

# 鷓鴣鎮上的杜鵑花季

奧康納短篇小說選

溫健騷譯



Three Short Stories by Flannery O'Connor

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## *Everything That Rises Must Converge*

**H**ER doctor had told Julian's mother that she must lose twenty pounds on account of her blood pressure, so on Wednesday nights Julian had to take her downtown on the bus for a reducing class at the Y. The reducing class was designed for working girls over fifty, who weighed from 165 to 200 pounds. His mother was one of the slimmer ones, but she said ladies did not tell their age or weight. She would not ride the buses by herself at night since they had been integrated, and because the reducing class was one of her few pleasures, necessary for her health, and *free*, she said Julian could at least put himself out to take her, considering all she did



**朱**里安的母親得了高血壓，她的醫生告訴她，非得去掉二十磅不可，所以，逢星期三晚，朱里安要帶她搭公共汽車進城，到Y校去上一個減肥班。減肥班專為年過五十的職業女性而設，她們的體重在一百六十五磅與二百磅之間。她的母親，是比較苗條的一個，但她說，淑女從不說出自己的年紀和體重。她晚上不要獨自搭公共汽車，因為車上已經是黑白混坐了的，而且，減肥班既然是她少數娛樂的一種，對她的健康也是需要的，又是免費的，她說，憑她過去



for him. Julian did not like to consider all she did for him, but every Wednesday night he braced himself and took her.

She was almost ready to go, standing before the hall mirror, putting on her hat, while he, his hands behind him, appeared pinned to the door frame, waiting like Saint Sebastian for the arrows to begin piercing him. The hat was new and had cost her seven dollars and a half. She kept saying, "Maybe I shouldn't have paid that for it. No, I shouldn't have. I'll take it off and return it tomorrow. I shouldn't have bought it."

Julian raised his eyes to heaven. "Yes, you should have bought it," he said. "Put it on and let's go." It was a hideous hat. A purple velvet flap came down on one side of it and stood up on the other; the rest of it was green and looked like a cushion with the stuffing out. He decided it was less comical than jaunty and pathetic. Everything that gave her pleasure was small and depressed him.

She lifted the hat one more time and set it down slowly on top of her head. Two wings of gray hair protruded on either side of her florid face, but her eyes, sky-blue, were as innocent and untouched by experience as they must have been when she was ten. Were it not that she was a widow who had struggled fiercely to feed and clothe and put him through school and who was supporting him still, "until he got on his feet," she might have been a little girl that he had to take to town.

"It's all right, it's all right," he said. "Let's go." He opened the door himself and started down the walk to get her going. The sky was a dying violet and the houses stood out darkly against it, bulbous liver-colored monstrosities of a uniform ugliness though no two were alike. Since this had been a fashionable neighborhood forty years ago, his mother persisted in thinking they did well to have an apartment in it. Each house had a narrow collar of dirt around it in which sat, usually, a grubby child. Julian walked with his hands in his pockets, his head down and thrust forward and his eyes glazed

爲他所做的一切，朱里安至少得出來帶她去。朱里安倒不樂意考慮她以前爲他所做的一切，但每個星期三晚上，他都撐着，帶她去。

她站在大廳鏡子前面，戴上帽子，差不多準備停當動身了，而他呢，雙手收在後面，看起來像釘在門框上，等待着，一似聖塞伯斯蒂安，等待着即將射穿他的利箭，帽子是新的，花掉她七塊半。她不斷的說：「也許我不該花那麼多買它。真的，我不該花那麼多。我要脫下來，明天送回去。我不該買這帽子。」

朱里安抬起眼睛看天。「不，你該買下來，」他說。「把它戴上，我們動身吧。」那是頂討厭的帽子。帽緣是一塊紫色天鵝絨，一邊垂下，另一邊豎起來；其餘都是綠色，看起來像一個拿掉了填料的墊子。他覺得，那與其說是滑稽，不如說是既快活又淒慘。每一樣使她愉快的東西，都是微小的，也都使他沮喪。

