

英漢對照·世界名著

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奇妙的雲

The Wonderful Clouds

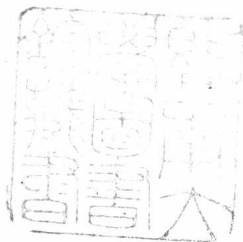
by Françoise Sagan

莎岡原著
李蘭芝譯

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THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS



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奇妙的雲

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原著者：莎岡
譯述者：李蘭
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one

The mangrove stood out black against Key Largo's garish blue sky, and its formal, dried-up shape seemed less like a tree than some sinister insect. Josée closed her eyes, sighing. Real trees were a long way away at present, especially the poplar of her childhood days, the poplar that stood by itself in a corner of the field near the house. She used to lie under it, her feet propped against the trunk, watching hundreds of little leaves shaken by the wind, all bending the same way, and, high in the air, the slender treetop, so fine that it seemed about to take flight. How old could she have been then? Fourteen, fifteen? Or else she would lean against the trunk, her head in her hands, her mouth pressed close to the rough bark, whispering promises to herself, drawing in her own breath, disturbed by adolescence, by terror of the future and by its very inevitability. She never imagined that she would leave her poplar, or that returning ten years later, she would find it cut to the ground, with the scars of the ax hard and dry on the stump.

"What are you thinking about?"

"About a tree."

"What tree?"

"A tree you don't know," she said, and began laughing.

"Of course."

Without opening her eyes she felt the mounting ten-

第一章

在西刺哥蔚藍的天空下，紅樹顯映出黑色，加上它乾枯的樣子，似乎不像是樹，而像是一群陰險的昆蟲。約絲閉上眼睛，歎起息來。現在真正的樹已經離她很遠了，特別是童年時期，那棵長在屋子附近田野角落上的白楊樹，她經常躺在樹下，腳抵在樹幹上，望着數百片被風吹落的小葉在空中飄舞。柔細的樹梢，美得快要飛起來似的。那時她有多大呢？十四歲？十五歲？否則她會靠在樹幹上，將頭埋在手中，嘴唇緊貼在粗糙的樹皮上；屏住氣喃喃地對自己許諾。她被未來青春時期所不可避免的恐怖的事實所困擾着。她從未想到會離開她的白楊樹勝而十年以後她又回來時，樹已經被吹掉，殘幹上留下乾硬的斧傷。

「妳在想什麼？」

「想一棵樹。」

「什麼樹？」

「一棵你不知道的樹，」她說着就開始笑起來。

「當然。」

sion that she always did when Alan's voice took on a certain tone.

"I'm thinking of a poplar, when I was eight."

Then she wondered why she had put her age back in telling him about it. Perhaps because she imagined that by moving further away in time, Alan's jealousy would cool slightly. Certainly, thinking of her at eight, he would not ask, "Who were you in love with?"

There was a pause. But he was aroused, she could sense him thinking at her side, and his torpor of a moment ago had given way to intense interest. She could also feel the canvas of the deck chair against her back and a drop of sweat at the nape of her neck running on and on.

"Why did you marry me?" he asked.

"Because I loved you."

"And now?"

"I still love you."

"Why?"

That was the way it began. These three questions were like the three classic knocks before the curtain goes up in a French theater: a sort of convention they had come tacitly to accept, before Alan proceeded to tear himself to pieces.

"Not now, Alan," she implored.

"What made you love me?"

"I took you for a very quiet American—I've told you this a hundred times over—and I thought you very handsome."

"And now?"

"I take you for an unquiet American and you're as handsome as ever."

她沒睜開眼睛，每當雅南的聲音高到相當的語調時，她時常感覺到情緒緊張。

「我在想當我八歲時的一棵白楊樹。」

然而她感到奇怪，爲什麼告訴他時，會把年齡縮小。也許她認爲把時間拉遠一點，雅南的嫉妒會稍微減輕。當然，想到她才八歲，他就不會問：「那時妳和誰在戀愛？」

短暫的沉思了一下子後，他又覺醒過來了，她能感覺到他在她身邊想什麼，方才的呆鈍已被濃烈的興致所取代了。她也能感覺到摺椅的帆布抵着她的背部，一滴汗珠在頸背上逐漸下流。

「爲什麼妳要嫁給我？」他問。

「因爲我曾經愛過你。」

「現在呢？」

「我也一樣愛你。」

「爲什麼？」

事情往往是這樣開始的。這三句話重重地擊在她的心上，像法國戲院開幕前的三聲古典的敲擊聲：在雅南自甘墮落前，他們會有一種默契，這是習慣。

「雅南，現在別再問了。」她哀求着。

「什麼使妳愛我？」

「我告訴過你幾百遍了——因爲你是一個非常文雅的美國人——而且我認爲你很英俊。」

「如今呢？」

「我認爲你是個不文雅的美國人，而你的英俊一如往昔。」

"An American full of neuroses, eh? With a mother who has too much money . . ."

