

# 「字字關鍵」： 凱瑟琳·曼殊斐兒 的語言藝術

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## Word Choice (選字)

- She smiled.
- She smiled sweetly.
- She smiled a sweet smile.
- She smiled her sugary smile.

# Word Order (字序)

## Punctuation (標點符號)

- She wakes up.
- She wakes up suddenly.
- Suddenly and dreadfully, she wakes up.
- Suddenly—dreadfully—she wakes up.

‘Every word matters (字字關鍵);’ as Katherine Mansfield tells John Middleton Murry in a letter dated 2 February 1920.

# Who is Katherine Mansfield?



- Born in Wellington, New Zealand (British **Colony**, 1840-1947) in 1888.
- Went to London to finish her education.
- Died of **tuberculosis** (肺結核) in Fontainebleau, France in 1923, aged only 34.
- *In a German Pension* (1911), *Prelude* (1916), *Bliss* (1921), *The Garden Party and Other Stories* (1922), and *The Dove's Nest and Other Stories* (1923).

# Why Katherine Mansfield?

- 對短篇小說、書信、日記等文體發展的貢獻
- 「曼殊斐兒」(或譯曼斯菲爾德)和現代華語文學的淵源
- ‘an infinite delight and value in *detail*’ 細節中無窮的喜悅及價值
- ‘a passion for writing’ 對寫作的熱情



# Virginia Woolf (維吉尼亞·吳爾芙)

- Mansfield is considered to be one of the finest **short story** (短篇小說) writers of her time.
- Her friend **Virginia Woolf** (1882-1941), another famous writer of the time, wrote in her diary: 'I was **jealous** of her writing—the **only** writing I have been jealous of'.



# Anton Chekhov (安東・契訶夫)

- Mansfield has often been compared to the Russian writer **Anton Chekhov** (1860-1904). Reflecting on a Chekhov letter, Mansfield writes to Virginia Woolf in a **letter** dated 27 May 1919:

‘[...] what the writer does is not so much **to solve the question** but **to put the question**. There must be the question put’.



# Open Ending (開放式結尾)

‘The Daughters of the Late Colonel’ (<已故上校的女兒>)

She wanted to say something to Josephine, something **frightfully** important, about ——about the future and what. . . .

[. . .]

A pause. Then Constantia said **faintly**, ‘I **can’t say** what I was going to say, Jug, because I’ve **forgotten** what it was . . . That I was going to say.’

Josephine was **silent** for a moment. She stared at a big cloud where the sun had been. Then she replied **shortly**, ‘I’ve **forgotten** too.’

**ellipsis** (. . . 刪節號)



# Open Ending (開放式結尾)

## ‘The Garden Party’ (<花園宴會>)

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. ‘Don’t cry,’ he said in his warm, loving voice. ‘Was it awful?’

‘No,’ sobbed Laura. ‘It was simply marvelous. **But,** Laurie——’

She stopped, she looked at her brother. ‘Isn’t life,’ she **stammered**, ‘isn’t life——’ But what life was she **couldn’t explain**. No matter. He quite understand.

‘Isn’t it, darling?’ said Laurie.

**dash** (——破折號)

# 徐志摩(1896-1931)



<哀曼殊斐兒> 1923

我與你雖僅一度相見

---

但那二十分不死的時間!  
誰能信你那仙姿靈態，  
竟已朝露似的永別人間?

# <曼殊斐兒> 1923

去年[1922]七月中有一天晚上，天雨地濕，我獨自冒著雨在倫敦的海姆斯堆特Hampstead問路警，問行人，在尋彭德街第十號的屋子。那就是我初次，不幸也是末次，會見曼殊斐兒——「那二十分不死的時間！」——的一晚。



# 徐志摩譯曼殊斐兒的短篇小說

- ‘An Ideal Family’ <一個理想的家庭>
- ‘The Garden Party’ <園會>
- ‘Poison’ <毒藥>
- ‘Life of Ma Parker’ <巴克媽媽的行狀>
- ‘A Cup of Tea’ <一杯茶>
- ‘Late at Night’ <夜深時>
- ‘Bliss’ <幸福>
- ‘The Wind Blows’ <刮風>
- ‘The Canary’ <金絲雀>

# 細節

‘an infinite delight and value in *detail*’  
——*The Collected Letters of Katherine  
Mansfield*

曼殊斐兒在短篇小說中避免直接解釋  
(commentary)，而是以各式各樣的「細節」  
——場景、衣著、飲食、表情、動作——  
來暗示人物的性格和心態。

# ‘The Garden Party’ <花園宴會>

Against the **karakas**. Then the karaka trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, **gleaming** leaves, and their **clusters** of yellow fruit. They were like trees **you** imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of **silent splendor**. Must they be hidden by a **marquee**?

local identity (地方性)



# ‘The Garden Party’ <花園宴會>

‘Mother, a man's been killed,’ began Laura.

‘**Not in the garden?**’ interrupted her mother.

‘No, no!’

‘Oh, what a fright you gave me!’ Mrs. Sheridan **sighed with relief**, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

‘But listen, mother,’ said Laura. **Breathless, half-choking**, she told the dreadful story. ‘Of course, we can't have our party, can we?’ she pleaded. ‘The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother; they're nearly neighbours!’ [...]

‘But, my dear child, use your common sense. It’s only by accident we’ve heard of it. If some one had died there normally—and I can’t understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes—we should still be having our parties, shouldn’t we?’

Laura **had** to say ‘yes’ to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother’s sofa and **pinched the cushion frill**.

‘Mother, isn't it terribly heartless of us?’ she asked.

