

## 17. A Cosmopolite in a Café

### 【十七】小吃店的世界人

At midnight the café was crowded. By some chance the little table at which I sat had escaped the eye of incomers, and two vacant chairs at it extended their arms with venal hospitality to the influx of patrons.

半夜三更，這家小吃店幾乎客滿。我坐的那張小桌子正巧有點隱蔽，進來的客人看不到，所以呢，有兩張椅子空著沒人坐。椅子靠手好像向人要錢的臂膀一樣，迎著魚貫而入的客人張開得大大的。

And then a cosmopolite sat in one of them, and I was glad, for I held a theory that since Adam no true citizen of the world has existed. We hear of them, and we see foreign labels on much luggage, but we find travelers instead of cosmopolites.

然後呢，有個世界人坐到那兩張空椅其中之一，這讓我蠻高興的，因為依照我的理論，自從亞當之後，就再也沒有第二個所謂的世界性公民存在過。我們只是聽說，我們也看到滿堆繫著外國標籤的行李，但是呢，我們發現他們只是過路的旅客，而非所謂真正四海為家的世界公民。

I invoke your consideration of the scene – the marble-topped tables, the range of leather-upholstered wall seats, the gay company, the ladies dressed in demi-state toilets, speaking in an exquisite visible chorus of taste, economy, opulence or art; the sedulous and largess-loving garçons, the music wisely catering to all with its raids upon the composers; the mélange of talk and laughter – and, if you will, the Wurzburger in the tall glass cones that bend to your lips as a ripe cherry sways on its branch to the beak of a robber jay. I was told by a sculptor from Mauch Chunk that the scene was truly Parisian.

能不能試想這情景 – 大理石臺面的桌臺，靠牆的皮製座椅按區域擺設的便當，顧客們歡愉的和自己的夥伴有說有笑，女士們打扮與其說是正式，不如說是自然而俏麗，講起話來有點咬文嚼字，但是並非來賣弄她們英文有多好，卻是異口同聲地在炫耀她們高雅的品味，簡利，雍容，而且有藝術氣質；殷勤體貼的男服務生沒停過腳；店裏放出的音樂更是為了迎合眾人的口味，什麼作曲家的作品都不放過；談話聲和笑聲摻雜 – 再說，你看，高腳杯裏盛滿德國黑啤酒，杯沿高高地向外彎曲，好像熟透的紅櫻搖搖擺擺的在枝頭挑逗傻乎乎的藍松鴨一樣，勾引得人嘴唇翹的尖尖的。一位毛強來的雕刻家跟我說，這是到地的巴黎情景。

My cosmopolite was named E. Rushmore Cogan, and he will be heard from next summer at Coney Island. He is to establish a new “attraction” there, he informed me, offering kingly diversion. And then his conversation ran along parallels of latitude and longitude. He took the great, round world in his hand, so to speak, familiarly, contemptuously, and it seemed no larger than the seed of a Maraschino cherry in a table d’hôte grapefruit. He spoke disrespectfully of the equator, he skipped from continent to continent, he derided the zones, he mopped up the high seas with his napkin. With a wave of his hand he would speak of a certain bazaar in Hyderabad. Whiff! He would have you on skis in Lapland. Zip! Now you rode the breakers with the Kanakas at Kealaikahiki. Presto! He dragged you through an Arkansas Post oak swamp, let you dry for a moment on the alkali plains of his Idaho ranch, then whirled you into the society of Viennese archdukes. Anon, he would be telling you of a cold he acquired in a Chicago lake breeze and how old Escamila cured it in Buenos Ayres with a hot infusion of the chuchula weed. You

would have addressed a letter to “E. Rushmore Coglan. Esq., the Earth, Solar System, the Universe,” and mailed it, feeling confident that it would be delivered to him.

