



# 短篇小說選讀

英漢對照

第 4 輯

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY

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THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY

短篇小說選讀第四輯



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## 短篇小說選讀 第四輯

傑克遜等著 綠騎士等譯

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## THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY Vol. 4

*The Beautiful Stranger & I Know Who I Love*  
by Shirley Jackson. Copyright @ 1968 by  
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英漢對照

我知道我愛誰

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I KNOW WHO  
I LOVE

by  
SHIRLEY JACKSON

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PLAY LIKE I'M SHERIFF ③ 戲  
*by Jack Cady* 李國威譯

SHIRLEY JACKSON was born in San Francisco in 1919 and spent most of her early life in California. She studied for a year at the University of Rochester and then transferred to Syracuse University, where she took her B.A. degree in 1940. The same year she married a classmate, Stanley Edgar Hyman, the literary critic and author of many books, and now a professor at Bennington College. She died at her home in Bennington in 1965.

Critical fame first came to her in 1948 for "The Lottery," a haunting and hair-raising intellectual horror story. This was followed by the novels *The Road Through the Wall* (1948), *Hangsman* (1951), *The Bird's Nest* (1954) and *Sundial* (1958). She also wrote two nonfiction books about her family, *Life Among the Savages* (1953) and *Raising Demons* (1957). Her last two novels, both published by Viking, were *The Haunting of Hill House* (1959) and *We Have Always Lived in the Castle* (1962); they were both widely acclaimed best sellers, and *The Haunting of Hill House* was made into a motion picture. Her stories appeared regularly in *The New Yorker*, and many were anthologized and dramatized for television and radio.

雪麗·傑克遜一九一九年在舊金山出生，在加州長大。在紐約羅徹斯特大學攻讀一年之後，轉入昔拉古斯大學，於一九四四年畢業。同年，她和同學史丹利·雅狄加·海曼結婚。海曼是一位文學批評家，著作甚豐，現任班寧頓大學教授。一九六五年她在班寧頓家中逝世。

她在一九四八年，寫了一篇意味深長、讀了令人毛骨聳然的恐怖小說「彩票」為批評家所賞識，使她在文壇上嶄露頭角。後因「穿牆之路」（一九四八），「絞刑吏」（一九五一），「鳥巢」（一九五四）及「日晷」（一九五八）諸長篇小說之相繼面世而聲譽益隆。此外，她還寫過兩本描寫家庭生活的自傳性的書籍「生活於野人中間」（一九五三）及「養育羣魔」（一九五七）。她的最後兩本小說「山屋魅影」（一九五九）及「長居此堡」（一九六二）都是維京出版社出版的暢銷書，前者且曾拍成了電影。她的短篇常刊於「紐約客」雜誌。許多被收入選集或被改編為電視和廣播劇本。

# I KNOW WHO I LOVE

By Shirley Jackson

CATHARINE VINCENT began her life in a two-room apartment in New York; she was born in a minister's home in Buffalo; the shift from one to the other might be called her tragedy. When the devil prompted William Vincent to marry he did not prompt William further to inquire if his wife were to bear sons or daughters, or if the daughter were to be Catharine (named after William's mother, finally), thin and frightened, born with a scream and blue eyes.

When Catharine was twenty-three years old she found out that her father would have preferred a son, if he had to have any child at all. At that time she was still thin and noticeably frightened, with blue eyes and a faint talent for painting. She had eventually gone to New York alone; by the time she was self-supporting she had nearly forgotten her father, and her mother was dying.

# 我知道我愛誰

雪麗·傑克遜著

凱德琳，雲遜的生命，在紐約一間有兩個房間的公寓裏開始，她生在布法羅一個牧師家裏，從紐約轉移到布法羅，可以說是她的悲劇。魔鬼慫恿維廉·雲遜成家立室的時候，牠並沒有更進一步，慫恿維廉去查究他的妻子，會生下男孩子還是女孩子，或者生下的女孩，會是瘦瘦的、怯生生的、呱的一聲生了下來，長着一對藍眼睛的凱德琳（終於以維廉的母親的名字，命了名）。

凱德琳二十三歲的時候，發見她的父親，如果非要有孩子不可，就寧願要一個男孩。那個時候，她還很瘦，顯然有些膽怯，長了一對藍眼睛，有一點兒繪畫天才。她終於隻身去了紐約，到了她可以自給自足時，她差不多已經忘記了她的父親，而她的母親，也已命在旦夕了。

