

教育部人文社會學科學術強化創新計畫

【美國經典短篇小說研讀計畫】

期中報告

年度成果總報告

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經典研讀活動

執行單位：逢甲大學外國語文學系

計畫主持人：何文敬

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# 目 錄

一、計畫名稱.....	1
二、計畫目標.....	1
三、導讀.....	1
四、研讀成果.....	3
五、議題探討結論.....	125
六、目標達成情況與自評.....	129
七、執行過程遭遇之困難.....	129
八、改進建議.....	129

## 一、計畫名稱：美國經典短篇小說研讀計劃

## 二、計畫目標：

當前大學生受美國通俗文化影響甚鉅，但所得多為浮面之印象，以致缺乏對真正美國精神之認識。今為強化師生對美國開國之立國精神以及歷來的族裔融合、宗教包容、性別意識、多元藝術之瞭解，特擬訂本經典研讀計畫。本計畫參與之老師雖均為外語文學門背景之教師，然各具不同之學術專長，除本校外文系與外語教學中心同仁外，另邀請彰化師大英語系蔣筱珍教授、亞洲大學外文系王安琪教授、台中技術學院應用英語系姜葳副教授共襄盛舉。王教授為馬克吐溫專家，蔣教授精通莎士比亞，而姜副教授專攻修辭學、語言與文化。期望藉此跨校研讀，能帶領師生以不同之觀點來探討美國短篇小說之內涵，如象徵、意象、敘述觀點、敘述技巧、主題、風格、語調等文學特質，同時藉由各短篇小說之創作脈落，讓師生體會作品生產之時代背景與歷史意涵，並嘗試語言學、文學、英語教學、翻譯等跨領域相互合作與切磋之可行性，進而落實在課堂上之應用。

## 三、導讀：

表一：99 學年度預定導讀時程表

研讀序次	預訂研讀日期 (年月日)	主讀人	討論議題
1	99.09.29	劉森堯	The Purloined Letter (70-82)
2	99.10.06	林真珠	A Girl's Story (563-570)
3	99.10.13	蕭碧莉	Paul's Case (266-279)
4	99.10.20	周美麗	The Chrysanthemums (389-397)
5	99.11.03	沈薇薇	Bartleby, the Scrivener (84-108)
6	99.11.17	王允闌	To Build a Fire (281-291)

7	99.11.24	何文敬	Barn Burning (370-382)
8	99.12.01	蔡明秀	The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras Country (110-114)

表二：99 學年度實際導讀時程表

研讀序次	預訂研讀日期 (年月日)	主讀人	討論議題
1	99.09.29	劉森堯	The Purloined Letter
2	99.10.06	林真珠	A Girl's Story
3	99.11.03	蕭碧莉	Paul's Case
4	99.11.03	周美麗	The Chrysanthemums
5	99.11.05	王允闢	To Build a Fire
6	99.11.10	沈薇薇	Bartleby, the Scrivener
7	99.11.24	何文敬	Barn Burning
8	99.12.01	何文敬	Barn Burning
9	99.12.03	姜蕙	The Gilded Six-Bits
10	99.12.22	蔡明秀	The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras Country
11	100.01.13	王安琪	The Yellow Wallpaper
12	100.01.13	蔣筱珍	Young Goodman Brown

四、研讀成果：99 年度計畫執行期間，共進行 12 次研讀會，研讀內容及成果如下：

(一) The Purloined Letter—劉森堯

The Purloined Letter  
by Edgar Allan Poe

*Nil sapientiae odiosius acumine nimio.* - Seneca.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18--, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, au troisieme, No. 33, Rue Dunot, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G--, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling every thing "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

註解 [P1]: odiosius 此只巨大的。沒有一樣聰明是沒有界線的。(拉丁文)

註解 [P2]: 雙重享受。即一邊沉思(meditation)，一邊抽煙斗、水煙袋(meerschaum)。

註解 [P3]: (法文)au troisieme 指在 4 樓；rue 是路。當時法國此地是屬於高級住宅區。

註解 [P4]: (因為抽菸導致)整個房間都是裊裊上升的白煙。

註解 [P5]: 指在 Rue Morgue 發生的凶殺案。

註解 [P6]: 老相識

註解 [P7]: 一方面和他開玩笑，一方面卻又輕蔑他 (Monsieur G)。 (因為他們認為警察的辦案方式很愚笨)

註解 [P8]: 如果需要動腦筋，我們去暗一點的地方討論。(當時常描寫偵探為：不結婚、怪癖一堆等。)

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively odd."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair is so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

註解 [P9]: ...但卻把我們擊倒、難倒了。Baffle: 擊倒。

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you do talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little too plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little too self-evident."

註解 [P10]: 不證自明、擺明了。

"Ha! ha! ha! --ha! ha! ha! --ho! ho! ho!" --roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

註解 [P11]: 你這樣會把我搞死。

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one."

註解 [P12]: 提醒你。(19世紀中英文用法)

"Proceed," said I.

註解 [P13]: 透露。

"Or not," said Dupin.

註解 [P14]: 或不要講。指希望 Monsieur G 有屁快放。

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

註解 [P15]: 原形 purloin, 偷竊。

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the nonappearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession; --that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare--"

"The thief," said G., is the Minister D--, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question --a letter, to be frank --had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal boudoir. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D--. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped; leaving his own letter --one of no importance --upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the

註解 [P16]: 因為信件內容尚未流出, 所以推斷信件還在小偷的手上。不過等到時機成熟, 小偷一定會好好利用那封信件的。所以小偷到現在才會還按兵不動。

註解 [P17]: ascendancy 優勢、支配地位。jeopardized 冒... 的危險。

註解 [P18]: 信件的優勢、主導地位會取決於偷人者與被偷者之間的關係。

註解 [P19]: 見不得人的事。

註解 [P19]: 見得人的事。

註解 [P21]: 偷信的想法、方法有創意又大膽。

註解 [P22]: boudoir 客廳。perusal 細讀。

註解 [P23]: 因為被打斷, 來不及藏好, 就大刺刺放在桌上。(此種場景也常出現在希區考克(Hitchcock)的電影中)

註解 [P24]: juncture=moment 在這個節骨眼上。

註解 [P25]: 銳利的眼睛

註解 [P26]: 猜測。

註解 [P27]: Minister D 抄寫了另一封信與原信對調。

註解 [P28]: 離開。(19世紀時古典用法)

註解 [P29]: 看見這個行爲的人, 沒有人敢出聲阻止。

註解 [P30]: 拔營而去、匆匆逃離。

ascendancy complete --the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

註解 [P31]: 幾個月後, 信件的力量發揮出來了, 信件被偷者現在一定要把她的信拿回來。

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

註解 [P32]: intelligent, 精明練達的。(說話者在諷刺)

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

註解 [P33]: 利用、動用。(信件的力量)

"True," said G. "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

註解 [P34]: hotel 此解釋為公館。

註解 [P35]: 要去搜查公館, 但問題是不能被 Minister D 發現。

"But," said I, "you are quite au fait in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

註解 [P36]: (法文)熟練。

"Oh yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D-- Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

註解 [P37]: 拿坡里人。(當時拿坡里人惡名昭彰, 喝酒必醉)

註解 [P38]: 亂翻。

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own



premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D-- is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document --its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice --a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being destroyed," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D--, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course."

"Not altogether a fool," said G., "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched every where. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a secret drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk --of space --to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

後來 Dupin 來找 Monsieur G 問他是否找到信件了，警探回答依然找不到，並且提到竊主原本就有付一筆法郎交代要找到信件，現在竊主又加了一筆瑣瑣，所以警探就

註解 [P39]: 土地、住宅。(19世紀中用法)

註解 [P40]: 陰謀。

註解 [P41]: 敏感性。

註解 [P42]: 被處理掉。

註解 [P43]: Monsieur G 肯定信件一定在 Minister D 的住宅某處，不會在他身上。

註解 [P44]: 被攔路搶劫。

註解 [P45]: 強盜。此為 Monsieur G 手下裝扮的，目的是要搜查 Minister D 身上是否有他偷的信件。

註解 [P46]: 省了吧你。

註解 [P47]: 在我看來，詩人和笨蛋只有一線之隔。

註解 [P48]: 吐煙。

註解 [P49]: 爛詩。

註解 [P50]: 搜查方式和中國古代東廠是一樣的。Monsieur G 連房子牆壁也打掉、地板也掀開、椅子也解體、書房也拆掉、包括收藏的書也無完壁之身，但依然找不到。(搜查了3個月)

說：「誰能找到那封信，我當場開 5000 法郎支票給他。」Dopin 就緩緩把被偷的那封信件拿了出來並領走支票。之後，Dopin 就開始敘述他是如何拿到這封信件的。Dopin 並指出 Monsieur G 犯了大錯。因為 Minister D 是聰明人，又一般搜查方法對付他當然沒用。

Dopin 在拜訪 Minister D 家中時，觀察後，他發現火爐旁的小垃圾堆很可疑，藉故靠近後發現被偷的信件也混在裡面，於是 Dopin 故意留下煙盒子好方便他隔日再造訪。第二天，Dopin 進去 Minister D 家中不久，外面便有人在大喊抓賊，弄的整條街鬧哄哄的，Minister D 馬上靠過去看，此時，Dopin 趁機把前一晚事先做好的假信與真信掉換回來，於是 Dopin 就拿回真信了。

Allan Poe 創造了謀殺小說的模式：兇案發生→追查兇手→結果兇手出乎意料。他的創作也影響了後來英國偵探小說家阿瑟·柯南·道爾的福爾摩斯系列小說和英國偵探小說家阿嘉莎·克莉絲蒂 Agatha Christie (eg. <Death on the Nile>)

註解 [P51]: 在當時的法國 5000 法郎已經是天價。

註解 [P52]: 反向思考→影響往後偵探小說的寫法：最明顯的地方就是最神祕的地方。

註解 [P53]: Dopin 事先安排好的，以方便他掉換真信。(福爾摩斯在“波希米亞的醜聞”中也有模仿這一段)

註解 [P54]: Poe was one of the earliest American practitioners of the short story and is considered the inventor of the detective-fiction genre.

## (二) A Girl's Story – 林真珠

### A Girl's Story by Toni Cade Bambara



African-American author and social activist

Toni Cade Bambara was born on March 25, 1939, in New York City. She grew up in Harlem, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. She attended schools in New York City and the southern United States. Bambara battled with and finally died of colon cancer in 1995, at age 56, in Philadelphia.

Bambara participated in several community and activist organizations, and her work was influenced by the Civil Rights and Black Nationalist movements of the 1960s.

A Girl's Story is a short story within Toni Cade Bambara's short story collection, *The Seabirds are Still Alive*. The story centers on a young, African American girl named Rae Ann who is experiencing menstruation for the first time. The Story symbolizes Rae Ann's own transformation into a strong, powerful woman through the onset of her first menstruation.

The way love is misshapen by the conditions of family life in the ghetto is a significant theme of "A Girl's Story." Bambara presents an adolescent girl's rite of passage into adulthood, a common subject of the short story genre but one that has most often focused on the boy's initiation experience. Bambara treats the "mysterious and frightening" female experience with rare graphic power. The affirmative quality of her storytelling is evident in the protagonist's dawning anticipation of a community beyond the family.

### **Plot Summary**

In "A Girl's Story", Rae Ann, the main character, thinks she is bleeding to death. She does not know that it is the start of her menstrual cycle, something no one had told her about. She lives with her brother Horace and her Grandmother, M'Dear. In this environment, they do not speak of such things. Rae Ann is terrified of the blood that keeps coming out of her and uses towels, tissues, and other methods to try to stop it. At the beginning she is hoisting her hips up toward a wall, thinking it would go back in. She becomes so frightened that she thinks of going to the Center, where Dada Bibi is, and asking her for help. She becomes too afraid to, thinking she would only bleed to death on the way. Rae Ann starts to think of her situation as a punishment and of her dead mother who bled to death. When Horace came home and wanted to use the bathroom, he yells at her to come out. After she refuses him, he calls on M'Dear who then jumps to the conclusion that Rae Ann had attempted an abortion like her Mother. Rae Ann is confused, not knowing what an abortion is, let alone to tell her grandmother otherwise. When M'Dear finally sees her and understands that it was only her period, she sits her down on newspaper in her room, leaving her with a package. The story ends with this scene and Rae Ann thinks she has done something horrible. M'Dear does not explain anything to her, just leaves a package of products and instructions for Rae Ann to figure out on her own.

From Wikipedia [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A\\_Girl's\\_Story](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Girl's_Story)

## Characters

- Rae Ann - main character, young, African American girl
- Horace - Rae Ann's brother
- M'Dear - Rae Ann's Grandmother
- Dada Bibi - works at the Center, African woman

## Themes

- African American Culture & Socio-Economic Status:
- Female Shame & Worth:
- Strong "Girl" image:

## Symbols

- **Blood:** A direct representation of the inevitability of Rae Ann's transformation into a woman and adult.

From Wikipedia [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A\\_Girl's\\_Story](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Girl's_Story)

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he was afraid to look at herself just yet. By the time I count to twenty, she decided, if the bleeding hasn't stopped...she went blank. She hoisted her hips higher toward the wall. Already her footprints were visible. Sweat prints on the wall, though she was shivering. She swung her feet away from the map she'd made with Dada Bibi, the map of Africa done in clay and acrylics. The bright colors of Mozambique distracted her for a moment. She pictured herself in one of those wraps Dada Bibi had made for them to dance in. Pictured herself in Africa talking another language in that warm rich way Dada Bibi and the brother who tutored the little kids did. Peaceful, friendly, sharing.

Rae Ann swept through her head again for other possible remedies to her situation. For a nosebleed, you put your head way back and stuffed tissue up your nostrils. Once she'd seen her brother Horace plaster his whole set of keys on the back of the neck. The time he had the fight with Joe Lee and his nose bled. Well, she'd tried ice cubes on the neck, on the stomach, on the thighs. Had stuffed herself with tissue. Had put her hips atop a pile of sofa cushions. And still she was bleeding. And what was she going to do about M'Dear's towels? No one would miss the panties and skirt she'd bundled up in the bottom of the garbage. But she couldn't just disappear a towel, certainly not two. M'Dear always counted up the stacks of laundry before the Saturday put-away.

註解 [P55]: 表示她還很害怕

註解 [P56]: observer 觀察者

註解 [P57]: 已變蒼白了

註解 [P58]: 頂著牆壁。此處是充滿了疑問，連 Rae Ann 也不知道自己怎麼了。

註解 [P59]: 因流血而害怕發抖

註解 [P60]: 推測 his brother and Bibi 可能是教小孩的。

註解 [P61]: 她在想有什麼方法可以止住她「流血的狀況」

註解 [P62]: 此處疑惑稍為解開，原來是流鼻血。

註解 [P63]: 此處能更加肯定 Ann 是 MC 來了，但她不知道，所以才以為可以像止鼻血一樣止住 MC。非洲性教育不普及又因為 Ann 是第一次所以並不曉得跟如何是好。

註解 [P64]: 因為怕被人看到

Rae Ann thought about Dada Bibi over at the Center. If the shiny-faced woman were here now with her, it wouldn't be so bad. She'd know exactly what to do. She would sit in the chair and examine Rae Ann's schoolbooks. Would talk calmly. Would tell her there was nothing to worry about, that she was a good girl and was not being punished. Would give an explanation and make things right. But between the house and the Center she could bleed to death.

註解 [P65]: 當地的醫療中心

註解 [P66]: 如果 Bibi 在這事情就不會這麼糟了。

Between her bed and the toilet she'd already left many a trail. Had already ragged the green sponge a piece, scrubbing up after herself. If Horance came home, she could maybe ask him to run over to the Center. Cept he'd want to know what for. Besides, He didn't go round the Center any more since they jumped on his case so bad about joining the army. He didn't want to hear no more shit about the Vietnamese were his brothers and sisters, were fighting the same enemy as Black folks and was he crazy, stupid, or what. And he surely wouldn't want to have to walk all the long way back alone with Dada Bibi in her long skirt and turban, trying to make conversation and getting all tongue-tied sliding around the cussin he always did, and everybody checking them out walking as they were toward his house and all. But maybe if she told him it was an emergency and cried hard, he wouldn't ask her nothing, would just go.

註解 [P67]: 既然可能會因流血致死，哪事情應該就不是流血這麼簡單了。

註解 [P68]: Ann 血流不止

註解 [P69]: Except

註解 [P70]: 極力譴責

註解 [P71]: 因為當時越戰爆發，美國戰敗，所以非洲人就認為和越南是一國的(反美)。

註解 [P72]: 非洲女人習慣在頭上綁頭巾

Yesterday Dada Bibi had hugged her hello and didn't even fuss where you been little sister and why ain't you been coming round, don't you want to know about your heritage, ain't you got no pride? Dada Bibi never said none of them things ever. She just hugged you and helped you do whatever it was you thought you came to do at the Center. Rae Ann had come to cut a dress for graduation. She'd be going to intermediate in the fall, and that was a big thing. And maybe she had come to hear about the African queens. Yesterday as they sewed, Dada Bibi told them about some African queen in the old days who kept putting off marriage cause she had to be a soldier and get the Europeans out the land and stop the slaving.

註解 [P73]: 弄得很親熱，鬧成一團

註解 [P74]: 不會很得意嗎？

註解 [P75]: Bibi 不會囉唆，會直接幫忙

註解 [P76]: 要進入中學

She liked the part where Dada Bibi would have the dude come over to propose umpteen times. Rae Ann could just see him knocking real polite in the screen door and everything. Not like Horace do, or like Pee Wee neither, the boy she was halfway liking but really couldn't say she respected any. They just stood on the corner and hollered for their women, who had better show up quick or later for their ass.

註解 [P77]: Numerous time

註解 [P78]: Complain

Dada Bibi would have the dude say, "Well, darling, another harvest has past and I now have twenty acres to work and have started building on the new house and the cattle have

multiplied. When can we marry?" And then Dada Bibi would have the sister say, "My husband-to-be, there are enemies in the land, crushing our people, our traditions underfoot. We must raise an army and throw them out." And then the dude would go sell a cow or something and help organize the folks on the block to get guns and all. And the sister would get the blacksmith to make her this bad armor stuff. Course Gretchen got to interrupt the story to say the sister **chumping** the dude, taking his money to have her some boss jewelry made and what a fool he was. But the girls tell her to hush so they can hear the rest. Dada Bibi maintaining it's important to deal with how Gretchen seeing things go down. But no one really wants to give Gretchen's view a play.

Anyway, after many knocks on the screen door and raising of armies and battles, the two of them are **old-timers**. Then the sister finally says, "My husband-to-be, there is peace in the land now. The children are learning, the folks are working, the elders are happy, our people prosper. Let us get married on the new moon." **Gretchen got to spoil it all saying what old folks like that need to get married for, too old to get down anyway.** And Dada Bibi try to get the girls to talk that over. But they just tell Gretchen to shut her big mouth and stop **hogging** all the straight pins. Rae Ann liked to retell the stories to the kids on the block. She always included Gretchen's remarks and everybody's response, since they seemed, in her mind, so much a part of the story.

**Rae Ann's legs were tiring.** Her left foot was stinging, going to sleep. Her back hurt. And her throat was sore with tension. She looked up at the map and wondered if Dada Bibi had seen the whole trouble coming. When Rae Ann had stayed behind to clean up the sewing scraps, the woman had asked her if there was anything she wanted to talk about now she was getting to be such a young woman. And Rae Ann had hugged her arms across her chest and said, "No, ma'am," cause she **figured she might have to hear one of those oneway talks** like M'Dear do about not letting boys feel on your tits. But when she got ready to leave, Dada Bibi hugged her like she always did, even to the girls who squirmed out of her reach and would rather not wave hello and goodbye, just come in and split at their leisure.

註解 [P79]: Bibi 的結婚條件

註解 [P80]: 踐踏

註解 [P81]: 誘惑

註解 [P82]: 老一輩的人

註解 [P83]: Gretchen 總是破壞好事說：「你們年紀都一大把了，結婚要做什麼？」

註解 [P84]: 嘮叨

註解 [P85]: 此段又回到他流血的狀態及身體狀況。

註解 [P86]: thinks

註解 [P87]: 不斷的聽她一直講

註解 [P88]: 乳頭。此處是警告跟男孩子在一起要小心。

### (三) Paul's Case—蕭碧莉

Paul's Case  
by Willa Cather

Her life and works



**Paul**

- Pittsburg High School student
- Misdemeanors
- Smiling
- Red carnation
- Hysterically defiant manners
- His teachers

● **Paul' s dream world**

- Carnegie Hall
- Concerts
- Theaters

● **The real world**

- Cordelia Street
- George Washington
- John Calvin

● **Paul' s escape**

- Embezzlement
- New York
- The Waldorf
- **Suicide**

**Paul' s Case: A Study in Temperament**

- <http://fudanbook.com/contents/book/readings/StoriesAndEssays/Cather.Willa/Paul's%20Case/Paul's%20Case.htm>

- It was Paul' s afternoon to appear before the faculty . . . (p. 266)
- Once, when he had been making a synopsis . . . (p. 267)
- His teacher felt this afternoon . . . (p. 267)
- When Paul reached the ushers' . . . (p. 268)
- He turned and walked . . . (p. 270)

- Half an hour later, Paul alighted . . . (p. 270)
- To-day Paul' s father sat . . . (p. 271)
- Not once, but a hundred times . . . (p. 274)
- It had been wonderfully simple . . . (p. 274)
- On the part of the hotel management . . . (p. 277)
- Paul had just come in . . . (p. 277)

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● He rose and moved . . . (p. 278)</li> <li>● The carnations in his coat . . . (p. 279)</li> <li>● He felt something . . . (p. 279)</li> </ul>	
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(四) **The Chrysanthemums**—周美麗

<p><b>The Chrysanthemums</b> by John Steinbeck</p>	
<p><b>A Brief Introduction to the Life of John Steinbeck</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● Born in 1902 in Salinas (a rural town), California, died in 1968 in New York City</li> <li>● Novelist, short story writer, war correspondent</li> <li>● Graduated from Salinas High School and attended Stanford University intermittently until 1925; eventually left without a degree</li> <li>● His three marriages             <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(1) Married Carol Henning (at 28) in 1930; divorced (at 41) in 1943</li> <li>(2) Married Gwyndolyn Conger (at 41) in 1943; divorced (at 46) in 1948</li> <li>(3) Married Elaine Scott (at 48); lasted until his death in 1969</li> </ol> </li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Steinbeck's Literary Career</b></p> <p>1929—his first novel published, <i>Cup of Gold</i>, based on the life and death of Privateer Henry Morgan</p> <p>1931-1933—three shorter works</p> <p>1935—achieved his first critical success with the novel <i>Tortilla Flat</i>, which won California Commonwealth Club's Gold Medal</p> <p>1939—published the novel <i>The Grapes of Wrath</i> and won the Pulitzer Prize</p> <p>1942—served as a World War II war correspondent for the <i>New York Herald Tribune</i></p> <p>1947—wrote <i>The Pearl</i></p> <p>1962—won the Nobel Prize for literature for his “realistic and imaginative writing, combining as it does sympathetic humor and keen social perception.”</p> <p>1976—published posthumously his incomplete novel based on the King Arthur legends of Malory and others, <i>The Acts of King Arthur and His Noble Knights</i></p>



<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Steinbeck's Motivation for Writing "The Chrysanthemums"</b></p> <p>It is typical of Steinbeck's fiction—it concerns a married couple and examines the psychology of the unhappiness their marriage causes.</p> <p>The character of the protagonist, Elisa Allen, is based on his first wife, a bright and energetic woman who gave up her career to follow her husband.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Summary of the Plot (1) (from Wikipedia)</b></p> <p>The story opens with panoramic view of Salinas Valley in winter, shrouded in fog. The focus narrows and finally settles on Elisa Allen, cutting down the spent stalks of chrysanthemums in the garden of her husband's ranch. Elisa is thirty-five, lean and strong, and she approaches her gardening with great energy. Her husband Henry comes from across the yard, where he has been arranging the sale of thirty steers. They seem a well-matched couple, though their way of talking together is formal and serious. Henry heads off to finish some chores, and Elisa decides to finish her transplanting before they get ready to leave for town.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Summary of the Plot (2) (from Wikipedia)</b></p> <p>Soon Elisa hears "a squeak of wheels and a plod of hoofs," and a man drives up in an old wagon. (He is never named; the narrator calls him simply "the man.") The man is large and dirty, and clearly used to being alone. He earns a meager living fixing pots and sharpening scissors and knives, traveling from San Diego, California, to Seattle, Washington, and back every year. The man chats and jokes with Elisa, who answers his bantering tone but has no work for him to do. When he presses for a small job, she becomes annoyed and tries to send him away.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Summary of the Plot (3) (from Wikipedia)</b></p> <p>Suddenly the man's attention is caught by the chrysanthemums stalks and seedlings. When he asks about them, Elisa's annoyance vanishes, and she becomes friendly again. The man remembers seeing chrysanthemums before, and describes them: "Kind of a long-stemmed flower? Looks like a quick puff of colored smoke?" Elisa is delighted with his description. The man tells her about one of his regular customers who also gardens, and who always has work for him when he comes by. She has asked him to keep his eyes open in his travels, and to bring her some chrysanthemum seeds if he ever finds some.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Summary of the Plot (4) (from Wikipedia)</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Summary of the Plot (5) (from Wikipedia)</b></p>

<p>Now Elisa is captivated. She invites the man into the yard, prepares a pot of chrysanthemum cuttings for the woman's garden, and gives him full instructions for tending them. Clearly, Elisa envies the man's life on the road and is attracted to him because he understands her love of flowers. In a moment of extreme emotion she nearly reaches for him, but snatches her hand back before she touches him. Instead, she finds him two pots to mend, and he drives away with fifty cents and the cuttings, promising to take care of the plants until he can deliver them to the other woman.</p>	<p>Elisa goes into the house to get dressed for dinner. She scrubs herself vigorously and examines her naked body in the mirror before putting on her dress and makeup. When Henry finds her, he compliments her, telling her she looks "different, strong, and happy." "I'm strong," she boasts. "I never knew before how strong." As Henry and Elisa drive into town, she sees a dark speck ahead on the road. It turns out to be the cuttings the man has tossed out of his wagon. She does not mention them to Henry, who has not seen them, and she turns her head so he cannot see her crying.</p>
<p><b>Analysis of Major Characters</b>  <b>Elisa Allen (1)</b>  Quiet, alone, hardworking in the garden  Curious, wondering what men talk about  Strong and energetic, especially good at growing chrysanthemums  An interesting, intelligent, and passionate woman who lives an unsatisfying, understimulated life  Thwarted or ignored at every turn—no professional career, no children, no chance to see the world, no chance to express herself, so she devotes all her energies to maintaining her house and garden</p>	<p><b>Analysis of Major Characters</b>  <b>Elisa Allen (2)</b>  Frustrated with life that she really looks to the tinker for stimulating conversation and even sex  Her physical attraction, flirtatious and witty conversation with the tinker bringing out the best in her  Dissatisfied with her marriage physically and mentally  So desperate to transcend the trap of being a woman that she seeks any escape  Will never find fulfillment even when she asks her husband for wine with dinner or expresses her interest in the bloody fights that only men usually attend</p>
<p><b>Analysis of Major Characters: The Tinker</b>  Not well-educated (his misspelled advertisement for kitchen implement repair)  Idealized as exciting and smart by Elisa  A witty man who flirts and talks friendly with Elisa  Clever and canning enough to convince the</p>	<p><b>Analysis of Major Characters: Henry Allen</b>  A good, solid man who's unable to please his wife—providing for Elisa, treats her with respect, and taking her out every now and then  Stolid and unimaginative, not understanding the genuine interest Elisa</p>

