

原汁原味·权威版本

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森◎著

Robert Louis Stevenson

(全译本)

凡璇 / 译

化身博士



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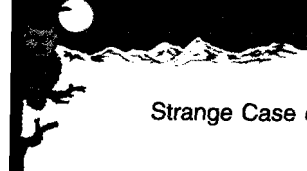
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STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character,

关于门的故事

律师厄特森先生总是神情紧张，从未发现他的脸被笑容点亮过。尽管他看起来又瘦又高、干巴巴的，而且沉默冷淡、言行迟钝，然而这并不妨碍他的可爱之处会偶尔展露。在老朋友的聚会上，当他被酒微微熏陶着时，一种颇具亲和力的东西就会从他的眼神中自然浮现，而这种东西通常在他的言语中很难得到表达。事实上，厄特森律师的亲善并不仅仅只在饭后平静的脸上闪现，他的为人处事中更为充分地彰显了这种与人为善。他非常自律：一个人的时候只喝点杜松子酒，严苛抑制着自己对于葡萄酒的偏爱；尽管他喜欢看戏，但足足有二十年了，他不曾进入任何一家剧院的大门。但他待人有极为值得称道的容忍度，当看到有些人近乎狂热地致力于干坏事时，他有时感到讶异，甚至于嫉妒那种狂热；但是，无论对怎样十恶不赦的人，他的态度总是倾向于挽救，而非谴责。“我可能中了该隐的谬论的毒”，他常常这样说，“我是在听任我的同胞兄弟自



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it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down – going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.


No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendships seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good – nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready – made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer’s way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well – known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by – street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on

行堕落”。基于这样的性格，厄特森律师常常有幸成为那些堕落者所能接触到的最后一个值得尊敬的人，也是最后一个可以对他们施加好的影响的人。对于这些堕落的人，只要他们来到他的办公室，他绝不会在对待他们的态度上有任何微妙的变化。

毫无疑问，要练就这样的功夫，厄特森律师并不需要花太多气力，因为他的情感从不外露，甚至是友情似乎也与他相似的宽仁性格为基石。一个谦逊的人，总是会从机缘那里结交到仿佛事先安排好了的朋友，这正是这位律师的交友之道。他的朋友大多是他自己的亲族，或者就是已经认识了很久的人。他的感情犹如常青藤，是时间的产物，而绝非出自于对某人的偏爱。因此，他与他的远亲、伦敦城内有名的理查德·恩菲尔德先生之间的友情正是这种时间的产物。许多人一度对此颇为困惑：这样的两个人能互相欣赏对方什么呢？他们又将在哪些方面找到共同话题呢？他们每个星期天还有一次例行的散步，据碰到他们的人士声称：他们散步时都不说一句话，气氛非常沉闷，因此一见到熟人就赶紧打招呼，颇有如释重负之感。尽管如此，这两个人好像还极为看重这周末的例行散步，并把它视为每周的重要节日，为此，他们不但可以把其他的娱乐推在一边，甚至不惜取消一些业务来访，以便可以共享他们的共处时光。

就是在这样的一次散步中，他们来到伦敦商业中心的一条侧街上。这条街比较狭小，当时也可称得上冷清，尽



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the week – days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood a-long that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well – polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east. the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by – street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

管平日里它也被卷进繁华的商业活动当中。这里的店铺似乎都经营得当、运转良好，为了能使自家的生意更加兴旺发达，店主们纷纷拿出自己的赢利用在店面的装潢上，这使得整个一条街的店面都呈现出一副招徕顾客的样子，就像是站了两排笑迎客人的售货小姐。即使是在星期天这样的日子，那些琳琅满目的吸引人的各色兜售手段被暂时掩藏，街面上一度显出空旷来，可只要与周围的灰暗冷清一对比，这街面到底还是明亮温暖的，正如同森林中燃烧的那一团篝火。这的窗子新被油漆过，光亮簇新，招牌被擦得锃亮，所有的一切都光洁一新，凡是路过的人都会被它们所散发出的气息一下子吸引。

沿着一个拐角的左边向东走，大约有两个门面的距离，一座阴森森的住宅的山墙忽然挡在了路的尽头。它是一座两层楼的房屋，没有窗户；只有楼下的一扇门，楼上是一堵看起来密不透风的斑驳外墙，除此之外，什么也看不见；这座房屋呈现着一副年久失修的破败景象。它的门上没有安装门铃，也没有门环，倒是浮泡与斑点随处可见。不时会有流浪者无精打采地迈进门洞，在门板上擦火柴，小孩子们在台阶上玩买卖东西的游戏，学龄儿童则在它的墙角线上磨他们的小刀。将近三十年来，并没有人出来将这些不速之客驱逐走或者修葺一下那些遭到损坏的地方。

恩菲尔德和厄特森律师此时正走在这条侧街的另一边。当他们走到这所住宅门口的对面时，恩菲尔德先生用手杖指了一下那扇门。

“Did you ever remark that door?” he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, “It is connected in my mind,” added he, “with a very odd story.”

