

英漢對照·世界名著

* 127 *

破崙及其他

The Broken Wheel

And Other Stories

by EIGHT OF AMERICA'S
FINEST WRITERS.

八個美國最佳作者著
鍾國屏譯

917.4.1
913

S 019987

英漢對照·世界名著

破崙及其他

*The Broken Wheel
And Other Stories*



石景宜先生贈書

年 月 日

著者作住最國美個八
譯 屏 國 鐘



S9007770

中華民國六十三年五月一日出版

破崙及其他

精裝本基本定價

版權所有
翻印必究

原著者：八個美國最佳作者

譯述者：鐘國屏

發行人：黃開禮

發行者：正文書局

印刷者：正文書局

經銷者：全省各大書局

台北市和平東路二段三五二號
郵政劃撥儲金戶第五九六一號
電話：七八一四〇六

本書局經內政部核准登記登記證爲內版台業字第一七〇七號

破 輪 及 其 他

八位美國最佳作者著

鍾國屏譯

其能使一種故事盛行，超過其他一切故事，並使其人作者
不僅聞名於本國，而且著名於全球者，其原因為何？

在這故事中往往可以發現人類的共同特性，這便是本故事
給予我們每個人的感覺，即是說，我們也認識或業已認識或將要
認識同樣的愉快及悲傷、希望及頹喪。

這裡是八篇這樣的故事，由八位最佳美國作家所著，其中
三位——辛克萊賴維斯，斯德望文生，白耐德及阿里弗·拉法
熱——就是蒲立芝獎的得主；而辛克萊，賴維斯更獲得進一步
的殊榮，因其於一九三〇年獲頒諾貝爾文學獎也。

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	1
THE BROKEN WHEEL <i>William Saroyan</i>	1
FOOTFALLS <i>Wilbur Daniel Steele</i>	14
HOST TO THE HEROES <i>Milla Logan</i>	39
NORTH IS BLACK <i>Oliver LaFarge</i>	49
LOAD <i>Dudley Schnabel</i>	63
JACOB AND THE INDIANS <i>Stephen Vincent Benét</i>	76
MAMA'S UNCLE CHRIS <i>Kathryn Forbes</i>	94
YOUNG MAN AXELBROD <i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	100

內容目錄

導言.....	1
破輪.....	1
威廉・薩落陽著	
足音.....	14
韋李・達尼・史堤耳著	
好客主人.....	39
米雅・羅幹著	
北方黑.....	49
阿里弗・拉法熱著	
總電荷.....	63
達德利・舒拿脖著	
雅各伯及印第安人.....	76
斯德望・文生・白耐德著	
媽的叔叔基利士.....	94
卡芝林・福爾李著	
青年阿賽保.....	100
辛克萊・賴維斯著	

破 輪

威廉·薩落陽著

我們曾有一棟小房子在聖克拉納大道，位於外人區，在那裡的每個人都可以自由地移動，而談話的可以超越庭院，穿過街道。

靠近房子處，長有幾棵樹——兩棵在邊道，三棵靠近前廊，另三棵靠近後廊。庭中的三棵樹有兩棵是桃樹。它們是偶然生出來的，我們無意栽種它。我們只是把桃的種子丟在後庭中，而三棵桃樹自己就長起來了。每年一次，我的姐妹納阿米從桃樹上摘些淡紅色花，帶進家來，插在一隻黑花瓶中。當我們

flowers from the peach trees into the house and place them in a black vase.

When we saw the pink flowers in the black vase, suddenly we would feel that all was splendid. The flowers seemed to mean that we were alive and we used to laugh about it. In the winter we laughed a great deal. We would be bad-humored and sorrowful for weeks, and then suddenly all of us would begin to laugh. We would laugh 15 or 20 minutes and then we would be bad-humored and sorrowful again. It was all splendid and at the same time we felt that it must be rather sad because it was in us to feel puzzled and useless.

One afternoon my brother Krikor came home with a piece of cactus in his hand. He said to me, "Did you know that all of this country was desert once and that cactus was growing everywhere?"

"Do you mean," I asked, "no one was living here?"

"No one but animals and insects and things like that," said Krikor. "No people."

I thought of our valley without people and streets and houses and I thought it was very strange.

