

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

革命故事

TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

M. ARTZIBASHEF 著

伍光建選譯

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TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

By

M. ARTZIBASHEF

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WOO KWANG KIEN

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## 作者阿戚巴瑟夫傳略

作者姓阿戚巴瑟夫，名米開爾，(Michael) 以一八七八年生於南俄。他的父親是一個小鄉紳，曾入陸軍，後來歸隱。阿戚巴瑟夫氏原是韃靼族，以十二世紀入俄國。米開爾的母親是有名的波蘭大將及政治家柯蘇斯科 (Kosciusko) 的姪孫女。米開爾三歲喪母。他父親要他入陸軍，他卻要學繪畫。他十六歲起首作詩登本地的報章，同時在美術學校學繪畫。他二十歲結婚；不久就往俄都，入帝國大學研究美術，這時候他還相信他是一個繪畫師。俄國第一次革命，他以一九〇五與一九〇六年間撰他的革命故事，寫得有聲有色，如同活現，所寫的居多是事實；這時候他的文名，幾乎蓋過安得伊甫 (Andreev)。一九〇七年，他的山寧出版。一九〇九至一九一二年，他又撰幾部小說，因其中有無政府黨的思想，被拘入獄數月。他出獄後，更無忌憚的撰劇本，學斯特林堡 (Strindbury) 的自然派。當歐洲大戰的時候，他最享大名。他此時刊行一個星期報，專論文學。蘇俄成立，恨他不附和，嚴禁他的著作；他既無收入，又恐被禁，只好逃往Warsaw。他身體孱弱，患肺病，死於一九二七年，年四十八歲。他說他頗被 Hugo, Gothe, Tolstoy, Chekov, 及尼采之師 Stirun 所潛移

民國廿三年甲戌處暑日伍光建記。

# 革命故事

俄國阿威巴瑟夫著

伍光建譯

## 晨影

### 第一回

正在春天。帕沙·亞番西甫 (Pasha Afanasiof) 與一個女學生利沙·朱瑪柯華 (Lisa Tchumakova) 站在分隔兩個花園的小籬笆旁邊，帕沙是一個第六級的小學生，因病免其赴考。利沙靠着籬笆；在她的灰色與多少顯露的眼中，有孩子氣的認真神色，卻還有女孩子的神色；是她生平一到了有無論任何問題的時候所常有的。

她一面聽，一面兩眼向下看她手上所拿的一本書。帕沙·亞番西甫向前靠住籬笆，因為他難以直立，用受了驚動的高聲說道：

「但若他們不許你走，我們總要想法使他們讓你走，我肯找點事給你做，或是教書，或是鈔寫。無論發生什麼事，你總不會受苦的。初時你許覺得辛苦；這不過是意中事。沒得這樣或那樣麻煩，是無論什麼事都不能做的；其實我想麻煩也有某種可愛的地方。留戀這裏不去，到底有什麼好處？你試想到了那裏過的是什麼生活！有忙碌！有動作！無人不活動！下課後就是學生們會議，會議後或



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## MORNING SHADOWS

### CHAPTER I

It was spring. Pasha Afanasief, a sixth-form boy, who had been exempted through illness from going up for his exam, and Lisa Tchumakova, a girl student stood beside the little fence that divided two gardens. Lisa was leaning against the fence; in her grey, somewhat prominent eyes there was the childishly earnest and yet maidenly expression, which they always had when it was a question of anything important in her life.

As she listened, she glanced downwards at a book which she was holding in her hand. Pasha Afanasief, leaning forward against the fence, as it was difficult for him to stand upright, said in a high, excited voice:

“But if they don’t let you go, we’ll find a way to make them, somehow. I’ll get you some teaching or copying to do. You shan’t suffer, whatever happens. It may be a bit hard at first; that’s only what one expects. Without bother of some sort, nothing can be done; in fact there’s a certain charm about it, I think. After all, what’s the good of sticking<sup>1</sup> here? Think what a life it is, there! Such stir and movement! Everybody alive! After work,

<sup>1</sup>sticking, 留戀不去.

往戲院，或往書樓，我一想起我在這個不是人住的地方留戀了二十年，我覺得好像……』

帕沙·亞番西甫從籬笆上拔出一個生鏽釘子，悻悻的摔在青草地上。

他們能夠聽見遠遠的，從花園的綠叢林與大樹那邊來的，女僕維西利沙 (Vasilisa) 的喊聲：

『小姐，中飯預備好啦。亞一烏！』

在這種出其不意的林地的喊叫『亞一烏』裏頭，充滿樂生的意思，利沙與這個少年互換眼色，相對微笑。

利沙大聲喊道，『我來啦，』她的喊聲很大，花園那邊有回響。她從籬笆走開，神色又變嚴重啦，她低聲說道：

『我相信他們不許我，我卻有意要去。』過了一會她又說道，『我已經打定主意啦。』

帕沙·亞番西甫很高興的彈指。

他喊道『利索卡 (Lisotchka)，這是好極了，我的寶貝利沙你不會後悔的！說到他們，他們初時必定發狂怒的，隨後他們會讓步，全個生活都在你眼前。我們將來過什麼生活！我們將來怎樣做工！做工的時機成熟啦。我們將造成我們自己的一個特別黨，四處留心找能做事的人。』

『我們其實誰也不實在曉得，跳入世界裏在人堆中做事，曉得強健與熱烈同我們一般的人們，與你並肩大胆向前進行，……有多麼快樂。』

a students' meeting, and after the meeting to go to a theatre or to the library! When I think that for twenty years I have stuck in this beastly hole, I feel as if . . . ”

Pasha Afanasief pulled out a rusty nail from the fence and flung it into the grass petulantly.<sup>1</sup>

In the distance, beyond the green bushes and trees of the garden, one could hear Vasilisa, the maid calling:

“If you please, miss, lunch is ready. A—u!”

In this unexpected woodland cry, “A—u!” there was something so full of the joy of life, that Lisa and the youth exchanged glances and smiled.

“I’m coming!” cried Lisa so loud that her voice echoed across the garden. Then as she moved away from the fence, she looked grave again, and said in a low voice:

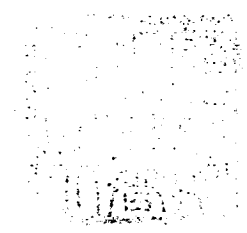
“I daresay they won’t let me, but I mean to go.” Then, after a pause she added, “I have made up my mind.”

Pasha Afanasief snapped his fingers gleefully.

“I say, that’s capital, Lisotchka!” he cried. “You won’t regret it, Lisa my dear! And as for them, they’ll be furious at first, and then they’ll give in, while the whole of life will lie before you. What a life we shall lead! How we shall work! The time is ripe for working. We’ll form our own special clique and look about us for men of action,” he added.

“Neither of us really knows what joy it is to plunge into life’s crowd, and to know that others, as strong and eager, march bravely onward with you, shoulder to shoulder . . . ”

<sup>1</sup>petulantly, 悻悻的。





他緊握兩拳，很得意的抬頭。陽光落在他臉上，他的一雙黑眼露出熱心的眼光，憑他的面目判斷，使他的多病體氣更顯露。

利沙很留心觀察他；她隨即歎氣，摩她自己編成的長股的頭髮。

帕沙·亞番西甫問道，『唉！這件事是商定了，是不是？他一面大笑，穿籬伸手給她。』

利沙對着他的悅人的和藹臉微笑，給他一隻好看小手，他很親熱的抓她的手，一面兩眼含淚。

他很親愛的說道，『我的最寶貝的利索卡。』

維西利沙離得很近喊道，『小姐。』

利沙對她的同伴點頭，快快的從小路走下去。

他敲敲他的額，喊道，『呀，利沙！』

利沙回頭，站住不動。

『我竟忘記告訴你。你將有一個旅行同伴名多拉·巴爾開雅(Dora Barshavskaia)。她也是往婦女大學的。她是波打瓦(Poltava) 高等學校來的。』

利沙離遠問道，『她是一個猶太女子麼？』

帕沙·亞番西甫有點不高興，說道，『一個猶太女子呀！你的意思是說一個猶太婦女，是不是？利沙，我替你難為情。我實說我實在替你難為情。我以為你不會這樣糊塗的。』

她很安靜的說道，『我並不曾想，我不過……』

帕沙·亞番西甫問道，『我今天在大街上介紹你見她，好不好？她是一個很好的，又是一個很有學問的女子。』

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Clenching his fists, he threw back his head, proudly. The light fell on his face, his dark eyes gleamed with enthusiasm, making his ill-health, as judged by his features, more apparent.

Lisa watched him attentively; then she sighed and fingered the long plait of her hair.

"So that's settled, eh?" asked Pasha Afanasief, as he laughingly held out his hand to her across the fence.

Lisa smiled back at his pleasant, kindly face, and gave him her pretty little hand which he grasped cordially,<sup>1</sup> as tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, my dearest Lisotchka," he said affectionately.

"If you please, miss," cried Vasilisa close by.

Lisa nodded to her companion and ran quickly down the path.

"Oh Lisa!" he cried, tapping his forehead.

Lisa looked round and stood still.

"I quite forgot to tell you. You'll have a fellow-traveller, Dora Barshavskaia. She is going to the Women's College, too. She is from the High School at Poltava."

"Is she a Jew girl?" asked Lisa from a distance.

"A Jew girl! You mean a Jewess?" Pasha Afanasief was annoyed. "I'm ashamed of you, Lisa! Upon my word I am. I thought you knew better."

"Well, I didn't think," she said calmly, "simply, I \_\_\_\_\_"

"I'll introduce you to her to-day, on the boulevard, shall I?" asked Pasha Afanasief. "She is a very good and highly cultivated girl."

<sup>1</sup>cordially, 親熱的, 真誠的.

利沙點頭說道，『好呀，你介紹我，』說完就往前走。

帕沙·亞番西甫帶點懷疑留心觀察她，那時候他還用他的瘦手抱住籬笆，一面輕輕的搖擺。他隨後抬頭看抖動的樹葉間所露出的幾片光亮的青天，隨後在青草地上走過回家，草地上長了紅的與白的雛菊及其他野花，長得很茂盛。

在陽台擺桌子。巴瓦·伊萬諾維(Pavel Ivanovitch)與奧爾伽·貝士維那(Olga Petrovna)已經坐下了。維西利沙正在遞一湯池的冷的青菜湯，當她的胸脯一起一落的時候，她頸圈的無數小錢叮叮噹噹的響。那個小學生西利奧沙(Seriosha)跑出來迎他的姊姊。

她喊道，『我來啦，我立刻就來啦！』她忽然躲閃，在他身邊閃過，走過青草地，她的黃色鞋子在陽光裏閃亮。

西利奧沙快樂大喊，搶過去追她。在陽臺的一條小狗驚愕到吠了幾聲，隨即挺直那條彎曲尾，追他們兩個。

巴瓦·伊萬諾維很嚴肅的放下報紙，脫了眼鏡，很和藹的微笑。

奧爾伽·貝士維那潑了些湯，大笑。

她很慈愛的說道『她是多麼好頑呀！她已經與人定婚了，還是這樣！』

利沙如同箭那麼快，就繞過大花畦，那條小狗阻住她的衣服，她跌了一交，雙手碰在黃色的石子上，她那本書連同搖動的幾頁書，也摔在青草上。

西利奧沙抓住她的長辮子，喊道，『呀哈！我捉住你啦！』（原是一個快活家庭，她又是一個活潑淘氣女子。譯者註。）

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"Yes, do introduce me," Lisa nodded and went on.

Pasha Afanasief watched her wistfully, as he still clung with his thin hands to the fence, swaying slightly as he did so. Then he gazed upwards to the patches of bright blue sky which were visible through the trembling leaves, and then went home across the grass, where red and white daisies and other wild flowers grew in profusion.

The table was laid in the veranda. Pavel Ivanovitch and Olga Petrovna had already taken their places. Vasilisa was handing round a white tureen containing cold green cabbage soup, the countless little coins of her necklace jingling loudly, as her large bosom rose and fell. Seriosha, the little schoolboy, ran out to meet his sister.

"I'm coming, I'm coming directly!" she called out, as she suddenly dodged past him, and ran across the lawn, her yellow shoes twinkling in the sunshine.

Seriosha, with a shriek of delight, darted in pursuit. The little lapdog on the veranda, barked in astonishment, and then with curly tail erect, ran after them both.

Pavel Ivanovitch solemnly laid down the paper, took off his spectacles and smiled good-naturedly.

Olga Petrovna spilt some of the soup and laughed.

"How full of fun she is! And engaged to be married, too!" she said tenderly.

Swift as an arrow, Lisa ran round the big flower-bed, and as the lapdog got in the way of her dress, she fell with both hands on the yellow gravel. The book with all its fluttering leaves tumbled on to the grass.

"Aha!" cried Seriosha, catching hold of her long plait, "I've caught you!"

利沙答道，『原是我自己要跌倒的，』她一面站起來，拾起那本書，安安靜靜的走到陽臺。

小狗很親密的繞她的兩腳，屢次用後腳站起來，西利奧沙一面搖動他的剪剩很少頭髮的圓頭，同她挑戰。

『是的！你跌倒！無論怎樣，我總會捉住你。』

利沙坐下，在那裏深念，沒知沒覺的把飯巾拿起來。其餘的人們都看她，因為她美，所以看她，一看她就令人讚美她生機活潑，與少年嫵麗。當他們的湯匙碰碟子的時候，能夠聽見湯匙響聲；小狗在桌下打噴嚏，太陽在利沙頭髮上灑金。全是一幅家庭行樂，太平，活潑的圖畫。

## 第二回

到了傍晚，利沙的未婚夫少尉沙維諾甫 (Savinof) 來了，穿着很緊的騎馬褲，光滑靴子，帶着發響的靴距。

那時候無風，全數事物在落照裏頭，如同浸在一片抖動的黃金色朦朧中。西利奧沙拿了他的帽與釣魚竿往河邊去，他向來不曾釣得什麼，只有天曉得他為什麼要釣魚。利沙把頭髮繞成很厚的一圈，隨即說道：

『尼古來·尼古來維 (Nikolai Nikolaievitch) 我們不如往大街去。』

少尉趕快去拿她的外衣，靴距響得很高興。他們在大街上遇見帕沙·亞番西甫。他同一個嬌弱女子同走。她有一個奇特的大頭，粗黑頭髮，猶太人的眼，是一隻杏眼，她

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"I fell down of my own accord," replied Lisa, as she rose, picked up the book and went quietly towards the veranda.

The little dog fawned round her feet and stood up repeatedly on its hind legs, while Seriosha shook his round, closely-cropped head defiantly:

"Oh, yes! you fell down! I should have caught you anyhow."

Lisa sat down at the table and mechanically took up her spoon, being lost in thought. The others watched her as something good to look upon, with her beautiful suggestion of vitality and youthful grace. The tinkle of spoons could be heard as they touched the plates; the little dog sneezed under the table, and the sun scattered gold on Lisa's hair. All was homely, peaceful, and bright.

## CHAPTER II

In the evening, Ensign Savinof came, Lisa's fiancé, with his tightly-fitting riding-breeches, glossy boots, and jingling spurs.

The air was very still, and in the light of the setting sun all was bathed in a trembling, golden haze. Seriosha took his cap and went with his fishing-rod to the river, Heaven knows why, as he had never caught anything yet. Lisa, after twisting up her hair into a thick coil, said:

"Nikolai Nikolaievitch, let's go to the boulevard."

The ensign's spurs clinked gleefully as he hastened to fetch her cloak. On the boulevard they met Pasha Afanasief. He was walking with a delicate-looking girl. She had a singularly large head, coarse black hair, and Jewish,

在他們的同伴身邊跳着走。

帕沙·亞番西甫說道，『呀，利沙，你來了！』

他停了一會掉過臉來向着少尉，他以為他同全數軍人一樣，就不喜歡他，相信他是一個愚蠢無頭腦的人。

『沙維諾甫先生，我同你請晚安。』

他很高興的答道，『我同你請晚安！』

帕沙·亞番西甫隨即對利沙及那個小的猶太女人說道：

『讓我同你們彼此介紹。這是多拉·摩塞甫那·巴爾開雅，這是利沙·朱瑪柯華，我已經對你說過她啦。』

利沙伸出手來，多拉匆匆拉她的手。

『我很喜歡認識你，帕沙曾對我說過你幾次。』

街盡頭就是陸軍跳舞廳，有音樂隊在花園裏奏樂。簫管等類的金聲腔調一陣一陣的接連送出來，浮在空氣中，有的悲慘，有的歡樂。女子們前行，兩個少年男子跟着。

少尉很快活的哼哼道，『特林撻撻！特林撻撻！』

帕沙·亞番西甫作鬼臉說道，『我不能忍受軍樂！』他說這句話只為少尉好像是一個遲鈍令人不歡的人，並不是因為銅樂器的聲音不好聽。

少尉舉起眼眉，很和氣的答道，『當真嗎！』

帕沙·亞番西甫說不滿意話道，『聲音既足以令人討厭，況且你們的音樂隊長好像專選最無味的調子。惟有

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almond-shaped eyes, and she tripped along beside her companion.

"Oh, there you are, Lisa!" said Pasha Afanasief.

Then, after a pause, he turned to the ensign, whom, in common with all soldiers, he did not like, believing him to be a stupid, empty-headed person.

"Good evening, Mr. Savinof."

"Good evening!" was the pleasant rejoinder.

Then, addressing himself to Lisa and the little Jewess, Pasha Afanasief said:

"Now let me introduce you to each other. This is Dora Moiseievna Barshavskaia, and this is Lisa Techumakova, about whom I've already told you."

Lisa held out her hand, which Dora shook hurriedly.

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance. Pasha has told me a lot about you."

At the end of the boulevard was the Military Casino, and in the gardens a band was playing. The metallic tones of the wind instruments floated out upon the air in successive waves of sound, which were mournful or merry in turns. The girls walked first, followed by the two young men.