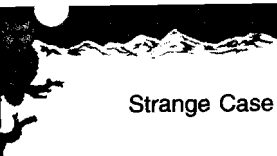
“Indeed?” said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, “and what was that?”

“Well, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’ clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, Sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn’t like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloo, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was

“你注意过这扇门吗？”他问。在他的同伴给出了肯定回答之后，他又说：“在我的意识中，这扇门跟一件非常奇怪的事情联系在了一起。”

“是吗？”厄特森先生用稍稍变化的语调问道，“那是什么事情？”

“事情是这样的”，恩菲尔德先生回答道，“那天我从很远的地方往家走，当时正值冬天，凌晨三点钟，周围一团漆黑。我所经过的市区的一些路段，倘若没有灯，便可说是伸手不见五指。我穿过一条街又一条街，所有的人都在熟睡当中；我穿过一条又一条街，所有的灯都彻夜通明，仿佛在迎接队列通过一般，但同时整个街道又空寂无人，这有点像教堂里的情形。后来，我的心情进入到某种情绪当中：我仔细地聆听着、聆听着，并开始企盼一个警察会不期而至。忽然，我看见了两个身影：一个是小个子的男人，正沿着街道直直往东走；一个是十岁左右的小女孩，正拼命地从街中心穿过。那么，先生，这两个人便在拐角的地方很自然地撞在了一起；接着非常骇人的一幕便发生了，那个小个子男人若无其事地从这个小女孩的身上走过去，听任那孩子在地上惊声尖叫。当然，现在听我复述这件事感觉不到什么，可若是你亲眼目睹的话，就可怕极了。那完全不像是一个最起码的人的作为，而简直是一个横冲直撞的凶神恶煞。我立刻大喝一声，冲上去揪住了那人的衣领，并把他扯回到正在哭喊的小女孩身边，那里早已围了一群人。那家伙依旧非常冷酷，倒也没有反抗，可是他



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perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened too, I



could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. ‘If you choose to make capital out of this accident,’ said he, ‘I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,’ says he. ‘Name your figure.’ Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child’s family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door? —whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts’s, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can’t mention, though it’s one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man’s cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. ‘Set your mind at rest,’ says he, ‘I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.’ So we all set off, the doctor, and the child’s father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.”

他却能照样做到不动声色，活脱脱就是撒旦。‘如果你们一定要小题大做的话，我自然也无能为力。但是每一个讲究体面的绅士都希望远离丑闻，’他说，‘你们就开个价吧。’于是我们勒令他向小女孩的家属支付高达一百镑的赔偿费。很明显，他一开始还想硬抗着不同意，但最后他发现我们这边似乎根本没有让步的可能，只好屈服了。接下来的事就是从他那拿到这笔钱。你想象不出他把我们带到哪里去了？——原来就是那扇门跟前！他掏出一把钥匙，开了门进去，很快又出来，取来了大约十镑金币，不足的数额他则开了一张库茨银行的支票，凭支票即可兑换现金。而签在支票上的名字我现在不能说出来，尽管它是我所讲的这个事情的一个关键点，但这个名字至少是为人们所熟知的，而且经常见诸书刊报端。支票上的金额固然可观，但支票上面的签字只要不是假的，那它的价值将远胜于这些单纯的数字。我于是毫不客气地向那家伙指出，整个事情似乎不大可信；因为在实际生活中，不可能会有人在清晨四点钟走进一扇地窖一样的门，然后又带着一张将近一百镑的支票出来，而这张支票还是由另一人签字的。但是他却神态自若地冷笑着说：‘敬请放心，我可以奉陪你们到银行开门，然后由我亲自去把支票兑换成现金。’于是那位医生、小女孩的父亲、撞人的那个家伙还有我自己，一起到我的住所度过这一宿残余的一点时间。第二天一早，吃了早饭，我们四个人就一起到银行里去。我亲自把支票递了进去，并说我有足够的理由怀疑它是伪造的。谁知结果完全相反，

“Tut – tut,” said Mr. Utterson.

“I see you feel as I do,” said Mr. Enfield. “Yes, it’s a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Black mail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call that place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all,” he added, and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly: “And you don’t know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?”

“A likely place, isn’t it?” returned Mr. Enfield. “But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other.”

“And you never asked about—the place with the door?” said Mr. Utterson.

“No, sir; I had a delicacy,” was the reply. “I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it’s like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird