

THE



Document
代号R密件

外语教学与研究出版社

The R Document

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内 容 提 要

《代号R 密件》是一部以七十年代美国社会犯罪情况为背景，揭露美国联邦调查局长泰纳恩耍弄阴谋的小说。泰纳恩利用他手中的权力，以收买、恐吓、暗杀、美人计等手段，企图迫使各州议会通过一项宪法修正案，达到他实行法西斯统治的罪恶目的。他的阴谋被司法部长柯林斯等人所揭破。最后泰纳恩终于落得个身败名裂的下场。

本书故事情节曲折，语言通俗易懂，难点部分书后附有注释，可供大学二年级以上的学生或同等程度的读者阅读。

前 言

欧文·华莱士 (Irving Wallace) (1916——) 是当代美国的一位多产作家。他从十五岁起就开始为“星期六晚邮报”和“读者文摘”写稿。第二次世界大战期间，他在美国空军服役。五十年代从事电影创作。一九六四年曾获加利福尼亚共和体俱乐部文学奖。他写的畅销书有：小说《小贩报告》(The Chapman Report)；《奖金》(The Prize)；《人》(The Man)；《狂热者俱乐部》(The Fan Club)等。还有《人民年鉴》(The People's Almanac)。《代号R密件》(The R Document) 是美国 Simon and Schuster 公司一九七六年出版的一部华莱士的畅销小说。

有人在评论华莱士的创作时说，他的小说以故事情节曲折复杂而著称。这一特点在《代号R密件》中得到充分的体现。

《代号R密件》以七十年代的美国联邦调查局为背景，通过揭露主人公联邦调查局局长弗农·泰纳恩(Vernon Tynan)的阴谋活动，在一定程度上暴露了美国资产阶级专政工具联邦调查局对美国人民犯下的法西斯罪行。

泰纳恩是由前任联邦调查局局长埃德加·胡佛一手提拔培养出来的，是“地地道道百分之百的胡佛式的人物”。正是因为这一点，他才被总统选中。此人是个什么样的人呢？他野心勃勃，权欲熏熏，妄想成为一个比总统还更有权势的人，正如书中所说的，他是“希特勒的翻版”。为了达到目的，泰纳恩以解决日趋上升的犯罪问题为籍口，鼓动总统和

国会领袖提出一项宪法修正案，即三十五号修正案，准备在出现“紧急情况”时，宣布停止实行宪法规定的“人权法案”，并以联邦调查局长为首的国家安全委员会统治全国，从而实现他自己所说的“要成为一个比总统还要厉害的人”的野心。

要实现他的野心，就一定要残酷镇压反对他的人。在这一方面，泰纳恩无所顾忌，是不择手段的。他对几乎每个人都要立有档案，收集每个人的指纹、生活中的污点，特别是那些黑人领袖、反政府人士、学生运动积极分子、有影响的知名人士等。搞威逼利诱，设美人计是他的家常便饭；制造特务恐怖，搞绑架，暗杀也是他的拿手好戏。黑人人权运动领袖马丁·路德·金的私生活，电影明星简·方达，拳王阿里的言行，都被泰纳恩的手下窃听录制；在泰纳恩控制的某公司城里，一位历史女教员因讲解《独立宣言》而被扣上“制造不和的捣乱分子”帽子，最后被驱逐出城；为了使他炮制的修正案获得通过，泰纳恩派出秘密特务，登门“拜访”那些有把柄的议员，用恐吓手段迫使他们就范，以造成议会中的“多数”；当最高法院首席大法官准备起来反对泰纳恩的阴谋时，泰纳恩不惜以近百万美金的巨款，收买凶手，把首席法官谋杀。而所有这一切，都是在总统的默许和丛惠下，在“自由民主”声中进行的，从而揭露了资产阶级自由民主的虚伪性。

小说中的另一主人公是司法部长克里斯托弗·柯林斯(Christopher Collins)。在作者的笔下，柯林斯是位公正，毫无政治偏见和种族歧视的人。他为了保卫“人权法案”，在极端孤立、毫无线索的情况下，不顾生命危险起来揭露泰纳恩的阴谋。他还是一个一心致力于社会改革，解决犯罪问