"Trum-ta-ta! Trum-ta-ta-tam!" hummed the ensign gaily.

"I can't stand military music!" said Pasha Afanasief, with a grimace. He didn't say this because the sound of the brass was disagreeable to him, but because the ensign seemed to him such a dull, depressing kind of person.

"Really!" replied the other, good-naturedly, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes" grumbled Pasha Afanasief, "the sound is boring enough, but your bandmaster seems to pick out the silliest



天曉得他是從那裏得來的！其實很有好樂譜。況且你從他們奏樂的方法看來，他就能夠聽得出他們簡直不管奏得好不好；他們奏樂不過娛悅衆人，他們誠然成功。』

少尉說道，『但是在這樣可愛的晚上，聽這樣一個好聽調子，當然是很好的，是不是？』

帕沙很藐視的看看他，且咬他的唇。

沙維諾甫聽得很高興，說道，『現在這個調是很好的，這是從「藝者」出來的，』他解說給他聽，一面用手指拍板。

帕沙·亞番西甫的可疑的答復就是一個「哼」字。

利沙回頭，很尖利的看她的未婚夫一眼。

停了一會，帕沙·亞番西甫說道，『好呀，秋天我們將要走開啦。』

多拉淡淡的答道，『是呀。』

少尉驚訝，問道，『你們往那裏去？』

帕沙·亞番西甫答道，『往比得堡，』他有一會子替少尉難過。

少尉問道，『利沙維塔·巴甫祿那 (Lisavieta Pavlovna)，她也去，是不是？』他說話聲音微微發抖。

帕沙·亞番西甫說道，『是的，我們全去。』

沙維諾甫不響。

多拉問道，『你會定規學那一科麼？』

帕沙·亞番西甫很熱烈的說道，『我們學醫。』

利沙鄭重說道，『是的，醫科。』

帕沙接着說道，『據我看來，一個學者不能選習他科。據現在情形說，那許多學科有什麼價值？垃圾。他們不許

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tunes possible. Heaven knows where he gets them! And yet there's plenty of good music to be had. Besides, from the way they play, you can hear that they don't care twopence for the music; that they are playing just to amuse the people, and they certainly succeed."

"But surely," said the ensign, "it's rather nice to hear a pretty tune like that on such a lovely evening?"

Pasha looked scornfully at him and bit his lip.

"Now that's a very pretty bit," said Savinof, as he listened with evident pleasure, "that's from *The Geisha*," he explained, beating time with his fingers.

"H'm," was Pasha Afanasief's dubious rejoinder.

Lisa glanced round sharply at her fiancé.

"Well," said Pasha Afanasief, after a short pause, "we shall all be going away in the autumn."

"Yes," replied Dora dryly.

"Where are you going?" asked the ensign in surprise.

"Petersburg," replied Pasha Afanasief, and for a moment he felt sorry for the ensign.

"And Lisavieta Pavlovna's going, too, is she?" asked the ensign, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Yes, we're all going," said Pasha Afanasief.

Savinof was silent.

"Have you decided what courses you are going to take?" asked Dora.

"We are going in for the medical," replied Pasha Afanasief excitedly.

"Yes, the medical," said Lisa gravely.

"It seems to me, one couldn't possibly choose anything else," continued Pasha. "As things are now, what are the educational classes worth? Rubbish. They don't allow

你學你所喜歡的；把A B C錘入他的腦子裏——謝謝你，我不來！醫學卻是另外一事。同一個醫師做事，做一部分他所做的事，這卻不是容易做的。倘若一個醫師能夠救一個人，使他不死，或使他不受痛苦，這是多麼有光榮的事呀。也許有一個病人，羣醫束手都說無希望，忽然……我們應該這樣看待醫學！』

他的兩隻大的和藹眼因為被情緒所動，含了眼淚。

多拉說道，『是呀，況且要同羣衆親近，最好莫如醫道。一個醫師又更容易做宣傳事。』

帕沙·亞番西甫好像是答復他自己的思想，接着說道，『說到做事，無論那種事，只要是事。我們各人盡各人的本務；總有一天會收好結果的。做事原不是緊要的，但是每人都應該過他的真實生活，裏頭有衝突，有得勝！呀，當我一想到再過兩三個月，我將遠離全數這許多無色彩，發腫的，提不起精神的，只顧小利的人們，我的心好像快樂到發火！』

少尉嘴裏喃喃好像說些什麼。

利沙用尖利聲音問道，『你說什麼？』

沙維諾甫不說。

多拉很用勁搖頭，說道，『最要緊的就是學，學，學。學問裏頭就有權力；有了權力，無論什麼都有啦。我們要受過教育，有了學殖的人。我們有過許多半瓶醋的人，夠又夠啦。』

you to learn what you like; and to have the A B C drummed into you—no thank you! But medicine is another matter. To work with a doctor and to have a share in what he does, that's not so easily done. How splendid, too, if one is able to save even one person from death or suffering. Perhaps some patient is given up as hopeless, then all at once . . . that's the way to look at it!"

His large kind eyes grew moist with emotion.

"Yes, and besides that, it's the best way to get at the people," remarked Dora. "And it's easier, too, for a doctor to do p opaganda<sup>1</sup> work."

. . . . .

"For that matter," continued Pasha Afanasief, as if replying to his own thoughts, "any sort of work, so long as it's work. Let each of us do his duty; good will result from it some day. It's not work that's the most important thing, but that each should live his real, true life, in which there is conflict and victory! Oh, when I think that in two or three months I shall be ever so far away from all these colourless, bloated, drowsy people, with their petty interests, my very heart seems to burn within me!"

The ensign muttered something under his breath.

"What did you say?" asked Lisa sharply.

Savinof did not speak.

"The main thing is to learn, learn, learn," said Dora, as she shook her head energetically. "In that lies power; in that lies everything. We need educated, cultured people. We've had enough of amateurs."

<sup>1</sup>propaganda, 宣傳.

帕沙說道，『當然的。我們無論什麼都要曉得，以備能夠領略人生全數的美與樂。』

沙維諾甫忽然很怪異的著重，說道，『還要廓大我們的眼界。』

全數其他的人們都不說話啦，這樣的寂靜使人幾乎難過。利沙看他，幾乎什麼都看不見，只看見他的白衣服，帕沙·亞番西甫格格的笑，要出他那一口仇視的氣。

他說道，『我們該回家啦。』

多拉打呵說道，『是呀。』

他們全陪她到她的門口，隨後同行。帕沙·亞番西甫在路上問沙維諾甫曾否讀過尼采 (Nietzsche) 與馬克斯 (Marx)，沙維諾甫說他曾讀過，但是說話的腔調是游疑無斷的，帕沙·亞番西甫於是懷着惡意問他能否記得這兩個作者的任何一段議論。

這一問使他糊塗了，只好說道，『這時候我其實不能記得。我不能記得無論那一段。你是曉得的，我們沒得多少時候可以讀書。』

利沙留心聽他們說什麼，現在她覺得很奇怪，不久以後她怎樣能夠想到嫁與少尉。

現在她拿定主意無論怎樣都不肯嫁他；她卻不曉得爲什麼，這個思想使她覺得不歡。

到了家，帕沙·亞番西甫告辭，沙維諾甫同利沙往前走幾步，走到她家門口。他們能夠聽見帕沙·亞番西甫

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"Certainly," said Pasha. "One must know everything, in order to be able to understand all the beauty and joy of life."

"And widen our outlook," remarked Savinof suddenly, with strange emphasis.

All the others ceased speaking, and the silence became almost painful. Lisa looked at him, but saw hardly anything but his white tunic, and Pasha Afanasief gave vent to a hostile chuckle.

"It's time to go home," he said.

Dora yawned. "Ye-es."

They all accompanied Dora to her house door, and then walked on together. On the way Pasha Afanasief asked Savinof if he had read Nietzsche and Marx, who said that he had, but in a tone so undecided that Pasha Afanasief maliciously<sup>1</sup> inquired if he could call to mind any passage from these authors.

"No, I really can't at the moment," he said confusedly. "I can't recollect anything. But, you see, we have so little time to ourselves."

Lisa listened attentively to what they said, and it seemed quite strange to her that only a short time before she could have thought of marrying the ensign.

Now she felt determined that under no circumstances would she do this; yet without knowing why, the thought made her feel sad.

On reaching home, Pasha Afanasief said good-bye, and Savinof walked with Lisa a few steps further to the gate of her house. They could hear Pasha Afanasief

<sup>1</sup>maliciously, 不懷好意的。

走上木樓梯的聲音，與搖動門門。

利沙伸手給少尉，說道，『尼古來·尼古來維，暫別啦。』少尉抓她的手，卻立刻放了。

他忽然聲音抖了的說道，『利沙維塔·巴甫祿那，原來你真要走啦，』這樣高大一個人，會用這樣聲音，很奇怪的能動人。

利沙忽然記得帕沙·亞番西甫曾大笑着對她說，只要她一告訴沙維諾甫說她要遠行，他就會從他的袋裏取出鎗來打他自己。

她用冷冷的，幾乎仇視的腔調，答道，『是呀，我要走啦。』她一向絕未曾同無論什麼人用過這樣腔調說話。少尉有一會子不響。他覺得是絕無希望的了，他覺他難過。

他問道，『呀，你真要走，但是爲什麼要走？』

利沙聳聳她的柔軟肩，露出嚴重神色，說道，『自然是求學。』

『這是絕對必要的麼？』

利沙不曾答。她越想越以爲奇怪，她怎樣想到要嫁給這樣一個頭腦愚鈍心地淺窄的人。

她冷冷的說道，『暫別啦，我該在家裏啦。』

少尉吞吞吐吐的說，幾乎不曉得他自己說些什麼；『利沙維塔·巴甫祿那，我怎麼樣呢？我幹什麼呢……一個子彈穿過我的頭麼？』

利沙鄭重問道，『我猜，是從大礮放出來的礮彈，是不是？』

沙維諾甫好像猜不着她的意思，說道，『不是的……爲什麼是大礮放出來的？』

clattering up the wooden stairs and rattling at the bolt.

"Au revoir, Nikolai Nikolaievitch," said Lisa, giving him her hand. The ensign took it, but immediately let it fall.

"Lisavieta Pavlovna," he began suddenly in a trembling voice, which, coming from such a big, tall man, was strangely touching; "so it's true then, that you're going away?"

Lisa suddenly remembered how Pasha Afanasief had laughingly assured her that as soon as she told Savinof of her intended departure, he would produce a cannon from his pocket and shoot himself.

"Yes, I'm going away," she replied in a dry, almost hostile tone. She had never spoken to anybody like this before. The ensign remained silent for a time. A feeling that all was hopeless oppressed him.

"Oh, you are really going," he asked; "but why?"

"To study, of course." Lisa shrugged her soft shoulders, and looked severe.

"Is that absolutely necessary?"

Lisa did not answer. It seemed to her more and more extraordinary that she should ever have thought of marrying such a dull-witted, narrow-minded man.

"Well, it's time I was at home," she said coolly; "good-bye."

"But what about me, Lisavieta Pavlovna? What am I to . . . A bullet through my head?" stammered the ensign, hardly knowing what he said.

"Shot out of a cannon, I suppose?" asked Lisa gravely.

"N-no. . . . Why out of a cannon?" Savinof seemed puzzled.



利沙伸出手來，說道，『好呀，暫別啦！』

沙維諾甫還要說話，卻不說了。他站住不動有一會子，隨後慢慢在街上走，他的靴距接連阻他走路。他能夠聽見看夜的人在黑暗中，在籬笆後的悽慘的敲聲。（關目全在敘事與說話中。一字不多，一字不少。極其緊湊明白。譯者註。）

### 第三回

四個月後利沙同多拉果然往比得堡。帕沙·亞番西甫已經先到那裏，他要在車站接她們。她們坐三等。秋天已經到啦，天是灰色的，又是多霧無風的。她們在路上的時候不停的下雨；無論什麼東西都是水滴滴的：車輛，道木，站長都是濕的。飛過的小溪與水窪都被重點的雨水滴纏了。

多拉坐在角上讀書，利沙站在車尾有遮頭的地方，用她的大而好問的眼向後看灰色的天涯。她好像還看見她所離開她所生長的市鎮，看見她的父母，西利奧沙，小狗，老房子，與全數她所愛的事物。這許多人物好像不過在天涯那一邊；她若翹望，她曉得她真能看見。

那部火車特拉塔塔；特拉塔塔的響，接着節奏響，如同一隻鐵製的野獸一般向前飛跑。

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"Well, good-bye!" Lisa held out her hand.

Savinof wanted to say something more, but refrained.<sup>1</sup> For a moment he stood still, and then walked slowly down the street, his spurs continually getting in his way. In the darkness, somewhere behind the fence, the night watchman could be heard knocking drearily.

### CHAPTER III

Four months later, Lisa and Dora travelled to Petersburg. Pasha Afanasief had already gone there, and he was to meet them at the railway station. They travelled third class. Autumn had come, and the days were grey, but hazy and calm. On the day of this journey it rained without ceasing; everything was dripping wet: the carriages, the sleepers, the station-master. The little streams and pools that flew past, were all dimpled by the heavy raindrops.

Dora sat in her corner of the carriage reading, while Lisa stood on the covered platform at the end of the train, and with her large questioning eyes looked back at the grey horizon. She still seemed to see her native town that she had left behind her, her father and mother, Serio-sha, the little puppy, the old house, and all that she loved. They all seemed to be just beyond the horizon; indeed, if she stood on tiptoe, she felt sure that she could see them.

"Tra-ta-ta; tra-ta-ta," rattled the train rhythmically, as with iron brutality it plunged forward.

<sup>1</sup>refrained, 節制自己.

架在黃河上的一道大鐵橋特拉拉治的響。利沙低頭看大小船隻，好像小玩物一般。一隻挨一隻的前後靠着，滿裝滴水的木料，灰色的小人們，用長篙撐向前。岸邊有柔弱的杉樹及赤楊，這條黃河多少有愁慘光景。據利沙看來全是超越自然的，寒冷的，怪異的。

她想道，「他們在底下做些什麼？」

這許多小人，拿着長篙，在那裏撐船，她不曉得是爲什麼，她就覺得可怕；這條河帶着不知流往那裏去的潮流；寂寞黃河岸上的人物，連同許多孤立的杉樹與赤楊；據她看來也是可怕的。

天快黑啦，利沙歎氣，走回去車裏，燈光使許多大影動搖。她坐在多拉身邊。

她本來很熱烈的要問「我們往那裏去，」她卻不問，不過無精打彩的說道：

「帕沙會接我們的，是不是？」（寫利沙驟然離家的情景寫得畢肖。譯者註。）

多拉答道，「他自然會來接的。」她久已不看書啦，她的精神被這個大而舒服的客車的環境所抑遏，滿車都是汗穢的面帶怒容的客人，他們吃葵花子，說話說得很吵，弄手風琴，互相爭吵。到了這一刻工夫，她的所夢想的還不會曉得的生活，裏頭滿是衝突與得勝，好像是得不着的

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"Tra-ra-rach," groaned a big iron bridge which spanned a yellow river. Lisa looked down at the boats and the barges, which had the appearance of little toys. Ranged one behind the other, they were laden with dripping timber, as grey little men punted them forwards with long poles. There was something melancholy about this yellow river, where in places by the shore stood slender pines and birch-trees. To Lisa it all seemed weird<sup>1</sup> and cold and strange.

"What are they doing down there?" she thought.

Incomprehensible and, therefore, terrible to her seemed the work of these little men with their long poles; the river with its vague currents; the denizens of these dreary yellow shores with their solitary pine-trees and birches.

As dusk was falling, Lisa sighed and went back to the railway carriage, where the lighted lamps set huge shadows in motion. She sat down beside Dora.

"Where are we going?" was what she would like to have asked with her whole heart and soul,<sup>2</sup> but instead of that, she said languidly:

"Pasha will meet us, won't he?"

"Of course he will," replied Dora. For a long while she had ceased reading, and felt thoroughly depressed by her surroundings in this big, uncomfortable railway-carriage, full of dirty, ill-tempered-looking persons who were crunching dried sunflowers seeds (*siemiatchki*), talking boisterously, playing the concertina, and quarrelling. In this moment that unknown life of her dreams, full of conflict and triumph, seemed unattainable, in fact

<sup>1</sup> weird, 不是人間的, 超越自然的. <sup>2</sup> heart and soul, 熱烈.

了，其實是不可能的了。利沙來了，她很高興，她從她的黑暗角上用發亮的眼往外看她。

她低聲說道，『利索卡。』她把利沙的軟暖的手抓在自己手上。利沙很親愛的看她，忽然兩手緊緊的摟住多拉。

『你先看一看，隨即來這裏談談，』這是一個人在板壁後說話。

那個悲慘的手琴叫了一聲。

一個瘦長條子工人，穿了一件羊絨短褂，有一件長的紅色工人衣懸掛在他的褲子上，從相連的客車跌過來，坐在利沙對面。

他停了一會，問道，『小姐，你許我問你往那裏去麼？』他說話噴出一陣燒酒味。

利沙答道，『我往比得堡。』

另外一個人，很許是一個軍人，臉上有粗紅鬍子，麻臉，起首往板壁這邊看。

工人說道，『是麼？』他帶着蠢人與醉漢的無禮，瞪着大眼，老看她的臉與胸。

她害怕，軍人大笑，忽然又往這邊看。

工人問道，『你瞪眼看什麼？』他聲音的沉重腔調，他的身體微微的搖擺，表示他是吃得爛醉的了。

多拉恐怖，喊道，『利沙，我們走出去站一會吧。』

工人發怒喊道，『什麼！你要同我說話麼？』

利沙匆匆答道，『我爲什麼不要同你說話？』

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impossible. She was glad that Lisa had come, and looked out at her from her dark corner with shining eyes.

"*Lisotchka*," she said gently. She took Lisa's soft, warm hand in hers. Lisa looked at her affectionately, and suddenly put her arms round Dora and clasped her closely.