我們這位世界人老兄全名柯藍伊如詩魔，明年夏天起，他就會在康尼島闖出名氣。據他自己說，他是來那裏成立一個“引人注目”的設施的，要給人提供國王式的娛樂。說到這裏，他開始賣弄精神，侃侃而談，沿著地球的經緯綫，就像火車沿著軌道一樣，任他來往。換句話說，他玩弄這個圓球形的世界，就像籃球明星把球頂在指尖上旋轉玩耍一樣，不但熟能生巧，簡直成了家常便飯，不把它當一回事；假如你看過葡萄柚雞尾酒用來點綴的麻辣醃漬紅櫻桃，大概就瞭解地球在他的心眼裏有多大。提到赤道，那對他來講又算什麼！簡直又像孫悟空，在地球的八大洲往來蹦跳，還分什麼區域呢！什麼太平洋，大西洋，只要他拿一張餐巾紙就抹得乾乾淨淨的了。手這麼一擺，他說海德堡某個市場的風情。忽悠一響！你已經在來藍的雪地滑雪。霹靂一聲！你和齊來卡西奇群島的卡納人一起衝浪自己還不知道呢！撲通一聲！他把你連人帶衣服拖過堪薩斯州的橡樹沿澤，經過他們家愛達荷州家園農場的鹽呈區的時候，姑且讓你喘息喘息，晾乾一下衣服；才一屁股坐下，馬上又把你連人帶衣領一抓，丟到維也納的最高階層的聚會夥伴裏。接下去，他說他在芝加哥湖畔着了風涼，又是老茨蜜拉在布宜諾斯艾利斯怎麼拿揪扯拉草煎了一鍋熱湯把他的感冒給治好了。換句話說，你只要拿隻信封，寫上“柯藍伊如詩魔大人，地球，太陽系，宇宙，”然後往郵筒一丟，保證信一定老老實實到達他那裏。

I was sure that I had found at last the one true cosmopolite since Adam, and I listened to his world-wide discourse fearful lest I should discover in it the local note of the mere globe-trotter. But his opinions never fluttered or drooped; he was as impartial to cities, countries, and continents as the winds or gravitation.

這麼一來，我確定找到了打從亞當以來唯一的一個世界人，我一面洗耳恭聽他念誦的世界經；同時，在另一面，也確實捏著兩把冷汗，因為我不忍心在他敘述縱橫世界的偉大事蹟的同時，卻發現其中夾雜著庸俗旅行者局限於自我的地域觀。幸好，他浩浩蕩蕩的寬宏見識從未有過波折，也沒有任何頹喪的蹟象；相反的，就好比一年四季地球上颳的信風和牛頓所發現的宇宙萬有引力一樣，完全不分哪個城市，哪個國家，哪個大陸，乾淨清潔溜溜，公共平平的，給的大家皆大歡喜。

And as E. Rushmore Coglan prattled of this little planet I thought with glee of a great almost-cosmopolite who wrote for the whole world and dedicated himself to Bombay. In a poem he has to say that there is pride and rivalry between the cities of the earth, and that “the men that breed from them, they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities’ hem as a child to the mother’s gown.” And whenever they walk “by roaring streets unknown” they remember their native city “most faithful, foolish, fond; making her mere-breathed name their bond upon their bond.” And my glee was roused because I had caught Mr. Kipling napping. Here I had found a man not made from dust; one who had no narrow boasts of birthplace or country, one who, if he bragged at all, would brag of his whole round globe against the Martians and the inhabitants of the Moon.

柯藍伊如詩魔一面口若懸河地講述這個小不點的地球，我也按耐不住內心的欣悅，一面回想起有那麼一個准世界人。那是個為全世界寫作的人，衷心於孟買。他寫了一首詩，他承認地球每個城市之間，都有驕傲和競爭存在，而且又說“從這些城市出生成長的人，固然上上下下沒止境地交通，但是落葉歸根，好比一個小孩牢牢抓著媽媽的衣服一樣。”他又說，每當他們走過“陌生的喧

鬻街道”便會想起他們所來自的城市“堅信，憨直，親切無比；原來只是一團空氣所發出來的名字，現在成爲牢牢連繫著他們的絲繩。”令我所以按耐不住的原因在於講這句話的吉皮林先生顯然在打瞌睡。你看，擺在我面前，就有一個道道地地，非灰砂築成的人；一個不狹隘地為自己來的地域或者國家吹噓的人；一個，假如要稱道讚譽，必定是把整個胖嘟嘟的地球拿來，和火星人或月球人比試的人。

Expression on these subjects was precipitated from E. Rushmore Coglan by the third corner to our table. While Coglan was describing to me the topography along the Siberian Railway the orchestra glided into a medley. The concluding air was “Dixie,” and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.