<p>skeptical Elisa to give him work, resorting to flattery</p> <p>Imagined by Elisa as a man who shares her appreciation for travel and interest in a physical connection</p> <p>Bewildered and embarrassed by Elisa by her intensity because he wants only to sell his services to her</p> <p>Tossing away Elisa's chrysanthemum shoots—a symbol of Elisa herself—supporting the idea that the tinker does not share Elisa's passions at all</p>	<p>takes in business or her potential to do so much more in her life</p> <p>A traditional man functioning as a stand-in for patriarchal society as a whole</p> <p>Believing that there is a strict line between the sexes—women like dinner and movies, and men like fights and ranching</p> <p>His benevolent, sometimes dismissive attitude toward his wife (who is smarter) highlighting society's inability to treat women as equals</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>The Moral of the Story</b></p> <p>Women can be strong, but men belittle them far too often in this society.</p> <p>When Henry says to Elisa that she is strong, Elisa replies, "I am strong? Yes, strong. What do you mean strong?" Henry compliments Elisa, yet Elisa takes it as a taunting gesture</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Imagery</b></p> <p>Imagery of seasons and weather reinforces the contrast between Elisa's life and the tinker's.</p> <p>Take the opening line, for example.</p> <p>"The high gray-flannel fog of winter closed on off the Salinas Valley for the sky and from all the rest of the world."</p> <p>That is, the atmosphere in Elisa's world is grim; there is no sunshine in the valley now; and the air is cold and tender.</p> <p>However, the tinker moves about freely, and he is free "to follow the weather." He is not confined to this closed off place, and when he drives away, Elisa notices, "That's a bright direction. There's a glowing there."</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Themes: Limitations and Opportunities</b></p> <p>Limitations under which a married woman lives—Salinas Valley is like a closed pot.</p> <p>"The high gray flannel fog of winter closed off the Salinas Valley from the sky and</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Symbolism (1)</b></p> <p>Steinbeck uses the flower—the chrysanthemum—to symbolize his main character's thoughts and ideas.</p> <p>(1) The chrysanthemums she grows are symbols of how beautiful she is. However,</p>

<p>from all the rest of the world. On every side it sat like a lid on the mountains and made of the great valley a closed pot.”</p> <p>The house she shares with Henry is enclosed “with red geraniums close-banked around it as high as the windows,” and the garden where she grows her flowers is surrounded by a wire fence. . . .From these enclosures Elisa watches men come and go, the cattle buyers in their Ford coupe, Henry and the . . . . “</p>	<p>this beauty is neglected by her husband, who remarks, “I wish you’d work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big.”</p> <p>(2)Her gardening area symbolizes a “cage” to protect her from anything harmful. The tinker shows interest in her chrysanthemums (meaning herself) in order to persuade her to find something for him to fix. She feels appreciated and attractive to this stranger, so she allows him to fix her pots. The tinker also represents the cunning business men out of her garden area, in which she is protected.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Symbolism (2)</p> <p>(3)Her newest underclothing, nicest stockings, and the dress she puts on symbolize a transformation from a gardener to a model. Her excitement from the tinker’s interest in her chrysanthemums gives her the confidence to grow and blossom like her flower.</p> <p>(4) The last scene in which she saw her chrysanthemum without the pot it was given in thrown off the road symbolizes that she has lost her confidence and her self-esteem to keep her head high in air. That is why she cries weakly like an old woman at the end of the story.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">An Issue for Discussion</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Is Elisa sympathetic or unsympathetic, powerful or powerless?</p>

(五) **Bartleby, the Scrivener**—沈薇薇

Bartleby, the scrivener  
by Herman Melville



### Summary 1

The Lawyer, the narrator of the story, has already been surprised once before by Bartleby's refusal to examine a document, as all scriveners (law-copyists) are required to do. Bartleby said he would "prefer not to," and the Lawyer was so surprised that he hadn't argued with him.

A few days after this incident, there is a large document (already copied by Bartleby) to be examined. The Lawyer calls in all his employees—Turkey, Nippers, and Ginger Nut—to work on the examination. But when he calls Bartleby to assist as well, the scrivener again replies that he "would prefer not to." The Lawyer presses him, wanting to know why he refuses, but Bartleby can only reply that he would "prefer not to." The Lawyer tells us that something in Bartleby's nature "disarmed him," and Bartleby's steadfast refusal to do what was asked of him confounds the Lawyer. Momentarily, the Lawyer wonders if it is he who is wrong, and he asks his other copyists who was in the right. All three agree that Bartleby is being unreasonable, if not downright impertinent. The Lawyer tries one last time to get Bartleby to examine the document, but business hurries him and he and his workers examine the document without Bartleby, though the other scriveners mutter that they won't examine another man's document without pay ever again.

The Lawyer has now become fascinated by Bartleby, and watches him closely. He never sees Bartleby enter or leave the office; he seems to always be there. He never leaves for lunch or tea, but simply has Ginger Nut deliver him snacks all day. Though the Lawyer admits that "nothing so aggravates an earnest person as a passive resistance," he eventually comes to pity Bartleby, believing that he "intends no mischief" and his "eccentricities are involuntary." The Lawyer decides to "cheaply purchase a delicious self-approval" by determining to keep Bartleby on his staff as something like a charity case. If Bartleby were to be employed by someone else, the Lawyer is certain he would be ill-treated.

Bartleby again prefers not to examine his papers, and Turkey becomes enraged by it, threatening to beat up his reluctant fellow scrivener. The Lawyer tries another tact, asking

Bartleby to run down to the post office for him, but again: "I would prefer not to." The result is that Bartleby continues on at the chambers for some time doing nothing but copying, while the Lawyer pays Nippers and Turkey to examine his work.

<http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/melvillestories/section2.rhtml>

## Summary 2

The narrator, an elderly lawyer who does a comfortable business helping wealthy men deal with mortgages, title deeds, and bonds, relates the story of the strangest man he has ever known. Bartleby is a new addition to the narrator's staff. The narrator already employs two scribes, Nippers and Turkey. Nippers suffers from indigestion, and Turkey is a drunk, but the office survives because in the mornings Turkey is sober even though Nippers is irritable, and in the afternoon Nippers has calmed down even though Turkey is drunk. Ginger Nut, the office boy, gets his name from the little cakes he brings the men. Bartleby comes in answer to ad, and the narrator hires the forlorn looking young man in hopes that his calmness will soothe the temperaments of the other scribes.

One day, when Bartleby is asked to help proofread one of the documents he copied, he answers simply, "I would prefer not to." It is the first of many refusals. To the dismay of the narrator and the irritation of the other employees, Bartleby takes part in fewer and fewer duties around the office. The narrator makes several attempts to reason with Bartleby and learn about him, but Bartleby always responds the same way when asked to do a task or give out information about himself: "I would prefer not to." One weekend, when the narrator stops in at the office, he discovers that Bartleby is living at the office. The loneliness of Bartleby's life strikes the narrator: at night and on Sundays, Wall Street is as desolate as a ghost town. He alternates between pity and revulsion for Bartleby's bizarre behavior.

Bartleby continues to refuse duties, until finally he is doing no work at all. And yet the narrator cannot get him to leave. The scribe has a strange power over his employer, and the narrator feels he cannot do anything to harm this forlorn man. But his business associates begin to wonder at Bartleby's presence at the office, since he does no work, and the threat of a ruined reputation forces the narrator to do something. His attempts to get Bartleby to go are fruitless. So the narrator moves his offices to a new location. But soon afterward, the new tenants of the narrator's old offices come to him asking for help: Bartleby will not leave. When they oust him from the offices, Bartleby haunts the hallways. The narrator goes to see Bartleby in one last attempt to reason with him, but Bartleby rejects him. For fear of being bothered by the anti-Bartleby folks, the narrator stays away from work for a few days. When he returns, he learns that Bartleby has been put in prison.

At the prison, Bartleby seems even more glum than usual. The narrator's friendliness is rebuffed. The narrator bribes a turnkey to make sure Bartleby stays well fed. But when the narrator returns a few days later, Bartleby has died. He preferred not to eat.

Sometime afterward, the narrator hears a rumor that Bartleby worked in a Dead Letter Office. The narrator reflects that the dead letters would have made anyone of Bartleby's temperament sink into an even darker gloom. The letters are emblems for our mortality and the failure of our best intentions. Through Bartleby, the narrator has glimpsed the world as the miserable scrivener must have seen it. The closing words of the story are the narrator's resigned and pained sigh: "Ah, Bartleby! Ah, humanity!"

<http://www.gradesaver.com/bartleby-the-scrivener/study-guide/short-summary/>

#### What is 'dead letter office'?

The United States Postal Service started a **dead letter office** in 1825 to deal with undeliverable mail. In 2006 approximately 90 million undeliverable-as-addressed (UAA) items ended up in this office; where the rightful owners cannot be identified, the correspondence is destroyed to protect customer privacy, and enclosed items of value are removed. Items of value that cannot be returned are sold at auction, except for pornography and firearms. The auctions also occasionally include items seized by postal inspectors and property being retired from postal service.



[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bartleby,\\_the\\_Scrivener](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bartleby,_the_Scrivener)

**Short description of the work**

**【Full title】**

*Bartleby the Scrivener: A Story of Wall Street*

**【Author】**

Herman Melville (1819- 1891)

**【Type of work】**

Short story

**【Date of first publication】**

1853

**【Publisher】**

Putnam's Magazine

**【Narrator】**

The Lawyer (1st person narration)

**【Climax】**

The Lawyer offers to take Bartleby into his home, but Bartleby refuses; the Lawyer leaves him to be arrested as a vagrant and imprisoned.

**【Falling action】**

Bartleby goes to prison and dies; the Lawyer hears a rumor that he worked in the dead-letter office.

**【Protagonist(s)】**

The Lawyer

**【Antagonist】**

Bartleby

**【Setting (place)】**

New York

**【Point of view】**

1st person narration



**【Tense】**

Immediate past (primarily retrospective, i.e. flashback)

**【Tone】**

The description of the physical condition of the workplace mirrors the emptiness and barrenness of Bartleby's personality and life, which ultimately supports Melville's view about the business world. The tone is one of interest, frustration, and regret.

**【Themes】**

Charity and Selfishness; The world of work and business; Doubling Responsibility and Compassion; Isolation and the failure to connect; Mortality

**【Motifs】**

Food (Turkey, Ginger Nut, Bartleby's refusal to eat, etc.); Death and dying; Passive resistance

**【Symbols】**

Dead Letters; Bartleby the scrivener; The Tombs (prison)

<http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/melvillestories/facts.html>

<http://www.enotes.com/bartleby-scrivener-text/reading-pointers-sharper-insights>

**Discussion**

1. 讀完這個故事後你同情 the narrator 和 Bartleby 嗎?
2. 如果你是這位老闆，面對 Bartleby 這樣的員工時你會怎麼辦？
3. 你可以由這個故事學到什麼？

**(六) To Build a Fire—王允闕**

To Build a Fire  
by Jack London

#### 作者簡介(Wikipedia)

**Jack London** (January 12, 1876 – November 22, 1916) was an American author, journalist, and social activist. He was a pioneer in the then-burgeoning world of commercial magazine fiction and was one of the first fiction writers to obtain worldwide celebrity and a large fortune from his fiction alone. He is best remembered as the author of *White Fang*, *Call of the Wild*, set in the Klondike Gold Rush, as well as the short stories "To Build a Fire", (1908) "An Odyssey of the North", and "Love of Life". He also wrote of the South Pacific in such stories as "The Pearls of Parlay" and "The Heathen", and *The Sea Wolf*, of the San Francisco Bay area.

London was a passionate advocate of unionization, socialism, and the rights of workers and wrote several powerful works dealing with these topics such as his dystopian novel, *The Iron Heel* and his non-fiction exposé, *The People of the Abyss*.



#### 內容梗概

在一個極冷的清晨，一個男人到阿拉斯加的猶岡(Yukon)去旅遊，一條大狼狗跟在他身邊。寒冷的天氣並沒有讓初次造訪猶岡的他感到擔心害怕，他與朋友們約好了在六點以前見面。天氣愈來愈冷，他感到自己的翻骨都被凍住了，但是他沒有太在意。他沿著一條河灣的小徑一邊走著，一邊留意著沿路是否有隱密且危險的水塘；因為在如此寒冷的日子裡，即使只是將腳弄濕，也會是件很危險的事。中午時他停下來吃午餐，並且生火。

午餐後他繼續往前走，但就在一個看似安全的地方，他的腳卻踏穿了雪層陷了下去，使他腳脛以下的部份全都濕了。這樣的壞運氣讓他出口咒罵，因為要生火並烘乾他的鞋至少會拖延一個小時。他的腳和手指頭都凍僵了，但他還是生了火。這時他想起來自硫磺灣(Sulphur Bay)來的老前輩曾經警告過他：當氣溫降到零下五十度時，一個人是不該獨自在克朗代克(Klondike)旅行的。

他解開他結了冰的鹿皮軟鞋，但就在他剪斷上面的鞋帶前，有一團雪從他上方的雲杉上落了下來，把火弄熄。雖然在空地上生火，比起在這裡應該是比較明智些，但

在這裡他可以輕易折取雲杉的樹枝，並直接將它們丟入火中燃燒，但每次當他拉扯樹枝時，都會微微抖動到整棵樹，直到這時，在高處一根大樹枝上面的雪傾倒了下來，連帶地把低處大樹枝上的雪也給拉了下來，以致發生了一場小型雪崩，也同時把火弄熄了。

他嚇到了，再度努力生火，這時他注意到自己有幾個腳趾頭因凍傷而快沒知覺了。他收集了樹枝。他的手指頭這時已凍僵了，麻木了。他試著要點燃一根火柴，但沒成功。他再度抓起全部的火柴—七十根—並同時點燃，然後點燃一片樹皮。他點起了火，但就在試圖避免火燒到苔蘚時，火卻很快地又熄滅了。

這時他想起有人利用動物的體溫保暖，因此決定殺掉眼前的狗，以便將手放進牠溫暖的身體裡，並恢復自己的血液循環。於是他向狗喊了喊，但他的聲音和原來如鞭子的聲音不同，聽起來有點奇怪，而且有些令人恐懼，嚇到了這條狗。但後來他恢復了原有聲調，使狗放下戒心向前奔向他，於是他用手臂抓住了牠。但因他手此時已凍僵，根本拔不出刀子，使他無法殺死這條狗，甚至也勒不死牠。於是他便把牠給放了。

他發覺，比起可能面臨的死亡威脅，眼前的凍傷其實沒什麼了不起。他慌了，開始沿著河灣的小徑跑，並試圖恢復血液循環，他的狗在後面追著。但耗盡體力的他最後還是跌倒，爬不起來了。此時他試著不去想他的身體正在結凍，但因為瀕死的感覺實在太強烈了，於是他再度站起來跑動。之後他又跌倒了，最後在心慌地跑了最後一趟之後再度跌倒。他決定，自己要用一種更有尊嚴的方式死去。

他躺在地上想像著自己的朋友明天將會找到他的屍體，於是他舒服地睡去。只是這條狗不知道他為什麼不再生火了。這時天色已晚，牠靠近他，嗅著他的氣味，發現他已經死了。於是牠朝著營地的方向跑去，心想著「其他提供食物和生火的人會在哪裡呢？」

內容精選

**The World of Jack London**

**JACK LONDON STORIES OF THE NORTH**

**To Build A Fire**

**By Jack London**

**First published in The Century Magazine, v.76, August, 1908**

**NOTE: This is the famous, second version of a story first published in a more juvenile treatment for the Youth's Companion on May 29, 1902.**

Read first version

Printer Friendly Version

He travels fastest who travels alone . . . but not after the frost has dropped below zero fifty degrees or more.—Yukon Code.

DAY HAD BROKEN cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail and climbed the high earth-bank, where a dim and little-travelled trail led eastward through the fat spruce timberland. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock.

There was no sun nor hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the sky-line and dip immediately from view.

“The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice.”

The man flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white, rolling in gentle undulations where the ice-jams of the freeze-up had formed. North and south, as far as his eye could see, it was unbroken white, save for a dark hair-line that curved and twisted from around the spruce-covered island to the south, and that curved and twisted away into the north, where it disappeared behind another spruce-covered island. This dark hair-line was the trail—the main trail—that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water; and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.

But all this—the mysterious, far-reaching hair-line trail, the absence of sun from the sky, the tremendous cold, and the strangeness and weirdness of it all—made no impression on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. He was a newcomer in the land, a chechaquo, and this was his first winter. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, and not in the significances. Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty-odd degrees of frost. Such fact impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, and upon man's frailty in general, able only to live within certain narrow limits of heat and cold; and from there on it did not lead him to the conjectural field of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees

below zero stood for a bite of frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of mittens, ear-flaps, warm moccasins, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head.

As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below—how much colder he did not know. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on the left fork of Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had come over across the divide from the Indian Creek country, while he had come the roundabout way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in to camp by six o'clock; a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each enclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

He plunged in among the big spruce trees. The trail was faint. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed over, and he was glad he was without a sled, travelling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded, as he rubbed his numb nose and cheek-bones with his mittened hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheek-bones and the eager nose that thrust itself aggressively into the frosty air.

“At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky, the proper wolf-dog,...”

At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky, the proper wolf-dog, gray-coated and without any visible or temperamental difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for travelling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than fifty below zero; it was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing-point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that one hundred and seven degrees of frost obtained. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no sharp consciousness of a condition of very cold such as was in the man's brain. But the brute had its instinct. It experienced a vague but

menacing apprehension that subdued it and made it slink along at the man's heels, and that made it question eagerly every unwonted movement of the man as if expecting him to go into camp or to seek shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire, or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth away from the air.

The frozen moisture of its breathing had settled on its fur in a fine powder of frost, and especially were its jowls, muzzle, and eyelashes whitened by its crystallized breath. The man's red beard and mustache were likewise frosted, but more solidly, the deposit taking the form of ice and increasing with every warm, moist breath he exhaled. Also, the man was chewing tobacco, and the muzzle of ice held his lips so rigidly that he was unable to clear his chin when he expelled the juice. The result was that a crystal beard of the color and solidity of amber was increasing its length on his chin. If he fell down it would shatter itself, like glass, into brittle fragments. But he did not mind the appendage. It was the penalty all tobacco-chewers paid in that country, and he had been out before in two cold snaps. They had not been so cold as this, he knew, but by the spirit thermometer at Sixty Mile he knew they had been registered at fifty below and at fifty-five.

He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, crossed a wide flat of niggerheads, and dropped down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the forks. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was making four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the forks at half-past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

The dog dropped in again at his heels, with a tail drooping discouragement, as the man swung along the creek-bed. The furrow of the old sled-trail was plainly visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last runners. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man held steadily on. He was not much given to thinking, and just then particularly he had nothing to think about save that he would eat lunch at the forks and that at six o'clock he would be in camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to; and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice-muzzle on his mouth. So he continued monotonously to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his amber beard.

Once in a while the thought reiterated itself that it was very cold and that he had never experienced such cold. As he walked along he rubbed his cheek-bones and nose with the back of his mittened hand. He did this automatically, now and again changing hands. But rub as he would, the instant he stopped his cheek-bones went numb, and the following instant the end of his nose went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks; he knew that, and

experienced a pang of regret that he had not devised a nose-strap of the sort Bud wore in cold snaps. Such a strap passed across the cheeks, as well, and saved them. But it didn't matter much, after all. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious.

"They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow..."

Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was keenly observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends and timber-jams, and always he sharply noted where he placed his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he shied abruptly, like a startled horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated several paces back along the trail. The creek he knew was frozen clear to the bottom,—no creek could contain water in that arctic winter,—but he knew also that there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on top the ice of the creek. He knew that the coldest snaps never froze these springs, and he knew likewise their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep, or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were alternate layers of water and ice-skin, so that when one broke through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.

That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice-skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek-bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected awhile, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco and swung along at his four-mile gait. In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forefeet and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the mysterious prompting that arose from the deep crypts of its being. But the man knew, having

achieved a judgment on the subject, and he removed the mitten from his right hand and helped tear out the ice-particles. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished at the swift numbness that smote them. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the mitten hastily, and beat the hand savagely across his chest.

At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was too far south on its winter journey to clear the horizon. The bulge of the earth intervened between it and Henderson Creek, where the man walked under a clear sky at noon and cast no shadow. At half-past twelve, to the minute, he arrived at the forks of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and drew forth his lunch. The action consumed no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief moment the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He did not put the mitten on, but, instead, struck the fingers a dozen sharp smashes against his leg. Then he sat down on a snow-covered log to eat. The sting that followed upon the striking of his fingers against his leg ceased so quickly that he was startled. He had had no chance to take a bite of biscuit. He struck the fingers repeatedly and returned them to the mitten, baring the other hand for the purpose of eating. He tried to take a mouthful, but the ice-muzzle prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted the numbness creeping into the exposed fingers. Also, he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wondered whether the toes were warm or numb. He moved them inside the moccasins and decided that they were numb.

“He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms...”

He pulled the mitten on hurriedly and stood up. He was a bit frightened. He stamped up and down until the stinging returned into the feet. It certainly was cold, was his thought. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it sometimes got in the country. And he had laughed at him at the time! That showed one must not be too sure of things. There was no mistake about it, it was cold. He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms, until reassured by the returning warmth. Then he got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth, where high water of the previous spring had lodged a supply of seasoned twigs, he got his fire-wood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face and in the protection of which he ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold of space was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close enough for warmth and far enough away to escape being singed.

When the man had finished, he filled his pipe and took his comfortable time over a smoke.



Then he pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap firmly about his ears, and took the creek trail up the left fork. The dog was disappointed and yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold. Possibly all the generations of his ancestry had been ignorant of cold, of real cold, of cold one hundred and seven degrees below freezing-point. But the dog knew; all its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge. And it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was the time to lie snug in a hole in the snow and wait for a curtain of cloud to be drawn across the face of outer space whence this cold came. On the other hand, there was no keen intimacy between the dog and the man. The one was the toil-slave of the other, and the only caresses it had ever received were the caresses of the whip-lash and of harsh and menacing throat-sounds that threatened the whip-lash. So the dog made no effort to communicate its apprehension to the man. It was not concerned in the welfare of the man; it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire. But the man whistled, and spoke to it with the sound of whip-lashes, and the dog swung in at the man's heels and followed after.

The man took a chew of tobacco and proceeded to start a new amber beard. Also, his moist breath quickly powdered with white his mustache, eyebrows, and lashes. There did not seem to be so many springs on the left fork of the Henderson, and for half an hour the man saw no signs of any. And then it happened. At a place where there were no signs, where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. It was not deep. He wet himself halfway to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.

He was angry, and cursed his luck aloud. He had hoped to get into camp with the boys at six o'clock, and this would delay him an hour, for he would have to build a fire and dry out his foot-gear. This was imperative at that low temperature—he knew that much; and he turned aside to the bank, which he climbed. On top, tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce trees, was a high-water deposit of dry fire-wood—sticks and twigs, principally, but also larger portions of seasoned branches and fine, dry, last-year's grasses. He threw down several large pieces on top of the snow. This served for a foundation and prevented the young flame from drowning itself in the snow it otherwise would melt. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch-bark that he took from his pocket. This burned even more readily than paper. Placing it on the foundation, he fed the young flame with wisps of dry grass and with the tiniest dry twigs.

He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. Gradually, as the flame grew stronger, he increased the size of the twigs with which he fed it. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is seventy-five below zero, a man must not fail in

his first attempt to build a fire—that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry, and he fails, he can run along the trail for half a mile and restore his circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is seventy-five below. No matter how fast he runs, the wet feet will freeze the harder.

All this the man knew. The old-timer on Sulphur Creek had told him about it the previous fall, and now he was appreciating the advice. Already all sensation had gone out of his feet. To build the fire he had been forced to remove his mittens, and the fingers had quickly gone numb. His pace of four miles an hour had kept his heart pumping blood to the surface of his body and to all the extremities. But the instant he stopped, the action of the pump eased down. The cold of space smote the unprotected tip of the planet, and he, being on that unprotected tip, received the full force of the blow. The blood of his body recoiled before it. The blood was alive, like the dog, and like the dog it wanted to hide away and cover itself up from the fearful cold. So long as he walked four miles an hour, he pumped that blood, willy-nilly, to the surface; but now it ebbed away and sank down into the recesses of his body. The extremities were the first to feel its absence. His wet feet froze the faster, and his exposed fingers numbed the faster, though they had not yet begun to freeze. Nose and cheeks were already freezing, while the skin of all his body chilled as it lost its blood.

But he was safe. Toes and nose and cheeks would be only touched by the frost, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He was feeding it with twigs the size of his finger. In another minute he would be able to feed it with branches the size of his wrist, and then he could remove his wet foot-gear, and, while it dried, he could keep his naked feet warm by the fire, rubbing them at first, of course, with snow. The fire was a success. He was safe. He remembered the advice of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek, and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below. Well, here he was; he had had the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Those old-timers were rather womanish, some of them, he thought. All a man had to do was to keep his head, and he was all right. Any man who was a man could travel alone. But it was surprising, the rapidity with which his cheeks and nose were freezing. And he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them move together to grip a twig, and they seemed remote from his body and from him. When he touched a twig, he had to look and see whether or not he had hold of it. The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger-ends.

All of which counted for little. There was the fire, snapping and crackling and promising life with every dancing flame. He started to untie his moccasins. They were coated with ice; the thick German socks were like sheaths of iron halfway to the knees; and the moccasin strings

were like rods of steel all twisted and knotted as by some conflagration. For a moment he tugged with his numb fingers, then, realizing the folly of it, he drew his sheath-knife.