"Well, have a look first and then come over here for a chat," cried somebody behind the wooden partition.

"*Quee!*" wailed the doleful concertina.

A tall, gaunt workman in a woollen jacket and a long red smock, which hung over his trousers, came stumbling out of the adjoining compartment, and sat down opposite Lisa.

"Where are you going, may I ask, miss?" he said after a pause. There was a smell of vodka.

"To Petersburg," replied Lisa.

Another man, probably a soldier, with a coarse, red moustache, and features marked by smallpox, began looking over the partition.

"Oh, indeed!" said the workman, as he gazed with dull, drunken persistence at Lisa's face and bosom.

She felt afraid. The soldier laughed and suddenly looked over again.

"What are you staring at?" asked the workman, and the thick tone of his voice and slight rocking motion of his body, showed that he was very drunk.

"Lisa!" cried Dora in alarm, "lets go out on the platform for a little while."

"What! don't you want to talk to me?" cried the workman angrily.

"Why not?" replied Lisa hastily.

「好呀，我要問你你爲什麼往比得堡？」

利沙說道，「我們要去求學。」

軍人又大笑。

工人述道，「求學！並不……？」軍人如同一隻馬那樣，從鼻子裏噴氣，他的臉碰板壁，碰得很快樂的。多拉起首喊，利沙兩眼留心釘住工人。

有一個年老農人從客車的那一邊忽然喊道，「再過一會我就整你的頭。你這個木頭，我就要教訓你，你爲什麼這樣侮辱人！」

工人帶着醉眼斜視他，說道，「罷了，魔鬼可以抓她走，我才不管！」他再說一兩句淫穢話，站起來，走了。

老農也站起來，說道，「這是一羣什麼東西！」

此後無人說話，等到傍晚，客車內的空氣變作更難聞。多拉背靠椅背，不敢動。利沙又走出去站着，現在從這裏看不見什麼，這裏既濕又冷。她站在這裏幾乎有兩點鐘，有點害怕，提不起精神。她又想起兩天前他們怎樣送她到車站，西利奧沙和她的母親怎樣哭，因爲家裏沒得她會變作很寂寞。隨後她在車站記得沙維諾甫怎樣忽然出現，穿了一件長的灰色袍，被雨浸透了，他的臉色怎樣灰白，怎樣愁苦。

"Well, I wanted to ask you why you were going to Petersburg?"

"We are going to study," said Lisa.

Again the soldier laughed.

"Study!" repeated the workman, "and not . . . ?" The soldier snorted like a horse and bumped his face delightfully against the partition. Dora began to cry, and Lisa kept her eyes fixed attentively on the workman.

"I'll punch your head for you in a minute," exclaimed an old peasant from the other side of the carriage suddenly. "I'll teach you to insult people like that, you blockhead!"

The workman turned to him with a drunken leer. "That's all right. The devil can take her for all I care!" And with another obscene expression or two, he got up and went away.

"What a gang!" said the old peasant, who also got up.

After that there was silence, and as evening came on, the air in the railway carriage became more foul.

Dora lay back in her seat, being afraid to move, and Lisa went out to the platform again, from which nothing could now be seen, and which was damp and cold. There, in a nervous and depressed state, she remained for nearly two hours. She thought again of how, two days ago, they had accompanied her to the station, and how Seriosha and her mother had wept, because at home it would be so lonely without her. Then at the station she remembered how Savinof had suddenly appeared in a long grey cloak, drenched with the rain, and how pale and distressed he looked.



他聲音抖抖的說道，『利沙維塔·巴甫祿那，我有話對你說。』

利沙不願聽他說。凡是能說的話都已經討論過一百遍了。起初她爲少尉很覺得難過，但是現在她已經起首覺得他麻煩她，並不是因爲他令她討厭，却是因爲他人全笑他；她覺得很慚愧她幾乎做了他的夫人。

帕沙曾說道，『他嘗試用盡方法阻止你；可憐的人，他十分難過，他却還是同一隻火雞被人拔了尾的一般。』她却還在月臺上同他走，因爲下雨，月臺上無人。

多拉說道，『趕快，趕快！』

利沙堅決的答道，『再等一會。』

少尉很傷悲的說道，『我不會扣留利沙維塔很久的。』他重重的歎一口氣，低頭看他的全沾了泥的漆靴。

利沙問道，『你要同我說什麼？』

『我……是不是你我兩人的事全完了？』

從他說話的腔調聽來，他顯然是很曉得是全完了。利沙不響。第一遍鐘響。他又歎氣。

他匆匆的喃喃道，『利沙維塔。我相信我是一個人所恥笑的人，並不是一個有特別……的人……我却不願攔阻你……你將永遠找不着比我更崇拜你的人。你曉得這一層。我們在這裏同在一起，原是很歡樂的，我不能想出你爲什麼要走開。我誠然是配不上你，設使我能辦到，我却

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"Lisavieta Pavlovna," he said in a trembling voice, "I wanted to speak to you."

Lisa felt disinclined for this. All that could be said had already been discussed a hundred times. At first she had felt sorry for the ensign, but now she had begun to be annoyed with him; not because he bored her, but because all the others laughed at him; and she felt ashamed at having very nearly become his wife.

"He is trying his best to stop you," Pasha had said; "poor chap, he is very much cut up, and yet he looks like a turkey that has had its tail feathers pulled out."

Yet still she walked along the platform with him, which owing to the rain was quite empty.

"Be quick, be quick!" said Dora.

"In a moment," replied Lisa firmly.

"I shan't detain Lisavieta very long," added the ensign sadly. He sighed heavily and looked down at his varnished boots all splashed with mud.

"Well, what is it you want to say to me?" asked Lisa.

"I . . . then all is over between us, is it?"

From the tone of his voice it was plain that he knew that well enough. Lisa was silent. The first bell rang. Again he sighed.

"Lisavieta," he hastily murmured, "I daresay I am rather ridiculous and not a man of any particular . . . but I don't wish to stop you . . . You'll never find a man more devoted to you than I am. You know that. I can't think why you want to go away when we were all so happy together here. Of course I'm not worthy of you, but I would willingly follow you on foot if I could,

很願意步行跟你，但是你得相信……。我若……利沙維塔·巴甫祿那，你得饒恕我。』

他的兩唇忽然抖動，他忽然不響。他臉上的神氣忽然變作很可憐的孩子神氣。隨後他很費大力上前拿她的行李，他一面大聲叫小工，當火車出站的時候，他搖擺他的小帽許久。

多拉說沙維諾甫『實在是還可以過得去的；可惜他是一個令人可怕的語言無味的人。』

當利沙從客車的黑暗玻璃窗往外看的時候，她想到當工人侮辱她的時候，車門開着，設使沙維諾甫走進來，這件事件會怎樣結果。她忽然渴想看見他，靠着他的膀子，偎在他身邊，在花園散步，遠離禍害，過她的舊時的單簡安樂生活。她暗中垂淚，大滴眼淚滾下她的娃娃臉。（還有悔心。可惜太遲了。譯者註。）

#### 第四回

陸軍醫院的一所病房裏頭是令人高興的，因為春天的和風從打開的窗子吹進來。帕沙·亞番西甫坐在窗口看見花園，園裏有許多青綠小叢樹，多過大樹，每樹有一個牌子用俄羅斯字及拉丁字標出樹名。他的膝上放了一本書，拿書的手既瘦小又透光，令人見了心痛。

利沙多拉，與一個學生，名安得利甫（Andreief），不響的坐在他身旁。他們無心談論，因為有一個醫師方在過

but be sure that . . . Forgive me, Lisavieta Pavlovna, if I . . . ”

Suddenly his lips quivered, and the expression of his face became pitifully childish as he abruptly ceased speaking. Then with great energy he proceeded to carry her luggage, as he shouted to the porter, and as the train moved out of the station, he waved his cap for a long while.

“He is not really half bad,” was Dora’s opinion of Savinof; “only he is such a frightful bore.”<sup>1</sup>

As Lisa looked out of the dark window-pane, she thought how it would have been if, when the workman insulted her, the door had opened, and Savinof had come in. She had a sudden longing to see him and to walk through the garden, nestling<sup>2</sup> against his arm, out of harm’s way and leading her old simple, peaceful life. She wept silently, and large tears rolled down her childish face.

#### CHAPTER IV

In one of the wards of the Army Medical Hospital it was bright, for through the open window the soft spring air rushed in. Pasha Afanasief sat at the window overlooking the garden, where there were more green hedges than trees, and where each tree had a label attached to it with its name in Russian and Latin. On his knees lay a book, and so thin and transparent were the hands that held it that they were painful to behold.

Lisa, Dora, and a student named Andreief sat silently beside him. They had no heart to talk about anything.

<sup>1</sup> bore, 語音無味的人. <sup>2</sup> nestling, 偎.

道告訴他們說亞番西甫一星期內會死。他接連太過用苦工，又因氣候改變，催促他所逃不了的死。

醫師說道，『他簡直是耗盡他的精力，更是可憐。』

帕沙雖覺得說話耗他的精力，他還是不停的說話；他們且隨他說，因為他們曉得說與不說不能有什麼差別。

帕沙用微弱聲音說道，『當我讀過那本東西的時候，』有時他要稍停使他的呼吸相接，又說道，『好像我屋子的開了一個窗子一般，我的四面全是陽光。這樣灰色，暗淡，無歡的人生觀，吞噬靈魂，到了現在。到底……是一個頂好的人！是什麼得勝的音調！這裏這本書，』他用瘦手指敲敲書；『這不是吸引女子的一段單簡故事，這是頂要緊的一個符號。』

他們曉得他所說的是什麼小說。這部小說曾使他們都喜歡，但是他現在是瀕死的時候，聽他這樣熱烈恭維這部書；他們覺得愁苦。

帕沙如同作夢一般說道，『但願世上有更多這樣大胆動人的說話。一個人必得接連向前驚醒世人，向前告訴世人，逢人便說若無偉大與持久的事業就無所謂生活！最要緊的是必要消滅我們自己的齷齪私利，當整個世界在我們面前的時候，我們要在世上為全數人的利益做事，就不該顧到私利。』他接着說道，『我的寶貴利索卡，我當日能夠從我們的泥溝裏拖你出來，我很歡喜——為你歡喜，為我自己歡喜！拯救無論什麼一個人，就不算是輕微

because one of the doctors had just told them in the passage that Afanasief would die within the week. His continual over-exertion and the change of climate had hastened the inevitable end.

"The fellow's burnt himself out, more's the pity," said the doctor.

Nevertheless, though it exhausted him, Pasha talked without ceasing; and they let him talk, for they knew that it could make no difference.

"When I had read that," said Pasha in a faint voice, catching his breath every now and then, "it was as if a window had been opened in my room, and that sunshine was all around me. This grey, dull, joyless view of life, it devours the soul, and now at last . . . A splendid fellow! What a note of triumph! This book here," and he tapped it with his thin fingers; "this is no simple story to attract girls, but a symbol of the deepest importance."

They knew what novel it was of which he spoke. It was one which had pleased them all, but it was distressing to them to hear this enthusiastic praise of it from one who was so near his death.

"Oh, that there were more such brave, appealing voices!" exclaimed Pasha dreamily. "One must go on rousing, go on calling, and telling everybody that there is no such thing as life without work that is mighty and sustained!<sup>1</sup> The main thing is, that our own petty interests must disappear, when the whole world lies before us, in which to work for the universal good. My dear Lisotchka," he continued, "I'm so glad that I was able to drag you out of our swamp—glad for you, and glad for myself!

<sup>1</sup> sustained, 持久.

的勝利，況且所拯救的是一個可愛如你這樣的寶貴女子。這件事原是我做的，是不是？好嗎，並不完全是我做的，因為書本也有許多功力；』他又敲那本書，說道，『但是還要……』

他有一會子不說話，隨後顯然是說得很為難的，他接着說道：

『利索卡，等到我死的時候，這是有可能的，是不是？我交與你接行我的工作。你就是我的工作，你這個和譚良善人活着，就是我活着。利索卡，是的，是這樣的。這是什麼憂悶的思想！你記得嗎，你怎樣快要嫁給那個少尉，他要用一枚礮彈打穿他的頭？』他快樂的大笑。

利沙慘然答道，『帕沙，是的，我記得。』

『呀，好呀，但望他走好運！你曉得嗎，後來我很替他愁苦，因為命運及他的同袍們使他變成恰好是一個傻子，原不是他的錯。我相信他也很受些痛苦。呀，也罷！』

隨後他的兩眼有了悽慘神色，他又說道：

『無論怎樣，要緊的事已經辦成啦，無論有什麼事體發生，現在全靠你啦，我的寶貴利索卡。』

他們站起來要走，他掉過頭來對安得利甫說道：

『我說，老孩子，你肯把我屋裏的全數著作（向來用著作兩字稱犯法的政治著作，原注。）送給卜丹諾甫（Bogdanof）麼？裏頭有些要緊東西。好呀，我的寶貴朋友們，暫別啦！』

他們走到門口，帕沙忽然喊道：

『利索卡，利沙！』

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It is no slight gain to have rescued anyone, and especially such a sweet dear girl as yourself. And it was I who did it, wasn't it? Well, not altogether, for books had a good deal to do with it, too"; and he tapped the book again, "but still . . . "

For awhile he was silent, and then with evident difficulty continued:

"Now, Lisotchka, when I am dead, for such a thing is possible, isn't it? I leave you to carry on my work. You *are* my work, and so in your kind, good self I shall live on. Yes, Lisotchka, so it is. What melancholy thoughts, to be sure! Don't you remember how you were going to marry the ensign who wanted to put a cannon-ball through his head?" He laughed merrily.

"Yes, I remember, Pasha," replied Lisa sadly.

"Ah, well, good luck to him! Do you know that at last I felt quite sorry for him, for really it was not his fault that fate and his fellows had made him just a fool. I daresay that he suffered a good deal, too. Ah, well!"

Then, as a sad look came into his eyes, he added:

"Anyhow, the main thing has been accomplished, and whatever happens, it now rests with you, my dear Lisotchka."

As they got up to go, he turned to Andreief and said:

"I say, old boy, will you take all the literature<sup>1</sup> at my place to Bogdanof? There is some important stuff among it. Well, good-bye, my dear friends!"

As they reached the door, Pasha suddenly called out:

"Lisotchka, Lisa!"

<sup>1</sup>The usual term for illegal political writings.



她跑回他身邊，其餘的兩個人在過道等。

他喃喃的說，好像怕有人聽見，『現在是春天，我們家鄉也許正在雪化的時候……利索卡，醫師說設使我常住在南方，我很許會復原；』他的一雙黑眼含淚，淚珠在睫毛上抖。（據說作者是一個很有大志身體很弱的人，往往在著作中描寫他自己。譯者註。）

### 第五回

他們在一個灰色的暖天葬帕沙。塚裏有黃色的與帶泥的水，小路上有一窪窪的半化的雪；在軟泥上難以行走，棺材兩邊搖擺，擡到墳上時上下的顛。

有一個擡棺材的學生，因為棺材角割損他的肩膀，又碰丟他的小帽，他喊道，『先生，湊好脚步，湊好脚步！』初時有散土在棺材蓋上沙沙的作響，後來輕輕的撥入黃色的水裏。學生們，少年男女都有，全站在一塊高地上，不言語，在白色寂寞背景上，不過是一塊黑。

有人喊道，『拉利奧諾甫 (Larionof)，演說呀，說幾句呀！拉利奧諾甫却太畏羞。

有一個少年美貌學生，雖不十分聰明，却滿面有熱心神氣，忽然走上前，在他鬚髮頭上搖擺他的小帽，喊道：

『命運無論給什麼東西，無不要求如這樣的一宗犧牲，以作報酬的。』

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She ran back to him, while the other two remained in the passage.

"Lisotchka," he murmured, as if afraid of being overheard, "the spring is here, and perhaps with us at home the snow is melting. . . . Lisotchka, the doctor said that if I had always lived in the south, I might very likely have recovered"; and into his dark eyes the tears rose and quivered on their lashes.

### CHAPTER V

It was on a grey, warm day that they buried Pasha. In the grave there was yellowish, muddy water, and on the paths there were puddles of half-melted snow; while the soft clay made walking so difficult that the coffin swayed, and was jolted as it was borne to the grave.

"Keep step, gentleman, please! Keep step!" cried one of the bearers, a student, as a corner of the coffin kept cutting his shoulder, and which knocked off his cap. Mould rattled at first on the coffin-lid, and then splashed gently into the yellowish water. The students, both young men and girls, all stood silently on a mound, a black patch against the white desolate ground.

"Larionof, a speech! Say something!" cried some one. But Larionof was too bashful.

A very young and handsome student, with a look on his face of enthusiasm, if not of very great intelligence, suddenly came forward, and, waving his cap above his curly head, exclaimed:

"Fate gives nothing without demanding a sacrifice like this, in return."

他忽然不說了，他的臉熱，通紅，大衆不響，同時成羣的人在化雪上徘徊。全景都是很慘的。

多拉對利沙說道，『我們回去吧。』

利沙的一雙淚眼表示親愛與疑惑，看看墳，低聲說道：『是呀，我們走吧。』

她們在墳地的門口登街車，走過幾條長街，向多拉的家走。全數男客都瞪眼看這個豐豔利沙，她却同向來一樣，絕不留意；但是多拉却留意，就使她難過。她們下車，沿着街邊走往多拉的寓所，她歎氣，說道：

『他現在是葬了；』她好像受了寒，發抖，又說道，『這是多麼單簡呀！多麼可怕的單簡呀！』

利沙聽了這句話，又珠淚滾滾，喃喃道，『可憐的寶貝帕沙！』

她們站在黑暗的過道，多拉說道，『你進來嗎？』

利沙歎氣說道，『我不曉得，也許我要進去。』

她們走過小院子，爬上氣味難聞的樓梯，到了第四層樓。多拉的房間又小，又不甚通光，只有不多幾件破舊家具。牆是潮濕的，空氣是寒冷的，這就使人深信陽光是永遠不進來的。利沙坐在床上，多拉站近桌子，無精打彩的向窗外望。新近這幾天，她們很受了驚擾，又很忙碌；有過

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He ceased abruptly, his face hot and flushed, and there was general silence, while crows hovered above the melting snow. The whole scene was intensely sad.