柯藍伊如詩魔坐在那張桌子的第三個角落，蓋得正起勁，他把話題引經據典，形容詞像雪花一樣繽紛飄落。他正在講訴沿西伯利亞大鐵道的地形，餐廳的樂隊輕飄飄地滑入一組混合曲。曲終由那首南方風味的“迪斯園”作終結，跳躍的音符有如洪流一般，又差點沒被幾乎發自每張桌子的熱烈掌聲所淹沒了。

It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in numerous cafes in the City of New York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all Southerners in town hie themselves to cafes at nightfall. This applause of the “rebel” air in a Northern city does puzzle a little; but it is not insolvable. The war with Spain, many years’ generous mint and watermelon crops, a few long-shot winners at the New Orleans race track, and the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens who compose the North Carolina Society have made the South rather a “fad” in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that your left foreigner reminds her so much of a gentleman’s in Richmond, Va. Oh, certainly; but many a lady has to work now – the war, you know.

還不如花一段文字來宣佈上述文字所記載的不凡情景每個晚上在紐約好幾個小吃店都可以看到。人們臆測它如何而來的理論，早就邊喝邊想，喝掉了成噸的啤酒了。有些人快快地下結論，說是南方人每逢夜晚降臨，就急急地往小吃店窮泡。不管怎麼樣，在北方的城市這樣子為“造反”曲調熱烈鼓掌，確實令人有點困惑；但是呢，又情有可原。西班牙戰爭，年年薄荷和西瓜大豐收，新奧爾良的賽馬場幾場令人刮目相看的贏家賽馬，又加上北卡協會印第安納州和堪薩斯州來的公民舉辦的幾場創意的餐會，使得人們在曼哈坦已經把南方視爲“時髦”的玩意兒了。你到理髮店修指甲，修指甲的女士就你耳根悄悄跟你說你的左手食指令她回想起維吉尼亞州瑞奇盟的一位男士的手指頭。噢，當然；我們也必須將就將就，戰爭進行之中，每個女士都必須工作，不是嗎？

When “Dixie” was being played a dark-haired young man sprang up from somewhere with a Mosby guerrilla yell and waved frantically his soft-brimmed hat. Then he strayed through the smoke, dropped into the vacant chair at our table and pulled out cigarettes.

樂隊演奏“迪斯園”的時候，突然間，猶如魔絲猩猩的一聲驚叫，不知道從哪裏冒出一個深色頭髮的年輕人，一邊走一邊揮著他的軟沿帽兒。接著，他像隻迷途羔羊一般，左右試探地走過烟霧，走到我們這張桌子所剩的那張空椅子，便撲通一屁股坐下，馬上從口袋裏拿出香烟來。

The evening was at the period when reserve is thawed. One of us mentioned three Wurzburgers to the waiter; the dark-haired young man acknowledged his inclusion in the order by a smile and a nod. I hastened to ask him a question because I wanted to try out a theory I had.

在那個子夜時分，人們開始不怎麼拘束，言行舉止也不那麼硬邦邦的了。我們其中之一跟跑堂的說來三份德國黑啤酒；這位髮色深深的年輕人只笑了笑，點了點頭，表示他也包括在其中了。我很快地要問他一個問題，這原因是我有個自家的理論，要趁這個機會來驗證一下到底對或不對。

“Would you mind telling me,” I began, “whether you are from ----”

“能不能跟我說，”我開始講話，“你是不是來自 ---？”

The fist of E. Rushmore Coglan banged the table and I was jarred into silence.