题的有识之士。而对着日益严重的犯罪问题，他认为靠镇压不能解决这个社会问题，主张首要的问题是要看到贫民窟、种族歧视、无知、暴力、权利的剥夺、腐败、失业、污染、疾病、不安和仇恨等社会现象对个人造成的“非人性影响”。他得出结论，这些社会现象“就是造成犯罪的根源”。他很有信心地说，这些社会弊病是可以被控制的。到底怎么控制，怎么解决那些不公正现象呢？他没有提供任何切实可行的办法。他希望的只不过是总统能挑选一些开明的人士组成一个特别委员会，写出一个“计划和办法”来，似乎这就解决了问题。其实，柯林斯是无法找到根本办法的，因为他看到的只是问题的现象，没有看到问题的本质，他也不可能从资本主义制度上找出原因，找出解决办法。他的那个由几个开明政客就可以拯救美国制度的危机的希望也是注定要破产的。作者正是通过塑造柯林斯这个人物，反映了自己的立场。

本书的注释由夏祖燧同志审阅，特此向他表示谢意。

朱永涛
1980年8月

In 1787, after the delegates in Philadelphia signed the new United States Constitution, a woman approached Benjamin Franklin. "Well, Doctor," she asked, "what have we got, a republic or a monarchy?" Franklin replied, "A republic, if you can keep it." [monarchy] 君主国

"Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

10.8

*****1

The visit had been quite unexpected—he had forgotten that he had made the appointment, had forgotten to cancel it after he'd promised to have dinner with the President—and now he was trying to get it over with as quickly and gracefully as possible.¹

Yet Christopher Collins didn't want to hurt the man sitting opposite him, because this was apparently a nice man, sensible and sensitive and gentle, and at another time Collins would have enjoyed talking to him. But not now, not tonight, with the heap of papers on his desk still to be read, with the long, tense evening in the White House still before him.

He would have to handle this carefully, Collins decided. Not merely because he didn't want to hurt the man's feelings, but because he didn't want to offend FBI Director Tynan.² Obviously, the Director had encouraged this man, or had even told him to interview Collins for the autobiography of Tynan that they were writing together. No one was ~~foolhardy~~ ^{that stupid} enough to offend Tynan, and Collins, in his new position, least of all.

Collins' eyes went to the portable ~~cassette~~ ^{recorder} tape recorder³ his visitor had placed on the edge of the desk ten minutes ago. It was still recording, although nothing of consequence so far. Collins' eyes rose to take in

the older man,¹ perhaps in his mid-fifties, who was studying his list of questions, aware that they were pressed for time and anxiously seeking the most telling and important questions² on his list.

Studying his visitor, Collins was suddenly struck by the incongruity of the man's appearance and his name,³ and he was forced to smile. The man's name didn't fit his person at all. His name was Ishmael Young, and Collins wished there were time to ask him how he'd got such a name. Ishmael Young was a short, pudgy person, probably New England,⁴ possibly Presbyterian and Scottish (with a Jewish strain back somewhere), and he bulged out all over through his rumpled gray suit.⁵ He had odd tufts of hair along the sides of his head and a balding pate, and he pitifully combed his side hairs over the top of his head so that it looked as if he had sideburns on his scalp. He also had two chins and the makings of a third.⁶ His blubbery body filled and seemed to hang over the edges of the chair. He resembled a small beached whale. Collins decided that "Ishmael" might be appropriate after all.⁷

Nor did he look in the least like a writer, Collins thought. Except for the horn-rimmed glasses that needed cleaning, and the charred brown briar pipe, he did not look like a writer at all. But then, right from the start he'd said he was a ghostwriter.⁸ And Collins had never met one of those before. Apparently a successful ghost-

记录本, 李叔

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writer, too—one who had written books for a depraved actress, a black Olympics hero,¹ a military genius. Collins tried to recall whether he had read any of the books. He knew that he hadn't but that Karen probably had, and he would try to remember to ask her about them.

He realized now that Ishmael Young had lifted his head, shyly meeting his gaze, and was already posing his next question.

Listening to the question, Collins at once saw an out,² a way to terminate this interview as quickly and gracefully as possible. It simply required honesty.

"What do I think of Vernon T. Tynan?" Collins said, repeating the question.

"Yes. I mean, what's your impression of him?"