But before he could cut the strings, it happened. It was his own fault or, rather, his mistake. He should not have built the fire under the spruce tree. He should have built it in the open. But it had been easier to pull the twigs from the brush and drop them directly on the fire. Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs. No wind had blown for weeks, and each bough was fully freighted. Each time he had pulled a twig he had communicated a slight agitation to the tree—an imperceptible agitation, so far as he was concerned, but an agitation sufficient to bring about the disaster. High up in the tree one bough capsized its load of snow. This fell on the boughs beneath, capsizing them. This process continued, spreading out and involving the whole tree. It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out! Where it had burned was a mantle of fresh and disordered snow.

The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his own sentence of death. For a moment he sat and stared at the spot where the fire had been. Then he grew very calm. Perhaps the old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right. If he had only had a trail-mate he would have been in no danger now. The trail-mate could have built the fire. Well, it was up to him to build the fire over again, and this second time there must be no failure. Even if he succeeded, he would most likely lose some toes. His feet must be badly frozen by now, and there would be some time before the second fire was ready.

Such were his thoughts, but he did not sit and think them. He was busy all the time they were passing through his mind. He made a new foundation for a fire, this time in the open, where no treacherous tree could blot it out. Next, he gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs from the high-water flotsam. He could not bring his fingers together to pull them out, but he was able to gather them by the handful. In this way he got many rotten twigs and bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do. He worked methodically, even collecting an armful of the larger branches to be used later when the fire gathered strength. And all the while the dog sat and watched him, a certain yearning wistfulness in its eyes, for it looked upon him as the fire-provider, and the fire was slow in coming.

When all was ready, the man reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch-bark. He knew the bark was there, and, though he could not feel it with his fingers, he could hear its crisp rustling as he fumbled for it. Try as he would, he could not clutch hold of it. And all the time, in his consciousness, was the knowledge that each instant his feet were freezing. This thought tended to put him in a panic, but he fought against it and kept calm. He pulled

on his mittens with his teeth, and threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands with all his might against his sides. He did this sitting down, and he stood up to do it; and all the while the dog sat in the snow, its wolf-brush of a tail curled around warmly over its forefeet, its sharp wolf-ears pricked forward intently as it watched the man. And the man, as he beat and threshed with his arms and hands, felt a great surge of envy as he regarded the creature that was warm and secure in its natural covering.

After a time he was aware of the first faraway signals of sensation in his beaten fingers. The faint tingling grew stronger till it evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his right hand and fetched forth the birch-bark. The exposed fingers were quickly going numb again. Next he brought out his bunch of sulphur matches. But the tremendous cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others, the whole bunch fell in the snow. He tried to pick it out of the snow, but failed. The dead fingers could neither touch nor clutch. He was very careful. He drove the thought of his freezing feet, and nose, and cheeks, out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision in place of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side the bunch, he closed them—that is, he willed to close them, for the wires were down, and the fingers did not obey. He pulled the mitten on the right hand, and beat it fiercely against his knee. Then, with both mittened hands, he scooped the bunch of matches, along with much snow, into his lap. Yet he was no better off.

After some manipulation he managed to get the bunch between the heels of his mittened hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way, and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch-bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

The old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right, he thought in the moment of controlled despair that ensued: after fifty below, a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but failed in exciting any sensation. Suddenly he bared both hands, removing the mittens with his teeth. He caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands. His arm-muscles not being frozen enabled him to press the hand-heels tightly against the matches. Then he scratched the bunch along his leg. It flared into flame, seventy sulphur matches at once!

There was no wind to blow them out. He kept his head to one side to escape the strangling fumes, and held the blazing bunch to the birch-bark. As he so held it, he became aware of sensation in his hand. His flesh was burning. He could smell it. Deep down below the surface he could feel it. The sensation developed into pain that grew acute. And still he endured it, holding the flame of the matches clumsily to the bark that would not light readily because his own burning hands were in the way, absorbing most of the flame.

At last, when he could endure no more, he jerked his hands apart. The blazing matches fell sizzling into the snow, but the birch-bark was alight. He began laying dry grasses and the tiniest twigs on the flame. He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands. Small pieces of rotten wood and green moss clung to the twigs, and he bit them off as well as he could with his teeth. He cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life, and it must not perish. The withdrawal of blood from the surface of his body now made him begin to shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire. He tried to poke it out with his fingers, but his shivering frame made him poke too far, and he disrupted the nucleus of the little fire, the burning grasses and tiny twigs separating and scattering. He tried to poke them together again, but in spite of the tenseness of the effort, his shivering got away with him, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered. Each twig gushed a puff of smoke and went out. The fire-provider had failed. As he looked apathetically about him, his eyes chanced on the dog, sitting across the ruins of the fire from him, in the snow, making restless, hunching movements, slightly lifting one forefoot and then the other, shifting its weight back and forth on them with wistful eagerness.

“He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog.”

The sight of the dog put a wild idea into his head. He remembered the tale of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the carcass, and so was saved. He would kill the dog and bury his hands in the warm body until the numbness went out of them. Then he could build another fire. He spoke to the dog, calling it to him; but in his voice was a strange note of fear that frightened the animal, who had never known the man to speak in such way before. Something was the matter, and its suspicious nature sensed danger—it knew not what danger, but somewhere, somehow, in its brain arose an apprehension of the man. It flattened its ears down at the sound of the man's voice, and its restless, hunching movements and the liftings and shiftings of its forefeet became more pronounced; but it would not come to the man. He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog. This unusual posture again excited suspicion, and the animal sidled mincingly away.

The man sat up in the snow for a moment and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his

mitten, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the absence of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog's mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whip-lashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance, the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get away, he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

But it was all he could do, hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath-knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began thrashing his arms back and forth, beating the mittened hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek-bed along the old, dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life. Slowly, as he ploughed and floundered through the snow, he began to see things again,—the banks of the creek, the old timber-jams, the leafless aspens, and the sky. The running made him feel better. He did not shiver. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and, anyway, if he ran far enough, he would reach camp and the boys. Without doubt he would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face; but the boys would take care of him, and save the rest of him when he got there. And at the same time there was another thought in his mind that said he would never get to the camp and the boys; that it was too many miles away, that the freezing had too great a start on him,

and that he would soon be stiff and dead. This thought he kept in the background and refused to consider. Sometimes it pushed itself forward and demanded to be heard, but he thrust it back and strove to think of other things.

It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth and took the weight of his body. He seemed to himself to skim along above the surface, and to have no connection with the earth. Somewhere he had once seen a winged Mercury, and he wondered if Mercury felt as he felt when skimming over the earth.

“Several times he stumbled, and finally he tottered, crumpled up, and fell. . .”

His theory of running until he reached camp and the boys had one flaw in it: he lacked the endurance. Several times he stumbled, and finally he tottered, crumpled up, and fell. When he tried to rise, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and next time he would merely walk and keep on going. As he sat and regained his breath, he noted that he was feeling quite warm and comfortable. He was not shivering, and it even seemed that a warm glow had come to his chest and trunk. And yet, when he touched his nose or cheeks, there was no sensation. Running would not thaw them out. Nor would it thaw out his hands and feet. Then the thought came to him that the frozen portions of his body must be extending. He tried to keep this thought down, to forget it, to think of something else; he was aware of the panicky feeling that it caused, and he was afraid of the panic. But the thought asserted itself, and persisted, until it produced a vision of his body totally frozen. This was too much, and he made another wild run along the trail. Once he slowed down to a walk, but the thought of the freezing extending itself made him run again.

And all the time the dog ran with him, at his heels. When he fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him, facing him, curiously eager and intent. The warmth and security of the animal angered him, and he cursed it till it flattened down its ears appeasingly. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. He was losing in his battle with the frost. It was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought of it drove him on, but he ran no more than a hundred feet, when he staggered and pitched headlong. It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath and control, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. However, the conception did not come to him in such terms. His idea of it was that he had been making a fool of himself, running around like a chicken with its head cut off—such was the simile that occurred to him. Well, he was bound to freeze anyway, and he might as well take it decently. With this

new-found peace of mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. It was like taking an anaesthetic. Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were lots worse ways to die.

He pictured the boys finding his body next day. Suddenly he found himself with them, coming along the trail and looking for himself. And, still with them, he came around a turn in the trail and found himself lying in the snow. He did not belong with himself any more, for even then he was out of himself, standing with the boys and looking at himself in the snow. It certainly was cold, was his thought. When he got back to the States he could tell the folks what real cold was. He drifted on from this to a vision of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek. He could see him quite clearly, warm and comfortable, and smoking a pipe.

"You were right, old hoss; you were right," the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek.

Then the man drowsed off into what seemed to him the most comfortable and satisfying sleep he had ever known. The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shifting of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent. Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food-providers and fire-providers. – End

討論議題







- 1、人與動物適應環境能力之比較
- 2、人與動物之間的關係
- 3、自然主義觀點

(七) **Barn Burning**—何文敬

Barn Burning

by William Faulkner



<p>福克納的生平 (1897-1962)</p>	<p>福克納的曾祖父</p> 	
<p>福克納的祖父</p>  <p>John Hedy Thompson Falkner</p>	<p>父親 Murry Cuthbert Falkner 和福克納</p>   	
<p>福克納小時候</p> 	<p>十七歲的福克納</p> 	<p>Estelle Oldham (Faulkner's future wife)</p>  
<p>年輕的福克納</p> 	<p>鼓勵與啟蒙他寫作的好友 (Phil Stone)</p> 	

Helen Baird (17歲)



《海倫：求愛篇》與《密西西比詩集》  
*Helen: A Courtship* (1925-6) and  
*Mississippi Poems* (1924) (Oxford, Miss.  
And New Orleans, La. 1981)



前輩作家 Sherwood Anderson (1876-1941)  
鼓勵他以熟悉的家鄉為背景



福克納的女兒 (Jill Faulkner)



Else Jonson

女兒婚禮前

福克納中年



1950年獲頒諾貝爾文學獎



Meta Carpenter

*A Loving Gentleman*  
(New York, 1976)

Joan Williams (25 歲)



福克納老年



"Barn Burning"  
by William Faulkner

Plot Structure and Setting

1. The opening scene is set in a store that functions as a makeshift courtroom. Here Abner is on trial for burning a barn. Sarty is called up to be questioned about his father,

3. Major de Spain and a black servant deliver the rug to be cleaned. Abner, refusing his wife's assistance, ruins it by washing it in lye and scratching out the stains with a stone. He returns it to de Spain's porch.

<p>but in the end he is not required to testify. With insufficient evidence against him, Abner receives no punishment—only the justice's advice to leave the area. Sarty gets in a fight with another boy who calls out "Barn burner!"</p> <p>2. After several days' journey to the new family residence— a rundown house— Abner takes the boy to visit his new employer Major de Spain's mansion. The mansion leaves a deep impression on the boy as representing an order of life that is impervious to his father's touch. Abner deliberately tracks horse dung over the cream-colored French rug, horrifying Mrs. de Spain.</p>	<p>4. The following morning, a Wednesday, Major de Spain trembling, visits the Snopses and declares that Abner owes him twenty bushels of corn to compensate for the one-hundred-dollar rug.</p> <p>5. On Saturday Abner, accompanied by his sons, goes to court (in a store, similar to the first scene) to challenge Major de Spain's penalty. The judge finds against Abner, but reduces the penalty to ten bushels of corn.</p>
<p>6. Returning home, Abner prepares kerosene and oil to burn down de Spain's barn. The older son cooperates, but Sarty questions his father's intentions and the father commands the mother to restrain him. Wrestling free, Sarty runs to warn de Spain, then runs to warn his father and brother that de Spain is coming. However, he is too late: de Spain races past him on a horse and fires three shots.</p> <p>7. At midnight, Sarty sits on a hill crest and reflects that his father "was brave" in the war, ignorant of his father's actual cowardice. As dawn approaches, he sets out into the woods on his own.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Modernist Techniques</b></p> <p><b>1. Experimentation with Consciousness</b>  " Barn Burning " reflects Faulkner's concern with representing the complexity of consciousness, here the divided consciousness of a boy torn between his father and abstract justice. Faulkner portrays the boy's limited perspective, and uses italics to indicate his internal thoughts</p> <p><b>2. Experimentation with Time</b>  While sticking closely the boy's limited perspective, Faulkner's narrator occasionally leaps backward or forward to provide a broader temporal perspective, noting the father's activities during the war; the family clock frozen at 2:14 of some "dead and forgotten day and time"; the family descendants who would abuse automobiles the way the father abuses his</p>

	horse; and the insights the boy would have into the father if he were older.
<p><b>3. Experimentation with Space.</b></p> <p>From the boy's perspective, the father is repeatedly described as a “flat” shape, “without . . . depth,” “depthless,” as if cut from time. This kind of spatial abstraction—representing something in two-dimensional geometric shapes rather than in realistic detail—is common in modernist literature and visual art. Here the abstraction conveys the father's actual appearance at night, but it also represents his crude, unreflecting power, as well as the boy's sense of his father's ultimate weakness in contrast to “the serene columned backdrop” of the de Spain mansion, with its associations of peace, joy, and dignity.</p> <p><b>4. Writing Style.</b></p> <p>Faulkner's distinctive writing style of unwieldy, unrelenting sentences is well represented in “Barn Burning.” For Faulkner, this experimental style attempts to convey the ambiguities of time and perception. Two examples:</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Themes &amp; Symbols</p> <p><b>Themes</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ initiation (啓蒙)</li> <li>❖ Loyalty to Family vs. Loyalty to the Law</li> <li>❖ the search for Peace</li> <li>❖ the issue of class (sharecropper vs. landowner(s))</li> </ul> <p><b>Symbols</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ fire— represents Abner Snopes’s inherent powerlessness and his quest for power and self-expression.</li> <li>❖ the rug— represents for Abner every comfort, opportunity, and privilege he feels he has been unfairly denied.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Major Characters</b></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Colonel Sartoris (Sarty) Snopes</li> <li>2. Abner Snopes</li> <li>3. Lennie Snopes</li> </ol>	
<p>“Barn Burning” by William Faulkner</p>	

The store in which the justice of the Peace's court was sitting smelled of cheese. The boy, crouched on his nail keg at the back of the crowded room, knew he smelled cheese, and more: from where he sat he could see the ranked shelves close-packed with the solid, squat, dynamic shapes of tin cans whose labels his stomach read, not from the lettering which meant nothing to his mind but from the scarlet devils and the silver curve of fish - this, the cheese which he knew he smelled and the hermetic meat which his intestines believed he smelled coming in intermittent gusts momentary and brief between the other constant one, the smell and sense just a little of fear because mostly of despair and grief, the old fierce pull of blood. He could not see the table where the Justice sat and before which his father and his father's enemy (*our enemy* he thought in that despair; *ourn! mine and hisn both!* He's *my father!*) stood, but he could hear them, the two of them that is, because his father had said no word yet:

"But what proof have you, Mr. Harris?"

"I told you. The hog got into my corn. I caught it up and sent it back to him. He had no fence that would hold it. I told him so, warned him. The next time I put the hog in my pen. When he came to get it I gave him enough wire to patch up his pen. The next time I put the hog up and kept it. I rode down to his house and saw the wire I gave him still rolled on to the spool in his yard. I told him he could have the hog when he paid me a dollar pound fee. That evening a nigger came with the dollar and got the hog. He was a strange nigger. He said, 'He say to tell you wood and hay kin burn.' I said, 'What?' 'That whut he say to tell you,' the nigger said. 'Wood and hay kin burn.' That night my barn burned. I got the stock out but I lost the barn."

"Where is the nigger? Have you got him?"

"He was a strange nigger, I tell you. I don't know what became of him."

"But that's not proof. Don't you see that's not proof?"

"Get that boy up here. He knows." For a moment the boy thought too that the man meant his older brother until Harris said, "Not him. The little one. The boy," and, crouching, small for his age, small and wiry like his father, in patched and faded jeans even too small for him, with straight, uncombed, brown hair and eyes gray and wild as storm scud, he saw the men between himself and the table part and become a lane of grim faces, at the end of which he saw the justice, a shabby, collarless, graying man in spectacles, beckoning him. He felt no floor under his bare feet; he seemed to walk beneath the palpable weight of the grim

turning faces. His father, stiff in his black Sunday coat donned not for the trial but for the moving, did not even look at him. *He aims for me to lie*, he thought, again with that frantic grief and despair. *And I will have to do hit.*

"What's your name, boy?" the justice said.

"Colonel Sartoris Snopes," the boy whispered.

"Hey?" the Justice said. "Talk louder. Colonel Sartoris? I reckon anybody named for Colonel Sartoris in this country can't help but tell the truth, can they?" The boy said nothing. *Enemy! Enemy!* he thought; for a moment he could not even see, could not see that the justice's face was kindly nor discern that his voice was troubled when he spoke to the man named Harris: "Do you want me to question this boy?" But he could hear, and during those subsequent long seconds while there was absolutely no sound in the crowded little room save that of quiet and intent breathing it was as if he had swung outward at the end of a grape vine, over a ravine, and at the top of the swing had been caught in a prolonged instant of mesmerized gravity, weightless in time.

"No!" Harris said violently, explosively. "Damnation! Send him out of here!" Now time, the fluid world, rushed beneath him again, the voices coming to him again through the smell of cheese and sealed meat, the fear and despair and the old grief of blood:

"This case is closed. I can't find against you, Snopes, but I can give you advice. Leave this country and don't come back to it."

His father spoke for the first time, his voice cold and harsh, level, without emphasis: "I aim to. I don't figure to stay in a country among people who..." he said something unprintable and vile, addressed to no one.

"That'll do," the Justice said. "Take your wagon and get out of this country before dark. Case dismissed."

His father turned, and he followed the stiff black coat, the wiry figure walking a little stiffly from where a Confederate provost's man's musket ball had taken him in the heel on a stolen horse thirty years ago, followed the two backs now, since his older brother had appeared from somewhere in the crowd, no taller than the father but thicker, chewing tobacco steadily, between the two lines of grim-faced men and out of the store and across the worn gallery and down the sagging steps and among the dogs and half-grown boys in the

mild May dust, where as he passed a voice hissed:

"Barn burner!"

Again he could not see, whirling; there was a face in a red haze, moonlike, bigger than the full moon, the owner of it half again his size, he leaping in the red haze toward the face, feeling no blow, feeling no shock when his head struck the earth, scrabbling up and leaping again, feeling no blow this time either and tasting no blood, scrabbling up to see the other boy in full flight and himself already leaping into pursuit as his father's hand jerked him back, the harsh, cold voice speaking above him: "Go get in the wagon."

It stood in a grove of locusts and mulberries across the road. His two hulking sisters in their Sunday dresses and his mother and her sister in calico and sunbonnets were already in it, sitting on and among the sorry residue of the dozen and more movings which even the boy could remember the battered stove, the broken beds and chairs, the clock inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which would not run, stopped at some fourteen minutes past two o'clock of a dead and forgotten day and time, which had been his mother's dowry. She was crying, though when she saw him she drew her sleeve across her face and began to descend from the wagon. "Get back," the father said.

"He's hurt. I got to get some water and wash his..."

"Get back in the wagon," his father said. He got in too, over the tail-gate. His father mounted to the seat where the older brother already sat and struck the gaunt mules two savage blows with the peeled willow, but without heat. It was not even sadistic; it was exactly that same quality which in later years would cause his descendants to over-run the engine before putting a motor car into motion, striking and reining back in the same movement. The wagon went on, the store with its quiet crowd of grimly watching men dropped behind; a curve in the road hid it. Forever he thought. *Maybe he's done satisfied now, now that he has ...* stopping himself, not to say it aloud even to himself. His mother's hand touched his shoulder.

"Does hit hurt?" she said.

"Naw," he said. "Hit don't hurt. Lemme be."

"Can't you wipe some of the blood off before hit dries?"



"I'll wash to-night," he said. "Lemme be, I tell you."

The wagon went on. He did not know where they were going. None of them ever did or ever asked, because it was always somewhere, always a house of sorts waiting for them a day or two days or even three days away. Likely his father had already arranged to make a crop on another farm before he... Again he had to stop himself. He (the father) always did. There was something about his wolflike independence and even courage when the advantage was at least neutral which impressed strangers, as if they got from his latent ravening ferocity not so much a sense of dependability as a feeling that his ferocious conviction in the rightness of his own actions would be of advantage to all whose interest lay with his.

That night they camped in a grove of oaks and beeches where a spring ran. The nights were still cool and they had a fire against it, of a rail lifted from a nearby fence and cut into lengths - a small fire, neat, niggard almost, a shrewd fire; such fires were his father's habit and custom always, even in freezing weather. Older, the boy might have remarked this and wondered why not a big one; why should not a man who had not only seen the waste and extravagance of war, but who had in his blood an inherent voracious prodigality with material not his own, have burned everything in sight? Then he might have gone a step farther and thought that that was the reason: that niggard blaze was the living fruit of nights passed during those four years in the woods hiding from all men, blue or gray, with his strings of horses (captured horses, he called them). And older still, he might have divined the true reason: that the element of fire spoke to some deep mainspring of his father's being, as the element of steel or of powder spoke to other men, as the one weapon for the preservation of integrity, else breath were not worth the breathing, and hence to be regarded with respect and used with discretion.

But he did not think this now and he had seen those same niggard blazes all his life. He merely ate his supper beside it and was already half asleep over his iron plate when his father called him, and once more he followed the stiff back, the stiff and ruthless limp, up the slope and on to the starlit road where, turning, he could see his father against the stars but without face or depth-a shape black, flat, and bloodless as though cut from tin in the iron folds of the frockcoat which had not been made for him, the voice harsh like tin and without heat like tin:

"You were fixing to tell them. You would have told him."

He didn't answer. His father struck him with the flat of his hand on the side of the head, hard but without heat, exactly as he had struck the two mules at the store, exactly as

he would strike either of them with any stick in order to kill a horse fly, his voice still without heat or anger: "You're getting to be a man. You got to learn. You got to learn to stick to your own blood or you ain't going to have any blood to stick to you. Do you think either of them, any man there this morning would? Don't you know all they wanted was a chance to get at me because they knew I had them beat? Eh?" Later, twenty years later, he was to tell himself, "If I had said they wanted only truth, justice, he would have hit me again." But now he said nothing. He was not crying. He just stood there. "Answer me," his father said.

"Yes," he whispered. His father turned.

"Get on to bed. We'll be there to-morrow."

Tomorrow they were there. In the early afternoon the wagon stopped before a paintless two-room house identical almost with the dozen others it had stopped before even in the boy's ten years, and again, as on the other dozen occasions, his mother and aunt got down and began to unload the wagon, although his two sisters and his father and brother had not moved.

"Likely hit ain't fitten for hawgs," one of the sisters said.

"Nevertheless, fit it will and you'll hog it and like it," his father said. "Get out of them chairs and help your Ma unload."

The two sisters got down, big, bovine, in a flutter of cheap ribbons; one of them drew from the jumbled wagon bed a battered lantern, the other a worn broom. His father handed the reins to the older son and began to climb stiffly over the wheel. "When they get unloaded, take the team to the barn and feed them." Then he said, and at first the boy thought he was still speaking to his brother: "Come with me."

"Me?" he said.

"Yes," his father said. "You."

"Abner," his mother said. His father paused and looked back - the harsh level stare beneath the shaggy, graying, irascible brows.

"I reckon I'll have a word with the man that aims to begin to-morrow owning me body and soul for the next eight months."

They went back up the road. A week ago - or before last night, that is - he would have asked where they were going, but not now. His father had struck him before last night but never before had he paused afterward to explain why; it was as if the blow and the following calm, outrageous voice still rang, repercussed, divulging nothing to him save the terrible handicap of being young, the light weight of his few years, just heavy enough to prevent his soaring free of the world as it seemed to be ordered but not heavy enough to keep him footed solid in it, to resist it and try to change the course of its events.

Presently he could see the grove of oaks and cedars and the other flowering trees and shrubs where the house would be, though not the house yet. They walked beside a fence massed with honeysuckle and Cherokee roses and came to a gate swinging open between two brick pillars, and now, beyond a sweep of drive, he saw the house for the first time and at that instant he forgot his father and the terror and despair both, and even when he remembered his father again (who had not stopped) the terror and despair did not return. Because, for all the twelve movings, they had sojourned until now in a poor country, a land of small farms and fields and houses, and he had never seen a house like this before. *Hit's big as a courthouse* he thought quietly, with a surge of peace and joy whose reason he could not have thought into words, being too young for that: *They are safe from him. People whose lives are a part of this peace and dignity are beyond his touch, he no more to them than a buzzing wasp: capable of stinging for a little moment but that's all; the spell of this peace and dignity rendering even the barns and stable and cribs which belong to it impervious to the puny flames he might contrive ...* this, the peace and joy, ebbing for an instant as he looked again at the stiff black back, the stiff and implacable limp of the figure which was not dwarfed by the house, for the reason that it had never looked big anywhere and which now, against the serene columned backdrop, had more than ever that impervious quality of something cut ruthlessly from tin, depthless, as though, sidewise to the sun, it would cast no shadow. Watching him, the boy remarked the absolutely undeviating course which his father held and saw the stiff foot come squarely down in a pile of fresh droppings where a horse had stood in the drive and which his father could have avoided by a simple change of stride. But it ebbed only for a moment, though he could not have thought this into words either, walking on in the spell of the house, which he could even want but without envy, without sorrow, certainly never with that ravening and jealous rage which unknown to him walked in the iron like black coat before him. *Maybe he will feel it too. Maybe it will even change him now from what maybe he couldn't help but be.*

They crossed the portico. Now he could hear his father's stiff foot as it came down on the boards with clocklike finality, a sound out of all proportion to the displacement of the

body it bore and which was not dwarfed either by the white door before it, as though it had attained to a sort of vicious and ravening minimum not to be dwarfed by anything - the flat, wide, black hat, the formal coat of broadcloth which had once been black but which had now the friction-glazed greenish cast of the bodies of old house flies, the lifted sleeve which was too large, the lifted hand like a curled claw. The door opened so promptly that the boy knew the Negro must have been watching them all the time, an old man with neat grizzled hair, in a linen jacket, who stood barring the door with his body, saying, "Wipe yo foots, white man, fo you come in here. Major ain't home nohow."

"Get out of my way, nigger," his father said, without heat too, flinging the door back and the Negro also and entering, his hat still on his head. And now the boy saw the prints of the stiff foot on the doorjamb and saw them appear on the pale rug behind the machinelike deliberation of the foot which seemed to bear (or transmit) twice the weight which the body compassed. The Negro was shouting "Miss Lula! Miss Lula!" somewhere behind them, then the boy, deluged as though by a warm wave by a suave turn of carpeted stair and a pendant glitter of chandeliers and a mute gleam of gold frames, heard the swift feet and saw her too, a lady - perhaps he had never seen her like before either - in a gray, smooth gown with lace at the throat and an apron tied at the waist and the sleeves turned back, wiping cake or biscuit dough from her hands with a towel as she came up the hall, looking not at his father at all but at the tracks on the blond rug with an expression of incredulous amazement.