柯藍伊如詩魔的一隻拳頭往桌臺這麼迸了一聲，我只有張口吐舌的份，哪裏還講的出話來。

“Excuse me,” said he, “but that’s a question I never like to hear asked. What does it matter where a man is from? Is it fair to judge a man by his post-office address? Why, I’ve seen Kentuckians who hated whiskey, Virginians who weren’t descended from Pocahontas, Indianians who hadn’t written a novel, Mexicans who didn’t wear velvet trousers with silver dollars sewed along the seams, funny Englishmen, spendthrift Yankees, cold-blooded Southerners, narrow-minded Westerners, and New Yorkers who were too busy to stop for an hour on the street to watch a one-armed grocer’s clerk do up cranberries in paper bags. Let a man be a man and don’t handicap him with the label of any section.”

“對不起，”他這麼說，“但是那是個我不喜歡聽人家問的問題。一個人從哪裏來有什麼關係？拿一個人的郵局地址來判斷一個人難道公平嗎？你看，我就遇見過討厭威士忌的肯塔基人，不是由鵬哥宏大降生的維吉尼亞人，不曾寫小說的印第安納人，不穿軟尼褲子用銀袁大頭縫褲縫的墨西哥人，滑稽的英國人，小氣噠噠的北佬，冷若冰霜的南佬，心胸狹窄的西方人，還有紐約人，連一小時都不得空，來看一隻膀臂的雜貨店店員表演單手搬運曼越橋到紙袋子的真功夫。就讓一個人當一個人，不要硬給他頭上戴區域的帽子。拜托。”

“Pardon me,” I said, “but my curiosity was not altogether an idle one. I know the South, and when the band plays ‘Dixie’ I like to observe. I have formed the belief that the man who applauds that air with special violence and ostensible sectional loyalty is invariably a native of either Secaucus, N. J., or the district between Murray Hill Lyceum and the Harlem River, this city. I was about to put my opinion to the test by inquiring of this gentleman when you interrupted with your own – larger theory, I must confess.”

“原諒我，”我這麼說，“但是呢，我的好奇心也不是完完全全無中生有的。我瞭解南方，每當樂隊表演‘迪斯園’，我便細心觀察。我已經相信一個人超熱心地鼓掌而且又看得出出自內心的忠心的話，無疑的一定是新澤西西攷谷人，或者來自這個城市住在穆瑞山里區與哈林河之間那一帶的人。我正要問一下這位紳士，把我的觀察做個驗證，沒想到您老兄就以比這個更寬宏的理論把我攔截住了。我必須承認。”

And now the dark-haired young man spoke to me, and it became evident that his mind also moved along its own set of grooves.

這時候，深髮色的年輕人跟我說話，我一聽便明白他腦袋瓜子裏滑動的唱針也是沿著自己的槽綫，在唱盤上各走各的。

“I should like to be a periwinkle,” said he, mysteriously, “On the top of a valley, and sing too-ralloo-ralloo.”

“我呀，我想當朵長春花兒，”他說，神秘兮兮的。“長在山谷最高的地方，唱吐-熱油-熱油。”

This was clearly too obscure, so I turned again to Coglan.

這個嘛，無疑地太離譜了，所以我又轉向柯藍。

“I’ve been around the world twelve times,” said he. “I know an Esquimau in Upernavik who sends to Cincinnati for his neckties, and I saw a goat-herder in Uruguay who won a prize in a Battle Creek breakfast food puzzle competition. I pay rent on a room in Cairo, Egypt, and another in Yokohama all the year around. I’ve got slippers waiting for me in a teahouse in Shanghai, and I don’t have to tell ‘em how to cook my eggs in Rio Janeiro or Seattle. It’s a mighty little old world. What’s the use of bragging about being from the North, or the South, or the old manor house in the dale, or Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, or Pike’s Peak, or Fairfax County, Va., or Hooligan’s Flats or any place? It’ll be a better world when we quit being fools about some mildewed town or ten acres of swampland just because we happened to be born there.”

