

16. THE COP AND THE ANTHEM

[十六] 警察與讚美詩

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

瘦皮在麥迪遜廣場公園裏的椅子上不安地坐著。當野雁在夜空高叫，沒有海狗皮大衣的女人向丈夫表示親熱，當瘦皮在公園椅子上坐立不安的時候，你可以知道冬天就將來到了。

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

一張枯死的葉子飄落在瘦皮的大腿上。那是露傑克的名牌。傑克對麥迪遜廣場的住民相當親切，他每年來的時候都會公平地預先提出警告。在四條街的交口，他把他的紙板擋住北風來的方向，所有以天為堂屋者，他都願為他們充當腳力，這麼一來，大家得以準備就緒。

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigor. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

瘦皮心裏明白時間已經到了，他必須承當這想辦法為自己熬過嚴冬的委員會唯一的成員。也就是為了這個，讓他在公園椅子上安靜不下來。

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

瘦皮過冬的野心倒不是最高級的。他不想到地中海遊弋一翻，不想到稀雲飄空的南海，也沒想要到威蘇維灣飄流。他心靈所渴望的是到島上三個月。三個月吃住不成問題，有臭氣相投的朋友，不怕北風也不怕警察，對瘦皮來說，就是他渴望的了。

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law

was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which, though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

好幾年來，有朋自遠方來不亦樂乎的黑牆監獄成了他過冬的地方。好比那些比較幸運的紐約人每逢冬天一到，就買車票往長堤或者河城避寒，瘦皮倒是謙謙虛虛地為一年一度到島上一遊作安排。現在時間到了。昨天晚上，他睡在古理古氣的公園裏噴水池旁他那張長凳子上，當棉被用來禦寒的大衣下面擺了三份禮拜新聞報，分別蓋在腳踝子和大腿上，還是凍得他瑟瑟索索的。這麼一來，那個島在他腦海裏適時地突顯得大大的。他最不齒這個城市為它的依賴者的名義所作的慈善捐助。在瘦皮的想法，法律比博愛更仁慈。在此地有許多數不完的機構，不論是市政府辦的還是慈善單位辦的，他只要願意，就能取得簡單生活裏夠吃，夠住的。問題是在瘦皮這種高傲個性的人，慈善之禮物是會受挫折的。由仁道之手所得到每份好處，都得付出一份相當的代價，這代價可能要用錢來付，要不然就要用羞恥來付。反正就是沒有白吃的午餐，好比凱撒有他的伯魯特斯，一份施捨之床有它的一份澡要洗，每塊麵包又非問得你不可告人的私事才完了。這麼個說起來，還不如來當個法律的客人，法律雖然依律而行，倒是把一個正人君子的私事讓得相安無事。

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant, and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

瘦皮一旦下了決心要到島上去，馬上便開始著手行動，條條大路通羅馬，很多法子都行得通。最愜意的是在一家昂貴的餐館給它豪華的大吃一頓，然後嘛，宣布破產，靜悄悄地被送給警察，一點聲響都沒有。一個管吃住的法官就會把其餘的辦得好好的。

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering cafe, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm, and the protoplasm.

瘦皮離開他的座椅走出公園，然後過了柏油鋪成海一般的大街，他走到百老匯街和第五街交叉口。在這兒，他轉進百老匯，停在一家燈光閃爍的餐館外面，在裏面呢每天晚上集合的是葡萄釀成最香醇的酒，絲帛織成最昂貴的衣著，和原生質所生長成最精華的人。

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected, success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt

in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing -- with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the cafe management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

從上衣最下方的一個扣子往上看，瘦皮倒很有自信。他刮了臉，外套很可以，感恩節那天，一位女傳教士送給他那支打好的黑蝴蝶領節，很像個樣子。只要能不引起懷疑地坐到一張椅子，他就贏了。呈現在桌上的半截是不會令侍者起疑心的。來隻紅燒野鴨子吧，瘦皮這麼想 -- 然後來瓶茄別力酒，再來瓶卡門寶，一份甚麼玩意兒，再來根雪茄。一塊錢的雪茄也就夠了。花費不會大得讓餐館老闆非得好好報復一頓；然而，吃的肉確能令他飽足好上往避冬之所的路。

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

瘦皮一踏進餐館，馬上給頭班的侍者看見他的褲邊發毛，鞋子破爛不堪。強而有力的手把他迴轉過來靜而快地護送他到人行道上，解除了那隻野鴨子被威脅的低微命運。

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted Island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

瘦皮走出了百老匯。看起來往那避冬之島的路徑不是美食之路。非得另想個法子來達到目的地不可。

At the corner of the Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

在第六街轉角的地方電燈和一個櫥裏窗俏麗的擺設使的那張窗子格外突顯。瘦皮拿起一塊人行道的石頭往玻璃窗一砸。一群人跑過街角來，帶頭的是一位警察。瘦皮動也不動站在那裏，兩手又在口袋裏，望著銅製的警徽笑。

'Where's the man that done that?' inquired the officer, excitedly.