Collins immediately thought of the physical Tynan: a blustering, braying Brobdingnagian of a being,³ and almost as legendary, with small squinting gimlet eyes in a small round head set atop a short thick neck on a brawny expanse of chest, a man almost as tall as himself, with a rasping voice. That picture of him was clear. But of the inner Tynan he knew next to nothing. He need only say so, honestly, and be done with it, and let Ishmael Young look elsewhere.⁴

"Frankly, I don't know Director Tynan very well. I haven't had time to get to know him. I've been on this job just one week."

"You've been Attorney General⁵ just one week," said

Young, correcting him nicely, "but you've been in the Department of Justice¹—according to my notes, you've been here almost eighteen months. As I understand it, you were Deputy Attorney General under the last Attorney General, Colonel Noah Baxter, for thirteen of those months."

"That's true," admitted Collins. "But as Deputy Attorney General I saw Director Tynan very little. He'll confirm that, if you ask him. It was Colonel Baxter who saw him, actually quite often. They were friends, after a fashion."² 马三虎之 向上排一下

Ishmael Young's eyebrows went up a notch.³ "I didn't know Director Tynan had any friends. At least that's my feeling, from my talks with him. I thought only his assistant, Harry Adcock, was a close friend. And I sort of regarded that as mainly a business relationship."⁴

"No," Collins insisted, "he was also close to Colonel Baxter, if he was close to anyone. Though I suppose you're right in one way. Director Tynan is actually a loner. If you look back, I think you'll find other FBI Directors have been loners. It's in the nature of the job."⁵ Anyway, I never got to see him very much or to know him at all."

The writer would not be put off.⁶ 就此罢休 He removed the old pipe from his mouth and licked his lips. "But Mr. Collins..." He paused. "Is that right, the Mr., or

should I call you Attorney General Collins, or maybe drop the Attorney and make it just General—”

Collins smiled. “Mr Collins will do.”

“Very well. What I was going to say was that after Colonel Baxter suffered his stroke—that was five months ago—you were temporarily in charge here, unofficially the head of Justice, until it was made official a week ago. As we all know, the FBI is under you. The Director of the FBI, Tynan, is your subordinate, so you’d have contact—”

Collins was forced to laugh. “Director Tynan my subordinate? Mr. Young, you’ve got a lot to learn.”

“That’s really what I’m here for, Mr. Collins,” said Young earnestly. “I’m here to learn. I can’t ghost-write an autobiography for the Director of the FBI without knowing his precise relationship with the Attorney General, with the President, with the CIA,¹ with everyone in government. You might think I should ask the Director. I have, believe me. But he’s surprisingly vague about the governmental process, and his own place in it. There are certain things I can’t get clear from him. Not that he won’t tell me. It’s just that he’s not interested, and rather impatient. What he is interested in is talking about his exploits in the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover,² and then his resignation and comeback. Well, I’m interested in those things too. They’re the meat of the book.³ But I’m also interested in where he

stands—I mean, in relation to his colleagues—in the whole power structure.”

Collins' made up his mind to be helpful, clarify this, even if it took a few minutes longer. “All right, Mr. Young, let me ^{be clear} level with you.¹ It says in the Government Manual² that the FBI Director is under the Attorney General. According to the book, that's the way it is. But in fact, it's not that way at all. According to Public Law No. 90-351, title VI, section 1101³, the Attorney General doesn't appoint the FBI Director, the President does, with the advice and consent of the Senate. While the FBI Director confers with me, consults with me, works with me, I don't have ultimate authority over him. Again, the President does. The President alone can remove him without Senate approval. So except on paper, Director Tynan is not my subordinate. A man like Tynan, as you know by now, would be nobody's subordinate. I'm sure that Tynan, like all FBI Directors, is aware that he has his job for life if he wants it, and regards all Attorneys General as mere transients. Therefore, to go back to your original question or questions, he hasn't been working for me and I haven't had that much contact with him—no, not even as Deputy Attorney General, when I was in charge here after Colonel Baxter was taken to Bethesda Naval Medical Center. I'm sorry I can't be more helpful. In fact, I can't imagine why Director Tynan sent you to see me.”

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Young sat up slightly. "Oh, he didn't. This was something I wanted to do on my own."