“我環遊世界已經十二遭了，”他說。“我認識一個烏珀那維的愛斯基摩人，他是從辛辛那提那裏郵購領帶的，我也看過一個烏拉圭的牧羊人在戰鬥溪早餐食物猜謎競賽贏得獎品。我在埃及開羅和橫濱各租一間套房，年年按月付租金。在上海一家茶室，有我一雙拖鞋在那裏等我。在里約熱內盧或者在西雅圖，我根本不需要跟他們講蛋怎麼煮，他們自然給我安排得好好的。真的是一個小不點的世界。自誇來自北方，或者南方，幹什麼呢？或者來自一個溪谷的家園，或者克利夫蘭的優及里德街，或者派克山尖，或者維吉尼亞州霏霏郡，或者互利甘平地，或者任何其他地方？只要我們不再傻乎乎的只因為出生在某地，便固執於什麼發霉的市鎮，或者十畝沼澤地，或者什麼其他亂七八糟的鬼地方，這麼的話，世界一定會更好。”

“You seem to be a genuine cosmopolite,” I said, admiringly. “But it also seems that you would decry patriotism.”

“你似乎是個到地的世界人，”我羨慕地說。“但是呢，看起來你也要反對愛國主義。”

“A relic of the stone age,” declared Coglan, warmly. “We are all brothers – Chinamen, Englishmen, Zulus, Patagonians and the people in the bend of the Kaw River. Some day all this petty pride in one’s city or state or section or country will be wiped out, and we’ll all be citizens of the world, as we ought to be.”

“石器時代的老古董，”柯藍以溫和的口氣說。“四海之內皆兄弟 – 中國佬，英國佬，祖魯佬，八達康納佬，還有攷五河套佬。會有這麼一天，這個對所來自城市，州郡，國家俗里俗氣的執著與驕傲會被一筆抹煞，我們大家都會變成世界公民，本來就應該這樣子。”

“But while you are wandering in foreign lands,” I persisted, “do not your thoughts revert to some spot – some dear and ----”

“然而你浪蹟異域之時，”我堅持，“你的思維不是像指南針一樣，會指向某個定點 – 某個親切而 --”

“Nary a spot,” interrupted E. R. Coglan, flippantly. “The terrestrial, globular, planetary hunk of matter, slightly flattened at the poles, and known as the Earth, is my abode. I’ve met a good many object-bound citizens of this country abroad. I’ve seen men from Chicago sit in a gondola in Venice on a moonlight night and brag about their drainage canal. I’ve seen a Southerner on being introduced to the King of England hand that monarch, without batting his eyes, the information that his grand-aunt on his mother’s side was related by marriage to the Perkinses, of Charleston. I knew a New Yorker who was kidnapped for ransom by some Afghanistan bandits. His people sent over the money and he came back to Kabul with the agent. ‘Afghanistan?’ the natives said to him through an interpreter. ‘Well, not so slow, do you think?’ ‘Oh, I don’t know,’ says he, and he begins to tell them about a cab driver at Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Those ideas don’t suit me. I’m not tied down to anything that isn’t 8,000 miles in diameter. Just put me down as E. Rushmore Coglan, citizen of the terrestrial sphere.”

“從來沒有那麼一個定點兒，”柯藍伊如根本不需要經過大腦，掌心朝下，掌背朝上，往上輕甩了一下，就那麼直截了當截斷了我的話。“那個地地，地球，你們稱為行星的一團玩意兒，在兩極稍微壓扁，尊姓大名為地球的，就是我的家。我在國外遇見過不少從這個國家出國到國外而懷念故土的人。我看過來自芝加哥在威尼斯如詩如畫的夜晚坐在羅曼蒂克的搖船上吹噓芝加哥的排水溝有多好的人。我看過一個南方佬讓人家介紹給英國國王的時候，眼睛連眨都不眨一下，跟國王講，說是他媽媽娘家那邊有個姑婆是查爾斯頓柏金斯家族的姻親。我認識一個紐約人，他被一群阿富汗匪黨綁架，勒索要錢。他們家人把錢送過去，讓他跟著經紀人回到喀布爾。那喀布爾的幾個當地人經過翻譯跟他說，‘阿富汗？’‘這麼說，不慢嘛！你說是不是？’‘喔，我不知道’他這麼回答，接著馬上跟人家說第六街和百老匯的一個計程車司機怎麼樣怎麼樣。這種地域觀念和我格格不入。要我安頓下來，至少要方圓八千哩以上的直徑。就把我這麼記下來好了，柯藍伊如詩魔，地地球球的公民。”