"All right, all right, so I did marry the image I formed of you; is that what you want me to say?"

"I want you to love me."

"I do love you."

"No."

"How I wish the others would come back," she thought, "and come back quickly. What an idea to go fishing in this heat! He'll drink a little too much, he'll drive too fast, he'll sleep like a log. He'll sleep so close to me that he'll crush me, and I'll find myself loving him for an hour or so because he seems so lost. Tomorrow morning, he'll tell me about all the horrible dreams he's had. He has an extraordinary imagination."

She sat up and looked at the white jetty. Not a soul in sight. She relaxed in her chair.

"No sign of them yet," he said acidly. "Too bad. You're bored, aren't you?"

She turned her head toward him. He was staring at her. He was really too much like the young hero of a Western: light eyes, bronzed skin, frank expression. Simplicity itself, apparently. Alan. Yes, she had loved him and still loved him a little when she looked at him closely. But more and more often lately, she looked away.

"Well? Shall we go on?"

"If you must."

"How did you feel when I asked you to marry me?"

"I felt happy."

"Is that all?"

「一個有神經質的美國人，是嗎？以及一位很富有的母親……」

「好了，好了，所以我嫁給你，把你弄成這副德性，這些就是你要我說的嗎？」

「我需要妳愛我。」

「我真的愛你呀！」

「沒有。」

「多麼希望其他的人快回來，」她想着：「而且快點回來，在如此熱的天氣裡去釣魚，是怎麼想出來的！他稍微多喝些酒，就會開快車；或是會睡得像一塊木頭樣的不能動彈；或者會向我緊靠過來，把我壓扁；同時我會發覺自己愛他一二個小時，因為他看起來很失神。第二天早晨他會說他所作過的惡夢，他有一種與眾不同的幻想。」

她站起來，望着白色的防波堤，連個人影都沒有。她又鬆弛地坐回椅上。

「他們仍然沒有要回來的跡象，」他諷刺地說：「糟透了，使妳不耐煩了是嗎？」

她把頭轉向他，他凝視着她。他真是太像美國西部的青年英雄，明亮的眼睛，晒成褐色的皮膚，坦誠的表情，單純而直率。是的，雅南，她曾經愛過他，同時當她緊緊地注視他時：仍然有些愛他。但是近來她常常把臉轉開，望着他處。

「怎麼樣？我們要繼續談下去嗎？」

「如果你認為有必要的話。」

「當我向妳求婚時，你的感覺如何？」

「我覺得很高興。」

「只是高興？」

"I had the impression of being rescued. I . . . I was worn out, you know that perfectly well."

"Worn out . . . Who by?"

"By Europe."

"Who in Europe?"

"I've told you about it."

"Tell me again."

"I'll go away," thought Josée suddenly. "I must get that firmly into my head. I'll go away. He can do whatever he likes, commit suicide if he must; he's talked about it often enough. That phony psychiatrist of his has talked about it often enough too. So has his mother. All right, let him kill himself. Let him go mad like his wretched father. Let them all get on with their stupid alcoholic lives. *Vive la France* and Benjamin Constant!"

Yet at the same time, it filled her with nausea to think of Alan as dead, Alan who was so haunted by death. "The first excuse that comes along will be the right one, and I don't want to be that excuse."

"That's blackmail," she said.

"So what? I know what you're thinking about."

"I can't have any respect for you so long as you use that kind of blackmail on me," she said weakly.

"Why should that worry me?"

"Why indeed?"

What did he care about her respect? Besides, the low opinion she had of herself tended to be catching. She was reduced to playing the part of a life line, a safety device against disaster. At twenty-seven. Only three years ago, in Paris, living alone or with whomever she pleased, she could breathe freely. Now, she was perspiring in this artificial setting with a neurotic young husband who had

「我有一種解救的感覺，我……我非常疲乏，你知道得很清楚。」

「疲乏……誰令妳疲乏？」

「歐洲。」

「誰在歐洲。」

「關於這事我已告訴過你了。」

「再告訴我！」

約絲突然想着：「我要離開他，我必須要把那些事情深藏在腦海裡。我要離開他，他能做他喜歡的事情，要是他想自殺的話也可以；這是他經常談到的事。他那愚蠢的精神病醫生也談够了，他的母親也常提起，他也聽够了。好吧，讓他去自殺吧，像他父親一樣去發瘋，讓他們都去過愚蠢的酒鬼生活。法蘭西萬歲，彭捷銘萬歲。」

