



窄門

Little Faith Is The Gate

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譯者序

虛無的從人間圈出了一塊禁地，稱之以天堂一類的名字，把門收得不近人情的狹窄，而叫你拼命鑽進去，名之為德行，修行或別的什麼——這是基督教或任何宗教的神聖悲劇。安特列·紀德的這本戀愛小說「窄門」正就是照示這一個悲劇的一星小小的火花。

本該是最自然不過的，芥龍與阿麗莎這一對彼此鍾情的小兒女由表姊弟而進為眷屬。兩人相異相吸，相同相通，互相合適（也許除了女的比男的大了兩歲，）而彼此又出於嚴肅的了解而互相接近。故事的開始差不多就在各自就要失去母親的時候。那是兩個極相反的母親，芥龍的母親不宜於穿鮮明的衣服正如阿麗莎的母親不宜於穿黑。在阿麗莎的母親就要跟人家跑了以前不久，芥龍決意一生都保護阿麗莎；在芥龍的母親棄世以前不久，阿麗莎也知道芥龍需要從她得一點支撐。兩人彼此相為而圖完美，他們想穿着「白衣服，手挽手，望着同一個目標」而進行。他們高傲，不怕短暫的分離；他們自信，甘受任何種試煉。他們實際上早就像定了婚

了。

本該還是簡單的，雖然故事複雜起來了，試煉來了。阿麗莎發覺她的妹妹須麗葉也喜歡芥龍。這實際上又有什麼呢？世界的千差萬別中跟一個女子真正配合得來的一個男子決不會跟別一個女子也真正配合得來的，若講到關係最切的戀愛與結婚。在花樣的配合中，合則留，不合則去，另求合者，實並無真正難處的地方。果然，芥龍和阿麗莎在一起往往拘束而不自然，反不如和須麗葉可以隨便游玩。這却是因為芥龍愛阿麗莎愛得深而難免如此的僅是浮面的現象，一個階段裏或者不免的現象，並不足以說明了芥龍跟須麗葉結合會更為合適。可是阿麗莎不這麼想，反以為自己跟芥龍的結合會把須麗葉的幸福剝奪了，於是課諸自己以自我犧牲。一點有差，全局頓非，須麗葉搶先犧牲，爲了絕她姊姊轉讓她嫁給芥龍的癡想，她隨便答應了她完全還沒有看在眼裏的一個男子的求婚。這可就無論如何也不能叫阿麗莎能再安於自己與芥龍的關係了。

一切都還可以很順利的，經過了這一個波折。須麗葉結婚了以後，成了賢妻良母，與丈夫同過田園生活，倒還是很幸福，照一般的看法來用這個形容詞。阿麗莎與芥龍的關係本該又可以一帆風順下去了。殊不知這却又撩起了另一個波折。須麗葉得來全不費工夫的幸福，無須阿麗莎犧牲也可以

得到的幸福，又叫阿麗莎不安。她又覺得希求的不是幸福而是向幸福的進行了。這又自苦而苦了芥龍，可是這在芥龍也正未嘗不合適，他也早想過「達到幸福所需的努力反重於幸福本身。」在為幸福的德行中，阿麗莎又瞥見了「更好的東西，」把德行看作了目的。她怕愛情妨礙了進德，要離開芥龍而在神中會他，求所謂「聖潔」而「超越愛情。」這雖然仍舊使芥龍更在無可奈何中力求進德以配得上她，却也終使他精疲力絕而惋惜難堪的詩意消失，發覺所愛的現實人物竟變成了幽靈。風風雨雨，愈來愈別扭，終於叫一個潦倒一生，一個憔悴以死，在一條容不下兩個人並肩而行的牛角尖裏。

雖然，這裡的一波又一波中也自有其必然性，並非出於偶然悲劇已經潛伏在故事的開端。兩個人的性格裏顯然都早具了兩種相反的成分。我們不該用心理分析來硬把一副有機體拆穿或寔是支解。不過我們即從天生有宗教的熱忱，又受清教徒訓練的芥龍身上也顯然看得出相當分量的「肉感」——倒置的見之於他很小就因看見美麗的身母讀詩而臉紅，見之於他拼命逃去洗滌自己身上被她觸摸過的地方。阿麗莎的「肉感」則在故事中表現的機會更不少了，看她到篇末述說的那天晚上她在芥龍走出去以後如何躺在沙發上，在燈罩的掩蔽下，凝看自己露在光亮裏的腳尖，更不用提她在日記裏