<http://www.nzonscreen.com/title/the-garden-party-1983>



‘Darling!’ Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her she had **popped it on**. ‘My child!’ said her mother, ‘the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you **look such a picture**. Look at yourself!’ And she held up her hand-mirror.

‘But, mother,’ Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; **she turned aside**.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

‘You are being very absurd, Laura,’ she said **coldly**. ‘People like that don't expect **sacrifices** from us. And it's not very **sympathetic** to **spoil** everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now.’

'I don't understand,' said Laura, and she walked **quickly** out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was **this charming girl** in the mirror, in her black hat **trimmed with gold daisies**, and **a long black velvet ribbon**. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? she thought. And now she **hoped** her mother was right. Am I being **extravagant? Perhaps** it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another **glimpse** of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed **blurred**, unreal, **like a picture in the newspaper**. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that **seemed** quite the best plan. . . .

# ‘The Doll’s House’ <玩具屋>

The little girls sat under the pines eating their **thick mutton** sandwiches and **big** slabs of johnny cake spread with **butter**. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a **newspaper soaked with large red blobs. . . .**

class distinction (階級區分)

They [The Kelveys] were the daughters of a spry, hard-working little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? **Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison.** So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a jailbird. Very **nice** company for other people's children!

Irony (反諷)

# Facial Expression: Smiles

[...] Even the teacher had a **special voice** for **them** (the Kelveys), and a **special smile** for **the other children** when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

[...]

‘Is it true you’re going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey?’ **shrilled** Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering, Lil only gave her **silly shamefaced smile**. She didn’t **seem** to mind the question at all.

# Mask 面具

Its [*sic*] a terrible thing to be alone—yes it is—it is—but dont [*sic*] lower your mask until you have another mask prepared beneath—As terrible as you like—but a mask.

Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry,  
July 1917

# ‘The Singing Lesson’ <歌唱課>

With despair—cold , **sharp** despair—buried deep in her heart like **a wicked knife**, Miss Meadows, in cap and gown and carrying a little baton, trod the **cold** corridors that led to the music hall.

[...]

The Science Mistress stopped Miss Meadows.

‘Good mor-ning,’ she cried, in her sweet, **affected drawl**.  
‘Isn’t it cold? It might be win-ter.’

Miss Meadows, hugging the knife, stared in hatred at the Science Mistress. Everything about her was sweet, pale, like honey. You would not have been surprised to see **a bee caught in the tangles of that yellow hair**.

# ‘The Singing Lesson’ <歌唱課>

‘It is rather **sharp**,’ said Miss Meadows, grimly.

The other smiled her **sugary** smile.

‘You look fro-zen,’ said she. Her blue eyes opened wide; there came a mocking light in them. (Has she noticed anything?)

‘Oh, not quite as bad as that,’ said Miss Meadows, and she gave the Science Mistress, in exchange for her smile, a quick **grimace** and passed on. . . .



# 'Bliss' <幸福>

Miss Fulton sank into the lowest, deepest chair and Harry handed round cigarettes.

From the way he stood in front of her shaking the silver box and saying **abruptly**: 'Egyptian? Turkish? Virginian? They're all mixed up,' Bertha realized that she not only bored him; he really disliked her. And she decided from the way Miss Fulton said: 'No, thank you, I won't smoke,' that she felt it, too, and was hurt.

## ‘Bliss’ <幸福>

[...] she turned her head towards the hall. And she saw . . . Harry with Miss Fulton’s coat in his arms and Miss Fulton with her back turned to him and her **head bent**. He tossed the coat away, put his hands on her shoulders and turned her **violently** to him. His **lips** said: ‘I adore you,’ and Miss Fulton laid her moon beam fingers on his cheeks and **smiled her sleepy smile**. Harry’s nostrils quivered; his lips curled back in a **hideous grin** while he **whispered**: ‘To-morrow,’ and **with her eyelids** Miss Fulton said: ‘Yes.’

## ‘Feuille d’Album’ <畫冊的一頁>

Not go to the side window before a certain hour:  
signed, Ian French. Not to think about her until he  
had put away his painting things for the day:  
signed, Ian French. [...]

He sat in his dusky studio, tired, with one arm  
hanging over the back of his chair, staring in at her  
window and **seeing** himself in there with her. [...]  
Of course, she never asked him about his pictures,  
and of course he made the most **wonderful**  
drawings of her which she **hated**, because he  
made her so **thin** and so **dark**. . . . But how could  
he get to know her? This might go on for years. . . .

## ‘Feuille d’Album’ <畫冊的一頁>

‘Yes, **she is always like that,**’ he thought proudly. ‘**We** have nothing to do with these people.’

But now she was on her way home and he was as far off as ever. . . . She suddenly turned into the dairy and he saw her through the window buying an egg. She picked it out of the basket with such care—a brown one, a beautifully shaped one, **the one he would have chosen.** And when she came out of the dairy he **went in after her.** In a moment he was out again, and following her [...].

# ‘Feuille d’Album’ <畫冊的一頁>

Through her door he **crept**, and up the stairs after, **taking care to tread in time with her** so that she should not notice. Finally, she stopped on the landing, and took the key out of her purse. As she put it into the door he ran up and faced her.

Blushing more **crimson** than ever, **but** looking at her **severely** he said, **almost angrily**: ‘Excuse me, Mademoiselle, you dropped this.’

And he handed her an egg.

<http://vimeo.com/63394010>

# ‘a passion for writing’

Looking back, I imagine I was always writing. **Twaddle** it was too. But better far write twaddle or anything, anything, than nothing at all.

Journal entry (July 1922), published in ***The Journal of Katherine Mansfield*** (1927)

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