但同時她又想到如果雅南死了的話，她覺得胸中欲嘔，雅南老是被死亡困擾着。

「第一次的原諒永遠是應當的，但是我不需要那種原諒。」

「那是威脅。」她說。

「什麼？我知道妳在想什麼。」

「只要你再對我用這種威脅，我就不尊敬你。」她冷淡地說。

「爲什麼要苦惱我呢？」

「我真地使你苦惱嗎？」

他關心她的尊敬是什麼嗎？她除了低估自己美麗動人之外，在生命的延續上必須對未來的不幸，作一種安全計劃。三年前在巴黎，在二十七歲時，無論獨居或和她所喜歡的人同居；她都能自由地呼吸。現在，她悶在一個人爲的環境裡，

no idea what he expected of her. She began to laugh and he sat upright, eyes screwed up. He hated her to laugh on such occasions, although sometimes he had a sense of humor.

"Stop laughing like that."

But she went on laughing softly and with a kind of tenderness as she thought of her apartment in Paris, of the streets at night, of the wild, carefree years. Alan got up.

"Aren't you thirsty? You'll get sunstroke, darling. Would you like me to bring you some orange juice?"

He knelt, laid his head on her arm, looked up at her. That was his second weapon: whenever she escaped his jealousy, he grew affectionate. She ran her hand over his even features, outlined with her fingers the firm mouth and wide-set eyes, wondering yet again what made the quiet virility of his face so ineffectual.

"I'd rather you brought me a Bacardi," she said.

He smiled. He liked drinking and liked her to drink with him. She had been warned against that too. But although she was not particularly fond of alcohol, there were times when she felt like getting drunk and remaining so for the rest of her life.

"Two Bacardis, then," he said.

He kissed her hand. A white-haired woman in flowered shorts threw them a tender, approving glance, but Joséé did not smile back. Her eyes followed Alan as he walked gracefully away with the confident stride of someone for whom life has always been too easy, and, as happened each time that he went away, a feeling of sadness overcame her. "Yet I don't love him any longer," she whis-

和一個有神經病的年青丈夫生活在一起，而他絕沒有想到他對她所希望的是什麼。她笑了起來，而他筆直地坐着，眼睛逼視着她。雖然有時他也有幽默感，但是他憎惡她在此情況下發笑。

「別那樣的笑！」

她繼續柔和地笑着。並且當她想起在巴黎的寓所、夜景、郊野以及那些無憂無慮的日子時，就產生出一種親切感。雅南站了起來。

「妳渴嗎？妳會被晒黑，親愛的，要不要我給妳弄些橘子汁來？」

他跪下來，把他的頭枕在她的胳膊上望着她，那是他的第二種武器，無論何時，她逃避他的嫉妒後，他就變得親切慈愛。她用手撫摸着他的臉龐，用她的手指在他堅定的嘴和大大的眼睛上劃着。她奇怪，是什麼使他臉上的鎮靜力如此地缺乏。

「我願你能帶一杯皮卡地酒給我。」她說。

他笑了笑。他喜歡喝酒，尤其和她一塊兒飲酒。雖然她並不特別喜歡喝酒，當她有些醉意時，必須警告自己，為了保全生命而停止再喝。

「那麼，來兩杯皮卡地吧。」他說。

他吻了吻她的手。一位銀髮女人穿着花短裙向他們投來善意而贊賞的一瞥；但是約絲並沒有回報一笑。她的目光盯着雅南，他的步態顯出一種安祥的自信，是那種生活愜意的自信。每當他這樣走的時候，總有一縷輕淡的哀愁籠罩着她。「我不再愛他了。」她低聲自語，並且很快地用手臂遮

pered and quickly shielded her face with her arm, as though the sun itself might contradict her.

When the others returned, they found them lying on the sand, Josée's head on Alan's shoulder, talking passionately about books. Several glasses were scattered around, and Brandon Kinnel's glance mutely pointed these out to his wife. Eve Kinnel was both intelligent and ugly, but not aggressively so. She was fond of Josée and, like Brandon, apprehensive of Alan. Indeed, the Kinnels saw eye to eye about everything, shared everything except, of course, Brandon's hopeless and secret infatuation for Josee.

"What a day!" cried Eve. "Three hours at sea for one miserable barracuda . . ."

"Why range the seas?" asked Alan. "Happiness is right here on the beach."

He kissed Josée's hair. She looked up, saw Brandon's eyes resting on the empty glasses and mentally sent him to hell. She had whiled away a pleasant hour. She felt happy, the landscape was superb, Alan brilliant and relaxed: did it matter if a few Bacardis had contributed to this? She laid her hand on Alan's bronzed leg.