赤裸裸的靈肉衝突中的絕叫了。他們都正像紀德自己，身上帶了法國北部與南部天然環境所造成的兩極端的傾向，只是紀德是非常自覺的，對於這一點，這一點的着重，實在出於宗教把靈肉分割的觀念的操縱。紀德自己早年常津津樂道這種對立甚或衝突。這種對立甚或衝突的觀念無形中擴大到一切領域而自炫其重要性。T. S. 艾略忒最近還把這個對立甚至衝突的觀念不自覺的引用到文化問題上而認為一種文化與另一種文化之間該有點如夫妻之間的小小的勃谿。勃谿在夫婦生活的實際上間或難免，却並非理想的事情。磨擦也並非文化活躍或發達的必要條件。紀德到晚年才明白否定了消耗的鬭爭，宣揚了多樣的成分才可以產生諧和，相反的正可以相成。他把「窄門」的悲劇只是消極的揭發了，到「新的糧食」時代他才把阿麗莎的「我們生來不是為的幸福」改成了「人是為幸福而生的。」到了那時候他也正像校正了阿麗莎似的說了要用自己幸福的榜樣來教人幸福，雖然決不要剝奪人家的幸福。的確，幸福的滿足並不如阿麗莎所想的必然會令人墮落。阿麗莎要把給芥龍的心分給窮人，最自然，最真摯的辦法倒還是先給了或者同時給了他。給了他那顆心不是就完了的，不是就真像可以用尺用斗來量似的不夠分配給另外人，而相反的只有擴大了。只是紀德在「新的糧食」裏還說是「輕滿足愛而重擴大愛」未免還有點離奇，愛的滿足。

又何必與它的擴大抵觸？——滿足正就是擴大的一個先行的階段而已。

阿麗莎與芥龍的悲劇一方面也就緣於求進步的錯誤。阿麗莎早就說了紀德自己遠在若干年後的「新的糧食」裏說的，我們不能希求一種無進步的狀態，喜悅，或幸福，也該是進步的才對。阿麗莎的求進步却是出發於到了某種境界就覺得「夠了」，這已經夠幸福了，」或者出發於怕到達了幸福便不再幸福了，因此她的求幸福進步就是無限的延宕幸福。她不知道把一段落的幸福當作踏腳石，一階段的終點與下一階段的出發點。前進的過程裏自有階段性的完滿境界。發芽，開花結果又發芽，開花，結果是自然的螺旋式的程序。芽不能超越了開花而結果，花不能超越了結果而發芽，果不能超越了發芽而開花。延宕則等於叫芽永遠發芽，花永遠開花，果永遠結果。戀愛上歌德式的追求無盡，抓到了一個對象，不滿足了，撇下了又追求一個，實在並非進步，因為還是停頓在第一個階段上，愛情本身並沒有在完滿了以後也進了一步。超越了愛情，阿麗莎又何嘗達到純粹的聖潔，紀德自己直到晚年還沒有擺脫這個略帶毛病的超越觀念，雖然他自己倒是「通過」來的，實際上。他喜歡叫青年一筆抹殺了過去，過去在現在與將來中的位置。這實在是忽略了傳統的價值，缺少了歷史的認識。修養裏深為得力於傳統，個人歷史又

最富有歷史意義的紀德竟時或表現了這種另一絕端的思想，似乎不能說出於自然，雖然他如此抱了自然史的人生觀。

一切貌似對立的事物，靈與肉，心與物，美與善，羣與己…都相依為命，實是最自然的真諦；過去與將來，完滿與發展，互相推移，實也是最自然的真諦；說來說去還無非說明了這句老生常談：「天行健，君子自強不息。」這是天與人最自然的傾向，天人合一應是一條康莊大道，若不是人世的矯狂過正日積月累的壅塞了它，而造成了今日的局勢。如今，天下滔滔，『引到滅亡的那門是寬的，路是大的，』的確成了基督的說法。今日的世界簡直證實了人世的出發點就是個錯誤。一個大悲劇裏裹着一個大慘局。以西洋人為主的世界，儘管在背棄基督教，共同證實了基督教所判定的現世是一個罪惡的世界，而大家向毀滅邁進的壯烈實在也多少起因於基督教的把人剖成兩半，把一切都分成兩半，教會了大家只看出兩半之間的抵觸，衝突的價值，再也拼不成整體。另一方面，就壓在這個大悲劇底下，却也實現了與基督教的好處相反的錯誤：大家醉生夢死，渾渾噩噩，是非不分，善惡不明，現實到不抱任何主義，貌似遲緩，實為激劇的，非常不名譽的落往可慘的結局。雖然如此，基督教或任何宗教的開倒車的辦法顯然都不足以濟世了，可是宗教的共同精神，不惑於一時的，短視所見的現實，而清醒的有所理想，有所

超拔的精神，進窄門的精神，却是正是此世或可以得救所不可少的動力，不管我們用何種方法去救己救人而成己成人。

話又說回來，就借功利的說法，這本小說裏的悲劇的光芒倒難道——不是爲了場面的漂亮而是爲了正面的價值——不能叫演悲劇的世界有所警悟，而特別叫我們演慘劇的更有所激發嗎？

SOME PEOPLE might have made a book out of it; but the story I am going to tell is one that it took all my strength to live and over which I spent all my virtue. So I shall set down my recollections quite simply, and if in places they are ragged I shall have recourse to no invention and neither patch nor connect them; any effort I might make to dress them up would take away from the last pleasure I hope to get in telling them.