"I tried," the Negro cried. "I tole him to..."

"Will you please go away?" she said in a shaking voice. "Major de Spain is not at home. Will you please go away?"

His father had not spoken again. He did not speak again. He did not even look at her. He just stood stiff in the center of the rug, in his hat, the shaggy iron-gray brows twitching slightly above the pebble-colored eyes as he appeared to examine the house with brief deliberation. Then with the same deliberation he turned; the boy watched him pivot on the good leg and saw the stiff foot drag round the arc of the turning, leaving a final long and fading smear. His father never looked at it, he never once looked down at the rug. The Negro held the door. It closed behind them, upon the hysteric and indistinguishable woman-wail. His father stopped at the top of the steps and scraped his boot clean on the edge of it. At the gate he stopped again. He stood for a moment, planted stiffly on the stiff foot, looking back at the house. "Pretty and white, ain't it?" he said. "That's sweat. Nigger sweat. Maybe it ain't white enough yet to suit him. Maybe he wants to mix some white sweat with it."

Two hours later the boy was chopping wood behind the house within which his mother and aunt and the two sisters (the mother and aunt, not the two girls, he knew that; even at this distance and muffled by walls the flat loud voices of the two girls emanated an incorrigible idle inertia) were setting up the stove to prepare a meal, when he heard the hooves and saw the linen-clad man on a fine sorrel mare, whom he recognized even before he saw the rolled rug in front of the Negro youth following on a fat bay carriage horse - a suffused, angry face vanishing, still at full gallop, beyond the corner of the house where his father and brother were sitting in the two tilted chairs; and a moment later, almost before he could have put the axe down, he heard the hooves again and watched the sorrel mare go back out of the yard, already galloping again.

Then his father began to shout one of the sisters' names, who presently emerged backward from the kitchen door dragging the rolled rug along the ground by one end while the other sister walked behind it.

"If you ain't going to tote, go on and set up the wash pot," the first said.

"You, Sarty!" the second shouted, "Set up the wash pot!" His father appeared at the door, framed against that shabbiness, as he had been against that other bland perfection, impervious to either, the mother's anxious face at his shoulder.

"Go on," the father said. "Pick it up." The two sisters stooped, broad, lethargic; stooping, they presented an incredible expanse of pale cloth and a flutter of tawdry ribbons.

"If I thought enough of a rug to have to git hit all the way from France I wouldn't keep hit where folks coming in would have to tromp on hit," the first said. They raised the rug.

"Abner," the mother said. "Let me do it."

"You go back and git dinner," his father said. "I'll tend to this."

From the woodpile through the rest of the afternoon the boy watched them, the rug spread flat in the dust beside the bubbling wash-pot, the two sisters stooping over it with that profound and lethargic reluctance, while the father stood over them in turn, implacable and grim, driving them though never raising his voice again. He could smell the harsh homemade lye they were using; he saw his mother come to the door once and look toward them with an expression not anxious now but very like despair; he saw his father turn, and

he fell to with the axe and saw from the corner of his eye his father raise from the ground a flattish fragment of field stone and examine it and return to the pot, and this time his mother actually spoke: "Abner. Abner. Please don't. Please, Abner."

Then he was done too. It was dusk; the whippoorwills had already begun. He could smell coffee from the room where they would presently eat the cold food remaining from the mid-afternoon meal, though when he entered the house he realized they were having coffee again probably because there was a fire on the hearth, before which the rug now lay spread over the backs of the two chairs. The tracks of his father's foot were gone. Where they had been were now long, water-cloudy scoriations resembling the sporadic course of a lilliputian mowing machine.

It still hung there while they ate the cold food and then went to bed, scattered without order or claim up and down the two rooms, his mother in one bed, where his father would later lie, the older brother in the other, himself, the aunt, and the two sisters on pallets on the floor. But his father was not in bed yet. The last thing the boy remembered was the depthless, harsh silhouette of the hat and coat bending over the rug and it seemed to him that he had not even closed his eyes when the silhouette was standing over him, the fire almost dead behind it, the stiff foot prodding him awake. "Catch up the mule," his father said.

When he returned with the mule his father was standing in the black door, the rolled rug over his shoulder. "Ain't you going to ride?" he said.

"No. Give me your foot."

He bent his knee into his father's hand, the wiry, surprising power flowed smoothly, rising, he rising with it, on to the mule's bare back (they had owned a saddle once; the boy could remember it though not when or where) and with the same effortlessness his father swung the rug up in front of him. Now in the starlight they retraced the afternoon's path, up the dusty road rife with honeysuckle, through the gate and up the black tunnel of the drive to the lightless house, where he sat on the mule and felt the rough warp of the rug drag across his thighs and vanish.

"Don't you want me to help?" he whispered. His father did not answer and now he heard again that stiff foot striking the hollow portico with that wooden and clocklike deliberation, that outrageous overstatement of the weight it carried. The rug, hunched, not flung (the boy could tell that even in the darkness) from his father's shoulder struck the angle of wall and floor with a sound unbelievably loud, thunderous, then the foot again,

unhurried and enormous; a light came on in the house and the boy sat, tense, breathing steadily and quietly and just a little fast, though the foot itself did not increase its beat at all, descending the steps now; now the boy could see him.

"Don't you want to ride now?" he whispered. "We kin both ride now," the light within the house altering now, flaring up and sinking, *He's coming down the stairs now*, he thought. He had already ridden the mule up beside the horse block; presently his father was up behind him and he doubled the reins over and slashed the mule across the neck, but before the animal could begin to trot the hard, thin arm came round him, the hard, knotted hand jerking the mule back to a walk.

In the first red rays of the sun they were in the lot, putting plow gear on the mules. This time the sorrel mare was in the lot before he heard it at all, the rider collarless and even bareheaded, trembling, speaking in a shaking voice as the woman in the house had done, his father merely looking up once before stooping again to the hame he was buckling, so that the man on the mare spoke to his stooping back:

"You must realize you have ruined that rug. Wasn't there anybody here, any of your women..." he ceased, shaking, the boy watching him, the older brother leaning now in the stable door, chewing, blinking slowly and steadily at nothing apparently. "It cost a hundred dollars. But you never had a hundred dollars. You never will. So I'm going to charge you twenty bushels of corn against your crop. I'll add it in your contract and when you come to the commissary you can sign it. That won't keep Mrs. de Spain quiet but maybe it will teach you to wipe your feet off before you enter her house again."

Then he was gone. The boy looked at his father, who still had not spoken or even looked up again, who was now adjusting the logger-head in the hame.

"Pap," he said. His father looked at him - the inscrutable face, the shaggy brows beneath which the gray eyes glinted coldly. Suddenly the boy went toward him, fast, stopping as suddenly. "You done the best you could!" he cried. "If he wanted hit done different why didn't he wait and tell you how? He won't git no twenty bushels! He won't git none! We'll gether hit and hide hit! I kin watch..."

"Did you put the cutter back in that straight stock like I told you?"

"No sir," he said.

"Then go do it."

That was Wednesday. During the rest of that week he worked steadily, at what was within his scope and some which was beyond it, with an industry that did not need to be driven nor even commanded twice; he had this from his mother, with the difference that some at least of what he did he liked to do, such as splitting wood with the half-size axe which his mother and aunt had earned, or saved money somehow, to present him with at Christmas. In company with the two older women (and on one afternoon, even one of the sisters), he built pens for the shoat and the cow which were a part of his father's contract with the landlord, and one afternoon, his father being absent, gone somewhere on one of the mules, he went to the field,

They were running a middle buster now, his brother holding the plow straight while he handled the reins, and walking beside the straining mule, the rich black soil shearing cool and damp against his bare ankles, he thought *Maybe this is the end of it. Maybe even that twenty bushels that seems hard to have to pay for just a rug will be a cheap price for him to stop forever and always from being what he used to be*; thinking, dreaming now, so that his brother had to speak sharply to him to mind the mule: *Maybe he even won't collect the twenty bushels. Maybe it will all add up and balance and vanish - corn, rug, fire; the terror and grief, the being pulled two ways like between two teams of horses - gone, done with for ever and ever.*

Then it was Saturday; he looked up from beneath the mule he was harnessing and saw his father in the black coat and hat. "Not that," his father said. "The wagon gear." And then, two hours later, sitting in the wagon bed behind his father and brother on the seat, the wagon accomplished a final curve, and he saw the weathered paintless store with its tattered tobacco and patent-medicine posters and the tethered wagons and saddle animals below the gallery. He mounted the gnawed steps behind his father and brother, and there again was the lane of quiet, watching faces for the three of them to walk through. He saw the man in spectacles sitting at the plank table and he did not need to be told this was a Justice of the Peace; he sent one glare of fierce, exultant, partisan defiance at the man in collar and cravat now, whom he had seen but twice before in his life, and that on a galloping horse, who now wore on his face an expression not of rage but of amazed unbelief which the boy could not have known was at the incredible circumstance of being sued by one of his own tenants, and came and stood against his father and cried at the justice: "He ain't done it! He ain't burnt..."

"Go back to the wagon," his father said.



"Burnt?" the Justice said. "Do I understand this rug was burned too?"

"Does anybody here claim it was?" his father said. "Go back to the wagon." But he did not, he merely retreated to the rear of the room, crowded as that other had been, but not to sit down this time, instead, to stand pressing among the motionless bodies, listening to the voices:

"And you claim twenty bushels of corn is too high for the damage you did to the rug?"

"He brought the rug to me and said he wanted the tracks washed out of it. I washed the tracks out and took the rug back to him."

"But you didn't carry the rug back to him in the same condition it was in before you made the tracks on it."

His father did not answer, and now for perhaps half a minute there was no sound at all save that of breathing, the faint, steady suspiration of complete and intent listening.

"You decline to answer that, Mr. Snopes?" Again his father did not answer. "I'm going to find against you, Mr. Snopes, I'm going to find that you were responsible for the injury to Major de Spain's rug and hold you liable for it. But twenty bushels of corn seems a little high for a man in your circumstances to have to pay. Major de Spain claims it cost a hundred dollars. October corn will be worth about fifty cents. I figure that if Major de Spain can stand a ninety-five dollar loss on something he paid cash for, you can stand a five-dollar loss you haven't earned yet. I hold you in damages to Major de Spain to the amount of ten bushels of corn over and above your contract with him, to be paid to him out of your crop at gathering time. Court adjourned."

It had taken no time hardly, the morning was but half begun. He thought they would return home and perhaps back to the field, since they were late, far behind all other farmers. But instead his father passed on behind the wagon, merely indicating with his hand for the older brother to follow with it, and he crossed the road toward the blacksmith shop opposite, pressing on after his father, overtaking him, speaking, whispering up at the harsh, calm face beneath the weathered hat: "He won't git no ten bushels neither. He won't git one. We'll..." until his father glanced for an instant down at him, the face absolutely calm, the grizzled eyebrows tangled above the cold eyes, the voice almost pleasant, almost gentle:

"You think so? Well, we'll wait till October anyway."

The matter of the wagon - the setting of a spoke or two and the tightening of the tires - did not take long either, the business of the tires accomplished by driving the wagon into the spring branch behind the shop and letting it stand there, the mules nuzzling into the water from time to time, and the boy on the seat with the idle reins, looking up the slope and through the sooty tunnel of the shed where the slow hammer rang and where his father sat on an upended cypress bolt, easily, either talking or listening, still sitting there when the boy brought the dripping wagon up out of the branch and halted it before the door.

"Take them on to the shade and hitch," his father said. He did so and returned. His father and the smith and a third man squatting on his heels inside the door were talking, about crops and animals; the boy, squatting too in the ammoniac dust and hoof-parings and scales of rust, heard his father tell a long and unhurried story out of the time before the birth of the older brother even when he had been a professional horse trader. And then his father came up beside him where he stood before a tattered last year's circus poster on the other side of the store, gazing rapt and quiet at the scarlet horses, the incredible poisons and convolutions of tulle and tights and the painted leer of comedians, and said, "It's time to eat."

But not at home. Squatting beside his brother against the front wall, he watched his father emerge from the store and produce from a paper sack a segment of cheese and divide it carefully and deliberately into three with his pocket knife and produce crackers from the same sack. They all three squatted on the gallery and ate, slowly, without talking; then in the store again, they drank from a tin dipper tepid water smelling of the cedar bucket and of living beech trees. And still they did not go home. It was a horse lot this time, a tall rail fence upon and along which men stood and sat and out of which one by one horses were led, to be walked and trotted and then cantered back and forth along the road while the slow swapping and buying went on and the sun began to slant westward, they - the three of them - watching and listening, the older brother with his muddy eyes and his steady, inevitable tobacco, the father commenting now and then on certain of the animals, to no one in particular.

It was after sundown when they reached home. They ate supper by lamplight, then, sitting on the doorstep, the boy watched the night fully accomplished, listening to the whippoorwills and the frogs, when he heard his mother's voice: "Abner! No! No! Oh, God. Oh, God. Abner!" and he rose, whirled, and saw the altered light through the door where a candle stub now burned in a bottle neck on the table and his father, still in the hat and coat, at once formal and burlesque as though dressed carefully for some shabby and ceremonial

violence, emptying the reservoir of the lamp back into the five-gallon kerosene can from which it had been filled, while the mother tugged at his arm until he shifted the lamp to the other hand and flung her back, not savagely or viciously, just hard, into the wall, her hands flung out against the wall for balance, her mouth open and in her face the same quality of hopeless despair as had been in her voice. Then his father saw him standing in the door.

"Go to the barn and get that can of oil we were oiling the wagon with," he said. The boy did not move. Then he could speak.

"What..." he cried "What are you..."

"Go get that oil," his father said. "Go."

Then he was moving, running outside the house, toward the stable: this the old habit, the old blood which he had not been permitted to choose for himself, which had been bequeathed him willy nilly and which had run for so long (and who knew where, battering on what of outrage and savagery and lust) before it came to him. *I could keep on, he thought. I could run on and on and never look back, never need to see his face again. Only I can't. I can't,* the rusted can in his hand now, the liquid splashing in it as he ran back to the house and into it, into the sound of his mother's weeping in the next room, and handed the can to his father.

"Ain't you going to even send a nigger?" he cried. "At least you sent a nigger before!"

This time his father didn't strike him. The hand came even faster than the blow had, the same hand which had set the can on the table with almost excruciating care flashing from the can toward him too quick for him to follow it, gripping him by the back of the shirt and on to tiptoe before he had seen it quit the can, the face stooping at him in breathless and frozen ferocity, the cold, dead voice speaking over him to the older brother who leaned against the table, chewing with that steady, curious, sidewise motion of cows:

"Empty the can into the big one and go on. I'll ketch up with you."

"Better tie him to the bedpost," the brother said.

"Do like I told you," the father said. Then the boy was moving, his bunched shirt and the hard, bony hand between his shoulder-blades, his toes just touching the floor, across the room and into the other one, past the sisters sitting with spread heavy thighs in the two

chairs over the cold hearth, and to where his mother and aunt sat side by side on the bed, the aunt's arms about his mother's shoulders.

"Hold him," the father said. The aunt made a startled movement. "Not you," the father said. "Lennie. Take hold of him. I want to see you do it." His mother took him by the wrist. "You'll hold him better than that. If he gets loose don't you know what he is going to do? He will go up yonder." He jerked his head toward the road. "Maybe I'd better tie him."

"I'll hold him," his mother whispered.

"See you do then." Then his father was gone, the stiff foot heavy and measured upon the boards, ceasing at last.

Then he began to struggle. His mother caught him in both arms, he jerking and wrenching at them. He would be stronger in the end, he knew that. But he had no time to wait for it. "Lemme go!" he cried. "I don't want to have to hit you!"

"Let him go!" the aunt said. "If he don't go, before God, I am going up there myself!"

"Don't you see I can't?" his mother cried. "Sarty! Sarty! No! No! Help me, Lizzie!"

Then he was free. His aunt grasped at him but was too late. He whirled, running, his mother stumbled forward on to her knees behind him, crying to the nearer sister: "Catch him, Net! Catch him!" But that was too late too, the sister (the sisters were twins, born at the same time, yet either of them now gave the impression of being, encompassing as much living meat and volume and weight as any other two of the family) not yet having begun to rise from the chair, her head, face, alone merely turned, presenting to him in the flying instant an astonishing expanse of young female features untroubled by any surprise even, wearing only an expression of bovine interest. Then he was out of the room, out of the house, in the mild dust of the starlit road and the heavy rifelessness of honeysuckle, the pale ribbon unspooling with terrific slowness under his running feet, reaching the gate at last and turning in, running, his heart and lungs drumming, on up the drive toward the lighted house, the lighted door. He did not knock, he burst in, sobbing for breath, incapable for the moment of speech; he saw the astonished face of the Negro in the linen jacket without knowing when the Negro had appeared.

"De Spain!" he cried, panted. "Where's..." then he saw the white man too emerging from a white door down the hall. "Barn!" he cried. "Barn!"

"What?" the white man said. "Barn?"

"Yes!" the boy cried. "Barn!"

"Catch him!" the white man shouted.

But it was too late this time too. The Negro grasped his shirt, but the entire sleeve, rotten with washing, carried away, and he was out that door too and in the drive again, and had actually never ceased to run even while he was screaming into the white man's face.

Behind him the white man was shouting, "My horse! Fetch my horse!" and he thought for an instant of cutting across the park and climbing the fence into the road, but he did not know the park nor how high the vine-massed fence might be and he dared not risk it. So he ran on down the drive, blood and breath roaring; presently he was in the road again though he could not see it. He could not hear either: the galloping mare was almost upon him before he heard her, and even then he held his course, as if the urgency of his wild grief and need must in a moment more find him wings, waiting until the ultimate instant to hurl himself aside and into the weed-choked roadside ditch as the horse thundered past and on, for an instant in furious silhouette against the stars, the tranquil early summer night sky which, even before the shape of the horse and rider vanished, strained abruptly and violently upward: a long, swirling roar incredible and soundless, blotting the stars, and he springing up and into the road again, running again, knowing it was too late yet still running even after he heard the shot and, an instant later, two shots, pausing now without knowing he had ceased to run, crying "Pap! Pap!," running again before he knew he had begun to run, stumbling, tripping over something and scrabbling up again without ceasing to run, looking backward over his shoulder at the glare as he got up, running on among the invisible trees, panting, sobbing, "Father! Father!"

At midnight he was sitting on the crest of a hill. He did not know it was midnight and he did not know how far he had come. But there was no glare behind him now and he sat now, his back toward what he had called home for four days anyhow, his face toward the dark woods which he would enter when breath was strong again, small, shaking steadily in the chill darkness, hugging himself into the remainder of his thin, rotten shirt, the grief and despair now no longer terror and fear but just grief and despair. *Father. My father*, he thought. "He was brave!" he cried suddenly, aloud but not loud, no more than a whisper: "He was! He was in the war! He was in Colonel Sartoris' cav'ry!" not knowing that his father had gone to that war a private in the fine old European sense, wearing no uniform,

admitting the authority of and giving fidelity to no man or army or flag, going to war as Malbrouck himself did: for booty - it meant nothing and less than nothing to him if it were enemy booty or his own.

The slow constellations wheeled on. It would be dawn and then sun-up after a while and he would be hungry. But that would be to-morrow and now he was only cold, and walking would cure that. His breathing was easier now and he decided to get up and go on, and then he found that he had been asleep because he knew it was almost dawn, the night almost over. He could tell that from the whippoorwills. They were everywhere now among the dark trees below him, constant and inflectioned and ceaseless, so that, as the instant for giving over to the day birds drew nearer and nearer, there was no interval at all between them. He got up. He was a little stiff, but walking would cure that too as it would the cold, and soon there would be the sun. He went on down the hill, toward the dark woods within which the liquid silver voices of the birds called unceasing - the rapid and urgent beating of the urgent and quiring heart of the late spring night. He did not look back.

### 燒馬房

#### Barn Burning

治安官借用雜貨店當坐堂問案，店裡有一股乳酪味。捧著帽子、蜷著身子坐在人頭濟濟的店堂後邊的孩子，覺得不但聞到一股乳酪味，還聞到了別的味兒。他坐在那裡，看得見那一排排貨架上密密麻麻地擺滿了罐頭，看上去都是矮墩墩、結結實實、神定氣足的樣子，他暗暗認過罐頭上貼的招牌紙，可不是認招牌紙上的字，他半個大字也不認識，他認的是上面畫的鮮紅的辣子烤肉和銀白色的彎彎的魚。他不但聞到了乳酪味，而且肚子裡覺得似乎還嗅到了罐頭肉的味道，這兩股氣味不時一陣陣送來，卻總如曇花一現，轉瞬即逝，於是便只剩下另一股老是縈迴不散的味兒，不但有那麼一股味兒，而且還有那麼一種感覺，叫人感到有點恐懼不安，而更多的則是傷心絕望，心口又跟從前一樣，覺得一腔熱血在往上直衝。他看不見治安官當做公案的那張桌子，爸爸和爸爸的仇人就在那桌跟前站著呢。（他就是在那種絕望的心情下暗暗地想：那可是我們的仇人，是我們的！不光是他的，也是我的！他是我的爸爸啊！）雖然看不見他們，卻聽得見他們說話，其實也只能說聽得見他們兩個人在說話，因為爸爸還沒有開過口。

「哈瑞斯先生，那你有什麼證據呢？」

「我已經說過了。他的豬來吃我的玉米。第一次叫我逮住，我送還給了他。可他那

個柵欄根本圈不住豬。我就對他說了，叫他防著點兒。第二次我把豬關在我的豬圈裡。他來領回去的時候，我還送給他好大一捆鐵絲，讓他回去把豬圈好好修一修。第三次我只好把豬留了下來，代他餵養。我趕到他家裡一看，我給他的鐵絲根本原封不動捲在筒子上，扔在院子裡。我對他說，他只要付一塊錢飼養費，就可以把豬領回去。那天黃昏就有個黑鬼拿了一塊錢，來把豬領走了。那個黑鬼我從來沒有見過。他說：'他要我關照你，說是木頭乾草，一點就著。『我說：'你說什麼？'那黑鬼說：'他要我關照你的就是這麼一句話：木頭乾草，一點就著。』'當天夜裡我的馬棚果然起了火。牲口是救了出來，可馬棚都燒光了。」

「那黑鬼在哪兒？你找到了他沒有？」

「那黑鬼我以前從來沒有見過，沒錯。我不知道他跑到哪兒去了。」

「這可不能算是證據。不能算證據，明白嗎？」

「把那孩子叫來問問好了。他知道的。」孩子起初也只當這是指他的哥哥，可是哈瑞斯馬上又接著說：「不是他。是小的一個。是那個孩子。」蜷縮在後邊的孩子，看見他和那桌子之間的人堆裡立刻裂開一條道兒來，兩邊兩排鐵板的臉，道兒盡頭就是鬢髮半白、戴著眼鏡的治安官，沒戴硬領，一副寒酸相，正在那裡招手叫他。孩子矮小得跟他的年紀很不相稱，可也跟他父親一樣矮小而結實，打了補丁的褪色的工裝褲穿在他身上都還嫌小，一頭髮根直豎的棕髮蓬鬆稀亂，灰色的眼睛怒氣沖沖，好像雷雨前的狂風。他看見招手叫他，頓時覺得光禿禿的腳板下像是沒有了地板；他一步步走去時，那兩排一齊扭過頭來衝著他看的鐵板的臉分明似千斤重擔壓在他身上。他爸爸穿著體面的黑外套（不是爲了出庭聽審，是爲了搬家），直挺挺地站在那裡，對他一眼也不瞅。那種要命的傷心絕望的感覺又梗在心頭，他心想：他是要我撒謊呢，這個謊我不能不撒了。

治安官問了：「孩子，你叫什麼名字？」

孩子低聲答道：「上校沙多瑞斯·斯諾普斯。」

「啊？」治安官說，「大聲點說。'上校沙多瑞斯'？在我們本地用沙多瑞斯上校的名字做名字的人，我想總不能不說實話吧？」孩子沒有吭聲，心裡一個勁兒地想：仇人！仇人！眼睛裡一時竟什麼都看不見了，所以他沒有瞧見那治安官的神色其實倒很和

藹，也沒有聽出治安官是以不安的口吻問這個叫哈瑞斯的人的：「你要我問這個孩子？」不過這句話他倒是聽見了，隨後的幾秒鐘過得好慢，這擠滿了人的小店裡除了緊張的悄聲呼吸以外，再沒有一絲聲息，他覺得就像抓住了一根葡萄藤的梢頭，像打鞦韆一樣往外一盪，飛到了萬丈深淵的上空，就在盪到這最高點時，地心似乎霎時失去了吸力，於是他就一直凌空掛在那裡，感覺不到時間的流逝。

「算了算了！」哈瑞斯暴跳如雷，氣勢洶洶地說道，「該死！打發他走吧。」於是孩子立刻覺得那流體般的時間又在他腳下飛快流去，那乳酪味和罐頭肉味，那恐懼和絕望，那由來已久的熱血上湧的苦惱，又都紛至沓來，在一片紛紜之中還傳來了人聲：

「這個案子就此了結。斯諾普斯，我雖然不能判你的罪，但是我還是勸你離開本地，以後別再來了。」

爸爸第一次開了口，聲音冰冷而刺耳，平平板板，沒有一點輕重：「我是要搬走。老實說有的地方我也真不想住下去，盡碰到些……。」接下去的話真下流得無法落筆，不過這話倒不是衝著哪個人說的。

「那就好。」治安官說，「天黑以前就趕著你的馬車走吧。現在宣佈，本案不予受理。」

爸爸轉過身來，於是孩子就跟著那硬邦邦的黑外套走去。爸爸雖然是個精悍個子，走路卻不太靈便，那是因為三十年前偷了匹馬逃跑時，腳後跟上挨了南軍糾察隊的一顆槍彈。一轉眼他的面前突然變成了兩個背影，原來他哥哥不知從哪兒的人堆裡鑽了出來，哥哥也只有爸爸那麼高，體格可粗壯些，成天嚼那嚼不完的菸葉。他們走過了那兩排面孔鐵板的人，出了店堂，穿過破落的前廊，跨下凹陷的台階，迎面只見一些小狗和不大的孩子踩在那五月的鬆軟的塵土裡。正當他走過時，聽見有個聲音在悄悄地罵：

「燒馬棚的賊！」

他猛地轉過身去，眼睛卻看不清東西了；只覺得一團紅霧裡有一張臉兒，好似月亮，卻比滿月還大，那臉兒的主人則比自己還要矮上一半，他就對準那張臉兒往紅霧裡撲去，雖然腦袋撞了個嘴啃泥，卻覺得並沒有挨打，也並不害怕，就爬起來再縱身撲去，這次還是一拳也沒挨打，也沒有嚐到血的滋味，等到再一骨碌爬起來，只見那個孩子已經沒命地逃跑了，他拔起腿來追了上去，可是爸爸的手卻一把把他拉了回來，那刺耳的冰冷聲音在他頭頂上說：「去，到馬車上去。」