"Well, let us go," said Dora to Lisa.

With her tear-stained eyes, which expressed both affection and perplexity, Lisa glanced at the grave, and whispered:

"Yes, let us go."

At the entrance to the cemetery, they took the tram through the long streets towards Dora's home. All the male passengers stared at the handsome, buxom Lisa, though, as usual, she never noticed this; but Dora did, and it annoyed her. When they got out of the tram and walked along the street to Dora's lodging, she sighed and said:

"Well, now he is buried"; and shuddering as if with cold, she added, "How simple it all is! How fearfully simple!"

At this, tears rolled again down Lisa's cheeks. "Poor dear Pasha!" she murmured.

"Are you coming in?" said Dora, as they stood in the gloomy doorway.

"I don't know; perhaps I will," sighed Lisa.

They crossed the little courtyard and climbed up the evil-smelling stairs to the fourth floor. Dora's room was small and badly lighted, with a few pieces of shabby furniture in it. The damp walls and the chilly atmosphere convinced one that sunlight never entered there. Lisa sat down on the bed, while Dora stood near the table and gazed vaguely out of the window. During the last few days they had been so excited and so busy; there had been

好幾次淒慘的談話，東走西跑好幾次，唱過許多聖歌，燒過許多香，點蠟燭，與哭泣，現在回復到忽然的寂靜，反覺得奇怪，反覺得幾乎不舒服；坐下吃飯；上床睡覺；或如從前做平常的事。兩個女孩子都覺得很抑鬱。

利沙毫無精神的說道，『明天是解剖學，』竭力要談點別的。多拉不響。

利沙接連說道，『考試不久就完了，』她嘗試脫離她所不能忍受的悲傷。『我昨天得了一封家信。』

多拉板板的說道，『是呀！』

利沙說道，『是的，母親來信說全盛的春天來了，白天既煖又好看。』

利沙不說了，歎氣。她要說她渴想回家，要享受青綠的草，溫暖天氣，與安樂生活。她在這裏覺得無一事不是可厭的，但是她覺得有點不好意思對多拉說，所以她不敢說。多拉忽然跑向她，合着兩手，喊道：

『利沙，利索卡，這是多麼討厭，多麼可怕呀！與某某事很不相同……』

利沙立刻滿眼是淚。她很可憐多拉：她帶點母親的慈愛，兩手抱住多拉的細腰，拉她過來，拉近自己些。

她說道，『多拉，我的寶貝，不要煩心！』她一面吻她的頭髮，與她的臉。

……利沙同多拉坐了許久不說話。利沙爲帕沙死很

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so many sad conversations, so much hurrying hither and thither, so much chanting, incense-burning, lighting of tapers and weeping, that it now seemed strange and almost disagreeable to go back to this sudden silence; to sit down and have one's meals; to go to bed; or to do any ordinary daily work as before. Both girls felt intensely depressed.

"To-morrow is anatomy," said Lisa languidly, endeavouring to talk of something else. Dora was silent.

"Exams will soon be over," continued Lisa, trying to get away from her intolerable grief. "I had a letter from home yesterday."

"Oh, indeed!" said Dora mechanically.

"Yes, mother writes that the spring is come in all its glory, the days are warm and beautiful."

Lisa stopped and sighed. She wanted to say she was longing for home, for the green grass, the warmth, and the peaceful life. Everything here was wearisome to her, but feeling vaguely shy of Dora, she did not dare to do so. Suddenly Dora ran towards her, and clasping her hands exclaimed:

"Oh, Lisa, Lisotchka, how boring, how dreadful it all is! It's so different from what . . . from what. . . ."

Tears at once rose to Lisa's eyes. She felt such intense pity for Dora; and with a touch of maternal tenderness she put her arms round the other's slim waist and drew her closer to her.

"Never mind, Dorotchka, my dear one!" she said, kissing her hair and her cheek.

. . . . .

For a long time Lisa and Dora sat in silence. Lisa's grief for Pasha's death was blended with a dull feeling of

傷心，却帶着絕望的及疑惑的一種不活潑的感覺。她簡直不能想像在她的生活裏頭是沒得他了，各事還要如同從前一般進行。多拉起首在屋裏輕輕脚步走動。她預備茶，好像沉埋於她的思想裏頭。茶壺作出一種單調的悲哀的聲音，利沙又嗚咽。（善寫愁苦情景。譯者註。）

過了一點鐘後，兩個學生拉利奧諾甫和安得利甫進來。第一個是一個肥的，近視的少年，立刻起首談帕沙·亞番西甫。

他用一種悲傷的熱烈腔調說道，『據我看來，他是一個最可注意的奇男子。他有一種非常的力量，我們不能相信那樣的力量不久就消滅了。有一件事，其實是最重要的，他有潛移他人的本事。據我看來，我們的工作好像幾乎從此就要停止啦。』

安得利甫搖頭，說道，『不，不會停止的。』

『也許不會的。』

『到底亞番西甫並無實行的本事。』

拉利奧諾甫答道，『這是很確的。但是他曉得怎樣使事物得了生機。他有他的辦法；他很是一個非常人。現在他死了，我們……』

安得利甫咬他的鬍子尖子，很無禮的打叉，說道，『你不過是一個懦弱無能的人，還說什麼。』

拉利奧諾甫答道，『很許是的，其實我新近對於無論什麼事都覺得很灰心。我讀過迴腸盪氣的著作後，或聽過

despair and perplexity. To her it seemed utterly inconceivable that he had gone out of her life, and that everything in it must go on just as before. Dora began to move gently about the room. She made tea and seemed lost in her thoughts. The tea-urn made a droning, mournful noise, and again Lisa wept silently.

An hour later, the students Larionof and Andreief came in. The former, a fat, short-sighted youth, at once began to talk about Pasha Afanasief.

"In my opinion, he was a most remarkable, wonderful fellow," he said, in a tone of mournful enthusiasm. "In him there was a certain extraordinary force, and it is impossible to believe that that force can so soon die out. One thing, in fact the main thing, was, that he had the faculty of influencing others. It almost looks to me as if our work would now cease."

"No, it won't cease," said Andreief, shaking his head.

"Perhaps not."

"After all, Afanasief had no practical qualities."

"That's true enough," replied Larionof. "But he knew how to vitalize<sup>1</sup> everything. He had such a way with him; he was such a wonderful personality. Now he is gone, we . . ."

"Oh, you're just a feeble fellow, and that's all about it," interrupted Andreief rudely, as he bit the end of his moustache.

"Very likely," replied Larionof, "but the fact is, that latterly I have felt so disheartened<sup>2</sup> about everything.

<sup>1</sup> vitalize, 給以生機, 使有生氣. <sup>2</sup> disheartened, 灰心.



亞番西甫的演說後，向來就覺得有一番熱心，好像受了激動，要去做大事業。隨後却有別的思想進來，就好像灰了心。我在學校的第一年，或第二年，事體却是不同的。我對於無論什麼事都覺得有興致。我聽講，或在會議裏頭大喊，或專心讀書，無一事不是快樂的……。」

安得利甫嘲笑他，說道，『爲什麼不樂？』

『爲什麼不樂嗎？但是過了幾時，我起首想道，我現時學這許多科學。好的！但是不止是學的問題。我並不是畢生全學科學的。要緊的問題就是：我爲什麼要學這許多科學？對於這個問題，我不能找着答復。』

多拉抬頭，問道，『你這句話是什麼意思？』

『不過是這樣。我不能找出答復。』

多拉說道，『你會說這句話，是很奇怪的。一年前，或不到一年前，我到這裏來，充滿了熱心，要緊的事就是，凡是我所望着找的，我都找着啦，著作，報紙，科學演講，會議——我全聽過了，讀過了。不料六個月後，我覺得無一件不是空的。全使我覺得厭倦。其實全令我討厭，不久我就相信我將羨慕帕沙·亞番西甫』（多拉在這裏露出厭世意思。譯者註。）她不再說啦，這時候無人說話。忽然聽見牆後有聲音，是磁器的響聲。

她又說道，『我有時想起二年前我怎樣去一個學校裏教書，我全覺得怎樣汗穢與怎樣受不了的無意味。那個

After reading something stirring, or after hearing Afanasief speak, one used to feel enthusiastic, as if one were moved to do great things. Then afterwards, other thoughts come and one seems to lose heart. During my first year, and even in the second, things were different. Everything interested one. One attended lectures, or shouted at meetings, or pored over books, and everything was so jolly. . . .”

“Why not?” jeered Andreief.

“Why not, indeed? But after a time I began to think, ‘I am learning all this. Good! But it’s not a question of learning only. My whole life is not going to be given up to science. The point is this: what am I doing all this for?’ And to that question I could find no answer.”

“What do you mean?” asked Dora, looking up.

“Well, just that. I could find no answer.”

“It’s strange that you should say that,” began Dora. “A year ago or less than that, I came here feeling so full of enthusiasm, and the important thing is, that what I expected to find, I found; papers, newspapers, scientific lectures, meetings—everything of which I had heard and read. Now, after six months, I feel that everything seems empty. It all wearies me. In fact, so loathsome is it to me, that very soon I believe I shall envy Pasha Afanasief.”

She said no more, and there was silence. Behind the wall the sound of voices suddenly became audible, and the clatter of crockery.

“I sometimes think,” she went on, “how, two years ago, I was teaching in a school, and how squalid and insufferably dull it all seemed to me then. The village was

鄉村是很灰色的，鄉下人全是醉漢，孩子們是愚鈍的。我自己的生活好像也是一樣的灰色與愚鈍。到了現在，我有時想到在鄉下教書卻是很好的！鄉下是好的，我每天所在散步的小樹林全是赤楊也是好的，孩子們也是好的，其中有一個寶貝孩子尤其好！有時我又想到也許我弄錯了，我且想到不如還是回去，起首再過舊時的生活。卻是不必的；再過舊生活不過是令我厭煩，厭煩還罷了，恐怕受折磨。因為我怎樣能夠在那裏過一輩子無進步無思想的日子？」

利沙從她所在的角落上深深的歎氣。（又一個存厭世思想的。譯者註。）

安得利甫還是咬他的鬚子尖，說道，「好呀，是誰勸你到這裏來的。你來這裏要什麼？」

多拉答道，「要什麼？要看人生！」

安得利甫喊道，「人生！什麼是人生？請你告訴我？」拉利奧諾甫，給我一枝紙烟。」

多拉拖長聲氣說道，「這是很明顯的。」

「既是明顯，我請你定一個界說。人生究竟內藏些什麼？是不是上課與聽講？是不是研究科學及政治？是不是的？」

「誠然有多少是的。」

「既是這樣，你全得着了。你還要什麼別的？」

「我卻不曉得。我不過覺得我所不曾得着的卻是最要緊的。（人的大患在不曉得自己要什麼。譯者註。）

安得利甫用很有決斷的腔調說道，「我告訴你你要什麼。」

多拉挖苦他，說道，「呀哈！這是最有意義的，」在她的一雙黑眼裏頭有一種淘氣的光。她一想到安得利甫相

so grey, the peasants drunken, the children stupid. My own life appeared just as grey and stupid. And now I sometimes think that it was all rather nice! The village, and the little wood full of birch-trees where every day I used to walk, and the children, especially one, such a dear boy he was! Then again, at times I think that perhaps I made a mistake and that I ought to go back and begin the old life over again. Yet, no; that would only be tedious, and not so much tedious, perhaps, as galling.<sup>1</sup> For how could I possibly vegetate<sup>2</sup> there for the rest of my life?"

Lisa from her corner sighed deeply.

"Well," said Andreief, still gnawing the end of his moustache, "who was it persuaded you to come here at all? And what was it that you wanted?"

"Wanted? Why, to see life!" replied Dora.

"Life!" exclaimed Andreief, "what is life? Tell me that, pray! Give me a cigarette, Larionof."

"Well, that's plain enough," drawled Dora.

"Then do define it, please. In what does this life consist? In attending classes and lectures? In studying science or politics? Is that it?"

"Certainly, it does, to some extent."

"Well, you've got all that. What else do you want?"

"That I don't know. I only feel that the most important thing of all is just what I haven't got."

"I'll tell you what you want," said Andreief, in a tone of decision.

"Aha! That will be most interesting," sneered Dora, and in her dark eyes there was a wicked gleam. It

<sup>1</sup>galling, 受折磨. <sup>2</sup>vegetate, 如草木一般無進步無思想.

信他所曉得的比她更多，她就不高興。

『你所要的就是愛情與自重。』（可謂一語中的。譯者註。）

多拉用相同的腔調，問道，『你是怎樣算出來的？』

『你所宜過的生活你常以為是一種愁苦的生活，你渴想擺脫這個生活，另過別的生活，是你所更不宜過的。』

多拉生氣，喊道，『我老實說，這是太過好笑啦！』

拉利奧諾甫說道，『殊不好笑，因為這句話其實是眞話。』

安得利甫聳聳兩肩，說道，『怎樣能夠不是眞實話？你們是很好的耶穌軍會友，常肯對着這個使徒或那個使徒扒下，不問他是個工人，或教書先生，或鄉下人。但若有一天，命運逼你用車推石頭或泥土，或逼着你教流鼻涕的孩子們認字母，你就變作憂愁，不好意思見熟人！這是什麼緣故？這是因為你無傲氣，不知自愛，不知自重。你不會曉得他人的生活所以能夠有意味或有表示，原為的是他們的生活與你自己的生活在相干。』

拉利奧諾甫發怒喊道，『你的話怎樣講？』

安得利甫握着兩拳喊道，『你得曉得，我是一個農人，我畢生要作工謀生，我一向習慣當我自己是最要緊的。只要我覺得滿意與歡樂，無論我處什麼地位與他人有什麼

annoyed her to think that Andreief believed that he knew more than she did.

“Love, and self-respect—that’s what you want.”

“How do you make that out?” asked Dora, in the same tone.

“The life for which you are fitted always seems to you a miserable one, and you long to get away from it and be something else, something more than you really are.”

“That’s very funny, upon my word!” exclaimed Dora, incensed.

“Not funny in the least,” observed Larionof, “for, after all, it’s no more than the truth.”

“How can it be anything else?” said Andreief, as he shrugged his shoulders. “You are such good Jesuits, always ready to grovel to some apostle or other, be he working-man, schoolmaster, or peasant. But if, one fine morning, Fate should compel you to cart stones or clay about, or drum the alphabet into snivelling infants, then you grow melancholy and are ashamed to meet an acquaintance! Why is this? Because you’ve no pride, no *amour propre*,<sup>1</sup> no self-respect. You won’t see that other people’s lives can only be interesting or significant in so far as they are related to your own.”

“What do you mean?” cried Larionof angrily.

“Look here, I’m a peasant,” shouted Andreief, clenching his fists. “All my life I’ve had to work for my living, and have been used to consider that I myself am all in all<sup>2</sup> to myself. It is all the same to me what position I occupy with regard to other men, so long as I am satisfied and

<sup>1</sup> *amour propre*, (法文) 自愛. <sup>2</sup> all in all, 最要緊的, 全事的精華.

關係，我都不計較。你們卻不然，你們不曉得你們要什麼，你們更不曉得你們能夠做什麼。（他雖然是一個農人，這兩句話卻說得深中許多人的病根。譯者註。）倘若你碰巧是陰謀倡亂黨中的一個人，這不過是因為他人也在黨裏，倘若你要看人生，這不過是因為有人告訴你說人生是好的。我若要做一個陰謀倡亂人，我所以肯做這樣的人，不過因為我喜歡做，我自己喜歡做，並不是因為別人勸我做。所以我是毫不費事的我就肯死，不然叫別人去死，我的心是絕不會不安的！這是事實！」

多拉帶着嘲笑意思說道，「你說得多麼單簡呀！」

安得利甫用鋒利腔調問道，「我猜你喜歡繁複些，是不是？」基督教，愛國主義，人道主義，唯心主義，及馬克斯主義，你都有了，你全很熟的了。這誠然是很好的，你對於你自己又怎麼樣呢？你自己的自由生活，個人的生活，在那裏？」

拉利奧諾甫打叉，說道，「且等一會子。」

那一個抬頭向後喊道，「還等什麼？但是我想我們現在已經到於轉點啦。再過十年或二十年世人將當你們是奇形怪狀的殘廢人。世人將永遠不能明白世上居然有過這樣無脊骨的，怯懦的動物。」

多拉帶着冷嘲意思問道，「你肯不肯把你的自愛技術說給我們聽聽，告訴我們怎樣造成自愛的技術？」

「是怎樣造成的麼？我自己的確是什麼，就愛這樣的我：當我自己是一個有肉有血有靈魂的一個人。我自己的存在，我自己的身體，我自己的娛樂，我自己的人格，我自

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happy. But you others, you don't know what you want nor yet of what you are capable. If you happen to be one of a band of conspirators it's only because others are in it, too, and if you try to see life, it's only because you've been told that life is good. Now, if I want to become a conspirator, I do so simply and solely because it pleases me, personally, and nobody else. Thus, without the least ado, I should die, or cause some one else to die and never turn a hair!<sup>1</sup> That's a fact!"

"How simple it all sounds!" said Dora mockingly.

"And I suppose you'd like it to be complicated, eh?" asked Andreief, in a cutting tone. "You've got Christianity, patriotism, humanity, idealism, Marxism, all at your finger-ends. Very pretty, no doubt, but what about your own selves? Where's your own free, individual life?"

"Wait a moment," broke in Larinof.