I lost my father before I was twelve years old. As there was nothing to keep my mother at Le Havre, where my father had had a practice as a doctor, she decided to go to Paris, where she thought I should be better able to finish my education. She took a small apartment near the Luxembourg and Miss Ashburton came to live with us. Miss Flora Ashburton, who had no relations of her own, had begun by being my mother's governess; she afterwards became her companion and later on her friend. I spent my childhood in the society of these two women, whom I remember as equally gentle and equally sad and always dressed in mourning. One day—it was a good long time, I think, after my father's death—my mother changed the black ribbon in her morning cap for a mauve one.

“Oh, mamma!” I cried. “That color doesn't suit

第一章

別人儘可以用來做一本書；可是我要在這裏講的故事，我已經以全力生活過，而且在那上面用盡了我的德行。所以我要簡簡單單的寫我的回憶，倘若有些地方支離破碎了，我也不想法補綴它們，連接它們，我要把它們潤飾的努力，反而會妨礙我希望在講它們的時候可以得到的最後的快樂。

我還不滿十二歲，就失去了我的父親。我的母親，因為再沒有留在哈浮的必要了，本來我的父親在那里當醫生的，乃決定來巴黎住，預料我在這裡可以更好的完成我的學業。她在盧森堡公園附近，租了一小幢住房，阿緒拜爾敦小姐和我們住在一起。弗羅拉·阿緒拜爾敦小姐，已經沒有了家族，起初當我母親的家庭教師，然後變成了她的伴侶，不久便成了她的朋友我當時就生活在這兩位婦人的身邊，她們同樣的老帶着溫和與悲哀的神色，現在我只能想見她們服喪的樣子了。有一天，我想，是在父親死了許久以後吧，母親把草帽的黑帶子換成了絳帶子：

「啊！媽，」我叫起來了；「這種顏色和你多麼不合適

you at all." The next morning the black ribbon wa back again.

My health was delicate. My mother and Miss Ashburton had only one thought—to keep me from ailing. If I have not become an idler as a result of their solicitude, it must really be that my love of work is ingrained. At the very beginning of the fine weather they both used to persuade themselves that it was time for me to leave town, that I was growing pale. About the middle of June we would start for Fongueusemare in the neighborhood of Le Havre, where we used to spend the summer every year at my Uncle Bucolin's.

Standing in a garden that is neither very large nor very fine, and which has nothing special to distinguish it from a number of other Normandy gardens, the Bucolins' house, a white two-storied building, resembles a great many country houses of the century before last. A score of large windows look east on to the front of the garden; as many more on to the back; there are none at the sides. The windows have small panes; some of them, which have been recently replaced, seem too light in color among the old ones, which look green and dull beside them. Certain others have flaws in the glass which our parents used to call "bubbles"; a tree seen through them becomes distorted; when the postman passes, he suddenly develops a hump.

The garden is rectangular and is enclosed by a wall. The part that lies in front of the house consists of a fairly large, shady lawn with a gravel path all round it. On this side the wall is lower and allows a view of the farmyard and buildings that lie round the garden. The farm is bordered according to the custom of the country, by an avenue of beeches.

」第二天她又換成了黑帶子

我身體很弱。我的母親和阿緒拜爾敦小姐，念念不忘當心我疲倦，如果她們的關懷沒有把我養成了一個懶人，想必是多虧我生性真愛好工作吧。天氣一好起來的時候，她們兩個就以爲我應該離開都市了，我在都市裏黃瘦了；到六月中旬，我們就上奉格司麥，在哈浮附近，我的舅父比柯倫每年夏天在那里接待我們。

立在一所不很大，不很美，與一般諾曼地園子沒有什麼大不同的園子裏，比柯倫的家屋，白白的兩層樓，很像前兩世紀的許多別墅。房子向園子的前面，向東，開了一二十個大窗子；後邊也有這許多；兩旁却沒有。窗子都鑲了小塊的玻璃；有些新換的，在舊的中間顯得太亮了，舊的，在旁邊，就顯得又綠又黯。有的帶一些瑕疵，我們的大人們管叫做「水泡；」從裏面看過去，樹變得扭歪了；郵差，在前面經過，突然長起了一個瘤。