William Vincent was a short heavy man, who affected a large mustache, which he thought made him look more the master of his house. He had become a minister shortly before his marriage because he had a vague feeling that in that way he was somehow certain of being right, and virtuous, and easily sure of his authority. He was not afraid of his wife, who was the only daughter of a grocer with no money, but he was afraid of the lady next door, and the brisk young man at the bank, and the butcher's delivery boy who made faces over unpaid bills, and asked insolent questions for which he could not be rebuked. William Vincent regarded his daughter as an unnecessary expense, as a trap, and as no true expression of God's will. He thought of his wife as an amiable woman whose place was in the home; practically the only person he felt really close to was God, in the heavy Bibles and the ponderous words, in the shabby church and the cheap hymns. Catharine early grew accustomed to hearing her father say across his small desk, or along the dull dinner table, "Do you think you are satisfactory, in God's sight or mine?"

After Catharine left home, while the train was pulling out of the station, she stopped thinking about her father and mother, except, later, for a weekly letter home. ("I am fine now, my cold is all gone at last. My job is fine, and they said it was all right about my being away three days. I guess I won't be able to leave work again for a while, so cannot expect to come home just yet.") Her

維廉·雲遜是個身材短小，性格沉悶的人，喜歡蓄一把他以爲可以使他看起來更像一家之主的大鬍子。他是在結婚之前不久當的牧師，因爲他有一個迷迷糊糊的感覺，以爲那樣一來，他就可以確實知道他沒有做錯事情，他的行爲善良，而且容易確立他的權威。他不怕他的太太，一個沒有錢的雜貨商的獨生女，但是她害怕鄰家那位太太，銀行裏那位精神勃勃的年輕人和肉店的送貨夥計，他看見沒有清結的帳單就做鬼臉，問你一些不三不四的問題，你也對他無可奈何。維廉·雲遜認爲他的女兒是一個多餘的賠錢貨，一個陷阱，而不能真正體現神的意旨。他認爲他的太太是個和藹可親的女人，主持中饋就是她的本分；他唯一覺得親近的人，差不多就是卷帙繁厚的聖經中，冗長沉悶的字句裏，寒寒酸酸的教堂內和廉價聖詩中的上帝了。凱德琳早就養成了習慣，聽他的父親隔着他那張小小的書桌，或是在沉悶的餐桌旁邊說，「你以爲上帝或者我，對你會滿意的嗎？」

凱德琳離家之後，火車還沒有駛離車站，她就不再去想她的父親和母親，除了後來，每週寫信回家的時候。（「我現在已經好了，傷風終於痊癒。工作也沒問題，我三天沒上班，他們說不打緊。我想短期內不好再請假，所以最近不擬回家。」）她的父親，坐在書桌後面的形象，她的母

father across the desk, her mother's small timid laugh, were emphatically and resolutely put out of her mind, until she was twenty-three and her mother died.

The doctor was there and Catharine waited outside in the apartment-house hall while the doctor and her mother spent the last few minutes together. "She never spoke at all," the doctor said. "She died very peacefully, Miss Vincent."

"Good," Catharine said. Her mother had waited until spring to die; next year she could have a fur coat. "What do I have to do about making arrangements?" she asked the doctor, waving her hand vaguely. "About burying her, and so on?"

The doctor looked at Catharine for a minute. "I'll help you with all that," he said.

Catharine spoke to strange people with soft voices, who told her she was brave, or patted her hand and told her her mother was happier now. "She's with your dear father," the maid in the apartment house said to Catharine, "They're together again at last."

With the funeral over and her mother gone, Catharine put the apartment back the way it had been before her mother came to live with her. The extra bed was moved out and the little table went back by the window. She spent five dollars on a new slip cover for the armchair, and she had the curtains cleaned. The only thing left of her mother was the old trunk full of her mother's memories and hopes. The little money from the sale of the furni-

親那種一點都不爽朗、羞怯的笑容，都被她毅然決然的從心裏撐了出去，直到她二十三歲，到她的母親死了為止。

母親臨終以前那幾分鐘，醫生在房裏陪着她，凱德琳在公寓房子的通道裏等着。「雲遜小姐，她始終沒有開口。」醫生說，「她死得很平靜。」

「不錯，」凱德琳說。她的母親一直等到春天才死；明年她就可以有一件皮大衣了。「我該怎麼安排呢？」她茫然地揮着手，問醫生說，「怎麼樣安排葬禮，和諸如此類的事情呢？」

醫生端詳了凱德琳一會。「我幫你辦這些罷，」他說。

凱德琳低聲和陌生人談話，他們說她很有勇氣，或者拍着她的手告訴她說，她的母親現在是更加快樂了。「她是和你親愛的父親在一起，」公寓裏的女傭人對凱德琳說，「他們終於又在一起了。」