"What is there to wait for?" cried the other, tossing back his head. "But I think we've reached the turning-point now. In ten or twenty years' time you will be looked upon as monstrous cripples. One will never be able to understand how such invertebrate, cowardly creatures ever existed."

"But won't you be so good as to reveal to us this your art of self-love, telling us in what it consists?" asked Dora sarcastically.

"In what it consists? In loving oneself for just what one is; as a human being of flesh, and blood, and spirit. One's own existence, one's body, one's pleasures, one's

<sup>1</sup> never turn a hair, 絕不會心不安的。



己的人生觀，不是上了一層假色彩的人生觀；這是一句單簡話，什麼都包藏在裏面啦！』

安得利浦忽然站起來，拿他的帽子。

『暫別啦，是回家時候啦。快到十二點鐘啦。』

『不，你得先解說……』

『我沒得東西解說。你自己若不明白我所說的話，你必定是一個受了天譴的傻子。無論怎麼解說是絕不能使你明白的了。』

學生們走了，屋裏很寂靜。但是還能夠聽見牆後有人聲。

多拉嘲笑他，說道，『這是一種什麼哲學呀！這是說我們要回頭，走回去人的草昧情形。』利沙歎氣，她想起帕沙·亞番西甫，被這樣的思想所攪擾。

#### 第十二回

（利沙回家過了好幾天快樂日子，常見她的未婚夫，却還是不肯嫁他。後來她回到比得堡，她愛一個身高黑髮兩眼放光行動很粗的學生，被他所汗，她卻隨他輕薄，有一次被他抱置膝上，她變作半失知覺，這個學生名柯利尼甫（Korenief），問她為什麼這樣，她忽然答稱『我快要死啦。』（原來她與多拉同居，都存了棄世主意。譯者註。）

利沙回家的時候多拉躺在床，臉埋在枕頭裏。

她開門，聲音很微弱的說道，『呀，原來是你！你多麼驚嚇我呀。』

利沙脫了外衣等等，點燈。她看見桌上有一張紙，紙上是多拉寫了兩句話，旁邊擺着一個黑東西，是可怕的手槍。多拉走近桌子，說道：『你看我寫些什麼！』

利沙一肘靠桌，讀道：

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own personality, and one's own personal conception of life, not some falsely coloured one; there you have it, in a nutshell!"

Andreief got up suddenly and seized his cap.

"Well, good-bye. It's time to go home. It is nearly twelve o'clock."

"No, but first explain . . ."

"I've nothing to explain. You must be a damned fool if you don't understand that yourself. It can never be drummed into you."

The students had gone, and in the room there was silence. Yet one could hear voices behind the wall.

"What a philosophy!" scoffed Dora. "It means that we have to go back to man's primeval state."

Lisa sighed, and again she was tortured by thoughts of Pasha Afanasief.

. . . . .

## CHAPTER XII

When Lisa got home, Dora was lying on the bed with her face buried in the pillows.

"Ah, it's you!" she said feebly, as she opened the door. "How you frightened me!"

Lisa mechanically took off her things and lighted the lamp. On the table she noticed a sheet of paper on which Dora had written something, and also a black, hateful-looking revolver. Approaching the table, Dora said:

"Look what I've written!"

Leaning one elbow on the table, Lisa read as follows:

『我們之死，我們並不願說是什麼人殺死我們的。我們願死，爲的是不值得活在世做人。』

多拉說道，『我想這兩句話就夠啦，你看是不是？』她說話的腔調多少有一個作者自誇文章好那麼得意，其實她自己卻想到她這張東西所發生的效果不過是令人說她傻氣。利沙不響，還是坐得很不舒服的，一隻手支住頭，辮子垂在肩上，落在桌上，成爲一圈。他忽然想拿那張紙過來，寫點別的，想寫下裝滿她胸口與抓住她的心意思。她不過慢慢站起來，歎一口氣。隨後把手槍抓在手上一會，又放下來。

她的聲音很微弱，說道，『是的，我想這兩句話很夠啦。據我看來，無論怎樣寫都是一樣的。』

後來又寂靜了，多拉覺得最痛苦。

她想到，『這是多麼沒意思呀！』過了一會，她說道：

『我們得把門鎖上。』

利沙輕輕走過去，鎖了門，隨後又是一片沉悶逼人的寂靜。利沙站在離門不遠，多拉站在桌邊。好像有什麼東西，令人受不了那樣的可怕，又是無意識的，充塞全間屋子。多拉以爲那盞燈好像快要滅啦。

她氣喘喘的說道，『你在那裏，她覺得好像有一個彈子落在她的喉嚨裏。利沙睜開一雙愁悶眼，卻不答話。

多拉的舌頭粘在上顎，用沙沙的聲音喃喃說道，『來呀，我們要辦結束啦。』

利沙聲音很微弱的答道，『是的。』

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"We do not wish to accuse anyone of our deaths. We die because life is not worth living."

"I think that's sufficient, isn't it?" said Dora in a tone that had something of an author's vanity about it, though personally she thought that the effect produced by her piece of paper would be simply foolish. Lisa said nothing, but remained in the same uncomfortable position, propped on one elbow, her plait hanging over her shoulder, and falling in a coil on the table. She had a sudden wish to seize the pen and write something else, something that filled her breast and clutched at her heart. She only got up slowly and sighed. Then she handled the revolver for a moment and laid it down again.

"Yes, that will do quite well, I think. It's all the same to me," she said faintly.

Silence ensued, which for Dora was most painful.

"How stupid it all seems!" she thought.

After a while she said:

"We shall have to lock the door."

Lisa gently walked to the door and locked it. Again there was an oppressive silence, as Lisa stood near the door and Dora by the table. Something intolerably dreadful and senseless seemed to pervade the whole room. To Dora it seemed that the lamp was going out.

"Where are you?" she gasped, as if a bullet had lodged itself in her throat. Lisa opened her melancholy eyes, but did not answer.

"Come now, we have got to put an end to it all," murmured Dora hoarsely, as her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Yes," replied Lisa in a faint voice.

多拉很遲疑的伸手抓住手槍，渾身發抖。

這個時候全數聲響都像是死了，又像是從很遠地方來的，有一層霧籠罩她身邊的一切東西。

她剛把手槍膛對着她的太陽，碰着冷鐵，她就發抖，她的臉顫動，她就想道：

『譬如她不開槍打她自己，把我當作傻子，怎麼好？』

她隨即覺得如同發狂那麼妒忌。

『呀，也罷！這算不了什麼！』

她的手指抖抖的抓住開放機，這時候她聽見利沙的聲音，好像是從牆那邊來的。她立刻放下手槍，她覺得一陣說不出來那樣快樂的解放，她又覺得極其軟弱，她幾乎倒在椅上。

利沙說道，『我先來，』她的聲音滿是憫憐與親愛。

多拉不響，瞪着一雙野眼看她。她的牙抖。

利沙很堅決的說道，『後來你也必得這樣做。』

利沙走到桌子，從多拉的軟手指取手槍，很鎮靜很小心的把手槍指住左乳，輕輕的向前將她的柔軟身體壓住手槍。多拉能夠在影裏看見她的大的與認真的眼，她看這全件事體不過是一種不好的開頑笑。不料第二個剎那間利沙的臉得了一種極其害怕與絕望的神色。震聳耳朵的一聲響，還有一陣打破玻璃的尖利聲音。利沙立腳不定，她雖然一手抓住桌子，她還是直挺挺的倒在地板上，她的

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Dora put out her hand in hesitating fashion and took hold of the revolver, trembling in every limb.

All sounds seemed deadened and remote, and a veil of mist had shrouded everything about her.

Just as she had placed the barrel of the revolver to her temple, chilled by the touch of the cold metal, she thought to herself, as a spasm crossed her features:

"Suppose she doesn't shoot herself, and makes a fool of me?"

A mad feeling of jealousy possessed her.

"Ah well! it doesn't matter."

Her fingers were closing convulsively on the trigger, when, as if through a wall, she heard Lisa's voice. Instantly she lowered the revolver. She felt an unutterably blissful sense of relief, and such intense weakness that she almost sank into a chair.

"I'll do it first," said Lisa in a voice full of pity and tenderness.

Dora was silent, and stared at her with wild eyes. Her teeth chattered.

"But you must do it afterwards," added Lisa firmly.

Approaching the table, she took the revolver from Dora's limp fingers and placed it calmly and carefully against her left breast, pressing her soft body slightly towards it. Dora could see, in the shadow, her large earnest eyes, and the whole thing appeared to her nothing more than a bad joke. But in the next moment Lisa's face assumed an expression of intense horror and despair. There was a deafening report, and a sharp sound of broken glass. Lisa staggered, and, though she clutched at the table with one hand, she fell on the floor at full length, her eyes starting

兩眼從頭上突出來。一玻璃盃冷茶翻了，一把椅子推倒了。多拉兩手握頭，喊了尖利刺耳的一聲：

『呀，利沙！』

她覺得頭腦要炸裂，眼前好像天翻地覆，她衝到房門，如瘋如狂的爬去開門，喊救。外面有人用力亂槌，門響，逐漸槌開。能夠聽見過道上有許多亂喊亂嚷聲音。（寫利沙自殺寫得極其乾淨。譯者註。）

### 第十三回

（多拉同幾個男學生謀舉大事，商量到各人所担任的事，多拉笑安得利甫。譯者註。）她說道，『你說話好像你自己並不冒險的，』不知不覺的多少恭維他。安得利甫搖手，表示勸阻的意思。

他說道，『不：我作的是什麼？我所作的事，若是失敗，不過監禁作苦工，你若失敗卻是立刻要問絞的。這是很可惜的事。我深知那兩個，我結交這兩個人是很得意的。假使我處他們的地位，我想我會覺得更歡樂。』

『既是這樣，你自己爲什麼不担任呀？』

安得利甫大笑，說道，『我們不能同時同做那件事，我相信快要輪到我啦。』

你認得尼斯那莫甫（Nesnamof）麼？』

『我認得，我認得他許久了……他是一個有力量，繁複人物……柯利尼甫也是一個天生的打手。他所以入黨同我們做事，爲的是今日並無比革命更高尙更要拼命的事啦。當全數人類的氣力，全數用于打破桎梏，或死於嘗

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from her head. A glass containing cold tea had been upset, and a chair was overturned. Dora uttered a piercing cry as she clasped her head with both hands:

"Oh—Lisa!"

Her brain felt as if it would burst, and, as all seemed whirling before her eyes, she rushed to the door and scrambled hysterically at it, shrieking for help. Violent blows from without made the door creak and gradually give way. In the passage the sound of many excited voices could be heard.

### CHAPTER XIII

. . . . .

Dora laughed.

"You talk as if you were taking no risk yourself," she said, unconsciously flattering him somewhat. Andreief waved his hand deprecatingly.

"No; what am I doing? My part only means penal servitude, whereas yours means the gallows, straight away. It's an awful pity. I know the other two so well and I am so fond of them both. But if I were in their place, I think I should feel happier."

"Then why didn't you undertake it yourself?"

"We can't all do that at the same time," laughed Andreief, "I dare say that my turn will come."

"Then you know Nesnamof, do you?"

"Yes, I have known him for a long while. . . . A powerful, complex personality. . . . Korenief, too, he is a born fighter. He only went into this thing with us because nowadays there's no loftier or more desperate cause than that of the revolutionists. Alone, in the fight for freedom, when all human strength is strained to the uttermost,



試的時候，獨自一人爲自由奮鬥——，惟有這樣才能夠作孤注一擲。柯利尼甫很是個野蠻；尼斯那莫甫不過是痛恨；他其實是很奇怪的一個慈祥人，是個好心人。全數無政府黨必定是慈祥的，好心的。大多數人看極大一堆的罪惡，野蠻，及不公，不過是令人悲慘的事，但是無政府黨看來卻是一種不能忍受的最可怕的事。尼斯那莫甫的靈魂是潔淨的，是神聖的。一想到他必定死，是很慘的。』

安得利甫又作拼命態度，又接連在屋裏走來走去。這時候又聽見的鐘的單調的撻撻聲。多拉坐在那裏身子略向前，模模糊糊的曉得她也有一種個人的與希有的性情，這就使她很高興。（這篇故事用許多筆墨寫多拉。譯者註。）

安得利甫說道，『多拉，我們的計劃是這樣的，你不要忘記。你要站在那個角落，以便我們從車站從大街都能看見你，等火車一到，王爵下車，那個老乳母會在車站的臺階上向前走出，用手作勢招馬車夫。這個時候你必得用手帕扇你自己，好像你覺得熱一般：有人會把這個暗號傳到咖啡館。王爵一上車，你必得再用這個暗號。發過第二次暗號之後，尼斯那莫甫與柯利尼甫會向你走來。這就完啦。』

多拉說道，『是的，是的，我曉得。你想我能忘記麼？』

安得利甫鎮靜說道，『我並不想什麼，但是無論什麼詳細辦法我必得全看到了，這是我的職責。最要緊的是冷靜。』

## TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

either to break the fetters or to perish in the attempt—only then is it possible to play for a high stake. Korenief is essentially brutal; but Nesnamof is only embittered; he is really wonderfully kind and good-hearted. All true anarchists must of necessity be kind and good-hearted. The huge mass of evil, brutality, and injustice that for most of us is merely a melancholy fact, is for them an insufferable horror. Nesnamof's soul is pure and holy. It's sad to think that he must perish."

Andreief made another gesture of despair, and continued to pace the room. The monotonous ticking of the clock was again audible. Dora sat there, leaning forward, and vaguely conscious that she, too, had a temperament that was individual and rare, which pleased her vastly.

"Now, this is our plan, Dora Moiseivna," said Andreief, "don't forget. You have got to stand at the corner, so that we can see you from the railway station as well as from the street. When the train arrives, and the prince alights, the old nurse will come forward on the steps of the railway station and make a sign with her hand to the droshky driver. At this moment you must fan yourself with your pocket-handkerchief, as though you were hot; and this signal will be passed on to the café. Directly the prince gets into his carriage, you must repeat the signal. After the second signal, Nesnamof and Korenief will come towards you. That's all."

"Yes, yes, I know. Do you think that one could forget?" cried Dora.

"I don't think anything," replied Andreief calmly. "But it's my duty to see to every detail. The main thing is to keep cool."

多拉點頭。她想，她斷然不會流露任何驚擾。

(隨後柯利尼甫及尼斯那莫甫同來了，吃茶談話之後，柯利尼甫與安德利甫都走了，只留下尼斯那莫甫。晚上很短，他在窗口看天亮，他微笑對多拉說道，譯者註。)『很許我將來所看見的日出，這就是最後一次！我只捨不得一件事，你須曉得我其實是最富於感情的人；我愛陽光，我愛天，春天，秋天；青草；天所賜人的全數平安與快樂，我無一不愛。我其實並不要殺無論那一個人。我不要死。』

多拉怯怯的問道，『既是這樣，你爲什麼擔任這件事？』她又覺得很得意，因爲她這一問就是造成歷史。

尼斯那莫甫答道，『我不十分曉得怎樣解說這一層。成數最高的理由大約是因爲我自是極愛人生的，所以我看見他人怎樣糟塌人生我就傷心。』

他站在多拉面前，他是一個身高，瘦弱的人；他却接連的微笑，幾乎是光彩四射的；多拉心裏却又覺得害怕，因爲無論什麼害怕都是說不出來的。她幾乎忍不住滴淚，她匆匆伸手給他抓，並不抬頭，說道：

『但願上帝允許這件事全收好結果！』

尼斯那莫甫答道，『即使是無好結果也不要緊。第一次若無好結果，第二次就會有好的。總是一樣的。無論什麼人把人民害到這樣怕人光景，我都算是我的私仇；這次我若成功逃脫，得了生命，我要去殺別人。這是不要緊的。』

多拉舉目看他的有光彩帶悽慘的眼。他的兩眼流露多少很清潔與說不出來那樣名貴的神色來，感動他的靈魂，使她覺得她自身好像很卑劣，很無價值。但是這樣感

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Dora nodded. She would certainly not show any agitation, she thought.

. . . . .

"Perhaps this is the last sunrise that I shall see! There's only one thing that I am sorry for; you know I am really most terribly sentimental; I love the sunlight, the sky, and spring-time, and autumn; the green grass; all the peace and joy that nature gives. I really don't want to kill anybody. I don't want to die!"

"Then why do you undertake this?" asked Dora nervously, feeling again proudly conscious that her question was making history.

"I don't quite know how to explain that," replied Nesnamof. "Most probably it is because I love life myself so much that it grieves me to see how others spoil it."

He stood there before Dora, tall, slim, almost radiant, as he smiled continually; yet again Dora felt that sense of horror at her heart, and for very dread was dumb. Hardly able to hold back her tears, she hurriedly gave him her hand, and said without looking up:

"God grant that it may all end well!"

"No matter if it doesn't," replied Nesnamof. "If not the first time, then it will be the second time. It's all the same. All those who have brought the people into this appalling state I count as my personal enemies; and if I succeed in escaping with my life this time, I shall go and kill somebody else. It doesn't matter."

Dora glanced up at his bright, sad eyes. Something looked out from them so pure and unspeakably noble, that it touched her soul, and made her own personality

覺却不曾令她難過：反振起她的同情；她的兩眼又含淚。

尼斯那莫甫問道，『你有紙與墨麼？我要寫信給我的母親。日後也許無機會。』

多拉不能說話；她只是點頭。她送寫字東西來，站立一會，好像想說什麼話。話却說不出來，她只好走回去自己屋裏。她躺在那裏好一會，裹着一條大肩巾，聽尼斯那莫甫行動或摩紙摩得索索響；她的小的孤零心因為憐憫，憂戚，好像要裂了，她這是第一次為愛情傷心。（她同利沙都是決計要犧牲性命的人，却總撇不開愛情。譯者註。）她渴想起來，走去摟抱他，為他啼哭，用她的摟抱護他，免他受臨頭的恐怖。但是她躺在那裏動不得，低聲哭泣，惟恐他聽見她落淚。

#### 第十四回

（那天很熱，街上擠滿行人與車馬。譯者註。）多拉站在那裏，見得極難受。她終夜不曾睡，新近又不舒服，加以全數可怕的成敗未定的着急，就奪了她的精神，暗耗她的氣力。她站在大街角上，站在一片酷熱樹陰裏，很熱心觀察車站。

有許多穿白圍身的脚夫站在車站的大門口外的兇猛陽光裏，還有許多人接續出出進進。馬車衝到車站進口，

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seem wonderfully mean and worthless. Yet the consciousness of this did not annoy her; it roused her sympathy; and again the tears rose to her eyes.