"Do you mean," I said, "all the way to Selma and all the way to Clovis and

看見黑瓶中淡紅桃花時，忽然我們覺得一切都華美光麗。花兒似乎意味着：我們是活生生的，而我們却慣於嘲笑之。冬天，我們大笑特笑了。也許我們會悶幾週、愁幾天，然後我們會忽然開始笑起來。我們會笑十五分鐘或二十分鐘，而後我們又會苦悶起來。一切都是光華美麗的，而同時我們又覺得頗爲悲愁，因爲在我們身上感覺到迷亂與無益。

一天下午，我的兄弟基里咯回家來，手中帶着一支仙人掌。他對我說：「你可曾知道：這整塊鄉土一度曾是沙漠，而到處都長的是仙人掌？」

我問道：「你是說沒有一個人活在這兒？」

「沒有一個人，除了走獸及昆蟲，」基里咯說：「沒有人民。」

我想到我們的山谷而沒有人居，也沒有街道及房屋，我想那真是奇怪極了。

我說：「你是意指整個通塞爾馬的道上及整個通克洛紐的道上，以及過了斯格橋到克爾滿的整個道上，都沒有人煙？」

all the way to Kerman, past Skaggs Bridge?"

"I mean the whole valley," Krikor replied. "I mean all this level land between the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. All this country where the grapes are growing now. It was dry here in those days, so they began to bring in water in waterways."

Krikor planted the cactus that afternoon. By the time I was ten years old it was producing splendid red blossoms and a fruit that no one knew how to eat. It grew to be taller than a tall man.

We had a tree that happened accidentally too. Some seeds got into our yard from a neighbor's tree. The following summer we had a small tree of our own. It was too small to climb but it had a nice clean smell and it made a lot of shade.

In the summertime it would be very hot and we would have to get up early in the morning to feel a cool little wind. Every summer the city sent out a machine to improve the condition of the street. In the morning we would begin to hear its far-away boom boom boom. As it came closer to our house we would hear the noise louder and louder and then it would go away and return again. We used to think that this coming and going was like some-

「我是指整個山谷，」——基里咯答說——「我是指在海
岸山脈與雪山山脈之間的整個平地。就是葡萄現正生長所在的
這整個鄉間。當那些日子，這裡全是乾枯的，所以他們着手由水
渠把水引進來。」

基里咯那天下午就種了仙人掌。到我十歲時候，它生出燦
麗紅花，及一種無人知道如何吃的果實。它長的，要比一位
高個子還要高。

我們有一棵也是偶然產生的樹。那是鄰家一棵的種子弄進
到我們的庭院中。次年夏天我們就有了一棵屬於我們自己的小
樹。它太小了，不可以爬上去，但它具有清麗的香味，並構成
一大片日蔭。

在夏季時光，天氣非常炎熱，我們早晨要早起，以感受清
涼微風。每年夏天，城中派出一部機器以清除街道骯髒的環境
。早晨，我們就開始聽到機器遠遠的隆隆聲，當它接近我們的房
子時，我們聽到越來越響的嘈聲，然後機器遠移，復又捲土重
來。我們慣於想着：這一來一去，好像生命中某種東西，但是
我們不能說出究是什麼回事。我們動輒用亞美尼亞語說：“

thing in life but we could not tell just what. We used to say in Armenian, "Yegav noren," which means "Here it is again." We asked ourselves what difference it would make if the street surface was a little uneven. No one uses it anyway, we said. Apart from an old man who traveled with an old horse and cart selling fruit, there was not much traffic. Those who wanted to travel in a hurry rode **bicycles.**

One year my uncle Vahan, then a young man, drove down from San Francisco in a new red Apperson car and stopped in front of our house.

"How do you like my car?" he asked. "There are only eleven Appersons in the whole of America, and only one red one." We felt splendid. We all laughed and my uncle Vahan smoked cigarettes. It was very exciting. To think that there was only one red Apperson in the whole of America and that my uncle owned it. It was like saying that one's great-grandfather had seen Abraham Lincoln, or that one's early family was among the first families to come to America. Only it was more impressive. You knew that a great big piece of red machinery on wheels would come around the corner, thunder-

Yegar noren ”，其意即謂「這裡又是。」我們自問：如果街面稍有不平，又有什麼關係呢，何不同之有！沒有人會利用它的——我們說了。除了乘匹二輪老馬車、販賣果子的老人外，那時是沒有很多交通量的。那些急於旅行的人們，只好乘腳踏車了。

一年，我的叔叔瓦罕，當時還是一位青年，乘了一輛紅色亞柏松式車，趕從舊金山前來，下榻於我們的房子前面。

「你喜歡我的車子怎樣？」——他問說——「在整個美國只有十一輛亞柏松式車子，而只有一是紅色的。」我們覺得真光采。我們都笑了，而我的叔叔瓦罕吸了口香煙。那真是夠刺激了。想到在全美國只有一輛紅色車，而為我的叔叔所擁有，想來豈不興奮！那就好比說：你的曾祖父看見過亞伯罕、林肯。或者好比說：你的家庭前輩是首批來到美國的人，該是多麼的光采與高興啊！只有更加為之感動了。你知道了，一部紅色大輪機未向你的屋角繞行，響如雷鳴，並停當於你的屋子前，你覺得那實是一件大事了。

ing, and stop before your house, and you felt that it was a big thing.