她再把帽子提起來，慢慢地又把它套在頭頂上。兩鬢灰髮，從她紅紅的臉的兩邊翹出來，但她的眼睛，天藍色的，却是天真無邪，就像她十歲時那樣子，還未經世故似的。要不是因爲守寡，她得辛辛苦苦，拼命叫他有吃的，有穿的，還叫他上學，到現在也還在撐着他「直到他能站穩腳跟」，那麼，她也許還是個他要帶到城裏去的小女孩吧。

「可以了，可以了，」他說。「我們走吧。」他打開了門；爲了催她動身，還走下人行道。天空是一朵垂死紫羅蘭的色調，襯出了黝暗地矗立着的房子；房子雖然沒有兩間是相同的，那球根狀的，肝色的畸形却是劃一的醜陋。四十年前，這一帶是時髦的住宅區，他的母親就老想着，要在這兒弄上一間公寓，那就美了。而今，每棟房子都圍上那麼窄窄一圈的垃圾，圈裏總坐着一個憐兮兮的孩子。朱里安一邊走，雙手插在袋裏，低着頭，往前傾，雙眼呆滯，好像抱定

with the determination to make himself completely numb during the time he would be sacrificed to her pleasure.

The door closed and he turned to find the dumpy figure, surmounted by the atrocious hat, coming toward him. "Well," she said, "you only live once and paying a little more for it, I at least won't meet myself coming and going."

"Some day I'll start making money," Julian said gloomily—he knew he never would—"and you can have one of those jokes whenever you take the fit." But first they would move. He visualized a place where the nearest neighbors would be three miles away on either side.

"I think you're doing fine," she said, drawing on her gloves. "You've only been out of school a year. Rome wasn't built in a day."

She was one of the few members of the Y reducing class who arrived in hat and gloves and who had a son who had been to college. "It takes time," she said, "and the world is in such a mess. This hat looked better on me than any of the others, though when she brought it out I said, 'Take that thing back. I wouldn't have it on my head,' and she said, 'Now wait till you see it on,' and when she put it on me, I said, 'We-ull,' and she said, 'If you ask me, that hat does something for you and you do something for the hat, and besides,' she said, 'with that hat, you won't meet yourself coming and going.'"

Julian thought he could have stood his lot better if she had been selfish, if she had been an old hag who drank and screamed at him. He walked along, saturated in depression, as if in the midst of his martyrdom he had lost his faith. Catching sight of his long, hopeless, irritated face, she stopped suddenly with a grief-stricken look, and pulled back on his arm. "Wait on me," she said. "I'm going back to the house and take this thing off and tomorrow I'm going to return it. I was out of my head. I can pay the gas bill with

決心要在他爲她的快活而犧牲的這段時光，使自己完全麻木掉。

門關上了；他轉過身，看到那矮胖的身影，頂上戴着那可怕的帽子，正向他走來。「喂，」她說，「人就活那麼一生；多付一些，我至少就不會走來走去，都碰到和自己一樣穿戴的人。」

「有那麼一天，我要去掙錢了，」朱里安抑鬱地說——他知道自己永遠不會去——「你愛甚麼時候高興，就開那樣的玩笑吧。」但是，首先，他們得動身。他心目中有那麼一塊地方，房子兩邊最近的隣居，也得在三哩外。

「我看你過得蠻好的，」她說，一邊戴上手套。「你才離開學校一年。羅馬城不是一天蓋起來的。」

在Y校減肥班中，只有少數學員是戴了帽子和手套上課，而且還有一個上過大學的兒子。她就是其中一個。「得要時間哪，」她說，「世界又不成世界。這帽子我戴上比其他入戴上看好；她拿出來的時候，我却說，『那東西拿回去。我不要把它戴在頭上，』她倒說，『慢着，等你戴上再說吧，』她一把帽子給我戴上，我就說，『哎——好，』她說，『要是你問我嘛，你戴了帽子亮堂多了，帽子讓你一戴也漂亮多了；還有，』她說，『戴了那帽子，你就不會走來走去都看見自己。』」

朱里安想道，倘若她自私，倘若她是個母夜叉，酗酒，朝他尖叫，他倒也整得住氣。他一邊走着，滿心的鬱悶，彷彿正在慷慨赴義之中失掉信心。看見了他那拉長了的、沒有希望而又懊惱的臉，她突然停下來，眼神中滿是憂傷，還往回拉他的手臂。「等等我，」她說。「我回家去，脫掉這東西；明天，我去還了它。我瘋了。那七塊五毛，我可以用來付煤氣帳單。」

the seven-fifty."