“Have you any paper and ink?” asked Nesnamof. “I should like to write to my mother. I may not have an opportunity later on.”

Dora could not speak; she only nodded. She brought him writing materials, and for awhile stood there as if she wished to say something. Yet the words would not come, and she went back to her room. There she lay for a long while, wrapped in her large shawl, listening to Nesnamof as he moved, or rustled the paper; and her little lonely heart seemed breaking with pity, with grief, and for the first time, with love. She longed to get up and go to him and caress him, weep for him, and with her embraces shield him from the horror that was at hand. But she lay there motionless, sobbing gently, fearful lest he should hear her tears.

## CHAPTER XIV

.....

Dora, as she stood there, found it most trying.<sup>1</sup> Her sleepless night and recent indisposition, besides all the terrible suspense,<sup>2</sup> had unnerved her and sapped her strength. She stood at the corner of the street in a little patch of sultry shade, eagerly watching the railway station.

Outside its broad entrance, in the fierce sunlight, stood porters in white aprons, and people were continually

<sup>1</sup> trying, 難受. <sup>2</sup> suspense, 因未決定而發生的着急.

隨即慢慢走開。

時鐘的大圓臉在最高處很嚴厲的與很用心的往下看，  
看在廣場所發現的全數的事。

多拉看看這個鐘，看看脚夫們的白圍身在陽光中發亮，看看寬的石頭台階，她以為站在這裏好像過了一輩子。車站原是一所舊房子，她是見慣的，現在好像是高高在上的，與世界上全數其他事物隔離，這個時候得了一種兇險的面目。設使她想不看車站，她也不能使她的發痛的與着急的眼不看。她心裏也是一樣的不安。天氣很熱，她却在那裏不停的發顫，兩膝抖動。她曉得這樣的驚動會被全數的人看見。人來人往，有千百個她所不認得的臉，在她的眼界閃過。她的耳朵忽然聽見說『倘若是這樣可怕的事，是誰逼我做的？』她幾乎要聳聳肩，決定轉過身子，微笑走開。她自問道：『我當真是這樣可怕的恐怖麼？』她一面想着她自己的可憐的畏意，尼斯那莫甫的灰白影子出現於她的眼前，使她有一會子得了解放。

她的害怕發抖止住了；她兩脚站得更穩，她眼內的緊張神色變作輕鬆些。

一個面目細嫩頭髮鬆曲身材頗高的人在她身邊走過，穿的是一件農人的長衣與長統靴。多拉瞬他一會，他與其他千百個過路人一樣，幾乎走遠看不見了；她忽然覺得她

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passing in and out. Droshkies dashed up to the entrance, and then slowly drove away.

The large round face of the clock towered above all, looking down sternly and intently upon all that was happening in the square.

To Dora, it was as if she had spent her whole life standing there, looking at this clock, at the porters' white aprons gleaming in the sunshine, and at the broad stone steps. The railway station, an old building that had long been to her a familiar object, seemed aloof from all else in the world, and had a grim, sinister appearance. Even if she had wished to do so, she could not take her aching anxious eyes off it. In her heart there was the same unrest. The weather was hot, yet she kept shivering, and her knees trembled. She felt that this agitation would be noticed by all. People came and went, and thousands of faces that she did not know flashed past her vision. "If it's such a terrible thing, who forces me to do it?" were the words that suddenly rang in her ear. She very nearly shrugged her shoulders and resolved to turn round smiling, and walk away. Again she asked herself: "Am I really so terribly frightened?" With this thought of her own pitiable cowardice, the pale image of Nesnamof rose up before her, and for a moment brought her certain relief.

Her nervous tremor ceased; she stood more firmly on her feet, and the strained look in her eyes became less intense.

A tall man, with delicate features and curly hair, walked past her, in a long peasant's coat and jackboots. Dora glanced at him for a moment, and like hundreds of other passers-by he had almost disappeared when she suddenly



認得他的臉，他就是柯利尼甫。他的神色鎮靜，其實他幾乎是快活的；他的臉却有一種奇異的，其堅如石的神氣。他在她身邊快快的走過，並不停留，在往來車馬喧鬧中並不看她，却好像對他自己說話，他說道：

『留神看呀！不久！……。』

多拉不曾聽他所說的末後一字，她却猜着這個字。他混入人隊中就不見了，她却聽見說得很快的那幾個警告字。

有一個胖子頭戴高帽在他背後走。他是雞光鬍子的，他的臉好像是一個官員。當他走過的時候多拉留意看他，她却完全不認得他。時光過得快。多拉覺得好像是過了千百年。她想到，『上帝，但願他們趕快！』她的着急眼又釘住車站。

一個少年紅頭髮的 dvornik 離多拉不遠，在公路上轉龍頭，喊道，『你停在這裏做什麼，你這個傻子，立刻往前趕！』

一個馬車夫顯露出恐怖神色，很蠢笨的往前趕。多拉却還能夠認得他是拉利奧諾甫。她認得他的弱眼與短硬鬍子，與他的怪異的藍色的車夫衣服不配。

她覺得一陣毛骨聳然，替他害怕。『他做什麼？他必不可以停在那裏！』她心裏很恐怖。

她記得柯利尼甫的痛恨話，『他們全要擔任這件事，但是等到一動手……。』

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felt that she knew his face. It was Korenief. He looked calm, almost jovial, in fact; yet his face wore a strange, stony expression. He had walked past her quickly without stopping, and amid the noise of the traffic, without looking at her, but as if talking to himself, he had said:

“Look out! Soon! . . .”

Dora never heard that last word, but she divined it. He had vanished in the crowd, but still she heard those swift words of warning.

Close behind him walked a fat gentleman wearing a tall hat. He was clean-shaven, and his face appeared to be of the official type. Dora noticed him as he passed, but to her he was a total stranger. The time passed. A veritable eternity it seemed to Dora. “Oh, God, if only they would make haste!” she thought, and again her anxious eyes were fixed on the railway station.

“What are you stopping here for?” cried a young red-haired *dvornik*, who, not far from Dora, was turning a tap in the public roadway. “Drive on at once, you damned fool!”

A droshky-driver clumsily drove on in evident alarm. Yet Dora managed to recognize Larionof. She knew him by his weak eyes and stubbly beard, which in no way matched the strange blue, driver’s coat.

She felt a thrill of sympathy. “What’s he doing? He mustn’t stop there!” she thought in terrible alarm.

She remembered Korenief’s bitter remark, “They all want to undertake the job, but when it comes to the scratch<sup>1</sup> . . .”

<sup>1</sup>scratch, 賽馬的起點線。

當日他說這句話她很生氣，到了這個時候，她的心被可怕的必會發生的事所盤踞，她惟恐她必然會失了膽子，忘記了什麼，諸事全做錯了，害她自己，還要害他人。這樣的深信釘牢她的心，使她更忙亂，更恐怖。她說時一身冷汗，因為她努力追記她所擔任做的事體的詳細條目。她却還好好像忘記了什麼，忘記最要緊的事。

『等到老乳母特魯特(Trude)在台階上走出來的時候，隨即……特魯特！這是多麼好笑的一個名字呀……今且不顧。是的，等到她出來叫馬車，我就得……我就得……讓我想想……我就得作什麼呀？……』

在她的發熱的腦海裏無論什麼全顛倒了；她正在完全失丟了綫索的時候，她的眼看見一個人瞪眼看她。有一個中等階級的人走過。相離尚遠的時候他已經觀察她，她却不知曉得。現在他們四目相視，他掉轉身子，橫穿大街走。

多拉的腦子如一陣閃電的想道，『一個偵探！我被看破啦！』她用盡氣力阻止她的牙齒打顫。她又想道，『胡說！他爲什麼就該是一個偵探？設使是的他們早已把我拘捕了……』

有許多思想很任意的相繼發生，她不停的從這邊走到那邊。

正在這個時候，乳母特魯特穿了樸素黑衣服出來，走到車站的寬大石頭台階，喊最近一部馬車。好像有什麼

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At the time she had been indignant with him for saying that, but now, in this moment, she was obsessed by the awful certainty that she was going to lose her nerve, forget something, and do everything all wrong, bringing ruin to herself and to the others. This conviction remained fixed in her mind, heightening her confusion and alarm. She was now in a cold sweat, as she strove to recall to her memory all the details of her task. Yet each time she seemed to have forgotten something, the most important thing of all.

"When the old nurse Trude comes out on the steps, then . . . Trude! What a funny name . . . that doesn't matter. Yes, when she comes out and hails a droshky, then I have got to . . . I've got to . . . let me see, what is it? . . ."

Everything was topsy-turvy in her fevered brain; and just as she had utterly lost the thread, her eyes met those of a person who was staring hard at her. A man of the middle class walked past. While yet at some distance he had been watching her without her knowing it. Now that their eyes had met, he turned away and crossed the street.

"A detective! I'm caught!" flashed through Dora's brain. She strove with all her might to prevent her teeth from chattering. "Nonsense! Why should that be? They'd have arrested me long before. . . ."

One thought followed another at random, and she moved restlessly from side to side.

Just at that moment, Nurse Trude, in her plain black dress, came out on to the broad stone steps of the station and hailed the nearest droshky. Something seemed to

東西在多拉的腦裏忽然斷了，她看見眼前無論什麼東西都變作模糊了，變作被烟霧籠罩了。

她毫無精神，想道，『現在要動手啦！』多拉用不自然的氣力，她全曉得她是作錯了，她掏出手帕來，搖動手帕，如同在陽光中的一面白旗一般。

她剛能看見一輛黑色的車門車窗緊閉的馬車慢慢從車站門口趕走了。正在這個時候，那個戴高帽雍光鬍子的胖子忽然出現於多拉身邊，很嚴厲的說道：

『你在這裏做什麼？』

多拉匆匆掉過臉來，臉色同白布一般，兩眼從眼眶突出來。她雖不曉得是爲什麼，她却曉得她的作爲是無意識的，又是會害事的，她從袋裏掏出一把手槍，頂着軟東西推，拉放機。

路人及馬車，往來的聲音很吵，只能聽見微微的一聲響。那個雍光鬍子的胖子驚了一跳往後退，當他的高帽丟下來的時候，他向前倒，倒在一匹駕車的馬蹄下，那匹馬作了幾陣的相碰聲與響聲，斜斜的溜下來，倒在街邊的路上。在多拉眼前的東西全變作混亂了，她只看見那頂黑帽怎樣在人堆的腳下滾，只聽見四面八方空洞的大聲喊叫。

『全失敗了！』這句話在她的腦裏發燒，她在人堆中擠過，同瘋的一般亂跑，轉過街角，跌倒在橫放在路上的軟水管。她隨即覺得被人捉住，她的頭被重物打擊。她閉目，向前倒在硬石上。

『這就是結局！』內裏的聲音說這句話，她好像覺得這句話遍傳天下。她隨即暈倒了。

snap in Dora's brain, and everything became blurred and misty before her eyes.

"Now for it!" she thought feebly. With unnatural energy, and conscious all the while that she was doing the wrong thing, Dora whipped out her handkerchief, waving it like a white flag in the sun.

She could just see a black closed carriage driving slowly away from the station entrance. At that moment, the fat, clean-shaven man in the tall hat suddenly appeared at Dora's side, and said sharply:

"What are you doing here?"

Dora hastily turned round, white as a sheet, with her eyes starting from their sockets. Not knowing why, yet aware that her act was senseless and fatal, she drew a revolver from her pocket, and, pushing it against something soft, pulled the trigger.

In the noise of the traffic only a slight report was audible. The fat, clean-shaven man started backwards, and as his tall hat tumbled off, he fell forwards under the hoofs of a droshky horse, which with much clatter and noise slipped down sideways on the pavement. Everything before Dora's eyes became confused, she only saw how the black tall hat was rolling about under the feet of the crowd, and heard vague shouts in all directions.

"All's lost!" The words burned in her brain, as, pushing through the crowd, she rushed madly round the corner, stumbling over a hose-pipe that lay across the pavement. Then she had a sensation of being seized and struck on the head by some heavy weapon. She closed her eyes and fell forward on the hard granite.

"This is the end!" cried an inward voice, echoing through the whole world as it seemed to her. Then she fainted.

當她恢復知覺的時候，她覺得被人推上一部馬車，擠在兩個憲兵中間，這兩個人的軍服上有黃帶，臉上發狂怒。他的腦海如同風車一般在那裏旋轉；她頭上受了幾處傷，受難忍的痛楚；熱血在她的臉上及唇上流。她的眼釘住在街中間的拉利奧諾甫的發狂臉。他的馬韁已經被十多隻手抓住，同時另有許多人緊緊的抓住他的藍色外衣，當下他如發狂一般拉住韁繩，打那匹可憐的馬。馬向後退，露出牙齒，四面亂踢。

衆人齊喊道，『攔阻他！不要放他走！』不獨衆人這樣喊，連房屋的牆，過往車馬聲音，及眩目的光，都好像喊成一片。

多拉曾暈過去第二次，等到載多拉的馬車經過車站的時候，那裏有幾個胖子，大模大樣穿了制服及令人可怕的外衣，站在寬闊的石頭台階上，在他們背後的有一個肥大乳母穿了黑衣服，很鎮靜的靠着一根柱子，兩眼帶着輕視神色。

## 醫 師

### 第一回

醫師有一個不說話的巡警陪着他，在空虛無人的街上走過，那時候路上是濕的，反照他的長影子，如同一片光亮不足的破玻璃反照他一般。在牆後的無葉樹枝在風裏跳動，風在鐵房頂四面吼叫，把冰冷的雨點摔在人臉上

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Recovering consciousness, she felt herself being hustled into a droshky, jammed in between two gendarmes, with yellow braid on their uniforms and fury in their faces. Her brain was in a whirl; she suffered intolerable pain from wounds on her head; and warm blood streamed over her face and lips. Her eyes were fixed on Larionof's mad face in the middle of the road. His horse's bridle had been seized by dozens of hands, while others clutched at his blue coat, and he meanwhile was tugging madly at the reins and beating the wretched animal. This reared and, showing its teeth, kicked out wildly on all sides.

"Stop him! Don't let him go!" was the general cry, which seemed to be taken up not merely by human beings, but by the walls of the houses, the noise of the traffic, and the dazzling light.

When the droshky with Dora, who had fainted a second time, passed the railway station, there were pompous, portly gentlemen in uniform and imposing cloaks, standing on the broad steps, while behind them the big nurse in her black dress leaned calmly against a pillar, with scorn in her eyes.

## THE DOCTOR

### CHAPTER I

Accompanied by a taciturn policeman, the Doctor went through empty streets where the wet pavement reflected his long figure as in a dim, broken glass. Behind the walls bare boughs were tossing in the wind that howled round iron roofs and dashed icy raindrops like splinters in



如同尖硬的碎東西一般。等到過了一會子風的怒氣退了，全是一片靜寂的時候，就能夠很清楚的聽見遠遠的噉火聲；原來是逐個的鎗子聲，隨後又是接連很快的槍聲。向南在大教堂背後有微微的光照見低垂的雲，變作好像很大的鐵棕色的爬蟲。

醫師問道，『他們大約在什麼地方放鎗？』一面從他的袖裏伸出手來，向脚下看。

巡警答道，『我却不曉得，』但是醫師從他的聲音的腔調聽來，曉得他是知道的，不過不肯說罷了。

醫師咬牙切齒的憤怒，追問道，『不是在市鎮的外邊麼？』

巡警還是用同樣腔調說道，『我實在是不曉得，先生，我們其實必得走快些。』

醫師邁步快些，想道，『他是多麼一個被天譴的獸子呀！』

現在大風又一陣一陣的刮；等到風停的時候又能聽見同在那個遠處的開火聲。

醫師一面很着急的細聽槍聲，問道，『是誰開鎗打死總巡官的？』

巡警還是用同樣不關痛癢的腔調答道，『很許是一個猶太人。』

『用什麼殺的？』『用一把手鎗。他放鎗打他，傷了他。』

『爲什麼？』

『我可不曉得。』

## TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

the face. When for a short while its fury abated and there was silence, a sound of distant firing could be distinctly heard; rifle-shots, singly, and then again in rapid succession. Southwards, behind the dark shadow of the cathedral there was a faint glow which lit up the low hanging clouds, making them look like huge dun-coloured reptiles.

"Whereabouts are they shooting?" asked the Doctor, thrusting his hands up his sleeves and looking down at his feet.

"That I don't know," replied the policeman, but from the tone of his voice the Doctor perceived that he knew and would not say.

"Is it on the outskirts of the town?" persisted the Doctor, clenching his teeth with rage.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the man in the same tone. "We really must go faster, sir."

"What a damned idiot!" thought the Doctor, quickening his pace.

Again the wind blew in gusts; and again, when there was a lull, the same distant sound of firing was audible.

"But who shot the Chief Constable?" asked the Doctor, as he listened anxiously to the firing.

"One of those Jews, probably," replied the policeman in the same callous<sup>1</sup> tone.

"With what?"

"With a revolver. He shot and wounded him."

"Why?"

"That I don't know."

<sup>1</sup>callous, 不知痛癢, 無知覺, 不表同情.