"Happiness is right here on the beach," she repeated.

Brandon looked away. "I've hurt his feelings," she thought. "I suppose he must be in love with me. Funny, I've never thought of it." She held out her hand to him:

"Help me up, Brandon, the sun's made me dizzy."

She stressed the word "sun." He stretched out his hand. A good many people wondered why Brandon Kinnel, who looked like an absent-minded buccaneer, had come to

住臉部，好像太陽也在和她作對。

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當其餘的人回來時，發現他倆躺在沙灘上。約絲的頭靠在雅南的肩上，他們熱烈地討論書籍。好幾隻酒杯散亂地丟在四周。布朗頓基尼暗地裡用眼光指給他的妻子看這景象。愛菲基尼，聰穎而容貌平常，有一副好脾氣，她喜歡約絲，就像布朗頓瞭解雅南一樣。真的，基尼夫婦把一切事情都看得非常清晰，同時也分享了他們的快樂，自然，布朗頓對約絲沒有希望的暗戀是例外。

「這種日子！」愛菲叫嚷着說：「在海邊三個小時就是爲了一條可憐的梭魚……」

「爲何要在海上徘徊呢？」雅南說：「在海濱，快樂就是權利。」

他吻着約絲的頭髮。她抬起頭，注視着布朗頓正停留在那些空酒杯上的目光，使她心性爲之陷入苦境。她已經消磨了一段快樂時光，覺得愉悅，景致異常迷人，雅南精神也隨之抖擻，此情此景是否是受些皮卡地的影響？她把手攔在雅南古銅色的大腿上。

「在海濱，快樂就是權利。」約絲重複地說着。

布朗頓望着遠方。「我已經傷了他的感情，」她想：「我猜想他一定是愛着我，滑稽！我却從未想到這事。」她伸出她的手給他：

「拉我起來，布朗頓，這太陽使我昏眩。」

她特別加重「太陽」這個字，他伸出他的手。很多人都奇怪，布朗頓基尼看起來像個心不在焉的海盜，愛菲却看來

marry Eve, who looked like an ant. There were two reasons why he had: she was understanding and he, timid. So he helped Josée up and she staggered and clung to him.

"What about me, Eve," Alan complained, "are you going to leave me here on the beach, all alone, all night? You can see for yourself that I'm as drunk as Josée. Because we are drunk. She told you we were happy, didn't she?"

He lay on the sand, gazing up at them with a little smile. Josée dropped Brandon's arm and then grasped it firmly again.

"If you can't stand a couple of drinks, that's your affair. I'm dead sober and, what's more, I'm hungry. I'm going to have dinner with Brandon."

She wheeled around, forgetting Eve. For the first time for a year she remembered that there were other men in the world besides Alan.

"He's too tactless," she thought aloud. "He ruins everything."

"You ought to leave him," said Brandon.

"He'd be a wreck, that is, I mean . . ."

"He's a wreck already."

"I know."

"But an attractive one, isn't that it?"

She opened her mouth to protest, then shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, that's probably it."

They walked slowly toward the restaurant. Brandon could feel Josée's hand on his arm and wondered if he should not withdraw it before they reached the restaurant. His arm had got into an awkward position and a sort of cramp paralyzed it.

如一隻螞蟻，他們結婚有兩種理由：她善感；而他怯弱。所以他拉起約絲，她却蹣跚不穩地又靠住他。

「我該怎麼辦？愛菲。」雅南抱怨地說：「你們要讓我單獨在海邊過夜？妳也看出來我和約絲一樣地醉了。因為我倆都醉了，她告訴妳我們很快樂，是嗎？」

他躺在沙灘上，帶着一絲微笑望着他們。約絲倒在布朗頓的胳膊上，又緊緊地抓牢他。

「如果喝了兩杯酒就站不起來，那是你的事。我倒沒有醉，現在我已經餓了，正要與布朗頓去晚餐。」

她頭暈眼花，忘記了愛菲。這一年來，她第一次想到世界上其他的男人，除了雅南之外。

「他太傻了！」她自言自語着：「他什麼都完了。」

「你應該離開他。」布朗頓說。

「那他將會成爲一個問題人物。我的意思是說……」

「他已經是個問題人物了。」

「我知道。」

「但他却是個有誘惑力的男人，是嗎？」

她啓唇想辯解，却只聳了一下肩膀。

「是的，有可能。」

他們慢慢地走向餐館，在他們抵達前，布朗頓考慮要不要把約絲抓着的胳膊收回，他覺得無論何種姿態都令他手臂不適，而且有一種麻痺感。