨人歌利亞的故事。這句引文是個簡化了的版本，來自《聖經舊約·以西結書 11：19》

「我要使他們有合一的心，也要將新靈放在他們裡面，又從他們肉體中除掉石心，賜給他們肉心。」奧爾森從黑人教堂處聽到這段話。

¹¹ Venice, California, just west of Los Angeles.

威尼斯，位於加利福尼亞州，貼近洛杉磯西面。

¹² 位於墨西哥。

¹³ Follower of Count Lyeve (Leo) Tolstoy, nineteenth-century Russian novelist whose opposition to the private ownership of property and belief in the dignity of peasant life helped prepare the way for the Russian Revolution.

十九世紀俄國小說家托爾斯泰的信徒。托爾斯泰反對私產制，提倡農民生活的尊嚴，他的主張可稱之為俄國大革命的先驅。

¹⁴ Both quotations are drawn from Chekhov, “Ward No. 6.”

兩處均來自契訶夫之《第六號囚室》。

¹⁵ Site of heavy bombing during World War II; also of some of the first encounters of American troops with concentration camps.

第二次世界大戰中飽受轟炸之地；那裡也讓美軍首度見識到何謂「集中營」。

¹⁶ From Chekhov’s “Rothschild’s Fiddle.”

來自契訶夫之《羅特希爾德的小提琴》。

¹⁷ From letter by Ida Lerner, Olsen’s mother: “As a human being who carries responsibility for action, I think as a duty to the community we must try to understand each other.”

來自奧爾森母親艾達·萊納的信：「作為一個為自己行動負責的人，我們必須盡力理解對方，這是對所屬團體應盡的責任。」

¹⁸ The italicized passage contains references to the ships used for transporting slaves from Africa to America, to the trains that took millions of Jews and other Nazi victims to the concentration camps, and to the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

此處包含多段歷史：其一指從非洲大陸運載奴隸至美國的船隻；其二指運載數以萬計之猶太人及其他受納粹黨迫害者至集中營的火車；其三指轟炸廣島的原子彈。

¹⁹ See the text of Riddle, below, for the full quotation from the work of Victor Hugo, nineteenth-century French romantic writer and republican exile from the France of Emperor Louis Napoleon.

此處來自雨果作品，全文見於後。雨果為法國十九世紀一位浪漫主義作家及共和黨人，後被拿破崙三世放逐。

²⁰ The italicized passages are all fragments from “These Things Shall Be.” The last verse reads: “New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,/And mightier music thrill the skies,/And every life shall be a song/When all the earth is paradise.”

此數段散見於《這些事定會來臨》；最後一段歌詞如右：「更佳模具鑄成嶄新藝術/更強音樂響徹雲霄/每條生命成為歌曲高唱/當地球變身天堂」。

²¹ Reference to the Orthodox Jewish custom of cutting off the bride’s hair and replacing it with a wig, and to the cutting off of prisoner’s hair in Siberia.

此處指正統派猶太教徒剃去新娘頭髮冠以假髮的習俗；亦指放逐至西伯利亞之犯人頭髮被剪短。