My cosmopolite made a large adieu and left me, for he thought he saw some one through the chatter and smoke whom he knew. So I was left with the would be periwinkle, who was reduced to Wurzburger without further ability to voice his aspirations to perch, melodious, upon the summit of a valley.

我的世界人做了一個誇張的告別動作然後離去，原因是他想他透過吱吱喳喳的聲響和烟霧看見了一個熟識的人。我於是和那個准長春花兒坐在那裏，他呢，已經被浸泡成德國黑啤酒，對於原來高高棲息於溪谷懸崖揚聲清唱的野心已經心有餘力了。

I sat, reflecting upon my evident cosmopolite and wondering how the poet had managed to miss him. He was my discovery and I believed in him. How was it? “The men that breed from them, they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities’ hem as a child to the mother’s gown.”

我坐在那裏，心裏這麼想，這個人真正是個到地的世界人，也聯想起那位詩人怎麼會沒有注意到他呢。他是我的發現，就像哥倫布發現新大陸一樣。我也五體投地地相信他。怎麼樣啊？詩人老兄，你不是這麼說的嗎？“從這些城市出生成長的人，固然上上下下沒止境地交通，但是落葉歸根，好比一個小孩牢牢抓著媽媽的衣服一樣。”

Not so E. Rushmore Coglan. With the whole world for his -----

柯藍伊如詩魔便不是這樣子。整個世界都是他 ----

My meditations were interrupted by a tremendous noise and conflict in another part of the café. I saw above the heads of the seated patrons E. Rushmore Cogan and a stranger to me engaged in terrific battle. They fought between the tables like Titans, and glasses crashed, and men caught their hats up and were knocked down, and a brunette screamed, and a blonde began to sing "Teasing."

我好比入定和尚一樣在那裏沉思默想，突然間，一聲巨響，小吃店的另一邊有人打架。由坐著的客人上方，我看見明明是柯藍伊如詩魔在和一個我不認識的人大打出手。簡直是舉起地球的大力神一般，他兩在餐桌之間拼命，玻璃被擊碎，男士們拿起帽子要戴，又夯不郎當被打落，有個淡黑皮膚的女士驚叫，一個金頭髮的開始唱“打得好。”

My cosmopolite was sustaining the pride and reputation of the Earth when the waiters closed in on both combatants with their famous flying wedge formation and bore them outside, still resisting.

侍者們一看不對頭，馬上集合起來，排成軍刀機似的後掠翼隊形把那兩位大打出手的顧客一面還掙扎著擡出去，我的世界人一直為捍衛地球的榮耀和驕傲而戰。

I called McCarthy, one of the French garçons, and asked him the cause of the conflict.

有個法國男侍者名叫馬卡希的，我問他衝突是爲了什麼起的。

"The man with the red tie" (that was my cosmopolite), said he, "got hot on account of things said about the bum sidewalks and water supply of the place he come from by the other guy."

“那個打紅色領帶的”（就是我的世界人），他說，“因爲那另一個傢伙說了他們老家有許多街頭流浪人，和他們那裏的自來水不怎麼好來的。”

"Why," said I, bewildered, "that man is a citizen of the world – a cosmopolite. He ----"

“呀，”我這麼說，可真迷糊死了，“那個人是個世界公民 – 一個世界人。他----”

"Originally from Mattawamkeag, Maine, he said, " continued McCarthy, "and he wouldn't stand for no knockin' the place."

“他自己說，祖籍緬因州瑪塔萬吉，”馬卡希繼續解釋，“他呀，什麼人敢迸出他們老地方半個字不是，馬上跟什麼人拼老命。”