這樣短促，單調的答復，使往下追問毫無用處的了。醫師當真覺得他被狂怒堵住喉嚨。他深信總巡官被一羣滋事的猶太人裏頭的一個所傷，這一羣人是一個祕密的自衛會，哈薩克人曾奉命開槍打他們。他心裏想像一堆無秩序的受了恐怖的人，既無勢力，又無好兵器，逐漸被人用毫不憐憫的瞄頭準確鎗法屠殺了。這樣情景是很可怕的，他又好像看得很清楚的，他很想忽然止步，用粗野說話對巡警說道：

『好嗎，隨他同一條狗一般死了罷！一條狗只配如狗那樣死！』

但是他設法節制他自己不說出來。

他想到，『我是個醫師，不是個裁判官，我不該有這樣舉動。』他的理性雖然是好像不能駁倒的，他却再往下想到，『況且我不能打已經倒地的人。』

巡警緊隨他的背後走，醫師被這樣黑色，單調的人形跟隨他，後來使他忍受不了。

他後來說道，『我想他們很可以送馬給我騎。』他的聲音發抖，他詫異他自己說過這樣傻的一句抗議話。

『全數的馬都有人用了。在市鎮裏他們到處找醫師。先生，我本望能夠找一輛馬車給你的，找無處找。先生，我們必得走快些！』

## TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

This curt, monotonous reply made all further questioning futile. The Doctor literally<sup>1</sup> felt as if his fury would choke him. He was convinced that the Police Superintendent had been wounded by one of a Jewish gang, a secret Self-Defence Society, upon which the Cossacks had been ordered to fire. He pictured to himself a disorderly band of terrified men, powerless and badly armed, who were being gradually massacred<sup>2</sup> with pitiless precision. So revolting<sup>3</sup> to him was the scene, and so clearly did he seem to see it, that he longed to stop suddenly and say to the policeman roughly:

“Well, let him die like a dog! A dog deserves a dog’s death!”

But he managed to control himself.

“I have no right to behave like that,” he thought. “I am a doctor, not a judge.” Although this reason seemed irrefutable,<sup>4</sup> he furthermore reflected, “Besides, one can’t hit a man that’s down.”

The policeman walked close behind him, and to be followed by this black, monotonous figure became at last intolerable.

“I think they might have sent me horses,” he said at last. His voice trembled, and he was amazed at having made such a foolish protest.

“The horses are all engaged. In the town they are looking everywhere for doctors. I hoped to be able to fetch you in a droshky, sir, but there’s not a damned one to be got. We must go a bit quicker, sir!”

<sup>1</sup> literally, 用字的本義, 不是譬喻的. <sup>2</sup> massacred, 屠殺.  
<sup>3</sup> revolting, 可怕, 可厭. <sup>4</sup> irrefutable, 駁不倒.

第二回

有幾個巡警與兩個騎馬的哈薩克守住總巡官的署前。那兩匹馬在那裏舉頭，馬尾被風吹向一邊。哈薩克把槍橫套在鞍上，坐在馬背，動也不動，每人都好像不是活人，只像是馬的一個無生機的部分。當醫師走到的時候，巡警不響的讓他走。一個小巡官穿了灰色袍子對他行禮，問道：

『醫師怎麼樣啦？你找着一個醫師麼？』巡警一面跑上前開門，一面很得意的答道，『我找着一個。』

『先生；請你這裏走。』

大廳黑暗，却有一片光從一個廂房出來照在地板上。一個胖巡官從這間房走出來，在外面還能夠看見裏頭其他的幾個巡警與一個很麻利的少年巡官。

小警官問道，『好呀，你會找着一個醫師麼？』

穿灰色袍子的小警官答道，『找着啦。』

醫師不說話，只是竊眉，好像一個迷惑無助的人忽然被一件令人不歡的事所纏，却無法逃脫。他有好一會整理他的頸巾，才脫了他的外衣及套鞋。隨即脫下眼鏡，起首用手絹擦，特別擦得仔細，擦得很慢。

CHAPTER II

Several policemen and two mounted Cossacks were stationed in front of the Chief Constable's house. The horses tossed their heads, and their tails were blown sideways by the wind. With their rifles slung across their saddles, the Cossacks sat there motionless, each looking as if he were not a living man but an inanimate<sup>1</sup> part of the horse. As the Doctor approached, the policeman silently made way for him. A sergeant in a grey cloak saluted and asked:

"What about the doctor? Have you got one?"

"Yes, I've got one," was the policeman's triumphant answer, as he ran forward and opened the door.

"This way, if you please, sir!"

The hall was in darkness, but from a side-room a streak of light fell across the floor. A fat inspector came out of this room, in which other policemen and a smart-looking young officer could be seen.

"Well, have you got a doctor?" asked the police-sergeant.

"Yes," replied the sergeant in the grey cloak.

The Doctor said nothing, but frowned as one who, perplexed and helpless, had been suddenly involved<sup>2</sup> in an unpleasant business and who saw no way out of it. For a long while he fidgeted with his muffler before taking off his overcoat and goloshes. Then he removed his g'asses, which he proceeded to polish with his handkerchief with unnecessary slowness and deliberation.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> inanimate, 無生機的, 無氣的. <sup>2</sup> involved, 被糾纏. <sup>3</sup> deliberation, 費事, 仔細.

正在這一會子工夫，他追憶他當學生的時候，曾有一次他怎樣被逼走入一所房子，他不久以前因為這種或那種誤會，在這裏被人辭退。當日他覺得多麼慚愧呀！那時候走路幾乎使他覺得痛楚。現在他也有這樣的感覺。他怯怯的咳嗽兩聲，舉起他的兩眉，看看他的眼鏡框，很不爽快的走入有亮的屋子。

他並不看什麼人，悻悻的問道，『病人在那裏？』其實他努力避免向他看的帶着懸望的眼光。他只看見那個警官，就是不久以前搜查他自己的房子的。

巡官沙聲說道，『醫師，這裏走，請你這裏走。』

有一個嫵麗女人匆匆走向前，她的兩腳被她自己的衣裙所絆。她有一雙大黑眼，因為哭多了變作更大。她是很美麗的，醫師見了也不由自主的很詫異的很稱讚的看了她。

她的喉嚨被情緒所塞，喘喘的問道，『巴拉頓·米開祿，(Platon Mikhailovitch) 醫師在那裏！』

巡官說道，『愛瑪·維西利那(Emma Vasilievna) 醫師在這裏，你得鎮靜你自己！現在好啦，我們將設法使他能站起來。』巡官說話用和藹狎習腔調，強壯人往往用這樣腔調對美貌女人說話。

她兩手抓住醫師的兩手，睜大眼看他的全臉，說道：

『醫師，爲上帝起見，助我！這裏走！趕快！他的傷狀很可怕。他們傷他的肚子。快來啦！』

## TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

Just at this moment he recollected how in his student-days he was once obliged to enter a house where shortly before he had received his *cong e*, owing to some misunderstanding or other. How ashamed he felt! To walk almost caused him physical pain. Such were his sensations now. He coughed nervously, raised his eyebrows, looked over the rims of his glasses, and awkwardly entered the lighted room.

"Where is the patient?" he asked irritably, without looking at anyone. Indeed he strove to avoid the expectant glances directed towards him. He only saw that the officer of gendarmes was the same one who shortly before had searched his own house.

"This way, doctor! This way, please," said the Inspector hoarsely.

A graceful woman hurried forward, her feet becoming entangled in the folds of her dress. She had large black eyes that looked the larger for being tear-stained. Such was her beauty that the Doctor involuntarily looked at her in admiration and surprise.

"Platon Mikhailovitch, where is the doctor?" she asked in a voice choked with emotion.

"Here is the doctor, Emma Vasilievna! Calm yourself! It will be all right now, and we shall manage to set him on his feet," said the Inspector in that kindly, familiar tone which stalwart men often adopt when speaking to beautiful women.

Seizing the doctor by both hands, she looked him full in the face with wide-opened eyes and said:

"For God's sake, doctor, help me! This way, quick! He's in such a shocking state. They've wounded him in the stomach. Oh, do come!"



她起首啼哭，用她的柔軟粉紅色的手蓋她的臉。

那個體壯的巡官，帶着不以爲然的態度，喊道，『愛瑪·維西利那，不必把你自己弄到這樣愁苦地步！用不着的！』

醫師現在被憐憫所軟化了，很溫和的說道，『瑪當，我求你放鎮靜些！』（醫師剛才才是爲義憤發怒，現在被憐憫所軟化，作者翻翻覆覆的寫各種感情用事，寫得很好看。譯者註。）他一面說話一面卻瞬眼看她的手，就記得當天某人告訴他的話——這個人告訴他，他們怎樣破開幾個有孕的猶太女人的肚子，用她們被褥茸毛塞她們的肚子……。

他並不抬頭，低聲問道，『你爲什麼不請別的醫師？』

她聽了很詫異，兩眼發光。她說道，『我的上帝，我們能夠請其他那位醫師呀！在全市裏頭，只有你一個俄國醫師。我不能請一個猶太人。他們全是很痛恨的反對他！哎醫師！』

巡官走近些，醫師明白他爲什麼動。他帶着怒意四圍看看，瞬瞬他的兩隻小眼。『好呀，病人在那裏？』

這個女人拖起她的外衣，匆匆的要領路，說道，『醫師，病人在這裏！』

巡官提議道，『也許你要幫手。』

醫師很鋒利的答道，『我不要人幫，』他樂於借個機會表示無禮。他快快的跟着這個女人走過兩間黑屋子，料想是飯廳與客廳，因爲醫師以爲他能夠看見一張白桌子，桌子還放着一把茶壺，還看見幾幅畫，一架大鋼琴，在黑暗處雖然是黑的卻還閃光，他還見幾面大鏡。他們走過磨

## TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

Then she began to sob, covering her face with her soft, pink hands.

"Emma Vasilievna, don't distress yourself like that! There's no need for it!" cried the burly Inspector, with a deprecativè gesture.

"Pray be calm, madam," added the Doctor gently, being softened, now, by pity. Yet, as he spoke, he glanced at her hands and remembered what some one had told him that very day—told him how they had ripped up pregnant Jewesses and stuffed them with feathers from their bedding. . . .

"Why did you not send for some other medical man?" he asked in an undertone, without looking up.

Her eyes flashed in surprise. "My God, who else is there that we could have summoned? You are the only Russian doctor in the whole town. I could not have sent for a Jew. They are all so bitterly hostile to him! Oh, Doctor!"

The Inspector came nearer, and the Doctor understood why he moved. He looked round angrily, blinking his little eyes. "Very well, then; where is the patient?"

"Here, here, Doctor!" exclaimed the lady, as she caught up her gown and hurriedly offered to lead the way.

"Perhaps you will want help," suggested the Inspector.

"I want nobody," replied the Doctor sharply, glad of an opportunity to be rude. He quickly followed the lady through two dark rooms, presumably the dining-room and the *salon*, for the Doctor fancied he could see a white table on which a tea-urn still stood, pictures, a grand piano, dark, yet gleaming in the dusk, and large mirrors. They

光的地板，又走過軟地毯。無處不是奇異的，說不出來的富貴奢侈的氣味，醫師覺得忍受不了那麼悶氣。他現在能夠很清楚的聽見一種他的聽慣的聲音，就是一個瀕死的人的辛苦的與如雷的鼾聲。這就使他得了印象，他要盡他的本務。

現在是他先走，先進病房。屋裏有阿摩尼亞鹽及黃碘粉的極重氣味。一個紅十會的尼姑站在榻旁，這個總巡官直挺挺的躺在血染的褥上，胸脯很奇怪的突出來。他的藍色褲子解了扣，拉下來，露出無遮蓋的肚子，肚子在那裏很震動的起落。

醫師很嚴重的看着病人，說道：

『尼姑！請你拿燈來。』

但是那個女人先搶過去，從桌上取燈過來。當燈光照在她臉上的時候，她先看看她的睡倒在那裏的丈夫，隨即帶着一個受驚孩子的臉看看醫師，燈光給她的眼以一種灰白色的光。

醫師俯着身子。他喃喃的對自己說道，『呀！傷在那裏，我看見啦。』

有一個小的深紅色的小孔剛在肋骨下。他用兩隻手指很小心的按了傷口的邊，只要一按，那個身體立刻發抖，一聲可怕的狂喊從醫師肘後來。這個女人手執着燈，變作很可怕的驚擾，醫師不由自主的伸出兩手阻止她跌倒在

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walked alternately on polished flooring and soft carpets. Everywhere there was the strange, indefinable aroma of wealth and luxury which the Doctor found intolerably oppressive. He could now hear a sound that was familiar to him, the laboured, stertorous<sup>1</sup> breathing of a dying man, and this impressed upon him the fact that he had a duty to perform.

It was he who now walked first and entered the sick-room. It smelt strongly of sal-ammoniac and iodoform. A Red Cross Sister of Mercy was standing beside the bed, and on the blood-stained mattress, at full length, with his chest curiously thrust out, lay the Chief Constable. His blue trousers were unbuttoned and had been drawn down, disclosing his naked stomach, which heaved convulsively.

The Doctor looked sternly at his patient and said:

“Bring a light, please, Sister!”

But the lady herself rushed to the table and brought the lamp. When the light fell on her it gave her eyes a lurid brilliance as she looked first at her prostrate husband and then at the Doctor's face like a terrified child.

The Doctor bent down. “Oh, it's there! I see,” he muttered to himself.

Just below the ribs there was a 'ittle dark red hole. With two fingers he cautiously pressed the edges of the wound, when the body became at once convulsed, and a wild, hideous scream came from somewhere at the back of the Doctor's elbow. Lamp in hand, the lady became so terribly agitated that instinctively the Doctor put out

<sup>1</sup>stertorous, 辛苦的與很響的呼吸。

地。他想到，『她快要暈倒。』

他說道，『貴夫人，不要這樣受驚怖。我想你不如退後。你在這裏不能做什麼。』他一面這樣勸她，同時他抓住她的膀子。

她眼色很野的瞪住他。她說道，『不必，不必！沒得什麼事！醫師，你趕快；爲上帝起見，你趕快！』

但是醫師很堅決的領她走開，她服從命令，走出房去。

女僕在客廳點着一燈，在柔光中微微的可以窺見家具的光面及畫幅的鍍金畫架。醫師幾乎用力強逼這個女人走，領她到一張榻上。巡官的圓紅臉在門口往裏張。

醫師說道，『我請你不要回病房來，你就逗留在這裏。有那個尼姑就很夠啦，我立刻去請一個外科幫醫師來。那裏太慘，你受不了，請你就在這裏吧。』

巡官在門口說道，『我們已去請幫手的外科醫師啦。』

她留心聽，仍用她的黑的發光的眼瞪着醫師。那裏有許多事情好像她所不會明白的。醫師只一動，她就如同貓那麼快，抓住他的手。

她吞吞吐吐的說道，『醫師，爲上帝起見，請你把實情告訴我！有危險，抑或無危險！他是不是快要死啦？』

醫師越覺得她所受的痛苦可怕，他更憐憫她啦。

his hands to prevent her from falling. "She's going to faint," he thought.

"My dear lady," he said, "don't give way like this. I think you had better retire. You cannot do anything here." Thus persuading her, he at the same time took hold of her arm.

She stared at him, wild-eyed. "No, no! It's nothing, nothing! Oh, be quick, Doctor; for God's sake, be quick!"

But the Doctor firmly led her away, and she obediently left the room.

In the *salon* the maid lit a lamp, and in the soft light the polished surface of the furniture and the gilt frames of the pictures were dimly discernible. Almost forcibly the Doctor led the lady to a couch. The Inspector's round, red face peered in at the door.

"Don't come back, if you please. Stay here. The Sister of Mercy will be quite sufficient, and I am going to send for an assistant-surgeon at once. It is too much for you; so please stay here."

"We have already sent for the assistant-surgeon," said the Inspector in the doorway.

She listened, still gazing at the Doctor with her dark, shining eyes. It was as if there was something that she did not understand. Directly the Doctor moved, with cat-like swiftness she caught at his hand.

"Doctor, tell me, for God's sake, tell me the truth! There's no danger, is there? He's not going to die?" she faltered.

The Doctor felt more and more how terribly she was suffering, and his pity for her increased.

他在那裏想，好像對答他自己的諸多無定的情緒，他想到，『好呀，各顧各！這樣的殘暴，剛好同無論任何其他殘暴一樣可怕。她自然當他是全個世界最寶貴的，他愛性命如同無論任何他人愛性命一樣。我的職務要幫助全數的人；我不要當某某幾個病人是罪犯，當某某幾個病人是良善的。』（這是從職務上着想。譯者註。）

他很和藹的說道，『瑪當，你要鎮靜，只要上帝喜歡，諸事都會順手。傷口誠然是嚴重的，好在你請我來得及時。是的，你請來我來是很僥倖的；』他很著重的加上末後一句話。

醫師既未會動手作什麼，病狀雖然是可以有很大的變動，病人的夫人的一雙黑眼卻已經變作更柔和了。這雙眼不復如發熱病那樣閃光，卻露出心裏的感激。她毫無氣力的倒在榻上。

她喃喃的說道，『醫師，我謝謝你。』她的聲音有一種親愛的意味。『你回去。我不再驚動你啦。但若……若……你會喊我，醫師，你會不會喊我？』

醫師反對自己的意志，再看一眼這個穿了索索響紉緞衣服，有抖動花邊，一頭堆鴉的頭髮，兩雙玫瑰紅的手的迷人美女（這是說醫師為美色所迷。譯者註。）他想到，『她是多麼美麗呀！她是那個畜牲的妻室，與他同床的？很奇怪，是不是？可惜世事往往是這樣的！』

醫師走進病房就關門。他對坐在病榻旁的紅十會看護說道，『你肯去請外科幫手來，往我家裏取我的器具麼？他們曉得我要什麼。也許我不如寫封信。』

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"Ah, well," he thought, as if replying to his own indefinite emotions, "every one for himself! This outrage is just as horrible as any other. Of course to her he is the dearest thing in the whole world, and he loves life as much as anybody else. It's my business to help all; not to look upon some patients as guilty, and upon others as innocent."