馬車停在大路對面一片刺槐和桑樹叢中。他那兩個腰圓身粗的姐姐都是一副假日打扮，媽媽和姨媽則身著花布衣，頭戴遮陽帽，她們早已都上了馬車，坐在傢俱雜物堆中。連孩子都記得，他們先後已經搬過十多次家了，搬來搬去就只剩下這些可憐巴巴的東西——舊爐子、破床破椅、嵌珍珠母的時鐘，那鐘還是媽媽當年的嫁妝呢，也記不得從哪年哪月哪日起，就停在兩點十四分左右，再也不走了。媽媽這會兒正在流淚，一瞧見孩子，趕緊用袖子抹了下臉，就要爬下車去。爸爸卻叫住了她：「上去！」

「他受傷啦。我得去打點水，給他洗一洗……。」

爸爸卻還是說：「回車上去！」孩子爬過後擋板，也上了車。爸爸爬到趕車的座兒上，在哥哥身邊坐了下來，拿起去皮的柳條，朝瘦驢身上猛抽了兩下，不過這倒不是他心裡有火，甚至也不是存心要折磨折磨牲畜。這脾氣，正彷彿多少年以後他的後代在開動汽車之前總要先讓引擎拼命打上一陣空轉一樣，他總是一手揮鞭，一手勒住牲口。馬車往前趕去，那個雜貨店，還有那一大堆人板著面孔默默看著，都給丟在後頭了，一會兒路拐了個彎，這些就全瞧不見了。孩子心想：永遠看不見了。他這該滿意了吧，他可不是已經……想到這裡他馬上打住了，下面的話他對自己都不敢說出口。媽媽的手按在他肩頭上了。

「痛嗎？」媽媽問。

「不，」他說，「不痛。甭管我。」

「看血都結塊了，你幹嗎不早点擦一擦呢？」

「等今晚好好洗一洗吧。」他說，「甭管我了，放心好啦。」

馬車只顧往前趕。他不知道他們要上哪兒去。他們從來沒人知道，誰也從來不問，因為馬車走上一兩天、兩三天，總會來到個什麼地方，總有一所這樣那樣的房子等著他們。大概他爸爸事先已經安排好了，到另一個農莊耕種，所以這才……想到這裡他又不得不打住了。爸爸總來這一套。不過，只要事情有一半以上的把握，爸爸幹起事來就潑辣而有主見，甚至還頗有些魄力。這是很能使陌生人動心的，彷彿

佛他們見了潛藏在他胸中的這股兇悍的猛勁，倒不是覺得很可靠，而是覺得，這個人死死認定自己幹的事決錯不了，誰只要跟他利益一致，準也可以得到些好處似的。

當夜他們露宿在一個小林子裡，那是一片橡樹和山毛櫸，旁邊有一道清泉。夜裡還是很冷，他們就生了堆火擋擋寒氣，正好附近有一道柵欄，就取了一根橫條，劈成幾段當柴燒——火堆不大，堆得很俐落，簡直有點小家子氣，總之，那手法相當精明；爸爸的一貫作風就是只燒這樣的小火堆，哪怕在滴水成冰的天氣裡也是這樣。到年紀大些以後，孩子也許就會注意到這一點，會想不透：火堆為什麼不能燒得大一些？爸爸這個人，不僅親眼見過打仗的破壞糜費，而且血液裏天生有一種愛憐他人之慨的揮霍無度的本性，為什麼眼前有東西可燒卻不燒個痛快呢？他也許還會進而想到有這麼一個理由：在那四年工夫裡<sup>①</sup>，爸爸老是牽了一群群馬（爸爸稱之為繳獲的馬）藏在樹林裡，見人就躲（不管是穿藍的還是穿灰的），那小家子氣的火堆就是他賴以度過漫漫長夜的活命果子。到年紀再大些以後，孩子也許就看出真正的原因來了：原來爸爸心底深處有那麼個動力的泉源，最愛的是火的力量，正像有人愛刀槍火藥的力量一樣，爸爸認為只有靠火的力量才能保持自身的完整，不然強撐著這口氣也是白白的活著，因此對火應當尊重，用火也應當謹慎。

不過現在他還想不到這一層，他只覺得他從小到現在，看到的總是這麼小家子氣的一堆火。他只管坐在火堆旁吃他的晚飯，爸爸來叫他時，他捧著鐵盤子，已經迷迷糊糊快要睡著了，於是只好又跟著那直挺挺的背影，隨著那生硬而嚴峻的顛顛跛跛的步子，上了高坡，來到了灑滿星光的大路上，一轉頭，只見爸爸背對著星空，看不見臉兒，也辨不出厚薄——就是那麼一個一抹黑的剪影，身穿鐵甲似的大禮服（分明不是他自己定做的），像白鐵皮剪成的人形兒一樣扁扁的、死板板的，連聲音也像白鐵皮一樣刺耳，像白鐵皮一樣沒有一點熱情：

「你打算當堂說了。你差一點就都對他說了。」

他沒應聲。爸爸在他腦袋邊上打了一巴掌，打得很重，不過卻並沒有生氣的意思，正如在雜貨店門口他把那兩頭騾子抽了兩鞭一樣，也正如他爲了要打死一隻馬蠅，會隨手抄起一根棍子來往騾子身上打去一樣。爸爸接下去說的話，還是一點不激動，也一點沒冒火：「你快要長成個大人了。你得學著點兒。你得學會固守自己的血統，要不你就會落得沒有血統可以固守。今早上那兩個人，還有堂上的那一幫人，你看有哪一個會呢？你難道不知道，他們就巴不得找個機會來捅我，因爲他們知道他們搞不過我。懂嗎？」孩子在二十年以後倒是思量過這件事：「我那時要是說他們不過想搞清真相，主持公道，那準又得挨他的打。」不過當時他沒有說答腔，也沒有哭。他就默默地站在那裡。爸爸說了：「答腔呀？」

「懂了。」他小聲說。爸爸於是就轉過臉去。

「回去睡吧。明天我們就可以到了。」

第二天果然就到了。過午不久，馬車就停在一所沒有上過漆的雙房小屋前，孩子今年十歲，十年來馬車在這種模樣的小屋前就先後停過了十多回，這回也還跟以前的那十多次一樣，是媽媽和姨媽下了車，把東西搬下車來，兩個姐姐、爸爸和哥哥都一動不動。

「這屋子只怕連豬也住不得呢。」一個姐姐說。

「怎麼住不得呢，你住著就喜歡了，包你不想再走了。」爸爸說，「別盡在椅子裡坐著啦，快幫你媽搬東西去。」

兩個姐姐都是胖大個兒，其笨如牛，爬下車來時，滿身的廉價絲帶飄拂成一片；一個從亂糟糟的車肚子裡掏出一盞破提燈來，另一個則抽出了一把舊掃帚。爸爸把韁繩交給大兒子，不大靈便地從車頭上爬了下來。「等他們卸完了，你就把牲口牽到馬棚裡去餵一餵。」說完他喊了一聲，孩子起初以為那還是衝著哥哥說的呢：「跟我來。」

「叫我嗎？」孩子說。

「對，叫你！」爸爸說。

「阿伯納！」媽媽這時喊著爸爸。爸爸停了腳步，回過頭去——那火性十足的日漸花白的濃眉下，筆直地射出兩道嚴厲的目光。

「從明天起人家就要做我八個月的主子了，我想我總得先去找他說句話。」他們又返身順著大路走去。要是在一個星期以前——應該說要是就在昨晚以前——孩子一定會問帶他上哪兒去，可是現在他就不問了。在昨晚以前爸爸不是沒有打過他，可是以前從來沒有打了他還要說明道理的；那一巴掌，那一巴掌以後的沉靜而蠻

橫的話聲，彷彿至今還在耳邊迴響，給他的惟一啓示就是人小不濟事。他這點年紀實在無足輕重，索性再輕一些倒也可以遵命飛離人世，可偏偏飛又飛不起，說重又不重，不能在人世牢牢地站定腳跟，更談不上起而反抗，設法扭轉人世間事情的發展了。

不一會兒他就看見了一片橡杉間雜的小樹林，還有其他一些花開似錦的大樹小樹，宅子按說就是在這種地方，不過現在還看不見。他們沿著一道攀滿忍冬和金櫻子的籬笆走去，來到一扇洞開的大門前，兩邊有兩道磚砌的門柱，他這才看見門後一彎車道的盡頭就是那座宅子。他一見頓時就忘了爸爸以及心頭的恐懼和絕望，後來雖然又想起了爸爸（爸爸並沒有停下腳步），那恐懼和絕望的感覺卻再也不來了。因為，他們雖然也先後搬過十多次家，可是以前始終旅居在一個貧苦的地方，無論農莊、田地還是住宅，規模都不大，像眼前這樣的一座宅第，他還從來沒有見過。大得真像個官府呢——他暗自想著，心裡不覺頓時安定起來，感到一陣欣喜，這原因他是無法組織成言語的，他還太小，還說不上來。其實這原因就是：爸爸惹不了他們了。生活在這樣安寧而體面的世界裡的人，他別想去碰；在他們的面前他只是一隻嗡嗡的黃蜂，大不了把人蜇一下罷了。這個安寧而體面的世界自有一股魔力，就算他想盡辦法放上一把小小的火，這裏大大小小的馬棚牛棚也決燒不掉一根毫毛。……他又望著那直挺挺的黑色的背影，看見了那生硬而堅定的顛顛跛跛的步子，他這種安心而歡喜的感覺一時間又消失了。爸爸的身影並沒有因為到了這樣的宅第跟前而顯得矮上三分，因為他到哪兒也沒有顯得高大過，倒是如今襯著這一派圓柱聳立的寧靜的背景，反而越發顯出了那種我自無動於衷的氣概，彷彿是懷著鐵石心腸從白鐵皮上剪下的一個人形兒，薄薄的一片，斜對著太陽的話簡直連個影子都不會有似的。孩子冷眼看著，發覺爸爸只顧朝一個方向走去，腳下絕不肯有半點偏離。車道上拴過馬，有一堆新鮮馬糞，爸爸明明只要挪一挪腳步，就可以讓過，可是他看見那隻不靈便的腳卻偏偏不偏不斜一腳踩在糞堆裡。不過那種安心而歡喜的感覺過了片刻就又恢復了。他一路走去，簡直叫這座宅第給迷上了，這麼一座宅第給他的話他也要的，不過沒有的話他也並不眼紅，並不傷心，更不會像前面那一位那樣——他不知道前面那個穿著鐵甲般的黑外套的人，卻是妒火中燒，真恨不得一口吞下肚去呢。孩子這時候的心情，可惜他也無法用言語來表白：或許爸爸也會感受到這股魔力呢。他先前幹的那號事，可能也是身不由己，或許這一下就可以叫他改一改了。

他們穿過了門廊，現在他聽見父親那隻不靈便的腳像時鐘一樣一板一眼的一下下蹬在地板上，聲音跟身子的移動幅度一點也不相稱，這雪白的門也並沒有使爸爸的身影矮上三分，彷彿爸爸已經憋著一腔兇焰惡氣，把身子縮得不能再縮了，說什麼也不能再矮上一分一毫了——他不在乎頭上那寬邊黑帽已經癩了，不在乎身上那原是黑色的絨呢外套已經磨得泛出了淺綠色的亮光，好像老蒼蠅一般，不在乎抬起臂膀就顯得袖管太大，也不在乎舉起手來就活像拳曲的腳爪。門開得快極了，孩子知道那黑人一定早就在裡面看著他們的一舉一動。那是個黑老頭，花白的頭髮梳得整整齊齊，

身上穿一件亞麻布夾克，他一開門出來就用身子把門口堵住，說道：「白人，你把腳擦一擦再進來。少校現在沒在家。」

「滾開，黑鬼。」爸爸的口氣裡還是沒有一點火氣，說著把那黑人連人帶門往裡一推，帽子也沒摘下就走了進去。孩子看見那隻不靈便的腳已經在門框邊上留下了腳印，看見那機器般不慌不忙的跛腳過處，淺色的地毯上出現了一個個腳印，似乎壓在那腳上的分量（也就是一腳踩下去的分量）足有他體重的兩倍。那黑人在他們背後什麼地方狂喊：「蘿拉小姐！蘿拉小姐！」孩子看見優雅的一彎鋪毯回梯、這頂上熠熠耀眼的枝形吊燈、這描金畫框的柔和光彩，早已被一股暖流淹沒了，隨著喊聲他聽見了一陣匆匆的腳步聲，也看見了一位女士。像這樣的一位貴婦人，他恐怕也是從來沒有見過的：身上穿一件光亮柔滑的灰色長袍，領口繡著花邊，腰上繫著一條圍裙，捲起了袖子，一邊拿毛巾擦著手上的糕餅生麵糰，一邊來到穿堂裡，可是一進來她的眼光卻不是看著爸爸，而是直盯著那淺色地毯上的一串足跡，一副神情吃驚得像是不敢相信自己的眼睛。

「我攔他沒攔住。」那黑人急得直叫，「我叫他……」

「請你出去好不好？」貴婦人的聲音都發抖了。「德·斯班少校不在家。請你出去好不好？」

爸爸沒有再開過口。他也不再開口了。他連一眼都沒有看那貴婦人。他就那樣戴著帽子，直挺挺地站在地毯的中央，只見那鵝卵石色的眼睛上方，兩撇鐵灰色的濃眉微微抽動了一下，似乎此刻他才審慎地把屋子仔細打量了一下。然後他又同樣審慎地轉過身來；孩子看見他是以那條好腿作為支點，用那隻不靈便的腳費勁地畫了個圓弧，這才轉了過來，在地毯上最後留下了一道長長的淡淡的汗跡。爸爸對自己留下的腳印看也不看，他始終沒有低頭朝地毯上看過一眼。那黑人拉開門頂著。他們剛跨出門去，後邊門就關上了，還傳來一聲女人歇斯底里的號叫，卻聽不分明。爸爸走到台階前停了一下，就著台階邊把靴子擦乾淨。到大門口他又停了下來，在那裡站了一會兒，一隻腳不靈便，站著也顯得僵硬的。他回頭望著那所宅第，說道：「雪白的，很漂亮，是不是？那是汗水澆成的，黑鬼的汗水澆成的。也許他還嫌不夠白，不大中意呢。也許他還想澆上點白人的汗水呢。」

兩小時以後，孩子在小屋後邊劈木柴，媽媽、姨媽和兩個姐姐則在屋裡生火做飯（他知道這準是媽媽和姨媽的份兒，那兩個大姑娘哪裡肯動手呢；離得這麼遠，還隔著垛牆，照樣還覺得她倆那無聊的大聲聒噪散發出一股不可救藥的怠惰的氣息）。孩子

正劈著木柴，忽然聽見了馬蹄聲，看見一匹上等的栗色母馬，馬上坐著個只穿襯衣的人——他一看這人就明白了，果然立刻又看見後面跟著一匹肥壯的紅棕色的拉車大馬，騎馬的年輕黑人腿前有一卷地毯。他看見前面那人怒火直冒，臉漲得通紅，飛快地直馳而來，一下子就消失在屋前，爸爸和哥哥這會兒正好搬了兩張歪椅子在屋前歇著呢；才一眨眼工夫，簡直連斧頭都還沒來得及放下，他就又聽見馬蹄聲響，眼看那匹栗色母馬從院子裡退了出去，早又撒開四蹄疾馳如飛了。接著爸爸就大聲喊起一個姐姐的名字來，一會兒這姐姐就拉住那卷地毯的一頭，一路順地拖著，從廚房門裡倒退著走了出來，另一個姐姐跟在地毯後面。

「你要不肯抬，就去把洗衣鍋架起來。」前面那個姐姐說。

「嗨，沙提②！」後面那個姐姐馬上喊道，「快把洗衣鍋架起來！」爸爸聞聲來到門口，如今他背後完全是一副破落光景，跟剛才他面前的一派富貴風流景像不可同日而語，不過這些反正都影響不了他。他肩後露出了媽媽焦急的臉。

「快去抬起來。」爸爸說。兩個姐姐彎下腰去，一副臃腫相，有氣無力；她們彎著腰，看去就像一塊其大無比的白布，繫著一條條花裏胡哨的絲帶，飄成一片。

「我真要把塊地毯當做寶貝，老遠的從法國弄來，我就決不會鋪在那種礙腳的地方，叫人家一進門就得踩上。」前面那個姐姐說。她們終於把地毯抬起來了。

媽媽說：「阿伯納，讓我去弄吧。」

「你回去做飯，」爸爸說，“我來看著。”

孩子一邊劈木柴，一邊就這樣看了他們一下午，只見地毯攤平在地上的塵土裡，旁邊是泡沫翻滾的洗衣鍋，兩個姐姐老大不願意地懶洋洋伏在地毯上，爸爸毫不容情地鐵板著臉，時而盯著這個，時而盯著那個，儘管再也沒有吭聲，卻盯得很緊。孩子聞到了他們鍋裡的那一股刺鼻的土鹼液味兒，看見媽媽有一次來到門口，探頭朝他們那邊張望了一下，媽媽現在的神情已經不是焦急，而很像是絕望了。他看見爸爸轉過身去，等他又掄起斧頭時，從眼梢角裏還瞟見爸爸打地上拾起一塊扁扁的碎石片兒，仔細看了看，又回到鍋邊，這一回媽媽說的竟是：「阿伯納，阿伯納，請別這麼做。我求求你，阿伯納。」

後來他的活兒也幹完了。天已薄暮，夜鷹早已啼過幾遍。他聞到屋裡飄出一股咖啡香，平日到這時候他們往往就吃一些午飯吃剩下的冷菜冷飯，可是今天一進屋去，卻看見他們又在喝咖啡了，大概是因為爐子裡有火的緣故吧。爐子跟前擺著兩張椅

子，那攤開的地毯就架在兩個椅背上。地毯上已經看不見爸爸的腳印了。原來沾著髒跡的地方，如今是長長的一攤攤水浸的殘痕，像是有一台小小的割草機在上面東割了一塊、西割了一塊似的。

他們吃冷飯的時候，地毯照舊搭在那兒，後來大家都去睡覺了，而地毯還是搭在那兒。兩間屋裡到處是橫七豎八的床鋪，沒有一點秩序，床鋪也沒有一定的主兒。一張床上睡著媽媽，呆會兒爸爸也就睡在那裡，另一張床上睡的是哥哥，他和姨媽以及兩個姐姐則打地鋪睡草蓆。不過爸爸還沒有去睡。孩子臨睡前看見爸爸戴著那頂帽子、穿著那件辨不出厚薄的外套的刺眼的剪影正俯伏在地毯上；他依稀覺得自己濛濛矓矓似乎還沒有合眼，那黑影卻已經矗立在他身旁了，背後的爐火差不多已經熄滅了，那隻不靈便的腳也來踢醒他了。「去牽頭騾子來。」爸爸說。

孩子牽了騾子回來，看見爸爸站在黑糊糊的門洞裡，卷攏的地毯扛在肩上。孩子說：「你不騎嗎？」

「不騎。把腳伸上來。」

孩子屈起膝頭，讓爸爸用手托住，只覺得一股驚人的強勁的力量緩緩地透體而入，帶著他升騰而起，把他送到了那沒鞍的騾背上（他記得他們過去也有過一副鞍子，不過記不得那是何時何地的事了）。接著爸爸又同樣輕而易舉地抱起地毯往上一甩，一下子就送到了孩子的腿前。藉著星光，他們又順著白天的老路走去，走過忍冬遍生、塵土滿地的大路，進了大門，沿著那黑坑道一般的車道，來到了上下一片漆黑的宅第跟前。孩子坐在騾子上，覺得那粗糙的地毯在大腿上一擦就不見了。

他低聲說：「要我幫忙嗎？」爸爸沒有應聲，於是他又聽見那隻不靈便的腳一聲聲蹬著空蕩蕩的門廊，還是那樣不慌不忙卻又那樣刻板生硬，還是那樣勁頭大到簡直放肆的地步。孩子在黑地裡也看得出來，爸爸肩上的地毯不是扔下去的，而是推下去的，地毯在牆角上一彈又落到了地板上，聲音大得真叫人不敢相信，好像打了個響雷，接著又是那腳步聲，從容不迫，響得出奇。宅子裡隨即亮起了一抹燈光，孩子坐在騾子上，內心緊張起來，呼吸倒還均勻平靜，就是快了一點。可是聽那腳步聲卻始終沒有加快節奏——腳步聲這時候已經從台階上下來了；一會兒孩子就看見爸爸到了跟前。

他低聲問：「你不騎上來嗎？這下子兩個人都能騎了。」正說著，宅子裡的燈光有了動靜：先是倏地一亮，隨即又暗了下去。他心想：那人下樓來了。他早已把騾子

趕到了踏腳台③旁；一會兒爸爸就上來坐在他的背後，他把韁繩理齊疊起，朝騾脖頸上一抽，可是牲口還沒有來得及撒開快步，那瘦細而結實的胳膊已經從他身邊伸了過來，只覺得那節疤累累的結實的手把韁繩一拉，騾子立刻又慢慢兒走了。

天邊剛剛吐出火紅的霞光，他們就已經在地裡給騾子套犁了。這次那栗色母馬來到地裡，孩子可是一點響聲都沒有聽見；那騎馬人沒戴硬領，連帽子都沒戴，渾身直震，說話的聲音都發了抖，跟昨兒大宅子裡那個女人一個樣；爸爸正在扣軛棒，只抬頭望了一眼，又彎下腰去幹他的了，所以那個騎馬人是衝著他彎倒的背在說話：

「你可得放明白點兒，地毯已經叫你給弄壞了。這裡沒有人了嗎？連個女人都沒有嗎？」……他打住了，渾身還是震個不停，孩子只顧看著他，哥哥這時也從馬棚門裡探出了身來，嘴裡嚼著菸葉，慢悠悠地不斷眨著眼，顯然並不是因為有什麼事叫他看得吃驚。「這張地毯值一百塊錢，可是你自出娘胎還不曾有過一百塊錢。你也永遠休想有一百塊錢，所以我要在你的收成裡扣二十蒲式耳④玉米作為賠償。這一條要在契約裡補上去，回頭你到糧庫去，就去簽個字。這雖然消不了德·斯班太太的氣，卻可以教訓教訓你：下次再到她的公館裡去，可要把你的腳擦乾淨點兒。」

說完他就走了。孩子看了看爸爸，爸爸還是一言不發，連頭也沒有再抬一下，他此刻是在那裡埋頭弄銷子，要把軛棒套套結實。

孩子叫了聲：「爹！」爸爸望了他一眼——還是那副莫測高深的臉色，兩道濃眉下灰色的眼珠閃著冷冷的光。孩子突然急步向爸爸奔去，可又同樣突然地站住了。他嚷道：「你洗得也算用心的了！他要不喜歡這樣洗，上次為什麼不說說明白該怎麼洗呢？這二十蒲式耳玉米可不能賠給他！屁也不能賠給他！到時候收了莊稼就都藏起來！我來守著好了……」

「我叫你把割草刀跟那堆收拾好的傢夥放在一起，你去放好了嗎？」

「還沒有，爹。」他說。

「那麼快去放好。」

那是星期三的事。從這天起他就一個勁兒地幹活，不停地幹到週末；幹得了的活兒



他幹，有些幹不了的活兒他也一樣幹，用不到逼著他，也用不到催促他，他幹的就是這樣勤奮；他這都是學的媽媽，不過他跟媽媽卻也有些不一樣：他幹的活兒，至少有一些是他喜歡的，比如他就喜歡拿那把小斧頭去劈木頭——這把小斧頭還是媽媽和姨媽掙得了錢（也可能是從哪兒省下了錢），買來作為聖誕禮物送給他的。他跟兩位老太太一起（有一天下午連一個姐姐也來參加了），把豬圈和牛欄搭了起來，因為爸爸跟地主訂的文契裡也有養豬牧牛這兩條。有一天下午，爸爸騎了一頭騾子不知上哪兒去了，孩子看爸爸不在，就到地裡去幹活。

他們這一回使的是一把雙壁犁，哥哥扶著犁柄，他牽韁繩。他跟著拼足了勁的騾子在一旁走，破開的肥沃的黑土落在光腳背上，覺得又涼又濕，他心裡想：說不定這一下倒可以徹底解決了。爲了這麼一張地毯賠上二十蒲式耳，雖然好像有點難受，可是只要他能從此改掉那個老脾氣，再也不像從前似的，花上二十蒲式耳說不定還劃得來呢。想著想著，不覺想入非非了，弄得哥哥只好對他猛喝一聲，叫他當心騾子。他幻想連連：也許到時候一算賬，都抵了個精光，那就玩兒完了——什麼玉米，什麼地毯，乾脆來一把火！可怕啊！痛苦啊！簡直像被兩輛四掛大車兩邊綁住，兩頭一齊往外拉！——沒指望了！完蛋了，永遠永遠完蛋了！

轉眼到了星期六。他正在埋頭給騾子套犁，從騾肚子底下抬頭一看，只見爸爸穿起了黑外套，戴上了帽子。爸爸說：「不要套犁，套車！」過了兩個鐘頭，爸爸和哥哥坐在車前，他坐在車廂裡，車子最後拐了個彎，他就看見了那飽經風雨的漆都沒上的雜貨店，牆上貼著些破破爛爛的香煙廣告和成藥廣告，廊下停著馬車，拴著坐騎。他跟在爸爸和哥哥的後面，登上那踏出了窪的台階，於是又遇上了那兩排看著不出一聲的臉，中間又讓出一條道兒來讓他們爺兒三個走過。他看見木板桌後面坐著的那個戴眼鏡的人，不說他也知道那是位治安官；前面還有一個人，就是他生平只見過兩次，兩次都騎著快馬的那一個，這一回卻戴上了硬領，還打起了領帶，臉上的表情倒不是怒氣沖衝，而是驚奇得不敢相信，孩子不可能曉得，那人是信天下竟有這樣豈有此理的事：他的佃戶居然敢來告他的狀。孩子擺出一副勢不兩立的神氣，狠狠地、得意地瞪了他一眼，走上前去，緊挨爸爸站著，向治安官大聲嚷道：「他沒幹呀！他沒燒呀... ..」

「回到馬車上去。」爸爸說。

「燒？」治安官說，“你是說這張地毯已經燒啦？”