He caught her arm in a vicious grip. "You are not going to take it back," he said. "I like it."

"Well," she said, "I don't think I ought . . ."

"Shut up and enjoy it," he muttered, more depressed than ever.

"With the world in the mess it's in," she said, "it's a wonder we can enjoy anything. I tell you, the bottom rail is on the top."

Julian sighed.

"Of course," she said, "if you know who you are, you can go anywhere." She said this every time he took her to the reducing class. "Most of them in it are not our kind of people," she said, "but I can be gracious to anybody. I know who I am."

"They don't give a damn for your graciousness," Julian said savagely. "Knowing who you are is good for one generation only. You haven't the foggiest idea where you stand now or who you are."

She stopped and allowed her eyes to flash at him. "I most certainly do know who I am," she said, "and if you don't know who you are, I'm ashamed of you."

"Oh hell," Julian said.

"Your great-grandfather was a former governor of this state," she said. "Your grandfather was a prosperous landowner. Your grandmother was a Godhigh."

"Will you look around you," he said tensely, "and see where you are now?" and he swept his arm jerkily out to indicate the neighborhood, which the growing darkness at least made less dingy.

"You remain what you are," she said. "Your great-grandfather had a plantation and two hundred slaves."

"There are no more slaves," he said irritably.

"They were better off when they were," she said. He groaned to see that she was off on that topic. She rolled onto it every few days like a train on an open track. He knew every stop, every junction, every swamp along the way, and knew the exact point at which her

他狠狠地抓緊她的手臂。「你不要拿回去，」他說。  
「我喜歡它。」

「嗯，」她說，「我不覺得自己應該……」

「別鬧了，好好的戴着，」他咕噥道，更其鬱悶了。

「這個世界又不成世界；」她說，「我們能享受什麼；也是奇事。告訴你，底下的翻到頂上來了。」

朱里安歎了口氣。

「當然，」她說，「如果你知道自己是誰，你什麼地方都可以去。」每次他帶她到減肥班，她都說這個。「裏邊的大多數人，都不是我們這一類，」她說，「不過，我對誰都能夠和藹。我知道自己的身份。」

「他們才不理你什麼和藹，」朱里安粗暴地說。「知道你的身份，只對一代人有好處。你連自己在什麼地方，自己是誰，一點兒也不知道。」

她停下來，讓自己的眼睛朝他瞥了一下。「我當然知道自己是誰，」她說，「要是你不知道自己是誰，我真爲你羞恥。」

「噢，見鬼。」朱里安說。

「你的曾祖父是本州的前任州長，」她說。「你祖父是興隆的地主。你祖母是葛德海家的人。」

「你要看周圍麼，」他激動的說，「看看你現在在什麼地方麼？」他把手臂猛地抽出來，橫掃一下，指點鄰近的房子，而漸深的夜暗却至少使它們顯得不那麼陰黑。

「你還是那樣子，」她說。「你的曾祖父有個莊園和兩百個奴隸。」

「現在沒有奴隸了，」他急躁的說。

「他們那時比現在好多了，」她說。他哼了一下，要是她不談那話題。每隔幾天，她都滾到這話題上，像一輛在通行無阻的軌道上的火車。他知道沿路的每一個站，每一個路口，每一塊窪地，也知道準在哪一點上她的結論會堂堂皇皇

conclusion would roll majestically into the station: "It's ridiculous. It's simply not realistic. They should rise, yes, but on their own side of the fence."

"Let's skip it," Julian said.

"The ones I feel sorry for," she said, "are the ones that are half white. They're tragic."

"Will you skip it?"

"Suppose we were half white. We would certainly have mixed feelings."

"I have mixed feelings now," he groaned.

"Well let's talk about something pleasant," she said. "I remember going to Grandpa's when I was a little girl. Then the house had double stairways that went up to what was really the second floor—all the cooking was done on the first. I used to like to stay down in the kitchen on account of the way the walls smelled. I would sit with my nose pressed against the plaster and take deep breaths. Actually the place belonged to the Godhighs but your grandfather Chestny paid the mortgage and saved it for them. They were in reduced circumstances," she said, "but reduced or not, they never forgot who they were."