園子，長方形，四周都圍了牆。房子的前面是一塊相當寬大，有蔭涼的草地，繞以沙礫的小徑。在這一面，牆低了一些；因此可以看見環繞園子的農場的院子。農場照鄉下的慣例，界以山毛櫸的林蔭路。

Behind the house on the west side the garden spreads more spaciouly. A walk gay with flowers runs along the south espalier wall and is protected from the sea winds by a thick screen of Portugal laurel and a few trees. Another walk running along the north wall disappears under a mass of branches. My cousins used to call it the "dark walk" and would not venture along it after twilight. These two paths lead to the kitchen-garden, which continues the flower-garden on a lower level, and which you reach by a small flight of steps. Then, at the bottom of the kitchen-garden, a little gate with a secret fastening leads, on the other side of the wall, to a coppice in which the beech avenue terminates right and left. As one stands on the doorstep of the west front, one can look over the top of this clump of trees to the plateau beyond, with its admirable clothing of crops. On the horizon, at no great distance, can be seen the church of a little village and, when the air is still, the smoke rising from half-a-dozen houses.

Every fine summer evening after dinner we used to go down to the "lower garden." We went out by the little secret gate and walked as far as a bench in the avenue from which there was a view over the country; there, near the thatched roof of a deserted marl-pit, my uncle, my mother, and Miss Ashburton would sit down, before us the little valley filled with mist; and over the distant woods we watched the sky turn golden. Afterwards we would linger for a while at the lower end of the garden, where it had already grown dark. When we came in we found my aunt in the drawing-room. She hardly ever went out with us. For us children the evening ended then; but very often we were still reading in our rooms when we heard our elders go up to bed.

在房子的後面，在西邊，園子展開得較為隨便。一條小徑，雜花掩映得絢爛悅目的，傍近南邊的樹牆，由一厚層葡萄牙桂樹和另外一些樹擋住了海風。另一條小徑，沿北邊的牆腳，隱入於枝叢。我的表姊妹們叫它做「暗徑，」一到黃昏以後，就不輕易上那里去冒險了。這兩條小徑直通到在下面承接花園的菜園，在降下幾級以後。然後，在菜園的底裏，一道秘密的小門，通到牆背後一叢矮樹林，山毛櫸的林蔭路，從左從右，到那里終止了。站在西邊的門階上，可以從那一簇樹林的梢頭，望見高原，嘆賞蓋滿那里的莊稼。在天際，不甚遠，一個小村子的教堂；傍晚，空氣澄靜的時候，幾家的炊烟。

每逢好天氣的夏晚，到飯後，我們就下那個「低園。」我們走出那個秘密的小門，直走到林蔭路上一條長椅的地方，從那里可以約略俯瞰田野的景色；靠近一個廢坑的茅簷，我的舅父，我的母親，和阿緒拜爾敦小姐在那里坐下了；在我們的面前，小谷充滿了霧靄，天色在遠林的梢頭，變成了金黃。然後我們在早已昏暗的園子的底裏逗留一會兒。我們回來；我們在客廳裏重見到我的舅母，她差不多從來不同我們出去的；在我們，小孩子們，晚上就這樣完結了；可是往往我們還在我們的房間裏讀書呢，當我們，很晚了，聽見我們的大人們上樓的時候。

Almost every hour of the day which we did not spend in the garden we spent in the "schoolroom," my uncle's study, in which some school desks had been placed for us. My cousin Robert and I worked side by side—behind us were Juliette and Alissa. Alissa was two years older than I, Juliette one year younger; Robert was the youngest of us four.

I am not writing here an account of my early recollections, but only of those which refer to my story. It really begins, I may say, in the year of my father's death. Perhaps my sensibility—over-stimulated as it had been by our bereavement and if not by my own grief at any rate by the sight of my mother's—predisposed me at this time to new emotions. I had matured precociously, so that when we went back to Fongueusemare that year, Juliette and Robert seemed to me all the younger by comparison. But when I saw Alissa, I understood on a sudden that we two had ceased to be children.

Yes, it was certainly the year of my father's death; my recollection is confirmed by a conversation that, I remember, took place between my mother and Miss Ashburton immediately after our arrival. I had come unexpectedly into the room where my mother and her friend were talking together; the subject of their talk was my aunt. My mother was indignant that she had not gone into mourning or had gone out again so soon. (To tell the truth it was as impossible for me to imagine Aunt Bucolin dressed in black as my mother in colors.) The day of our arrival, Lucile Bucolin, as far as I can remember, was wearing a muslin gown. Miss Ashburton, conciliatory as ever, was trying to calm my mother.

"After all," she argued timidly, "white is mourning too."