「誰說燒來著？」爸爸說，「回到馬車上去。」可是孩子沒有去，他只是退到了店堂

的後邊，這店堂也跟上次那個店堂一樣擠，今天更是連個坐的地方都沒有，他只好挨挨擠擠地站在一動不動的人群中間，聽著堂上的問答：

「那麼你是認為要你拿二十蒲式耳玉米賠償他地毯的損失，數目太大了點？」

「他把地毯拿來給我，要我把上面的腳印洗掉。我就把腳印洗掉了，給他送了回去。」

「可是你給他送回去的地毯卻已經不是你踩上腳印以前的那個原樣了。」

爸爸一言不發，室裡悄悄地聽不到一點響動，持續了足有半分鐘之久。惟一的聲息就是呼吸——聚精會神側耳靜聽的那種輕微而均勻的深長的呼吸。

「你拒絕回答嗎，斯諾普斯先生？」爸爸還是不吭一聲。「我就判你敗訴了，斯諾普斯先生。我裁定，德·斯班少校的地毯是你損壞的，應該由你負責賠償。不過根據你目前的境況，要你賠償二十蒲式耳玉米似乎未免太苛刻了點。德·斯班少校說他這塊地毯值一百塊錢。到十月裡玉米的價格估計是五毛錢左右。我看，德·斯班少校的東西是過去買的，九十五塊錢的損失就由他承擔了吧，你的錢還沒有賺到手，那就讓你承擔五塊錢的損失。我裁定，到收穫季節你應該在契約規定以外，另從收成中提出十蒲式耳玉米繳給德·斯班少校作為賠償。退堂！」

這堂官司總共沒審多少工夫，看看天色還只是清早。孩子心想他們該回家了，也許該回去犁地了吧，因為莊稼人家早已都下了地，他們已經晚了。可是爸爸並沒有上車，卻從馬車後邊走了過去，只是用手打個手勢，叫哥哥牽著馬車跟在後邊，他自己就穿過大路，向對面的鐵匠鋪走去。孩子緊跟著爸爸，追到爸爸身旁，抬頭衝著褪色的舊帽子底下那張泰然自若的嚴厲的臉，輕聲說著：「十個蒲式耳也甭給他。連一個都不要給。咱們……」爸爸低頭瞥了他一眼，臉上的神情還是若無其事，兩撇花白的眉毛亂蓬蓬地遮在冷靜的眼睛上，說話的聲氣簡直很和藹，很輕柔：

「是嗎？好吧，反正到十月裡再說吧。」

修理馬車也花不了多久，無非有一兩根輻條要校校正，還有輪箍得緊一點，等到輪箍弄好以後，就把馬車趕到鐵匠鋪後面的小水澗裡，讓車子就停在那兒。騾子不時把鼻子伸進水裡，孩子乾捧著韁繩坐在車前的座兒上，抬眼望著斜坡頂上那黑煙囪一般的打鐵棚裡，只聽那裡鐵鎚叮噠，一聲聲不慌不忙，爸爸也就坐在那邊一個豎起的柏樹墩子上，好不自在，時而說上兩句，時而聽人講講，一直到孩子拉著濕淋淋的馬

車從小澗裡出來，在鐵匠鋪門前停好，爸爸還是坐在那兒沒動。

「牽去拴在蔭頭裏。」爸爸說。孩子拴好就回來了。原來爸爸同鐵匠，還有一個蹲在門口裡邊的人，正在那兒聊天，談莊稼，談牲口；孩子也就在這滿地發臭的塵土、蹄皮和銹屑之中蹲了下來，聽爸爸原原本本、慢條斯理地講他當年做職業馬販子時代的一段故事，那個時候連哥哥都還沒有出世呢。後來孩子走到雜貨店的那一頭，看見牆上有去年馬戲團的一張殘破的海報，那一匹匹棗紅大馬、那些蟬紗衣女郎和緊身衣女郎的驚險姿態和盤旋絕技，還有那紅鼻子白臉的丑角的鬼臉媚眼，正叫他默默地看得出神，不防爸爸卻來到了他身邊，對他說：「該吃飯啦。」

卻不是回家吃的。他靠著臨街的牆，蹲在哥哥的旁邊，看爸爸打雜貨店出來，從一隻紙袋裡掏出一塊幹乳酪，小心翼翼地用小刀一分為三，又從紙袋裡掏出幾把餅乾。爺兒三個就蹲在廊下，一聲不響，慢慢地吃；吃完又到店裡，借隻長柄錫勺喝了點不熱的水，水裡有一股杉木桶的氣味，還有一股山毛櫸樹的氣味。喝過了水還是沒回家。這次又到了一個養馬場上，只看見一道高高的柵欄，柵欄上坐著人，柵欄外站著人，一匹又一匹的駿馬從柵欄裡牽出來，到大路上先是遛遛蹄、跑跑步，隨後就往來不絕地奔馳，就這樣慢條斯理地談著買馬和換馬的交易，一直談到太陽漸漸平西，而他們爺兒三個卻一直看著聽著，哥哥兩眼矇？，嘴裡的煙草照例嚼個不停，爸爸不時對一些牲口品頭論足，可並不是說給誰聽的。

直到太陽下山以後，他們才到了家。在燈光下吃過了晚飯，孩子坐在門前的台階上，看夜幕終於完全罩上了。他正在聽夜鷹的啼叫和那一片蛙鳴，忽然聽見了媽媽的聲音：「阿伯納！幹不得！幹不得！哎呀，天哪！天哪！阿伯納呀！」他急忙站起來扭頭一看，從門裡看見屋內燈光換過了，如今桌上一隻瓶子的頸口裡點著一個蠟燭頭。爸爸依然戴著帽子穿著外套，顯得又正經又滑稽，彷彿是打扮得整整齊齊，好彬彬有禮地去行兇幹壞事似的；他把燈裡的油全部倒進那貯油的五加侖火油桶裡，媽媽拚死拉住了他的胳膊，他只好把燈遞到另一隻手裡，胳膊一甩，並不粗暴也並不兇悍，但是勁頭很猛，一下子就把她摔到了牆上，她張開雙手撲在牆上，好容易才沒有倒下，嘴巴張得大大的，滿臉是那種絕望、走投無路的神氣，跟她剛才的口氣完全是一個味兒。正在這時，爸爸看見孩子站在門口。

「到馬棚裡去把馬車加油用的那罐油拿來。」爸爸說。孩子沒動，半晌才開得出口來。

「你……你要幹什麼……？」他嚷了起來。

「去把那罐油拿來。」爸爸說，「去吧！」

孩子終於挪動了腿，一到屋外就拔腳向馬棚裡奔去，那老脾氣又來了，那古老的血痛又湧上來了。這一種古老的血統，由不得他自己選擇，也不管他願不願意，就硬是傳給了他；這一種古老的血統，早在傳到他身上以前就已經傳了那麼許多世代（誰知道那是怎麼來的？是多少忿恨、殘忍、渴望，才哺育出了這樣的一種血統？）孩子心想：我要是能一個勁兒往前跑就好了。我真巴不得能往前跑啊，跑啊，再也不要回頭，再也不用去看他的臉。可是不行啊！不行啊！他提著生了鏽的油罐奔回家去，罐裡的油一路潑刺刺直響；一到屋裡，就聽見了隔壁房間裡媽媽的哭聲。他把油罐交給了爸爸，嚷著說：

「你連個黑鬼都不派去了嗎？上次你至少還派了個黑鬼去啊！」

這一回爸爸沒有打他。可是比上回的巴掌來得還快的是隻手：爸爸的手剛剛小心翼翼地把油罐在桌子上放好，忽然就如一道電光沖他一閃，快得他根本都沒法看清；他還沒有看見爸爸的手離開罐子，爸爸的手早已抓住了他的襯衫後襟，一把抓得他腳跟都離了地。那衝他俯著的臉一股兇氣，寒峭逼人，那冷酷陰沉的聲音向他背後桌上靠著哥哥說了一聲（哥哥還是像母牛一樣，怪模怪樣的，左嚼右嚼，嚼個不停）：

「把這罐油倒在油桶裡，你先走，我馬上就來。」

哥哥說：「最好還是把他綁在床架上。」

「叫你幹啥你就幹啥。」爸爸說。話音剛落，孩子的身子就已經在動了，只覺得那隻精瘦而強勁的手在他兩塊肩胛骨之間一把揪著襯衫，提著他幾乎腳不沾地地從外房到了內房，擦過了擺開粗壯的大腿、對著沒火的爐子坐在椅子裡的那兩個姐姐，直拖到媽媽和姨媽那裡。姨媽正摟著媽媽的肩頭，兩個人肩並肩坐在床上。

爸爸說了聲：「揪住他！」姨媽一驚，身子隨之動了起來。爸爸說：「不叫你。妮，你把他揪住。你千萬要把他揪住。」媽媽抓住了孩子的手腕。「不行，要抓得牢一點。要是讓他跑了，你知道他要去幹啥？他要上那邊去！」說著把腦袋朝大路那頭一擺。「也許我最好把他綁起來。」

「我就揪住他好了。」媽媽低聲說。

「那就交給你啦。」爸爸說完就走了，那不靈便的腳在地板上踩得很重，不緊不慢，好一陣才消失了。

接著，孩子就掙扎了起來。媽媽兩條胳膊把他緊緊抱住，他把媽媽的胳膊又是撞，又是扭。他知道，扭到頭來媽媽總是弄不過他的。可是他沒有時間磨工夫了。他就嚷起來：「放我走！要不，傷著你我可就不管啦！」

「放他走！」姨媽說，「老實說，他就是不去我也要去呢！」

「我怎麼能放他走呀？」媽媽哭叫著說，「沙提！沙提！別這樣！別這樣！來幫幫我呀！莉姬！」

然後他掙脫了。姨媽來抓他也來不及了。他扭頭就跑，媽媽跌跌撞撞地追上去，膝頭一屈，撲倒在孩子腳跟後邊，她向近旁的一個姐姐叫道：「抓住他，耐特！抓住他！」可是也來不及了，那個姐姐根本還沒有打算從椅子裡站起來，只是把頭一轉，側過臉來，孩子就已經飛一般地過去了。在這一瞬間他只覺得看見了一個其大無比的年輕婦女的臉盤兒，臉上竟沒有一點驚異之色，只是流露出一種不大感到興趣的神氣（兩個姐姐是同時同刻生的雙胞胎，儘管這樣兩大堆肉佔地大、分量重，一個人足足可抵家裡兩個人，可是此時此地姊妹倆竟好像根本就不存在似的）。孩子一下子衝出了房間，衝出了屋門，跑到了那灑滿星光、蒙著鬆軟的塵土、密密層層攀滿忍冬的大路上。他一路奔去，只恨這腳下的淡白色帶子拉開得太慢，好容易才到了大門口，馬上一拐彎，氣急心慌地順著車道向那亮著燈光的大宅子奔去，向那亮著燈光的門奔去。他連門也不敲，就一頭闖了進去，抽抽搭搭地喘不過氣來，半晌開不出口；他看見了那個穿亞麻布夾克的黑人的吃驚的臉，也不知道那人是什麼時候出現的。

「德·斯班！」他氣喘籲籲地喊道，「我找……」話沒說完，他看見那個白人也從穿堂那頭的一扇白門裡出來了。他就大叫：「馬棚！馬棚！」

「什麼？」那白人說，「馬棚？」

「對！」孩子叫道，「馬棚！」

「逮住他！」那白人大喝一聲。

可是這一回還是沒抓住他。那黑人倒是抓住了他的襯衫，可是襯衫袖子早已洗得發了脆，一拉就撕了下來。他又逃出了那扇門，又奔到了車道上，事實上他就是衝著那白人嚷嚷的當兒也沒有停下過腳來。

那白人在他背後喊叫著：「備馬！快給我備馬！」他起初想抄近路，穿花園，翻籬笆到大路上去，但是他不曉得花園的路徑，也不知道那掛滿藤蔓的籬笆究竟有多高，他不敢冒這個險。所以他還是只顧順著車道奔去，只覺得血在奔騰，氣在上湧；一會兒就又到了大路上，不過他看不見路。他也聽不見聲音；那疾馳而來的母馬快要踩到他身上他才聽見，可他還是照舊往前跑，彷彿他遭受苦難到了這樣危急的關頭，只要再過片刻就自會叫他插翅高飛似的。他直挨到最後一秒鐘，才向邊上縱身一躍，跳到路旁長滿野草的排水溝裡，後面的馬呼的一聲衝過，飛馳而去，映著這初夏的恬靜夜空，映著這滿天星斗，還留下了一個暴跳如雷的身影，轉眼就沒了。可是就在那人影馬影尚未消逝的當口，夜空裡像是突然狠狠地潑上了一攤墨汗，不斷向上擴大——那是不絕沖天而起的一團團濃煙，驚心動魄，卻又闐寂無聲，把天上的星星都抹掉了。孩子跳了起來，他連忙又爬到大路上，再撒腿奔去，他知道已經來不及了，可他還是一個勁兒往前奔，聽見了槍響也還是往前奔，一會兒又是兩聲槍響，他不知不覺地就停了下來，叫了兩聲：「爹！爹！」又不知不覺地奔了起來。他跌跌撞撞的，叫什麼東西絆了一跤，趕緊又連跑帶爬地從地上起來。起來後匆匆回頭望了下背後的火光，就又在看不見的樹木中間只管奔去，一路氣喘吁籲、抽抽噎噎地喊著：「爸爸呀！爸爸呀！」

午夜時分，孩子坐在一座小山頂上。他不知道現在已是午夜，也不知道自己到了多遠的地方。不過如今背後已經沒有火光了，如今他坐在這兒，背後是他好歹住了四天的家，前面是一片黑沉沉的樹林子，他打算歇息歇息以後，就到這片樹林子裡去。這小小的孩子，就抱著那少了袖子既薄又脆的襯衫縮成一團，在涼颼颼的黑暗裡抖個不住，如今那傷心絕望的心情已經不再夾著驚恐憂慮，光剩下一片傷心絕望了。他在心裡念叨：爸爸呀，我的爸爸呀！他突然叫出聲來：「他是好樣兒的！」這話他說出了聲，但是聲音不大，簡直不過是耳語。「好樣兒的！到底打過仗！不愧是沙多裏斯上校的騎馬隊！」卻不知道那次打仗他爸爸其實並不是一名士兵，只能說是一名「好漢」，他爸爸根本不穿制服，根本不效忠於哪一個人、哪一支軍隊、哪一方政

府，也根本不承認誰的權威；他爸爸去打仗的目的跟麥爾勃魯克⑤一模一樣，是爲了獵取戰利品——繳獲敵人的也罷，自己打劫的也罷，反正在他看來都無所謂，壓根兒無所謂。

天上漸漸星移鬥轉。回頭天就要亮了，再過些時候太陽也要出來了，他也就要覺得肚子餓了。不過那反正是明天的事了，現在他只覺得冷，好在走走就會不覺得冷的。他現在氣也不喘了，所以就決定起來再往前走，到這時候他才發覺自己原來是打過盹了，因爲他看出天馬上就要亮了，黑夜馬上就要過去了。他從夜鷹的啼聲中辨得出來。如今山下黑沉沉的樹林子裡到處是夜鷹的啼鳴，拉著調子，此起彼伏，接連不斷，讓位給晨鳥的時刻越來越近了，夜鷹的啼鳴也就越發一聲緊接著一聲。他就站起身來。他覺得身子有點兒發僵，不過那走走也就會好的，正像走走就可以不冷一樣。何況太陽也就要出來了。他就向山下走去，向那一片黑沉沉的樹林子裡走去，從樹林子裡不絕傳來一聲聲清脆的銀鈴般的夜鷹的啼叫——暮春之夜的這顆響亮的迫切的心，正在那裡急促地緊張地搏動著。他沒有回頭看。

① 南北戰爭自一八六一年四月爆發至一八六五年四月結束，歷時整整四年。北軍是藍色制服，南軍是灰色制服，下文所說“穿藍的”和“穿灰的”，即指此而言。

② 沙多瑞斯的暱稱。

③ 用木頭或石頭做的小台，供上馬下馬時墊腳用。

④ 二十蒲式耳約合七百公升。

⑤ 十八世紀早期法國一支歌曲中的人物。這支歌曲的第一句是「麥爾勃魯克去打仗」。

### (八) The Gilded Six-Bits—姜葳

The Gilded Six-Bits by Zora Neale Hurston	
Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960	Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• born in Notasulga, Alabama, where grandfather was Baptist preacher</li><li>• 5th of 8 children to Baptist preacher, tenant farmer, carpenter father and school teacher mother</li><li>• Move to Eatonville, FL, 1894, first</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Father became mayor of the town</li><li>• "How It Feels to Be Colored Me" 1928 essay on experience of growing up in Eatonville</li><li>• mother die 1904, father remarry immediately. Sent to boarding school in Jacksonville, Florida, stop paying</li></ul>

all-Black town in US, glorified in her stories as place black Americans could live as desired



tuition, school expelled her

- work as maid to lead singer in traveling Gilbert & Sullivan company



**Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960**

- attend Morgan Academy 1917, high school division of Morgan College in Baltimore, Maryland. claim 1901 as birth date to qualify for free education
- graduate fr Morgan Academy 1918
- undergraduate at Howard Univ 1918-24, early initiate of Zeta Phi Beta Sorority (internat'l black sorority), co-found student newspaper *The Hilltop*
- scholarship to Barnard College in NYC 1925, sole black Student



**Color Struck 1925**

- Play in *Opportunity Magazine*
- won second prize in contest for best play
- On train 1900, blacks fr Jacksonville going to cakewalk competition in St. Augustine. Inside Jim Crow railway coach. John and Emmaline arrive at train just on time. Emmaline made John take last coach because she felt he flirt w Effie, light-skinned black woman. Emma: "I loves you so hard, John, and jealous love is the only kind I got. " At dance hall, everyone eat picnic lunches, Effie offer John pie. He accepts. Emma refuse to dance cakewalk w him, though they are favored

**Color Struck 1925**

to win. John dances w Effie, they win. 20 years pass, Emma in one-room shack in alley. Her daughter Lou Lillian in bed feverishly ill. John knocks on door, tells her he miss her. His wife died, he come to marry Emma. Emma is thrilled, but wary.

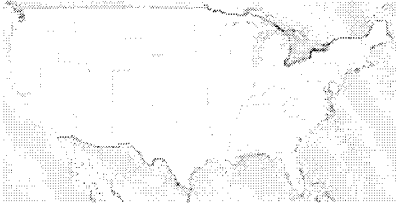
**Color Struck 1925**

worship! (On the verge tears he... exits quietly...). doctor arrives. Lou Lillian die. doctor say an hour would have made difference. Emma left on stage in rocking chair staring at door, A dry sob now and then.




<p>John want to raise Lou Lillian as own.          John sends Emma for doctor. Emma will not go to colored doctor, bring white doctor. As she is about to leave, she comes back and sees John ministering to Lou Lillian. Emma assumes John being nice to Lou Lillian because she is half-white. Emma attacks John. John: John: So this the woman I've been wearing over my heart like rose for twenty years! She so despises her own that she can't believe any one else could love it. Twenty years! Twenty years of adoration, hunger, of</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Theme:</li> <li>• Colorism: people in black community judged on hue of skin. intra-racial racism</li> <li>• both John and Emma color struck, in opposing ways</li> <li>• Insecurities/Self-destruction</li> <li>• Distorted Vision/Blindness</li> </ul>
<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Harlem Renaissance (1920s-30s) at peak, became writer at its center. short story "Spunk" selected for <i>The New Negro</i>, landmark anthology of fiction, poetry, essays on African and African American art and literature</li> <li>• produce literary magazine <i>Fire!!</i> 1926 w young black writers Langston Hughes, Wallace Thurman, call themselves Niggerati, feature young artists and writers of Harlem Renaissance</li> </ul>	<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• ethnographic research w Franz Boas. work w Ruth Benedict, Margaret Mead</li> <li>• BA anthropology 1927</li> <li>• 2 yrs graduate study in anth at Columbia Univ</li> <li>• Travel in Caribbean, Amer South, conduct anth research</li> <li>• marry Herbert Sheen 1927-31, jazz musician and former classmate at Howard who later become physician</li> </ul>
<p><i>Mule Bone: A Comedy of Negro Life in Three Acts</i> 1930</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• unfinished play w Langston Hughes</li> </ul> <p>Eatonville, FL, Saturday afternoon, Jim and Dave fight for Daisy's affection. Jim use mule hock-bone to knock Dave out. Arrested in Joe Clarke's barn. trial begins</p>	<p><i>Mule Bone: A Comedy of Negro Life in Three Acts</i> 1930</p> <p>bone of mule must be more powerful. Joe Clarke declare Jim guilty, banish fr town for 2 years. later, Daisy meet Jim out of town. tell him she's worried about him, he's skeptical. She demonstrates affection. Dave comes. They argue who loves Daisy more.</p>


<p>Monday in Macedonia Baptist Church. Townspeople divided by religion: Jim's Methodist supporters vs Dave's Baptist supporters. Jim admits he hit Dave but deny it was crime. Elder Simms: weapon necessary to crime, nowhere in Bible does is mule bone weapon. Elder Childers: Samson use donkey jawbone to kill 3,000 men (Judges 18:18) so hock</p>	<p>ends when Daisy say expect her man to work for whites who employ her. Jim and Dave no longer court Daisy, return to Eatonville</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Hughes and Hurston wanted comedy on African American that wasn't of racial stereotypes.</li> <li>• plot fr folktale Hurston collected in FL</li> </ul>
<p><i>Mule Bone: A Comedy of Negro Life in Three Acts</i> 1930</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Hurston went away for summer w notes, said would return in fall to finish. When return, refuse calls fr Hughes. Felt he wanted typist Thompson as 3rd collaborator</li> <li>• Hughes leave common patron Rufus Osgood Mason. Hurston may protect relation w Mason</li> <li>• Hurston apply for copyright w herself as only author</li> </ul> <p>Hughes found 1931 copy sent to Gilpin Players, all-black theatre company in Cleveland, w only Hurston's name. Hurston didn't sent it, Hughes furious, apply copyright under both names</p>	<p><i>Mule Bone: A Comedy of Negro Life in Three Acts</i> 1930</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Gilpin Players want to stage play. Hughes offer to rewrite part of play. Hurston refuse production. Then authorize production if she work w Hughes on changes. Tell Hughes no part of play was written by him</li> <li>• Gilpin Players decide not to stage</li> <li>• Published, produced on Broadway 1991</li> </ul>
<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• The Great Day 1932 folk revue premiere in NYC, Translate anthropological work into theater</li> <li>• The Gilded Six-Bits 1933</li> <li>• <i>Jonah's Gourd Vine</i> 1934 novel. Female character: "Dat's a big ole resurrection lie, Ned. Uh slew-foot, drag-leg lie at dat, and Ah dare yuh tuh hit me too. You know Ahm uh fightin' dawg and mah hide is</li> </ul>	<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• establish 1934 school of dramatic arts "based on pure Negro expression" at Bethune-Cookman Univ (Bethune-Cookman College) in Daytona Beach, FL.</li> <li>• <i>Mules and Men</i> 1935 groundbreaking work of "literary anthropology" documenting African American folklore</li> <li>• Guggenheim Fellowship 1937 to</li> </ul>

<p>worth money. Hit me if you dare! Ah'll wash yo' tub uh 'gator guts and dat quick.”</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Teach at North Carolina College for Negroes (North Carolina Central Univ) in Durham, NC.</li> </ul>	<p>research in Jamaica and Haiti</p> 
<p><i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i> 1937</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Novel set in central, southern FL early 20th cen</li> <li>• African American woman in early forties Janie Crawford tells life story and journey in flashback to best friend Pheoby so Pheoby can tell story to nosy community. life has 3 periods corresponding to marriages to 3 men</li> </ul> <p>Janie's grandmother Nanny was slave, became pregnant by owner and bore daughter Leafy, raped by school teacher and becomes pregnant w Janie. after Janie's birth, Leafy begins to drink and stay out at night. runs away leaving Janie w Nanny. Nanny transfers hopes for Leafy to Janie.</p>	<p><i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i> 1937</p> <p>When Janie 16, Nanny sees her kissing neighbor boy Johnny Taylor, fears Janie will become "mule" to some man. Nanny arrange for Janie to marry Logan Killicks, older farmer looking for wife. Janie not interested, but Nanny want her to have things she never had. Janie thinks marriage must involve love, fr seeing bees pollinate pear tree. Logan want domestic helper, not lover, Janie runs off w glib Jody (Joe) Starks to Eatonville. Starks find residents w no ambition, buy land fr neighbor, hire locals to build general store, people of town appoint him mayor. Janie realize Joe want her as trophy wife. He ask her to</p>
<p><i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i> 1937</p> <p>run store but forbid her to join social life on store's front porch. Starks die, Janie is rich w many suitors, some are rich or w prestigious jobs, but she fall in love w drifter and gambler Vergible Woods (Tea Cake) after he plays guitar for her. She sells store and they head to Jacksonville and marry, move to Everglades for Tea Cake to find work planting and harvesting beans. While relationship has ups and downs, including jealousy, Janie has marriage w love she wanted. survive</p>	<p><i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i> 1937</p> <p>with rifle in self-defense. She charged w murder. At trial, Tea Cake's black male friends oppose her, local white women support her. all-white jury acquits Janie, she gives Tea Cake lavish funeral. Tea Cake's friends forgive her, and want her to remain in Everglades. She return to Eatonville, find residents gossip about her.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• peers criticise use of phonetic spellings of dialect by blacks ("tuh" for "to", "Ah" for "I")</li> </ul>

<p>Okeechobee hurricane, Tea Cake bitten by rabid dog while saving Janie fr drowning. He tries to shoot Janie w pistol, but she shoots him</p>	
<p><i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i> 1937</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1930s-40s lead AfroAmerican author Richard Wright: ... The sensory sweep of her novel carries no theme, no message, no thought. In the main, her novel is not addressed to the Negro, but to a white audience whose chauvinistic tastes she knows how to satisfy. She exploits that phase of Negro life which is "quaint," the phase which evokes a piteous smile on the lips of the "superior" race.</li> <li>• upset she expose divisions b/w light skinned AfroAmericans and dark skin, and b/w black men and women</li> <li>• seminal work in AfroAmerican and women's literature</li> <li>• novel written in Haiti</li> <li>• her masterwork</li> </ul>	<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Tell My Horse</i> 1938 fieldwork studying African rituals in Jamaica and voodoo rituals in Haiti</li> <li>• <i>Moses, Man of the Mountain</i> 1939 novel</li> <li>• marry 23 y.o. fellow WPA employee Albert Price 1939, end after a few months</li> <li>• publish in periodicals 1940s</li> <li>• autobiography <i>Dust Tracks on a Road</i> 1942</li> <li>• Call Truman "the Butcher of Asia" when drop atomic bombs on Japan</li> </ul> 
<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Seraph on the Suwanee</i> 1948 Last novel, focus on white characters. explore images of 'white trash' women (construction of class, gender among poor whites), reflect 1920s eugenics discourse</li> <li>• falsely accused 1948 of molesting 10 yr old boy, case dismissed because in Honduras when crime</li> </ul>	<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• argue 1951 New Deal make AfroAmerican depend on gov't, cede too much power to politicians</li> <li>• support Taft 1952. Against Roosevelt's New Deal. oppose Roosevelt's and Truman's interventionist foreign policy</li> <li>• compare US to "fence" in stolen goods and to Mafia-like protection</li> </ul>