My uncle Vahan took us all for rides in the car—first my mother, then my two sisters, and, last of all, Krikor and me. Then he went into the house for a cup of Turkish coffee. We could hear him as he told my mother how he had completed his studies and was now a lawyer, but he had earned most of his money selling fruit. My mother was very happy that her young brother was so successful, and she kept laughing with him and asking him questions.

Then my uncle Vahan said to us children that we did not know how lucky we were to be in such a country as this. Opportunities are unlimited here, he said. Every man is free and he can go as far as he is able. He spoke in Armenian, because it was easier for him. He had been 13 when he came to America, and now he was 22.

In a day or two my uncle Vahan drove away in his red Apperson, and we began to remember all the little details of his visit that we had not noticed before.

Everything was unchanging at our house, and we did not notice the months and years as they passed. One afternoon

我的叔叔瓦罕把我們所有人都帶上騎車——先是我母親，然後我的兩位姊妹上車，而最後輪到基里咯及我。之後他去屋內飲一杯土耳其咖啡。我們可以聽到，他告訴我母親他是如何完成其學業的，而現在做了律師，但他所賺的錢，大部份都是靠賣水果。我母親見她的年青弟弟如此有成就，感覺極其快樂，她同他都一齊笑着，並向他問一些問題。

然後我叔叔瓦罕特向我們這些孩子們說，我們不知道我們生活在這樣一種鄉土是何其有福。「在這裡的機會是無限的」——他說。每個人都是自由的，能走多遠，就可走多遠。他是以亞美尼亞語說話，因為這使他更覺容易。當他來到美國時，才十三歲，而今他已廿二歲了。

一、二天，我的瓦罕叔乘了其紅色亞柏松車去了，我們開始憶起他的這次來訪的一切詳情，而以前我們並未曾注意到。

我們家中一切均不會改變，我們沒有意會年月的流逝。

一天下午，基里咯到家來，帶着一隻小黑袋。他把袋兒放在我

Krikor came home with a small black bag. He placed the bag on the table in our dining room and we all gathered around to see what was in it. We never knew what Krikor was likely to do, and we were always prepared for anything. Krikor was very excited and silent. He opened the bag and we saw that it contained a **cornet**. My mother asked in Armenian, What is that, Krikor? And Krikor replied in Armenian that it was a cornet.

As far back as I could remember we had always had a piano wherever we had lived. There would be times when no one would go near the piano for months. Then suddenly all of us would be playing it. I could not read music, but I managed to invent a few tunes from which it seemed I could never escape and to which I seemed always to be returning, in a bad-humored sort of way. In my despair I used to beat the keys of the piano as hard as I could, and I was always being driven away from it by one of my sisters. They said I played as if I were half crazy. I did not know why I had to try to play the piano but it seemed to me that I had to. We were all living and it seemed to me that something should happen. I strongly believed this. When every-

們餐廳的桌上，我們大家都圍上去看看其中究竟是什麼。我們從來不知基里咯會做什麼，而我們一切東西常是坐享其成。基里咯非常興奮而不說話。他打開了袋子，我們看見原來裡面藏的是一個喇叭。我母親用亞美尼亞語問：「那是什東西，基里咯？」而基里咯以亞美尼亞語答說那是一個號筒。

就我的記憶所能回憶的，凡在我們所住的地方，我們一直都曾有一部鋼琴。有時候你不能累月地去弄鋼琴，後來我們大家忽然都彈着鋼琴了。我不懂音樂，但是我設法發明幾個調兒：這些調兒似乎我不能逃避的，又似乎我常要復到其上的調兒，就是當我心情不好時，我似乎又要可復到那幾個調兒上。每當我失望時，我總是儘力敲擊鋼琴的調鍵，而往往被我的姊妹之一把我趕走，她們說我彈的就像半個瘋子。我不知道我何以得學彈鋼琴，但我似乎覺着我得學學試試。我們都活着，總有些事必須發生，我堅信之而不疑。當一切事保持不變，而我們老是做同樣的事的時候，我就會惱火，而不知所從。那麼我們