[砸玻璃的人在那裏?]警察說，很激動地。

'Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?' said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

[難道你看不出來我可能有點關係嘛?]瘦皮說，有點諷刺，可是還是友善地，好像一個人

歡迎他的好運來到一樣。

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man halfway down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

警察的腦筋根本不把瘦皮當一回事。一個砸窗子的人不會留下來和法律的爪牙週旋。他們拔腿就跑。警察看到半條街遠有個人急急地跑去趕車子。他拔出警棍跟著就追。瘦皮嘛，心裏氣得要死，繼續走他的路，已經失敗兩次了。

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

在馬路的對面是一家廉價餐廳。在這兒吃飯的是大胃口，小錢包的。餐具和空氣凝重，湯和餐巾布確很薄。瘦皮嘛，跟著他的爛鞋和會說話的褲子進了去倒是相安無事。他坐在一張桌上吃牛排，鍋餅，甜甜圈和烤餡餅。然後他跟侍者說他跟連一支最小的銅板都沒有相會的緣份。

'Now, get busy and call a cop,' said Soapy. 'And don't keep a gentleman waiting.'

[怎樣，快去叫警察來呀。]瘦皮說。[別讓正人君子久等。]

'No cop for youse,' said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. 'Hey, Con!'

[你要警察偏不叫警察，]侍者說，聲音像奶油蛋糕，眼睛像曼哈坦雞尾酒的紅櫻桃。[來，吭哥！]

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

兩個侍者把瘦皮往人行道一丟，把他的左耳和粗糙的路面碰個結實。他一節一節地爬起來，好像木匠的折尺一節一節地打開來一樣，然後拍掉身上的灰塵。要被逮補好比美夢一般難。那島是越看越遠。往下兩家店舖的地方站了個警察，笑了笑，走下街去。

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a 'cinch'. A young woman of a modest

and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanor leaned against a water plug.

瘦皮整整走了五條街遠才又鼓起勇氣來找尋被補的機會。這一次，他誤以為是找著了一個易如反掌的機會。有個打扮得普通而悅人的年輕女士站在櫥窗往裏熱心地看裏面擺著的刮鬍子用的杯子和墨水檯，兩碼遠就有個高大個子表情嚴肅的警察靠著消防栓站在那裏。

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated 'masher.' The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged hi to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winte quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

瘦皮是這樣設計的，這次他要扮演[色狼]的角色。那位受害者雍容高雅的外形和那位負責的警察距離這麼接近，讓他以為馬上就能趕覺到警察的雙手抓住他手臂，來保證他在那不大不小的島上過他的寒冬。

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and 'hems,' smile, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the 'masher.' With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

瘦皮把那支女傳教士給他的打好的蝴蝶領節拉了拉，把袖扣拉到外面來，帽子歪歪地戴簡直像殺人犯，斜著走向那女士。他跟她擠眉弄眼，突然又咳嗽，又是[哼哼]的響個不停，又笑，又嘖嘖作響，把那色狼卑鄙無恥死皮賴臉的動作來回做了好幾次。瘦皮拿眼睛的餘光看那警察牢牢盯著他看。那女士走開了几步，又全神灌注那些刮鬍子用的杯子。瘦皮跟進，大膽地走到她身邊，提起帽子跟她說：

'Ah, there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?'

[啊，怎麼樣，白蒂蕾！要到我家院子裏玩玩嗎？]

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the stationhouse. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

警察還在看。這個委屈的年輕女子只要招一下手指頭瘦皮就可以說要搭直達車到他過冬之所。他自己已經醞醉在警察局溫暖的空氣裏。年輕女士轉過頭來，伸出一隻手抓住瘦皮的衣袖。

‘Sure, Mike,’ she said, joyfully, ‘if you’ll blow me to a pail of suds. I’d have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching.’

[當然，麥可，]她高興地說，[假如你給我一桶啤酒喝喝的話。我早想跟你講話，可是條子在看。]

With the young woman playing clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

年輕女士好像長春藤一樣纏在瘦皮懷裏，他們從警察身邊走過，瘦皮是滿肚子悶氣。他好像是和自由結下了不解之緣。

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of ‘disorderly conduct.’

在下個街角的地方他甩開他的同伴拔腿就跑。在他停下來地方，在傍晚時候是燈光最明亮的，人心也是，人的誓言也是，歌劇的歌詞也最響亮。在冬季將臨的空氣裏，女人穿著貂皮，男人披上大衣。瘦皮突然間打了一個寒噤好比某個可怕的魔力使得他永遠不能被捕。這想頭還真正讓他發急，當他一看到一家燈光閃閃的電影院門口站了一個警察的時候，馬上逮住了一個[行爲不檢]的機會。

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved, and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

在人行道上瘦皮開始學酒醉裝瘋亂喊。又跳，又叫，又是胡說八道，就想鬧個天翻地覆。

The police twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

警察把警棍轉了轉，轉過身背對瘦皮，然後跟一位市民說。

‘Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin’ the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We’ve instructions to lave them be.’