<p>occurred, personal life disrupted</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• last decade as freelance writer for magazines and newspapers. work in library in Cape Canaveral, FL, and substitute teacher and maid in Fort Pierce</li> </ul>	<p>racket. “We, too, consider machine gun bullets good laxatives for heathens who get constipated with toxic ideas about a country of their own.”</p> <p>Roosevelt "can call names across an ocean" for his four freedoms, but he did not have “the courage to speak even softly at home.”</p>
<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• assigned by <i>Pittsburgh Courier</i> to cover small-town murder trial of Ruby McCollum 1954, prosperous black wife of local bolita racketeer, who killed racist white doctor</li> <li>• contribute to <i>Woman in the Suwanee County Jail</i>, book by journalist and civil rights advocate William Bradford Huie</li> <li>• oppose Supreme Court 1954 ruling <i>Brown v. Board of Education</i>. if separate schools equal, educating blacks w whites would not be better. black schools pass on cultural tradition. "Court Order Can't Make the Races Mix" 1955 letter in <i>Orlando Sentinel</i>. fear federal govt undermine individual liberty</li> </ul>	<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Bethune-Cookman College Award for Education and Human Relations 1956, English Dept dedicated to preserving legacy</li> <li>• Financial, medical difficulties, enter St. Lucie County Welfare Home, stroke 1960</li> <li>• unmarked grave Garden of Heavenly Rest cemetery, Fort Pierce</li> <li>• 4 novels, more than 50 short stories, plays, essays</li> </ul>
<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• obscure for decades for cultural, political reasons</li> <li>• AfroAmerican dialect seen as caricature fr racism</li> <li>• Wright, Ralph Ellison use AfroAmerican struggle as setting and motivation</li> </ul>	<p>Zora Neale Hurston 1891-1960</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• filmmaker Kristy Andersen while researching Smithsonian archives 1997 discover collection of folk tales fr late 1920s to create book <i>Mules and Men</i>. Originally titled "Folktales from the Gulf States", published 2001 as <i>Every Tongue Got to</i></li> </ul>

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Afro-American novelist Alice Walker, literary scholar Charlotte Hunt mark unmarked grave as hers 1973</li> <li>Alice Walker 1975 article "In Search of Zora Neale Hurston" in <i>Ms.</i> magazine. coincide w emergence of Toni Morrison, Maya Angelou, Walker, whose works center on AfroAmerican experience but not necessarily on racial struggle</li> </ul>	<p><i>Confess</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>"America's favorite black conservative"</li> <li>Republican sympathetic to Old Right, fan of Booker T. Washington's self-help politics</li> <li>disagree w Communism and New Deal</li> <li>skepticism toward traditional religion. affinity for feminist individualism</li> </ul>
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Author Biography</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>All the above</li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>True vs False <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Real Money (love) vs Gilded Money</li> <li>(gilded) Gold vs (white) Silver</li> <li>Health/Beauty vs Sickness</li> <li>Sweet vs Salty</li> <li>Rural vs Urban</li> <li>Potency vs Impotency</li> <li>Black vs White</li> <li>Familiar vs Strangeness</li> </ul> </li> <li>Irony</li> <li>Heredity</li> <li>Sunshine</li> <li>Happy beginning, happy ending</li> </ul> 
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits,</p>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits,</p>

<p>Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• True vs False <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Box of lye</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Irony <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Banter pretend to deny affection but in reality flaunted it</li> <li>• Gilded money</li> <li>• Laugh, not cry</li> <li>• Big clown</li> <li>• White clerk: laughing all the time, nothing worries darkies</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<p>Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Real Money (love) vs Gilded Money <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Chuck money in doorway</li> <li>• Dollar clock</li> <li>• Nobody ain't gointer be chunkin' Money at me and Ah not do 'em Nothin'. She chase him</li> <li>• gold teeth, 5 dollar gold piece (gilded quarter) for a stick pin, 10 dollar gold piece (gilded half dollar) on watch chain vs got nothin' but you</li> <li>• Joe Banks</li> <li>• Gold for sex?</li> </ul> </li> </ul> 
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• gilded) Gold vs (white) Silver <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Negro vs whitewashed, bathing</li> <li>• Tip hat while scouring steps</li> <li>• Silver dollars singing metal on wood</li> <li>• Lose gold</li> <li>• Moon in silver boat</li> <li>• Clutch gold watch charm</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Health/Beauty vs Sickness <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Missie May</li> <li>• Ah'm not no dress and breath</li> <li>• Heavy set, Puzzlegut vs corporation, chuckle-headed, pone neck vs lean</li> <li>• fine clothes</li> <li>• Copy stomach and swagger</li> <li>• Make you mo' pritty still</li> </ul> </li> </ul>

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Poor health, rubbing</li> <li>• Crept to door</li> <li>• Strength thru trial</li> </ul>
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Sweet vs Salty <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• She wrests sweets fr him</li> <li>• Ice cream parlor (sweet talk)</li> <li>• Lot's wife, don't look back</li> <li>• Fixed her wid de sugar and lard to sweeten her</li> <li>• Use gilded half dollar to buy candy</li> <li>• Suck a sugar tit</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Rural vs Urban <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• been nowhere (Happy, mess) vs Chicago, Memphis, Jacksonville, Philadelphia</li> <li>• Good talker</li> <li>• Been 'round spots and places</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Potency vs Impotency <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Fertilizer works, meal sack</li> <li>• Quart bottles driven neck down to the ground</li> <li>• Stiff young breasts, aggressive</li> <li>• Women not let him work</li> <li>• Samson</li> <li>• Gold for sex?</li> </ul> </li> </ul>
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Black vs White <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Like rich white man</li> <li>• Tole us: All de womens is crazy 'bout 'im, white Chicago women give him gold money</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Familiar vs Strangeness <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Strange man – don't really know him</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Explication/Formalism/New Criticism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Genetics <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Who else could it look lak?</li> <li>• Missie May's ma fan her foot around 劈腿</li> <li>• Son is spitting image of Joe</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Sunshine (time) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Sun fling flaming sword across trembling water</li> <li>• So why get up?</li> <li>• The sun also rises, tomorrow is another day</li> <li>• Lot's wife, don't look back</li> </ul> </li> </ul>



	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Truth (genetics?) triumphs thru trial</li> </ul>
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Psychological</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Freudian <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Girl choose between two father figures</li> <li>• Joe grows from id to ego</li> <li>• Missie May from super-ego to id to ego</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Unconscious <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Irony expressed thru unconscious</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Phallic symbol <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Quart bottles</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Archetype <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Devil: Otis D. Slemmons</li> <li>• Unfaithful wife: Missie May</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Marxist</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• White factory owner make Joe work night shift, low pay, polluted working environment</li> <li>• Uncle Tomming AfroAmerican culture <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• darkies laugh all the time</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Rural proletariat deceived by urban ideology</li> </ul>
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Feminism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Women strong, in control</li> <li>• Missie May seem to depend on men, but in control of her body</li> <li>• Stiff young breasts -- aggressive</li> <li>• Samson</li> <li>• White women not let Otis work</li> <li>• Joe's mother</li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Deconstruction, Poststructuralism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Test binary oppositions</li> <li>• Basis of ironies</li> <li>• What would happen if the gold was real?</li> <li>• What would happen if the son resembled Otis?</li> <li>• Genetics is material</li> </ul>
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, New Historicism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Subaltern</li> <li>• Missie May's ma</li> <li>• Devalue AfroAmerican culture</li> <li>• Mimicry: Black English</li> <li>• Hybridity: Black culture</li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Social Perspective</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Rural vs Urban</li> <li>• Lower class Blacks vs middle class Blacks</li> <li>• Black vs white</li> </ul>

<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Genre</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Short story</li> <li>• Realism: characters, language</li> <li>• Partial third person point of view: Joe, Missie May</li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Author's Works</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Empowering of marginal</li> </ul>
<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Reader-Response</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Surprise ending</li> </ul>	<p>The Gilded Six-Bits, Postcolonialism, Multiculturalism</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Style: exaggeration, irony</li> </ul>

**(九) The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras Country – 蔡明秀**

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County  
by Mark Twain

<p><b>Introduction</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ First published in the November 18, 1865, edition of <i>The New York Saturday Press</i>, under the title "Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog."</li> <li>◆ The story, which has also been published as "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," is set in a gold-mining camp in Calaveras County, California, and has its origins in the folklore of the Gold Rush era.</li> <li>◆ One of Twain's earliest writings, and helped establish his reputation as a humorist. He eventually included it as the title story in his first collection of tales.</li> </ul>	<p><b>Writing Style (I)</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ <b>Clever and Colloquial</b></li> <li>● Originally told in epistolary form—as a letter—though some reprints of the tale have omitted this letter-frame convention.</li> <li>● A frame narrative (a story within another story)—The narrator uses educated diction, and explains how absurd Simon Wheeler is. Simon Wheeler narrates the inside story, and he uses an uneducated vernacular to tell his tall tales about Smiley and Dan'l Webster.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Writing Style (II)</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● Tall tales-- a popular genre of the American Southwest at the time</li> <li>◆ Twain's use of humor and exaggeration</li> <li>◆ Satirical</li> </ul>	<p><b>Themes (I)</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ Culture Clash between the settled, eastern portion of the United States and the still-developing West.</li> <li>◆ Contrasting Regions--Though the eastern and western United States aren't specifically contrasted in this short story, we do see a contrast between the educated, refined narrator from the East and the uneducated but slick (花言巧語的) characters who populate Angel's mining camp in the West. The characters in the West love a good</li> </ul>

	tall tale, while the narrator appears to find it pointless and tedious.
<p style="text-align: center;">Themes (II)</p> <p>◆ <b>Cunning and Cleverness</b>--Though Jim Smiley appears to be extraordinarily lucky, it is partly through his cunning and cleverness that he is able to win bets. He is finally outsmarted by a stranger, who beats him through cheating. Nonetheless, the story poses a moral distinction between honest and dishonest cleverness. It also shows that you don't necessarily have to be educated and well spoken to be clever, nor is a good education a defense against getting fooled.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Themes (III)</p> <p>◆ <b>Competition</b>--Jim Smiley is an incorrigible (無法矯正的) gambler. Though he may like the money he wins, it is also clear that he just enjoys the thrill of competition. He frequently bets on the underdog (弱勢者) or bets on really awkward and tactless things (such as whether Parson's wife will recover from her illness or not). He also cultivates animals – a horse, a dog, then a frog – that he can use in his various competitions.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Themes (IV)</p> <p>◆ <b>Lies and Deceit</b>--Smiley himself tends to be fairly honest, though it might be possible to argue that his animals allow him to practice deception, since each in turn looks like nothing special or even like it could never win. But that is not the same kind of deceit that the stranger uses when he fills Dan'l Webster with quail shot in order to win his bet. Smiley is righteously indignant, though he fails to capture the stranger and get his money back.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Symbols, Imagery, Allegory (I)</p> <p>◆ <b>Andrew Jackson and Dan'l Webster</b></p> <p>● The names for the dog and the "educated" frog hint at some possible political undertones. The dog, who didn't look like much but was feisty when it came to fighting, was named for Andrew Jackson, a westerner and the seventh president of the United States. He was a man of the people and believed in democracy for all.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Symbols, Imagery, Allegory (II)</p> <p>● Daniel Webster was an attorney who</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Setting</p> <p>◆ <b>Angel's Camp, California,</b></p>

<p>became one of the leading American statesmen, serving as a senator and Secretary of State. He ran unsuccessfully for president three times and was known for being a very good narrator. In this short story, a common frog with no name beats the educated frog (Dan'l Webster).</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● The moral of the tale could be that the uneducated, common frog was only able to beat the educated frog through cheating. Alternatively, given Webster's politics, it might be possible to read more deeply into this and suggest that the tale is subversively arguing for equality for all Americans.</li> </ul>	<p><b>mid-19th century</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● <b>Angel's Camp</b> is a gold mining community in the mid-19th century that the narrator claims to have visited to find Simon Wheeler. Like any mining town in the West, it was populated primarily by men, many of them looking for their fortune. As something of a frontier town, it would probably seem to be full of loud, uncouth (粗野的), and uneducated people compared to the more genteel (有教養、上流的) East.</li> </ul>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Narrator Point of View</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ <b>First Person</b></li> <li>● Through a frame narrative, the narrator (clearly an educated man from the East) presents the story of Jim Smiley, told in Simon Wheeler's uneducated dialect. This is the main device that Twain uses to present the contrast between East and West: educated vs. uneducated, refined vs. coarse.</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Genre</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ <b>Anecdote, Tall Tale</b></li> <li>● The frame story (the story of how the narrator ended up talking to Simon Wheeler) doesn't really have any point to it. It's just an anecdote, like some funny story you might tell your friends over lunch, but which doesn't really have a point to it.</li> <li>● As for Wheeler's story about Smiley, it's a classic tall tale, with absurdity of characters (especially the animals) playing the major comic role. Since tall tales traditionally have been more appreciated in the West, the setting is appropriate.</li> </ul>

<p style="text-align: center;">Tone</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ <b>Disparaging (蔑視), disbelieving (懷疑)</b></li> <li>● Though the content suggests the opposite of the tone, the attitude of the narrator toward the subject matter is one of disbelief that his time has been wasted in such a way. He's annoyed that he has had to listen to such a stupid tale (about Dan'l Webster) from a man who seems to take it so seriously. His effort to reproduce Wheeler's ungrammatical dialect feels slightly mocking.</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;">Allusions and Cultural References</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ <b>Historical References</b></li> <li>● Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States and the <u>first true populist</u> (non-aristocrat 非貴族) to have that job</li> <li>● Daniel Webster, a senator and Secretary of State, known for his extraordinary speaking skills</li> </ul>
<p style="text-align: center;">Critical Reception (I)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ The story marks a transition in Twain's development as a writer.</li> <li>◆ Some of its success can be attributed to Twain's use of popular storytelling conventions and references to contemporary figures.</li> <li>◆ Several layers of stories within the framed story, and each successive tale in turn reveals the attitudes of characters toward each other—the genteel narrator's attitude toward Wheeler, Wheeler's attitude toward Smiley, Smiley's attitude toward the stranger, etc.</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;">Critical Reception (II)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ Other critical analyses:</li> <li>● reveal the circumstances in Twain's life that occasioned the writing of the tale;</li> <li>● examine Twain's use of satire;</li> <li>● discuss humorous techniques found in the story that are developed in later works;</li> <li>● understand the story as an assertion (主張) of true American values;</li> <li>● show how Twain's genius unfolds in this early work</li> </ul>
<p style="text-align: center;">Difficulties and Discussion (I)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ straddle-bug (p. 7)</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;">Difficulties and Discussion (II)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● ...he cal'lated to educate him (p.11)</li> </ul>

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ vernacular language and dialect:</li> <li>● the dangdest feller = dang + dest = damned + est fellow</li> <li>● Thish-yer (p. 8) = This or This year?</li> <li>● cipher it down</li> <li>● threwed up the sponge (p. 9)</li> <li>● pet holt (p. 10)</li> <li>● got shucked out bad</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. (p.12)</li> <li>● ...so 'tis. =it is? (p. 13)</li> <li>● “One—two—three—git’!” = go? (p. 15)</li> <li>● ...he was planted as solid as an church (anvil).</li> <li>● ...what in the nation that frog throw'd off for? (p. 16)</li> <li>● Why blame my cats... (p. 16) = Well, I'll be darned.</li> </ul>
<p>Sources</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>◆ <a href="http://www.enotes.com/celebrated-jumping-frog-calaveras-county/">http://www.enotes.com/celebrated-jumping-frog-calaveras-county/</a></li> <li>◆ <a href="http://www.shmoop.com/celebrated-jumping-frog-calaveras/themes.html">http://www.shmoop.com/celebrated-jumping-frog-calaveras/themes.html</a></li> <li>◆ <a href="http://www.shmoop.com/celebrated-jumping-frog-calaveras/literary-devices.html">http://www.shmoop.com/celebrated-jumping-frog-calaveras/literary-devices.html</a></li> </ul>	

**The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County (1865)**

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

一個朋友從東部來了信，我遵他的命去拜訪了好脾氣、愛絮叨的西蒙·威勒，打聽我朋友的朋友列昂尼達斯·W·斯邁雷的下落。這件受人之托的事究竟結果如何，我來做個交代。事後我心裡嘀咕，這位列昂尼達斯·W·斯邁雷是瞎編出來的，我朋友根本就不認識此人。他准是琢磨著：只要我向老威勒一打聽，就會讓他聯想起那個厚臉皮的吉

姆·斯邁雷來，趕快打開話匣子把那些又臭又長、和我毫不相干的陳年舊事抖擻出來，把我煩死。要是我朋友存心這麼幹，那他真是做對了。

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*--*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me any thing about this *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him.

我見到西蒙·威勒的時候，他正在礦山安吉爾工寮 (Angel's Camp) 那座破破爛爛的酒館裡，靠著吧台旁邊的爐子舒舒服服地打盹。我注意到他是個胖子，禿腦門，一臉安詳，透著和氣、樸實。他站起身來問了聲好。我告訴他，朋友托我來打聽一位兒時的密友，這人叫列昂尼達斯·W·斯邁雷——也就是列昂尼達斯·W·斯邁雷牧師，聽說這位年輕的福音傳教士曾在安吉爾工寮裡住過。我又加了一句：要是威勒先生能告訴我這位列昂尼達斯·W·斯邁雷牧師的消息，我將感激不盡。

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and



then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was any thing ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. (NOT IN THE BOOK) I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

西蒙·威勒把我逼到牆角，拿自己的椅子封住我的去路，然後講了一通下面段落裡那些枯燥無味的事情。他臉上不露一絲笑意，眉頭一皺不皺，從第一句起，他用的就是四平八穩的腔調，沒有變過。在他冗長的敘述中，他收不住的話頭裡，透著令人印象深刻、認認真真、誠心誠意的感人情緒；這是明明白白地告訴我，按他的想法，別管這故事本身是不是荒唐可笑，他可是把這故事當成一件要緊事，而且對故事裡的兩位主人公推崇備至，認為他們是智謀超群的天才。我聽憑他按照自己的路子講下去，一直沒有打斷。

“Rev. Leonidas W. H’m, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49-- or maybe it was the spring of '50--I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit *him*--any way just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any (ary) side you please, as I was just telling you.

「列昂尼達斯牧師，嗯，列牧師——嗯，這裡從前倒是有過一個叫吉姆·斯邁雷的，那是四九年冬天--也許是五〇年春天--我記不太清楚了，總歸不是四九年就是五〇年，因為他剛來到工寮的時候，那大渡槽（寬槽）還沒造好呢；別的不說，要比誰最古怪，他算得上天下第一。只要能找到一個人願打賭，他就跟他對賭，你眼能看到的，碰上什麼就賭什麼。別人要是往另一邊下注，他就換邊跟他對賭。不管怎麼樣，別人想怎麼賭，他都陪著--不管怎麼樣，只要能賭得起來，他就舒服了。雖說這樣，他照樣有好運氣，那可不是一般的好，十有八九總是他贏。他老惦記找機會打賭；無論大事小事，只要有人提出來，不管你的注往哪一邊下，他都照賭不誤，這些我剛才都告訴過你啦。

If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even sees a straddle-bug start to go anywhere, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he'd bet on *any* thing--the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better--thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy--and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'idence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't any way."

賽的要是馬，收場的時候他不是贏得滿滿當當(flush)，就是輸得一乾二淨；如果鬥的是狗，他賭；鬥的是貓，他賭；鬥的是雞，他還賭；嘿，就算有兩隻鳥落在籬笆上，他也要跟你賭哪一隻先飛；工寮裡聚會他必到，到了就拿沃爾克牧師打賭，他打賭說，沃爾克牧師佈道在這一帶是頭一等的；那還用說，他本來就是個好人麼。要是他看見一隻屎克螂（？straddle-bug？）朝哪裡開步走，他就跟你賭它幾天才能到--不論到哪兒都行；只要你接招，哪怕是去墨西哥，他也會跟著那只屎克螂，看看它到底去不去那兒，路上得花幾天的時間。這兒的小夥子好多都見過斯邁雷，都能給你講講這個人。嘿，講起他的事來可是絕對都一樣--他不論什麼都賭--那傢伙特有意思。有一回，沃爾克牧師的太太病得不輕，有好一陣子了，眼看著她就沒救了；可一天早晨沃爾克進來了，斯邁雷站起來問他太太怎麼樣，他說，她好多了--感謝主的無限恩澤--看這情勢，有主保佑，她能好轉過來；斯邁雷想也沒想，就來了一句：“這樣吧，我押兩塊五，賭她好不了了。”

"Thish-*yer* Smiley had a mare--the boys called her the fifteen- minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that--and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose--and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

「這個斯邁雷有一匹母馬--小夥子們都管它叫“一刻鐘老太太”，這話只是好玩，它跑得當然比這快一點兒--他還經常靠這匹馬贏錢呢。因為它慢慢吞吞的，不是得氣喘，生瘟熱，就是有癆病，以及這一類亂七八糟的病。他們總是讓它先跑兩三百碼，中間別的馬都超越它了，可等到了終點跟前，它就抖起精神，拚了老命奔跑；四隻蹄子到處亂甩，甩到空中的也有，甩偏了踢到籬笆上的也有，弄得塵土飛揚，再加上咳嗽、打噴嚏、擤鼻涕，鬧鬧哄哄--趕到裁判席前頭的時候，它總是比別的馬早一個頭，近的算都能算的出來（？早得剛好讓人能看明白？）。

“And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson--which was the name of the pup--Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else--and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it--not chew, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they **threw up the sponge**, if it was a year.

「他還有一隻小鬥狗，光看外表你准以為它一錢不值，就配在那兒拴著，一副低級的樣子，老想偷點什麼。可是，一旦在它身上下了注，它轉眼就變了一條狗；它的下巴頰往前伸著，就像蒸汽船的前甲板，下槽牙都露了出來，像風爐火一樣放光。別的狗抓它、鬥它、咬它，接二連三地給它來個過肩摔，可安得魯·傑克遜--這是那條狗的名字--安得魯·傑克遜老是裝著沒什麼不自在的，好像它原本就沒有別的期盼--等到押在另一邊的賭注翻了倍再翻倍，一直到所有的錢都押下去了；這時候，它就突然一口咬住另一條狗的後腿，咬得死死的--不是嚼喔，你明白嗎，光咬，叨著不動，直到那狗服軟（**threw up the sponge**），哪怕等上一年也不要緊。

Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius--I know it,

because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under the circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

斯邁雷老是靠這條狗贏錢，直到在一條沒後腿的狗身上碰了釘子，因為那狗的後腿讓鋸片給鋸掉了。那一次，兩條狗鬥了好一陣子，兩邊的錢都押完了，安得魯·傑克遜上去照著咬慣了的地方下嘴的時候，當時就看出自個兒上當了，看出它怎麼讓別的狗給拐上了。怎麼說呢，他當時好像是吃了一驚，跟著就有點兒沒精打采，再也沒有試著把那一場贏下來；他讓人騙慘了。它朝斯邁雷瞧了一眼，好像是說它傷透了心，這都是斯邁雷的錯，怎麼弄了一條沒有後腿的狗來讓它咬呢，它鬥狗本來靠的就是咬後腿嘛；後來，他一癱一拐地溜達到旁邊，倒在地上就死了。那可是條好狗，那個安得魯·傑克遜要是活著，准出了名了，底子好，又聰明—安得魯·傑克遜是有真本事；其他的狗不可能像他在這樣的情況下還能戰鬥啊。一想起它最後鬥的那一場，一想起它的下場來，我就老遺憾。

“Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything and—I believe him.

「唉，這個斯邁雷呀，他還養過抓耗子的梗犬、小公雞、公貓，都是這一類的玩意兒，不論你拿什麼去找他賭，他都能跟你賭個沒完沒了，直到你沒啥好跟他賭了。有一天，他逮著一隻青蛙帶回家去，說是要好好訓一訓；足足有三個月，他什麼事都不幹，光待在後院裡頭教那隻青蛙蹦高。果不其然，他把青蛙訓出來了。只要他從後頭點青蛙一下，你就看吧，那青蛙像翻煎餅一樣在空中打個轉—翻一個筋斗，要是起跳得好，也許能翻兩個，然後穩穩當當地腳朝下落地，就像一隻貓。他還訓那青蛙逮蒼蠅，勤學苦練，練得那蛤蟆不論蒼蠅飛出去多遠，只要瞧得見，回回都能逮得著。斯邁雷說青蛙特愛學習，學什麼會什麼—這話我信。

Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as

if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

嘿，我就瞧見過他把丹尼爾·韋伯斯特放在這兒的地板上--那蛤蟆叫丹尼爾·韋伯斯特--大喊一聲：“蒼蠅，丹尼爾，蒼蠅！”快得讓你來不及眨眼，青蛙就照直地跳起來，把那邊櫃檯上的一隻蒼蠅吞下去了，然後像一攤泥“撲嗒”落在地上，拿後腿抓耳撓腮，沒事人似的，好像覺得自個兒比別的青蛙也強不到哪兒去。別看它有天分，你還真找不著比它更謙虛，更直爽的青蛙了。只要是從平地上規規矩矩地往上跳，它比你見過的所有青蛙都跳得高。從平地往上跳是它的拿手好戲，你明白嗎？只要比這一項，斯邁雷就一路把注押上去。斯邁雷把他的青蛙看成寶貝；要說也是，那些見多識廣的老江湖都說，從來也沒見過這麼棒的青蛙。

“Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him downtown sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller--a stranger in the camp, he was--come across him with his box, and says:

「斯邁雷拿一個小籠子盛著那青蛙，不時帶著它逛大街，設賭局。有一天，一個漢子--他是個外鄉人--到工寮裡來，正碰上斯邁雷提著青蛙籠子，就問：

‘What might it be that you've got in the box?’

「你那籠子裡頭裝的是什麼呀？」

“And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, ‘It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't--it's only just a frog.’

「斯邁雷故意冷著臉說：“它也許該是個鸚鵡，也許呢，該是只金絲雀兒；可它偏不是--它是一隻青蛙。”

‘And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, ‘H'm--so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?’”