Collins also moved his lank body up in his high-backed leather executive swivel chair. "Then that explains it."¹ He felt relieved. He owed nothing to Director Tynan. He could cut the interview short without giving offense to Tynan. Still, as before, he wanted to be decent to Young. He wanted to throw him a bone,² no matter how small, and send him off happy. "Anyway, to come to the point, you wanted to hear what I thought of Director Tynan for your book—"

"Not for my book," said Young hastily. "For Tynan's book. It'll be by Tynan."³ I've been trying to understand the framework around him, from those who work with him. Even if you don't know him well, I was rather hoping—"

"All right, in the little time we have left, let me give you my impression of him," said Collins, searching for something bland and safe. "My impression of the Director—he's plainly a man of action, a doer, a no-nonsense guy."⁴ He's probably just right for his job."

"In what way?"

"His job is investigating crime, investigating Federal violations."⁵ His job is digging up facts and reporting them. He doesn't draw conclusions from his findings, doesn't even make recommendations. My job is to do the rest, to do the prosecuting based on his findings."

"Then you're the man of action," said Young.

Collins considered his interviewer with even more respect. "Not really," he said. "It may sound that way, but it doesn't work that way. I'm strictly a lawyer among lawyers in Justice. We go the slow, careful route,¹ Tynan and his agents do the direct, dangerous stuff. Now, for your purposes, my only other judgment of him is—well, when he gets into something, something he believes in, he won't stop pushing for it. He's very dogged, in the best way.² Like the new 35th Amendment to the Constitution³ that's out there for ratification. Once the President originated it, Tynan got right behind it—"

Ishmael Young interrupted. "Mr. Collins, the President didn't originate the 35th Amendment. Director Tynan did." 修正案

Startled, Collins stared at the writer. "Where did you get that idea?"

"From the Director himself. He speaks of it as his baby."

"Whatever he thinks, it isn't his. But what you've said makes my point exactly.⁵ When he believes in something passionately, he makes it his own. And now, indeed, he's the main force behind the 35th Amendment. He's as responsible as anyone, maybe more than anyone, for putting it over."

"It's not been put over yet," said Young quietly.

"Forgive me, but it's not been ratified yet by three-fourths of the states."

"Well, it will be," said Collins, a trifle impatient at the digression. "Only two more states have to approve it."

"And there are only three to go."¹

"Two of the three are doing their final voting tonight. I think the 35th will be part of the Constitution tonight. However, that's neither here nor there,² except for Director Tynan's role in putting it over." He glanced at his watch. "Well, now, I think that's about all—"

"Mr. Collins, just one more thing, if I may..."

Collins looked up and observed the intent expression on his visitor's face. He waited.

"I—I know this has nothing to do with the interview," Young continued, "but I'm interested to know the answer." He swallowed, and then said, "Do you like that 35th Amendment, Mr. Collins?"

Blinking, Collins was momentarily silent. The question had been unexpected. Moreover, he had never clearly answered it for anyone—not even for his wife Karen, or for himself. "Do I like it?" he repeated slowly. "Not especially. Not really. In truth, I haven't given it too much thought. I've been busy reorganizing. I've trusted the President and—and the Director—"

"But it has to do with you, with your Department, sir."

Collins frowned. "I'm aware of that. Still, I think the President can handle it very well. Maybe I have some reservations about it. But I can't suggest anything better." He realized that the gentle Mr. Young was appearing less gentle by the moment. He was tempted to ask him, and then did ask him, "Do you like it, Mr. Young? Do you like the 35th Amendment?"

"Strictly between us?"

"Strictly."

"I hate it," said Young, flatly. "I hate anything that wipes out the Bill of Rights." ^{人权法案}

"Well, that's something of an overstatement, I'd say. The 35th is meant to modify, to supersede the Bill of Rights, but only under certain conditions, only in the event of extreme internal emergency that might paralyze or threaten to destroy the country. Obviously, we're heading in that direction fast, and the 35th will give us something with which we can organize order out of chaos—"

"It'll give us repression. It'll sacrifice liberties as the price for peace."

Collins felt a trace of annoyance, and was determined to end the discussion. It seemed as if everyone knew what to do about everything, about every problem, until he had the chance to try to do it.² "Okay, Mr. Young. You know what's going on out there in the streets. The worst crisis of crime and violence in our history.