喪事辦完了，她母親也不在了，凱德琳就把她的寓所還原，佈置成她母親還沒跟她住在一起以前的模樣。她把那張多出來的牀，搬了出去，小几子擺回了靠窗的地方。她花了五塊錢，換了一個新的椅套，把窗簾洗乾淨了。她母親留下來的遺物，只有那口裝滿了她母親的回憶和希望舊箱子的。存放在布法羅的傢具賣了的一點錢，給她母

ture stored in Buffalo had paid for the funeral; Catharine had paid for the doctor and the medicine out of her salary and her fur-coat money. She asked the superintendent to put her mother's trunk in the basement storage room, and the evening before he took it down she opened it, to make sure everything was in moth balls and to take out anything she could use, and, finally, to set her mind dutifully to thinking of her parents.

For a minute or two her parents' memory would be centered in a flood of other memories, the thin teacher who snatched the drawing out of Catharine's hand and snarled, "I should have known better than to assign this to a stupid half-wit." Coming upon a boy named Freddie frantically rubbing out an inscription in chalk on a fence, and, when Freddie ran away, reading with hollow empty sympathy words he had been so anxiously erasing: "Catharine loves Freddie." And then her father: "Catharine, do the girls and boys in your school talk to each other about bad things?" The one or two parties, and the flowered chiffon dress her mother made. Her father sending her next door to get back a nickel she had lent to a school friend. And her mother: "I hardly think, dear, that your father would approve of that little girl. Jane. If I were to speak to her, very tactfully. . ."

And herself, coming back someday, a famous artist with a secretary and gardenias, stepping off the train where they were all waiting for autographs. And there was Freddie, pressing forward,

親辦了後事；凱德琳用她的薪水和爲了要買皮大衣而積蓄的錢，付了醫藥費。她請管理的人，把她母親那口箱子，放到地窖的貯物室裏，在她把箱子搬下的前一天晚上，她打開箱子，想查清楚是不是所有東西都放了樟腦丸，有沒有用得着的東西可以拿出來，此外，還可以好好地想想她父母，以盡孝道。

有那麼一會兒，想着想着又勾引起一大串別的回憶：那個瘦弱的教員，一把從凱德琳手中，搶過了那張圖畫，鄙夷地說，「我真不該把這種題目，交給像你這樣愚蠢遲鈍的人。」她碰到一個叫做佛烈狄的男孩子，發狂也似的在擦一行寫在木柵上的粉筆字，而當佛烈狄一跑開，用空虛落漠的憐憫心情讀着他曾經非常着急要擦去的字：「凱德琳愛佛烈狄。」還有她的父親說「凱德琳，你們學校的男女同學之間，有沒有說些不三不四的話？」她參加過的一兩次的宴會，和她母親替她縫的印花薄紗衣服。她的父親，叫她去隔壁，討回她借給同學的一枚五分錢的鎳幣。她的母親說，「親愛的，我真難相信，你爸爸會准你和珍妮那個小女孩來往。要是我和她婉轉的說……」

而她自己，有一天衣錦還鄉，是一個出了名的畫家，身邊一個秘書，身上帶着一簇梔子花，下了火車，大家都在那裏，要她簽名。人羣中有佛烈狄，也擠了上來，凱

and Catharine, turning slightly aside, said, "I'm afraid you must be mistaken. I never cared for anyone named Freddie." The tallest in the class, and thin, telling the other unpopular girls at recess: "My father doesn't like me to go out with boys. *You* know, the things they do." And finally, after school, staying by the pretty young teacher, saying, "Don't you like Mary Roberts Rinehart, Miss Henwood? I think she's a terribly good author."

The girls in school had called Catharine "Catty," the teachers and her mother and father had called her "Catharine," the girls in her office called her "Katy" or "Kitty," but Aaron had called her "Cara." "Strange Cara," the one note from him began. Catharine had held it in her hands, sitting by an open window at night and looking at the stars, in Buffalo, with her father moving around suspiciously downstairs; in New York, with her mother dead.

"Ratty Catty, sure is batty." Catharine remembered the jingle from the schoolyard and the notes passed from desk to desk, remembered it and turned it over in her mind while she leaned back with her feet on her dead mother's trunk and felt the soft upholstered chair against her shoulders, saw the traffic moving in the street below her apartment window, knew her job and her paycheck were waiting for her the next day. "Ratty Catty, sure is batty." Catharine smiled comfortably. There had been a kissing game at one of the few parties she went to, a grammar-school graduation party, and Catharine, in the background, had unexpec-