"Doubtless that decayed mansion reminded them," Julian muttered. He never spoke of it without contempt or thought of it without longing. He had seen it once when he was a child before it had been sold. The double stairways had rotted and been torn down. Negroes were living in it. But it remained in his mind as his mother had known it. It appeared in his dreams regularly. He would stand on the wide porch, listening to the rustle of oak leaves, then wander through the high-ceilinged hall into the parlor that opened onto it and gaze at the worn rugs and faded draperies. It occurred to him that it was he, not she, who could have appreciated it. He preferred its threadbare elegance to anything he could name and it was because of it that all the neighborhoods they had lived in had been a

滾進總站：「那真荒謬。那簡直就不現實。他們該起來，那對，不過得在他們籬笆的那邊。」

「別說了，」朱里安說。

「我替他們難過的，」她說，「就是那些有一半白種的。他們真慘。」

「你不說行不行？」

「假使我們是一半白的。我們當然會百感交集。」

「我現在就百感交集，」他苦哼道。

「那麼，我們說些愉快的事情吧，」她說。「我記得小孩子的時候，到爺爺那兒去。那時，房子有雙樓梯，一直到實際上是二樓的地方去——燒飯炙食都在樓下。我總喜歡留在廚房裏，聞那牆上的味道。我坐在那兒，用鼻子抵住灰泥，深呼吸。事實上，那地方是葛德海家的，可你的爺爺切斯特尼付了抵押金，給他們留了下來。他們那時，家道已經中落了，」她說，「不過，管他中落不中落，他們永遠忘不了自己是什麼人。」

「不用說，是那破敗的大房子提醒他們，」朱里安咕嚕道。他一說起它來，沒有不帶着輕蔑的；想起它來，也沒有不帶着眷戀。他小孩的時候，房子賣掉之前，他見過一次。雙樓梯已經坍掉，給拆了下來。黑人住在裏頭。但它留在他的腦海裏，一如他母親所知道的一樣。房子固定的出現在他夢裏。他會站在那寬廣的前廊，聽着橡樹葉子的沙沙的聲音，然後，閒蕩過那有高高天花板的大堂，到客廳裏去；客廳就是通到大堂去的。他定着眼看那磨損了的地毯和褪了色的帷幔。他覺得，會欣賞那房子的，是他自己，而不是她。比起任何他叫得出名字來的東西，那房子的殘破的輝煌是他喜歡的；也就因為這個原因，他們居留過的住宅區，對他說



torment to him—whereas she had hardly known the difference. She called her insensitivity “being adjustable.”

“And I remember the old darky who was my nurse, Caroline. There was no better person in the world. I’ve always had a great respect for my colored friends,” she said. “I’d do anything in the world for them and they’d . . .”

“Will you for God’s sake get off that subject?” Julian said. When he got on a bus by himself, he made it a point to sit down beside a Negro, in reparation as it were for his mother’s sins.

“You’re mighty touchy tonight,” she said. “Do you feel all right?”

“Yes I feel all right,” he said. “Now lay off.”

She pursed her lips. “Well, you certainly are in a vile humor,” she observed. “I just won’t speak to you at all.”

They had reached the bus stop. There was no bus in sight and Julian, his hands still jammed in his pockets and his head thrust forward, scowled down the empty street. The frustration of having to wait on the bus as well as ride on it began to creep up his neck like a hot hand. The presence of his mother was borne in upon him as she gave a pained sigh. He looked at her bleakly. She was holding herself very erect under the preposterous hat, wearing it like a banner of her imaginary dignity. There was in him an evil urge to break her spirit. He suddenly loosened his tie and pulled it off and put it in his pocket.

She stiffened. “Why must you look like *that* when you take me to town?” she said. “Why must you deliberately embarrass me?”

“If you’ll never learn where you are,” he said, “you can at least learn where I am.”

“You look like a—thug,” she said.

“Then I must be one,” he murmured.

“I’ll just go home,” she said. “I will not bother you. If you can’t do a little thing like that for me . . .”

Rolling his eyes upward, he put his tie back on. “Restored to my