[是耶魯大學的學生慶祝他們打橄欖球打贏哈佛學院。吵是吵，沒害處。我們是奉命隨他們去的。]

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

心情沮喪地，瘦皮鬧也沒用，靜止下來。難道沒有警察要抓他了嗎？在他想像之中，那個島是越來越成了不可到達的仙境。冷風襲來，瘦皮不自覺地把外衣扣子扣上。

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

在一家雪茄店裏，瘦皮看到一位穿著講究的男士在點菸機的地方點雪茄。他的一把絲傘放在進門的地方。瘦皮進到裏面，拿起傘慢條斯理地走出去。在點菸的那個人快快趕了出來。

‘My umbrella,’ he said, sternly.

[我的傘，]他嚴肅地說。

‘Oh, is it?’ sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. ‘Well, why don’t you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don’t you call a cop? There stands one on the corner.’

[噢，是嗎？]瘦皮譏諷地說，犯了盜竊罪還不算，還要損人。[怎樣，爲甚麼不叫警察呢？我拿了你的傘。叫條子來啊？街角就有一個。]

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

傘主人放慢腳步。瘦皮也慢下來，心想來頭不好，運氣又要跑了。警察好奇地看著他們倆。

‘Of course,’ said the umbrella man -- ‘that is -- well, you know how these mistakes occur -- I -- if it’s your umbrella I hope you’ll excuse me -- I picked it up this morning in a restaurant -- If you recognize it as yours, why -- I hope you’ll --’

[當然，]傘主人說 -- [那是 -- 這個，你知道這些錯誤是怎麼發生的 -- 我 -- 如果是你的傘的話，我希望你原諒我 -- 我今天早上在一家餐廳拿的 -- 如果你認出來是你的，這個 -- 我希望你 --]

‘Of course it’s mine,’ said Soapy, viciously.

[當然是我的，]瘦皮惡理惡氣地說。

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

雨傘的前主撤退走掉。警察看到兩條街遠有輛電車開來，就急急忙忙地去扶一位穿著華麗

的金髮女子過馬路去了。

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

瘦皮往東走經過一條在整修弄得亂七八糟的街。他氣得要死，一把把雨傘丟進一個挖開的洞裏。他喃喃地詛咒那些戴鋼盔帶警棍的，因為他越是想被他們逮捕，他們越是敬鬼神而遠之，好像他是永遠不會犯錯的國王一樣。

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

最後，瘦皮走到東邊的一條街，在這兒燈光不再閃爍，喧囂也甚寂靜。他把臉朝向麥迪遜廣場，即使只是一張公園椅子，回家的自然反應還是存在的。

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For their drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

但是在一個出奇的安靜的角落裏，瘦皮靜止下來。有座老教堂在這兒，老巧可愛的，幽閒寬敞，屋頂上有高翹屋脊。透過一張染成紫色的窗子，柔和的光亮射出來，很顯然，風琴手在鍵盤上反覆流連，為的是禮拜的時後能把聖歌彈得精熟。裏面傳出來的美妙音樂傳進他耳朵，把他給怔住了，他不知不覺地靠著彎彎曲曲的鐵欄杆。

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves -- for a while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

月亮高懸，明亮而寧靜；人車稀少；麻雀兒在屋簷下喃喃細語--在那麼瞬間，這景緻好像鄉村的教堂一樣。風琴手彈出的音樂把瘦皮牢牢地黏在籬笆上，這音樂是很熟悉的，那時候他生命裏還有母親，還有美麗的玫瑰，上進心，朋友，和端正的思想和整潔的衣領。

The junction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

瘦皮虔誠的心態和這座古老教堂奇異的影響力交匯在一起，突然間，他的靈魂深處起了一種奇妙的改變。他很快的看到，真恐怖，自己怎麼會掉進這個深淵，這些無恥的日子，卑鄙的欲望，絕望，無能，令人不齒的企圖，等等，這些都是他現在所有的。

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. Tomorrow he would to into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him tomorrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would --

而且，很快地，他的心也為這個新奇的意態起了令他雀躍的反應。一股突然而起的強烈衝動使得他要和絕望的命運博鬥。他要由這困境自拔；他要再度成人；他要戰勝曾經控制他的魔鬼。還有時間；他還年輕；他要拾回原有的積極上進之心，要毫不遲疑地追求它們。那些嚴肅而甜美的風琴音符在他身體裏面起了革命。明天他就要到喧囂的市中心去找工作。有個皮毛進口商曾經請他當司機。他明天要找到他要求這份工作。他要成功個人。他要 --

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

瘦皮感覺到有一隻手放在他手臂上。他一轉頭看到的是一個警察寬寬的臉。

‘What are you doin’ here?’ asked the officer.

[你在這裏幹嘛?]警察說。

‘Nothin’,’ said Soapy.

[沒幹嘛，]瘦皮說。

‘Then come along,’ said the policeman.

[這麼的話，跟我來，]警察說。

‘Three months on the Island,’ said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

[島上三個月，]警庭的法官隔天早上這麼裁決。