「那漢子拿過籠子，轉過來轉過去，細細地瞅，說：“嗯——原來是個青蛙，它有什麼特別的呀？”

“Well,’ Smiley says, easy and careless, ‘He's good enough for *one* thing, I should

judge--he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

「噢，」斯邁雷一派事不關己地說，「它就有一件看家的本事，要叫我說—它比這卡郡裡的哪一隻青蛙跳得都高。」

"The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

「那漢子拿過籠子，又仔仔細細地看了好半天，才還給斯邁雷，故意慢吞吞地說，「是嘛，」他說，「我也沒瞧出來這青蛙比別的青蛙能好到哪兒去。」

"'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. 'Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

「你也許瞧不出來，」斯邁雷說，「對青蛙，你也許是內行，也許是外行；也許是個老手，也許只是個業餘的生手；這麼說吧，我心裡有數，我賭四十塊錢，敢說這青蛙比卡郡隨便哪一隻青蛙都跳得高。」

"And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder-sad-like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

「那漢子琢磨了一會兒，有點兒為難：「呃，這兒我人生地不熟的，也沒帶著青蛙；要是我有一隻青蛙，准跟你賭。」

"And then Smiley says, 'That's all right--that's all right--if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

「這時候斯邁雷說話了：「好辦—好辦—只要你替我把這籠子拿一小會兒，我就去給你逮一隻來。」就這樣，那漢子拿著籠子，把他的四十塊錢和斯邁雷的四十塊錢放在一起，坐下等著了。

"So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot--filled him pretty near up to his chin--and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

「這漢子坐在那兒想來想去，想了好一會兒，然後從籠子裡頭把蛤蟆拿出來，扒開它的嘴，自己掏出一把小勺來，給蛤蟆灌了一肚子火槍的鐵砂子——一直灌到齊了青蛙的下巴頰——然後把青蛙放到地上。斯邁雷呢，他上窪地的爛泥裡頭撈了一陣，到底逮住個青蛙，抓回來，交給那漢子說：

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—git!' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an church (anvil), and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

「“行了，你要是準備好了，就把它跟丹尼爾並排擺著，把他的前腳掌跟丹尼爾的放齊了，我喊個號。”然後他就喊：“一—二—三—跳！”他和那漢子從後邊點那兩隻青蛙，那只新來的青蛙蹦得特有勁，可是丹尼爾喘了一口粗氣，光聳肩膀——就這樣——像法國人似的。這哪管事兒啊；它動不了，跟生了根一樣，連挪挪地方都辦不到，就像下錯了錨似的。斯邁雷又納悶，又光火；當然啦，說什麼他也想不通這到底是怎麼一檔子事。

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

「那漢子拿起錢就走；臨出門了，他還拿大拇指在肩膀上頭指指丹尼爾——就像這樣——故意慢吞吞地說：“我也沒瞧出來這青蛙比別的青蛙好到哪兒去嘛。”

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketchd Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him and says, 'Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketchd him. And—"

「斯邁雷呢，他站在那兒猛抓頭，低著頭把丹尼爾端詳了好一會兒，最後說：“真鬧不明白這青蛙怎麼栽了——不明白它犯了什麼毛病——看起來，它肚子脹得不輕。”他揪著丹尼爾脖子上的皮，把青蛙掂起來，說：“天殺的！它要沒五磅重才怪呢！”他把青蛙頭朝下，倒出滿滿兩大把鐵砂子來。這時候斯邁雷才明白過來，他氣得發瘋，放下青蛙就去追那漢子，可再也追不上了。然後——

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy--I ain't going to be gone a second."

[這時候，西蒙·威勒聽見前院有人喊他的名字，就站起來去看找他有什麼事。] 他一邊往外走，一邊扭頭對我說：“就在這兒坐著，客人，歇會兒--我一轉眼就回來。”

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim Smiley* would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

不過，對不住了您哪，我想，再往下聽吹牛皮無賴吉姆·斯邁雷的故事，也打聽不到列昂尼達斯·W·斯邁雷牧師的消息呀，於是我拔腿就走。

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

在門口，我碰上了那個愛絮叨的威勒回來了，他拽著我又打開了話匣子：

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and--"

「“哎，這個斯邁雷有一頭獨眼龍母黃牛，尾巴沒了，光剩個尾巴根子，像一根香蕉，還有--”

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed. (NOT IN THE BOOK)

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

可我既沒功夫，也沒這個嗜好；還沒等他開講那頭慘兮兮的母牛，我就走了。

(1865, 1867)

## (十) **The Yellow Wallpaper**—王安琪

The Yellow Wallpaper  
by Charlotte Perkins Gilman



It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity--but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and PERHAPS--(I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind)--PERHAPS that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression--a slight hysterical tendency--what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites--whichever it is, and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to "work" until I am well again.

Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it DOES exhaust me a good deal--having to be so

sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus--but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

There is a DELICIOUS garden! I never saw such a garden--large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them.

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and coheirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid, but I don't care--there is something strange about the house--I can feel it.

I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a DRAUGHT, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition.

But John says if I feel so, I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself--before him, at least, and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. "Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear," said he, "and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time." So we took the nursery at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playroom and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off--the paper--in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide--plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions.

The color is repellent, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away,--he hates to have me write a word.

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no REASON to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able,--to dress and entertain, and other things.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I CANNOT be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wall-paper!

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wall-paper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you good," he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental."

"Then do let us go downstairs," I said, "there are such pretty rooms there."

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down to the cellar, if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is an airy and comfortable room as any one need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deepshaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making, a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well, John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillow-case as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it KNEW what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside down.

I get positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breadths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big, old bureau used to have, and there was

one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

The wall-paper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother--they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit--only the paper.

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect and enthusiastic housekeeper, and hopes for no better profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from these windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely shaded winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wall-paper has a kind of sub-pattern in a different shade, a particularly irritating one, for you can only see it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded and where the sun is just so--I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to skulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's sister on the stairs!

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do me good to see a little company, so we just had mother and Nellie and the children

down for a week.

Of course I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now.

But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to Weir Mitchell in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once, and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so!

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time.

Of course I don't when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I'm getting really fond of the room in spite of the wall-paper. Perhaps BECAUSE of the wall-paper.

It dwells in my mind so!

I lie here on this great immovable bed--it is nailed down, I believe--and follow that pattern about by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we'll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has not been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I WILL follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise.

Looked at in one way each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes--a kind of

"debased Romanesque" with delirium tremens--go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity.

But, on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror, like a lot of wallowing seaweeds in full chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to the confusion.

There is one end of the room where it is almost intact, and there, when the crosslights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation after all,--the interminable grotesques seem to form around a common centre and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap I guess.

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it absurd. But I MUST say what I feel and think in some way--it is such a relief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy, and lie down ever so much.

John says I musn't lose my strength, and has me take cod liver oil and lots of tonics and things, to say nothing of ale and wine and rare meat.

Dear John! He loves me very dearly, and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with him the other day, and tell him how I wish he would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia.

But he said I wasn't able to go, nor able to stand it after I got there; and I did not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous weakness I



suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till it tired my head.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let any silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well and happy, and does not have to occupy this nursery with the horrid wall-paper.

If we had not used it, that blessed child would have! What a fortunate escape! Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds.

I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here after all, I can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see.

Of course I never mention it to them any more--I am too wise,--but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerous.

And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder--I begin to think--I wish John would take me away from here!

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one window or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wall-paper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper DID move, and when I came back John was awake.

"What is it, little girl?" he said. "Don't go walking about like that--you'll get cold."

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away.

"Why darling!" said he, "our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before.

"The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course if you were in any danger, I could and would, but you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better, I feel really much easier about you."

"I don't weigh a bit more," said I, "nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening when you are here, but it is worse in the morning when you are away!"

"Bless her little heart!" said he with a big hug, "she shall be as sick as she pleases! But now let's improve the shining hours by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning!"

"And you won't go away?" I asked gloomily.

"Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really dear you are better!"

"Better in body perhaps--" I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

"My darling," said he, "I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a temperament like yours. It is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?"

So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I

was asleep first, but I wasn't, and lay there for hours trying to decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well underway in following, it turns a back-somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque, reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutions--why, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes!

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east window--I always watch for that first long, straight ray--it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

By moonlight--the moon shines in all night when there is a moon--I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candle light, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind, that dim sub-pattern, but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now. John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can.

Indeed he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

It is a very bad habit I am convinced, for you see I don't sleep.

And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake--O no!

The fact is I am getting a little afraid of John.

He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look.

It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis,--that perhaps it is the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times LOOKING AT THE PAPER! And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper--she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry--asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to, to watch. I really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wall-paper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was BECAUSE of the wall-paper--he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch

developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wall-paper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw--not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper--the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not, the smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it--there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad--at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful, I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house--to reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the COLOR of the paper! A yellow smell.

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs round the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even SMOOCH, as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round--round and round and round--it makes me dizzy!

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern DOES move--and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern--it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why--privately--I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at a time.

And though I always see her, she MAY be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

If only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.

She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't see through him!

Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months.

It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John is to stay in town over night, and won't be out until this evening.

Jennie wanted to sleep with me--the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone.

That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her.

I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards

of that paper.

A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me, I declared I would finish it to-day!

We go away to-morrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.

Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.

She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.

How she betrayed herself that time!

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me--not ALIVE!

She tried to get me out of the room--it was too patent! But I said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner--I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bedstead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs to-night, and take the boat home to-morrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.



I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will NOT move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner--but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misconstrued.

I don't like to LOOK out of the windows even--there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wall-paper as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope--you don't get ME out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

"John dear!" said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!"

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said--very quietly indeed, "Open the door, my darling!"

"I can't", said I. "The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!"

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's sake, what are you doing!"

I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

"I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jane. And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

### (十一) Young Goodman Brown—蔣筱珍

Young Goodman Brown  
by Nathaniel Hawthorne

#### **Plot Summary**

#### **Setting**

Salem: 1) a town northeast of Boston in the Massachusetts Bay Colony

2) the Salem witch trials, held in the spring and autumn of 1692

### **Characters**

- 1) Goodman Brown: (*Goodman* is a title equivalent to *Mister*)
- 2) Faith
- 3) The Devil Figure

### **Symbolism**

- 1) The Forest as Eden (Adam, Satan)
- 2) Primordial Symbols: dark forest (danger, obscurity, confusion, the unknown or with  
evil, sin, and death)
- 3) Faith: Brown's spiritual faith

### **Themes**

- 1) Puritans' strict moral code and overemphasis on the sinfulness of humankind foster undue suspicion and distrust
- 2) The realization that evil can infect people who seem upright
- 3) The reality of sin and pervasiveness of evil
- 4) The secret sin and hypocrisy of all people

### **Allegory**

#### **Dream vs Reality**

**Ambiguity as Form** (the dark, the light and the pink)

#### **Id versus Superego**

Id: forest (libidinal force, dark recesses, unconscious)

Superego: village (light, social and moral order)

(A trip from the village of Salem into the forest; a move from superego to ego)

#### **Shadow, Persona and Anima**

Jung's theory of individuation

--a psychological growing up

- a process of discovering the aspects of shadow, persona and anima of one's self
- a process of self-recognition

**Shadow:** the darker side of the unconscious self  
the inferior and less pleasing aspects of the personality  
Devil

**Anima:** soul-image (usually projected upon women)  
feminine designation in the male psyche  
contra-sexual part of a man's psyche  
a mediator between the ego and the unconscious or inner world of the male individual

**Persona:** obverse of the anima  
mediator between the ego and the external world  
an actor's mask

### **Young Goodman Brown : A Failure of Individuation**

Young Goodman Brown

- his failure to recognize himself (his base motives)
- his failure to accept his shadow (Satan)
- his failure to accept people's showing their masks
- his failure to trust his anima (Faith)
- His anima fails to mediate between his ego and inner world (shadow)
- His persona fails to mediate between his ego and external world

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研讀活動照片





在 2014 年 12 月 10 日，我們邀請了來自不同行業的專家，包括政府官員、學術界、商界和社區領袖，共同探討如何加強與社會各界的聯繫，並尋求解決當前社會問題的可行方案。與會者通過小組討論和專家發言，就加強社會服務、改善民生和促進經濟發展等議題交換了意見。會議在積極的氛圍中圓滿結束，大家對未來的合作充滿信心。

此外，我們還舉辦了一系列社區活動，如講座、研討會和公益義演，旨在提高公眾對社會問題的認識，並激發大家的參與熱情。這些活動得到了廣大市民的支持和踴躍參加，進一步鞏固了我們的社會基礎。

總之，我們將繼續秉承服務社會的宗旨，不斷創新服務模式，為社會各界提供更優質的服務，共同為建設和諧美好的社會貢獻力量。

## 五、議題探討結論：

- (一) “The Purloined Letter”：一般論者皆認為本短篇小說是西方偵探推理小說的鼻祖，寫作於 1845 年，比康南·道爾所創造的福爾摩斯偵探推理系列早了將近半個世紀。愛倫坡在這篇小說之中令人印象深刻的創舉有兩個：一個是他創造了一個性格突出的警探形象，成為後來康南·道爾和克麗絲蒂創造各自著名偵探的先驅，另一個是他開啓了帶有濃厚心理學要素的偵探故事，大大拓展了犯罪類型的視野。

這篇故事表面看來很簡單，卻寫來十分十分的曲折離奇，幾乎超越了一般人想像能力所能及的範圍，故事是說巴黎地區一位貴婦人遺失一封涉及個人名譽的信，她知道竊賊是誰，是政壇上某位顯赫大官，卻基於某種緣故而無法索回，她只得前去求助於巴黎警察局局長，局長利用該竊賊不在家時率眾進入竊賊家中翻箱倒篋搜索，卻一無所獲，後來一位朋友為他解決了問題，原來那封信從頭至尾都擺在客廳火爐架上最觸目可及的顯眼地方。

這裡牽涉到心理學的最微妙之處，即最顯眼之處即是一般人最容易忽略之處，尋找一封信，最有可能的對象應該是抽屜櫃子或是書櫃，這時老練的警察局長卻跌破眼鏡，大大出乎意料之外，後來康南·道爾著名的短篇《波希米亞醜聞》幾乎就是模仿這篇而寫成，一樣都是心理學上的問題，讀起來也是非常的膾炙人口，充滿濃厚趣味性。

- (二) “A Girl’s Story”：巴姆巴拉是一位吾人不太熟悉的當代美國黑人女作家，但是她在美國卻小有名氣，她於 1939 年出生於紐約市，1959 年畢業於紐約皇后學院，畢業後曾先後在意大利和法國遊學，最後又回到紐約於 1963 年完成語言學方面的碩士學位，她死於 1995 年，一共出版了兩本短篇小說集，她是一個極偏好短篇類型的小說家，她說短篇小說可以很快讓讀者進入狀況，並且以謙虛姿態立即吸引住讀者的注意力，它必須以經濟手段去展現某種特殊風格。她的所有作品都以描寫黑人為主，特別是黑人女性，本篇故事即是典型一例。

這篇故事一開頭即描寫一位十四歲的黑人女孩在流血，我們起先以為她在流鼻血，或是身體哪裡受傷了在流血，後來才知道原來是初經來潮在流血，作者一路下來以懸疑筆調慢慢把讀者導向正確方向，不斷透露女孩心中的恐懼和疑惑，細膩描繪出這個女孩從少不更事的小女孩進入成人世界的儀式，其中充滿著具體而鮮明的意象，作者透過此種特殊手法，把女性此一神秘而令人感到驚懼的經驗描繪得栩栩如生。

- (三) “Paul’s Case”：Willa Cather 藉由 “Paul’s Case” 呈現社會規範與個人間的衝突，Paul 在儀態、思想、喜好各方面都與眾人格格不入。他憎恨學校與社區整齊劃一的醜陋景象，嚮往藝術、花卉等美麗的事物，種種行為不容於師長父母，最終走上自我毀滅一途。Cather 用 “case” 這個字眼來凸顯 Paul 的悲劇：只因行為與主流價值不符，就被學校當作病例來研究，可

見社會箝制力量之甚。

(四) “The Chrysanthemums”：

1. **Sympathetic**—女主角是值得同情的，因為她被孤立在一個角落，顯然就是舊時代女人的生活。就好比有一隻小鳥飛過，她就會很高興，所以後來 Elisa 遇到補鍋匠時，才會很興奮。只要有人一提到她引以為傲的菊花，她就好像被人肯定了一樣的開心。可是很多女人其實生活在這狀況中但都不自覺。此短篇小說中的女主角就和電影「時時刻刻」、「The World of Roses」中的女主角及情節是一樣的。男人都不理解女人想要的是什麼，都認為只要在外努力的賺錢養家，讓女人在家不用擔心生活家計，把小孩照顧好就行了。但殊不知很多女人的才能都被埋沒在此，而且有些女人也不甘心自己的才能就此被疏忽了。所以女人最大的困境就是在自由與不自由之間做取捨：是要追求自由、追求自己所想的；還是要失去自由換一個安穩、不用擔心家計的生活？不管男人還是女人都應該在這兩者之間調和：同時擁有安穩的家、愛自己的人，還有 2、3 個小孩，又可以擁有自由。
2. **Steinbeck** 傾向寫 **powerful** 的女人。在此篇小說中女主角 Elisa 某種程度上是 **powerful** 的，例如在園藝方面，她在這方面是很有才能的也很有能力，把自己的小天地打理的很好。但是在追求自由、追求完美的生活上她則是 **powerless** 的。她對自己不完美的生活無能為力，只是不斷的湧起希望，又看到希望破滅。

(五) “Bartleby, the Scrivener”：人的性情與思路往往會受到周遭的人和環境所影響。故事中的一名要角 (**Bartleby**) 的抑鬱寡歡，以至於其所表現異於常人之行徑及與世隔絕之性情，極有可能是受了之前在一個未能給人擁有生命活力和為人帶來希望的工作環境 (**Dead Letter Office**) 所影響。相對而言，這本小說中另一個重要角色 (敘事者/也就是 **Bartleby** 的公司主管) 也受到員工的舉止反應所影響。舉個例子來說：當故事中的主管不時地聽到 **Bartleby** 說 “I prefer not to”，他內心會產生一連串不愉悅的反應，直到後來只要聽到其他員工說 “I prefer not to” 也會開始不安起來。環境也許給 **Bartleby** 帶來負面的作用，但相形之下，**Bartleby** 所營造出槁木死灰的生活方式，也影響了另一個人 (本故事中的敘事者)。

(六) “To Build a Fire”：人類自詡為「萬物之靈」，並自認雙手萬能，然而在與大自然的抗爭中雙手卻可能毫無用處。在小說中主角因寒冷而先被凍僵了位於肢體末梢的手腳，致使他無法生起救命的火而致最終被凍死。甚至因他的手被凍傷，而無法使用刀子，連隻動物(他身旁的狗)都殺不死，來溫熱自己的手以便再度生火。在大自然裡，這種情形人類的智能毫無用武之地。相反地，狗的本能就佔了絕對的優勢，牠不只具有天生的優點—尤其是毛皮—讓牠保持安全及溫暖，牠或許沒有創造火源和食物的能力，但牠生來



就知道要到哪裡去尋找生活之所需，同時牠也知道在酷寒的天氣裡該如何自保。在冷漠而無情的大自然中，這種能力比智能更有用。小說中人與狗之間的關係是互相利用、互相競爭，但也是共生的，狗靠人生的火保持身體的溫暖與舒適的環境，因而雖然人對牠一直用像鞭子般嚴厲的聲音吼叫，狗卻始終跟在人身邊，直到人僵死了，不再生火了，狗便毫不猶豫地離開了他。而人對狗的關心也僅限於狗能否解決他寒冷的問題，因而在絕望時，他只想要殺死狗，好讓自己能再度生火。

- (七) “**Barn Burning**”：〈燒馬房〉是福克納最精采的短篇故事之一，在《福克納短篇故事選集》(*Collected Stories of William Faulkner*)中，〈燒馬房〉位居第一篇，由此可見該短篇在福氏心目中的地位。在技巧上，福克納運用第三人稱有限的敘述觀點，透過一名十歲男孩 **Colonel Sartoris Snopes** (簡稱 **Sarty**) 的中心意識，呈現其穀租佃農 (**sharecropper**) 家庭與地主之間的經濟張力與階級衝突。故事的情節發生在一八九〇年代的美國南方密西西比州，史諾普斯一家之主亞伯納 (**Abner**) 是位具有暴力傾向的南方白人貧窮佃農，對於地主剝削其廉價勞力感到憤怒不平，其報復手段乃是利用夜間放火焚燒地主的馬房(通常兼作穀倉)。除了亞伯納和兩位地主 (**Harris** 和 **Major de Spain**) 之間的衝突外，小說聚焦於男孩內心的掙扎——到底是要忠於自己的父親或血統呢，還是遵照他逐漸了解的正義和真理呢？隨著歲月的增長，他對父親的暴力手段越來越感到不安；另一方面，他父親的勸告：「學會固守自己的血統，否則你就落得無血無親」卻也一直在他心中縈繞著。最後，當他父親決定放火焚燒狄斯班少校的馬房時，沙提下定決心先跑去通知少校，再跑回頭通知他父親和哥哥，不料狄斯班少校騎著馬趕過他，沙提聽到數聲槍響，認為他的父親和哥哥已「死」於槍下，對於自己來不及通知他們深感自責，於是逃離居無定所的「家」。由此觀之，〈燒馬房〉的另一個主題和沙提的啓蒙 (**initiation**) 有關。最後，沙提看到狄斯班少校宏偉壯觀的大宅後，心中不禁感到寧靜平和，沙提對於平靜的追求和嚮往，也是〈燒馬房〉的中心主題之一。
- (八) “**The Gilded Six-Bits**”：Hurston 身為美國非裔早期作家，作品反映美國非裔文化，身為女性，其作品反映女性觀點，身為人類學家，其作品反映下層階級生活。**The Gilded Six-Bits** 兼具此三種特色，並且以微觀反映宏觀，以具體事件反映普遍人性，供人思索人性與文化之互動，探討真、偽如何定義。
- (九) “**The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras Country**”：1. 馬克吐溫的生平、著名作品、書寫美國社會現象對美國文學的影響及重要性為何？2. 文中大量使用的美國中西部方言增加理解上的困難度，但仍能體會文中諷刺性的幽默及當時的美國文化情況。3. **Tall tale** (吹牛) 結合 **folklore** (民俗故事)

的文體與寫作手法增添可讀性、趣味及戲劇效果。呈現個人特色的寫作技巧？

- (十) “The Yellow Wallpaper”：女性主義批評家重讀這本小說，最強調的是敘述者兼女主角的地位及意義。女主角被視為男權社會制度下的受害者，事事受制於父兄，連基本人權也給被剝奪了。壁紙成為最主要的象徵，象徵壓迫女性才華與意識的社會結構；女主角及壁紙裡的女人都在尋求解放，掙脫桎梏。約翰身兼丈夫與醫生的雙重權威角色，過份注重理性，排斥感性，總是取笑女主角的想像力；他那套隔絕式的治療是一種「比疾病本身更要命的治療法」。女主角再三提到寫作帶給她的解脫與成就感。從她運用的語言可看出她的知識不差，而丈夫卻口口聲聲稱她「幸福的小鵝」、「小女孩」，簡直是貶低女性的智慧與成熟。最可悲也是最大的反諷是：女主角在父兄權威的長期薰陶下，也被「制約」的認為自己一無是處，把自己豐富的想像力是為荒謬無稽，寫作還要東藏西躲，時時自責未盡人妻之責。最激進的女性主義批評家還說，女主角最後瘋了反而是康復了，因為她終於能摒棄那個不正常的社會。瘋了反而是自由了，不再受制於人，找到了自我。小說結束時女主角不再稱丈夫，而稱他為「年輕人」、「那個男人」。她已不在是令她佩服得五體投地的「有聲望的」、「聰明的」、「那麼愛我的」、「常常摟著我」的丈夫了。他昏倒在地，而她只得越過她的身子爬過去。這也表示她征服了他，終於獲得了勝利。但是小說的字裡行間有許多自相矛盾的話。譬如女主角老是說寫作是一大解脫，卻又因為寫作而常感疲累；而且整篇小說都是以短劇短段落呈現，險是敘述者不能集中精神思考，也不能一貫所思。從女性主義的立場來看，男權專制的社會制度也是導致許多女作家精神崩潰的主因。她們會精神錯亂，常常是因為內心有劇烈的衝突，一方面要努力扮演社會賦予的傳統角色，另一方面又難抑表現天賦的欲望。
- 一個有寫作天賦的女人被迫接受醫生丈夫的「休息式治療」，結果反而瘋了。丈夫口口聲聲說愛她，卻從來不去了解她；她那麼聰明，卻看不出那套療法無效；更可惡的是，他自恃過高，無法溝通。女性主義批判家都盡量凸顯約翰這個丈夫角色不利的方面。尤其是優秀如他的知識份子，竟然會冥頑不靈的挾「知識」以令妻子，以專家自居而自欺欺人。他們拘泥於本行學識，反而使自己蒙蔽於真理之外。小說女主角曾感慨的說，如果約翰不是個醫生的話，她大概很快就好。

(十一) “Young Goodman Brown”：A Failure of Individuation

- his failure to recognize himself (his base motives)
- his failure to accept his shadow (Satan)
- his failure to accept people's showing their masks
- his failure to trust his anima (Faith)

- His anima fails to mediate between his ego and inner world (shadow)
- His persona fails to mediate between his ego and external world

## 六、目標達成情況與自評：

本次研讀活動採用 *American Short Stories* (Bert Hitchcock et al., eds., New York: Longman, 2002) 為研讀標的物。美國短篇小說乃美國獨立建國後所發展出之一種特殊文類，區隔美國與歐洲之傳統文化，並將之發揚光大。他山之石可以攻錯，今日台灣社會正面臨族群融合、社會變遷、多元文化之挑戰，可以美國短篇小說中所呈現之社會寫實、地方色彩及文化多樣性為借鏡。

其次，就寫作及閱讀技巧而論，若長篇小說重視情節之發展與轉折，短篇小說則以單一效果、衝突之解決、創造引人入勝之氛圍等項目為主。本計畫預期以半年時間，密集研讀 *American Short Stories*，師生同時進行廣度及深度探討，進一步體會美國文化之精髓，透過經典短篇小說與研讀，不僅可以欣賞各家之優美文字與寫作技巧，而且可以藉由其主題與訊息提升人文素養。

就進度而言，本計劃執行期間共舉辦過 12 次研讀，因參與教師及學生們對研讀作品十分感興趣，每次討論皆反應熱烈，足見本研讀會之成功。

## 七、執行過程遭遇之困難：

- (一) 因每位學生的上課時間不完全相同，要找到適當的研讀時間較不容易。
- (二) 若每篇文章要加以精讀，則時間不夠充裕。
- (三) 若要顧及導讀篇數之廣度，則現有教師成員負擔重。

## 八、改進建議：

- (一) 學生部分：宜多邀請高年級的學生參與，且盡量確定導讀時間無該年級的課程。
- (二) 教師部分：未來申請計畫可酌於增加校外學者員額及份量。