"Be calm, madam," he said kindly. "Please God, all will go well. The wound is certainly serious, but you have sent for me in good time. Yes; it is lucky that you did so," he added with emphasis.

Although the uncertainty was as great as ever, since he had done nothing so far, the wife's dark eyes grew softer. They no longer glittered feverishly but expressed heartfelt gratitude. She sank down, strengthless, on the couch.

"Thank you, doctor," she murmured. Her voice had a caressing quality. "Go back. I won't disturb you any more. But if . . . if . . . you'll call me, won't you, Doctor?"

Against his will the Doctor glanced once more at this enchanting vision of shimmering lace, raven black hair, roseate limbs, and rustling silk. "How beautiful she is!" he thought. "And she's the wife, the bedfellow of that brute! Strange, isn't it? But that's just how things are in this world!"

On entering the bedroom the Doctor closed the door. "Sister," he said to the Red Cross nurse seated beside the bed, "will you send for the assistant-surgeon, and to my house for my instruments? They'll know what I want. Or, perhaps I had better write a note."



看護站起來，答道，『先生，很好。但是我相信已經照辦了。』

醫師又說道，『你得留心不讓閒人進來。病人要休息。不要讓他的夫人進來。』

等到只是醫師與病人在屋裏的時候，他很小心放燈在病榻的一張小桌上，坐在旁邊。總巡官還躺在榻上，並不曾動。他的有濃鬚的臉，他的指上有許多指環的手，他的穿着大漆靴的腳，全不曾動。只有他的紅色的，裸露的肚子，一陣一陣的抖動。

醫師曉得該作什麼與能作什麼。他只一看就足以曉得這樣壯健的一個病人，受傷雖重，只要不發生別的病，只要及時施治，病是會好的，所以他覺得急於要施治，這樣的感覺並非出於不自然的。他抓住病人的手診脈。這隻滿蓋紅毛的手從前很許是有氣力的，現在卻柔軟如同膠皮一般。他的重呼吸忽然停止。醫師很用心看病人，才曉得他正在恢復知覺。

醫師問道，『好呀，你覺得怎麼樣？』

總巡官不曾答。他的肚子還是同剛才一樣，或起或落，兩眼半閉，表示呆鈍的與無生機的神色。

醫師起首想他必定錯了，不料這個時候，病人上唇的鬚微微的顫動，有一種怪異聲音好像從病人身內深處出來的，輕輕的清楚的說道，『醫師，我覺得痛……我快要死啦……愛瑪……我的夫人，在那裏？』

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"Very well, sir," replied the nurse, rising, "but that has been done already, I believe."

"And see to it," added the Doctor, "that no one comes in here. The patient requires rest. Do not admit his wife."

When left alone with the patient the Doctor carefully placed the lamp on a little table near the bed and sat down beside it. The Chief Constable still lay there without moving. His face with its heavy moustache, his hands with rings on the fingers, his legs in big varnished top-boots, were all equally motionless. Only the red, bare stomach heaved convulsively.

The Doctor knew what had to be done and what could be done. A single glance had sufficed to assure him that so robust a patient, despite the gravity of the wound, would recover if no complications set in, and if aid were given in time, so that, not unnaturally, he felt impatient. He took the patient's hand to feel his pulse. A powerful hand once, maybe, covered with reddish hair, but now as pliable as india-rubber. The heavy breathing suddenly ceased. The Doctor looked intently at the patient and perceived that he was recovering consciousness.

"Well, how do you feel?" he asked.

The Chief Constable did not reply. As before, his stomach rose and fell, and his eyes through their half-closed lids had a dull, lifeless expression.

The Doctor began to think that he must have been mistaken, when just at that moment the moustache quivered and a strange voice, coming as it were from depths within the patient's body, said gently and distinctly, "It hurts me . . . Doctor. . . . I am dying. . . . Where is Emma . . . my wife?"

『我打發你的夫人出去了。她看見你這個樣受不了。你是不會死的。你絲毫不必害怕。你將會好的，』醫師對病人常說這樣使人放心的安慰話。

總巡官用低微聲音，歎氣，說道，『我覺得很痛！』

醫師仍用同樣的安慰腔調，說道，『不要緊的！我們不久就使你不痛。你必得忍耐些。』但是病人又失了知覺，聽見在他的棕黃色鬚下很辛苦的呼吸，令人難過。

醫師看鐘，歎氣，隨即站起來。傷口已經尼姑洗過，當下不能做什麼事。當他坐在熱空氣裏，越久越不安，做了空泛的與陰沉的思想的犧牲。他走去打開小窗，低頭看街。新空氣進來，吹他的額，又提起他的精神。街上無人，一片寂靜。隨後當他一面又往外看一面細聽的時候，風送遠處的開火聲來。』

嘖！……嘖……嘖……嘖！

他喃喃道，『我的上帝！幾時才停鎗呀？』

他聽見在背後屋子的病人的喉嚨作響的沙聲，好像同鎗聲相應。他心裏想道，『這個人有一個多麼美貌迷人的夫人呀！他既強壯又康健，被各種宴安品所圍繞。他的兒女也是康健快樂的兒女，這是無疑的了。他走這樣的好運，就該滿意，就該享受他的過活，與寶貴他的歡樂才是呀，爲什麼必得做這樣兇殘的事呀！他完全不必做這樣的

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"I have sent your wife away. It is too much for her. You won't die. There's not the least fear of that. You'll be all right," said the Doctor in the calm tone of assurance that he always adopted when addressing patients.

"It hurts me!" repeated the Chief Constable in a fainter voice, and he sighed.

"Never mind! We sha' soon put that right. You must have a little patience," replied the Doctor in the same soothing tone. But his patient had become unconscious again, and it was distressing to hear his laboured breathing beneath his tawny moustache.

The Doctor looked at the clock, sighed, and then rose. The wound had been washed by the Sister of Mercy, and for the moment nothing could be done. He became more and more uneasy as he sat there in this heated atmosphere, a prey to vague, gloomy thoughts. He went to the window and, opening the small one, looked down at the street. The fresh air as it came in and touched his forehead was reviving. The street was empty and silent. Then, as he, listening, looked out again the distant sound of firing came to him on the wind.

. . . Bang! . . . Bang bang! . . . Bang!

"My God! When on earth will it stop?" he muttered.

As if in reply, he heard the hoarse gurgling of the patient in the room behind him. "This fellow," thought he, "what a beautiful, charming wife he's got! He's strong and healthy, and surrounded with comfort of every kind. His children, too, are healthy, happy children, no doubt. But instead of being content with such good fortune, instead of enjoying his life and prizing the joy that was his, he must needs do such atrocious things! For him

事，用不着做這樣的事。他必定曉得這樣兇殘的事是會發生愁慘的。他有了這許多享受，他還要……。」

風刮得更兇；又有辛苦呼吸聲從病榻來。（雙管齊下。寫窗外放槍殺人聲，寫窗內瀕死的呻吟聲，會想像這樣情景，就會有好文章。譯者註。）

醫師很着急的細聽。當他從臨街的窗口左右看的時候，他以為他能夠聽見一陣叫喊聲。原來直接在他的眼前有一塊白色大招牌，他能夠讀出上面『魚棧』兩個字。他忽然追憶的六七個月前他曾被請去看一個做小生意的人，這個人患輕微的癱瘓病。那個胖子躺在榻上好像才被屠殺的母豬。他的臉是藍色的好像一個死屍的臉；他在那裏喘氣；他的手脚久不見顫動。那個時候醫師儘他的所能樣樣都做到了，終夜坐着陪病人，後來居然治好了。三日以前原來就是這個做小生意名叫和斯科布（Voskoboynikof）的曾招集一羣不能叫作人的醉漢，他請他們喝了燒酒後，把紅旗分給他們。他受了激刺，他的肥臉通紅，噴出許多無意識的話語，結果就是全數野獸的兇暴行為，與無人道的亂殺。

醫師想道，『這就是啦！假使我不會治好這個人，百十個好憐蟲至今還可以活在世上！我為什麼要治好他？』（這才想到他治好一個人，不料這個人反殺了許多人。譯者註。）

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such hideous deeds are utterly unnecessary and uncalled for. He must know what misery they cause. And yet, in spite of it all . . .

The wind howled more furiously; and again from the bed came the sound of laboured breathing.

The Doctor listened anxiously. He fancied that he could hear a scream as he looked right and left through the small window opening on to the street. Immediately<sup>1</sup> opposite he could read on a large white signboard the words *Fish Depot*. Suddenly he recollected how some six or seven months ago he had been summoned to attend a tradesman who was suffering from a slight paralytic stroke. The fat fellow lay on the sofa like a sow that had just been slaughtered. His face was blue as that of a corpse; he was gasping for breath; and every now and then his limbs twitched convulsively. At the time the Doctor did everything that was possible, sitting up all night with the patient, and eventually effecting a cure. Now, it was this very same tradesman, Voskoboynikof by name, who three days ago had collected a horde of drunken wretches who could hardly be called men, and, after treating them all to vodka, had distributed red flags among them. His fat, red face shone with excitement as he spluttered out a lot of senseless words that had now resulted in all these bestial outrages and inhuman massacres.

"There it is!" thought the Doctor. "If I hadn't cured him when I did, dozens and dozens of poor wretches might now be alive! Why did I ever do it?"

<sup>1</sup> immediately, 直接.

他離開窗口，他變作惑亂了，好像嘗試追憶什麼事，卻追憶不出來。他走到榻邊，留心細察病人的死白色不動的臉。有時他的呼吸若變作更辛苦，在他的微帶紅色的鬚上能夠看見他的大白牙齒；他的全副面目露出一種奸詐神色，好像一隻野獸一般。醫師一面察看一面露出一陣狂怒與憎惡。

他想到，『我必得節制我自己。我不該讓我自己被個人的感覺所潛移。無論什麼明理的人都能顯然見得我絕不能走開，置一個瀕死的人於不顧。但是爲什麼不該不顧！我爲什麼不該走開隨他死？不，不！不能的！』這句切實話雖然說得著重，腔調卻是不誠的。他憤怒的想到，『天譴的！這是怎麼講？別人爲什麼不來？』他隨即覺得他其實不過想望『別人』來以便對抗他自己個人的憎惡，且能使他推倒這樣的憎惡。

他有多少理由覺得又要從窗口向外看。他定睛看黑暗處，他好像又看見他一兩日前所親眼看見的一件他所極不願看的事。有人送一個少年人的屍身入醫院。那個少年的臉傷得很可怕，不能辨出他的面目。只是一大團可怕的血塊與泥土，帶着幾簇柔軟黃白頭髮。他隨即記起一個女學生，是一個猶太小女子，他往醫院去的時候幾乎無一早上不碰見她。她是一個澄鮮嫵麗女子，她的整齊棕色衣

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He left the window, perplexed and confused, as if trying vainly to recollect something. Going to the bedside, he scrutinized<sup>1</sup> the pale, motionless face of his patient. At times, if the breathing grew more laboured, broad white teeth became visible beneath the reddish moustache; and then the whole countenance assumed a cunning expression as that of a wild beast. A wave of fury and disgust came over the Doctor as he watched. ☉

"I must control myself," he thought. "I have no right to let myself be influenced by personal feelings. It stands to reason<sup>2</sup> that I could not possibly go away and leave a dying man. Yet why not! Why shouldn't I leave him to die? No, no! Impossible!" The note of assurance rang false,<sup>3</sup> emphatic though it was. "Damn it all!" he thought angrily. "What does it mean? Why doesn't somebody come?" Then he perceived that he really only desired "somebody" to come in order to counteract his own personal aversion, and to enable him to overcome it.

For some reason or other he felt drawn to look out of the window again. Gazing into the darkness, he seemed to see once more a hideous sight that he had witnessed a day or two ago. The corpse of a young man had been brought into the hospital. The face was so horribly mutilated that identification seemed impossible. It was one huge grisly clot of blood and mire, with tufts on it of soft, fair hair. Then he remembered a girl student, a little Jewess whom he used to meet almost every morning when on his way to the hospital. She was a bright, graceful

<sup>1</sup>scrutinized, 留心察看. <sup>2</sup>it stands to reason, 無論什麼明理的人都能顯然見到. <sup>3</sup>false, 欺人的, 不誠的



服，她的黑色圍身，她的高靴，與她的光滑頭髮，給她一副迷人的外觀。這個疲倦醫師碰見這樣可愛的少年女子，使他精神爲之一爽，他看她如同春季的第一次澄鮮光景一般。這個女子也被人殺死了。她的死屍就是在殺死許多人的那一天，他所看見的第二個。他在某街上，看見一件奇怪白東西在街上的一堆垃圾與破壞東西裏頭：這個地方離一所冒烟的房子不遠，房子的門及窗已經屢被打擊陷進去了。擄掠的人們強姦她之後，把她脫得赤條條的，從窗口摔她出來，醫師後來才曉得她用一隻腳拖着她自己走，經過垃圾堆。她的小乳被尖石所割。她的亂頭髮被泥所塗，成了一塊硬餅。一條白腿打斷了，無用了，彎曲着躺在她身下的石頭上。

他第一次含淚，濕了他的眼鏡架。這一幅可怕的圖畫，如同在令人恐怖的夢境裏一般，忽然不見了，只見和斯科布的發腫的不成形式的面目，帶着兩隻殺人的好滾的眼，與張大的嘴，四圍有一堆惡棍，被酒色所致瘋了。

他大聲喊道，『不是的，他們全不是人！』現在他安靜了，說話帶深信腔調。

他看不見那個被殺女子的面目了。

他又離開窗口，回頭向病榻走，不料他才走到房中間，忽然掉轉身子，眼並不看病人，很不以爲然的，搖他的手，就走出來。

他很愁苦的說道，『我不能！』

## TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

girl, and her neat brown dress, black apron, high boots, and glossy hair gave her a charming appearance. For the jaded physician it was refreshing to encounter this sweet embodiment of youth, as sweet to him as the first bright vision of spring. She, too, had been murdered. Her body was the second that he had seen on that fateful day. In a certain street, not far from a smoking house of which the door and windows had been battered in, amid the dirt and wreckage on the roadway, he had observed a strange white object. Having outraged her, the pillagers had stripped her stark naked and flung her out of the window, where, as the Doctor afterwards learnt, she had dragged herself along through the dirt on one leg. Her little breasts had been cut by the sharp stones. Her dishevelled hair was stiff and caked with mud. One white leg, broken and useless, lay bent beneath her on the stones.

Tears for the first time now rose to his eyes, wetting the rims of his glasses. Suddenly this awful picture, as in some hideous dream, gave place to that of Voskoboynikof's bloated, shapeless visage with its bloodshot, goggling eyes and gaping mouth ringed by a horde of ruffians, maddened by vodka and lust.

"No, they are not human beings!" he said aloud, composed now, and in a tone of conviction.

The face of the murdered girl had disappeared.

Once more he left the window and went back towards the patient's bedside, but as soon as he got to the middle of the room he turned sharply on his heel, and, without looking at the patient, waved his hand deprecatingly and went out.

"I cannot!" he said sorrowfully.

第三回

他在大廳碰見尼姑，站開一旁，讓她走過。他這時候的情形是奇怪的，又是有一半不知不覺的，後來他不曉得這一會子他心裏想些什麼。尼姑立住腳，抬頭看他的臉，說更安慰的話：

『先生，他們又打發人去找忒木菲甫 (Timopheief) 與去醫院啦。』

醫師深念着看她的額，那裏有些亂頭髮在她的白帽下露出來。他隨即說道：

『呀！是的，是的！』

她問道，『也許你要水或別的東西。我去取水，好不好？』

醫師發狂怒的大聲喊道，『是的，是的；水！自然是水，』他自己也驚愕他爲什麼這樣發怒。一剎那間他看見尼姑臉上的詫異神色。她顯然是怪他，他要說話，解說他的行爲，他卻說不出來，當他走出去的時候他只能很無力的搖搖手。他走過全數的屋子，曉得總巡官的夫人很詫異的與很痛苦的觀察他，她離開榻站起來的時候他卻不曾看見她。他走到招待室就起首披他的大衣，兩手卻是抖抖的。她跟他走到這裏，伸出兩手很着急的喊道：

『醫師，你往那裏去？你爲什麼事去？』

巡官很笨的伸出兩手站在她背後，在他的頭上可以

CHAPTER III

In the *salon* he collided with the Sister of Mercy, and stood aside to let her pass. He was then in a strange, half-unconscious condition, and later on had no recollection of what at that moment was passing through his mind. The Sister stopped and said reassuringly, as she looked up in his face:

"They have sent again, sir, to Timopheief and to the hospital."

The Doctor looked at her brow pensively, where little fluffy hairs were peeping out from under her white cap. Then he said:

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Perhaps you want water or something? Shall I get some water?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, water! Of course," shouted the Doctor furiously, amazed at such an outburst on his part. For an instant he saw the look of astonishment on the Sister of Mercy's face. She was evidently offended. He wanted to speak, to offer some explanation of his conduct, but he could only wave his hand feebly as he went out. Through all the rooms he walked, conscious that the Chief Constable's wife was watching him in amazement and distress, though as she rose from the couch he did not see her. On reaching the ante-room he began to put on his overcoat with trembling hands. She followed him thither as with outstretched arms she exclaimed anxiously:

"Where are you going, Doctor? What is the matter?"

Behind her, his hands awkwardly extended, stood the Inspector, while above his head the face of the young

看見一個少年軍官的臉。醫師已經穿上外衣，穿上套鞋，隨即轉回頭，一手抓住帽子，走入飯廳。他的臉色青白，兩眼看地板，說道：『我不能……你不如另請別人……』

她合着兩手，她害怕，她的一雙黑眼變大。『醫師，你爲的是什麼事？我能夠請誰來呀？我已經告訴你，我們各處全請到啦。只有你一個……這是什麼意思呀？難道你自己覺得不好過麼？』

醫師喊了一聲，喊不出什麼來，因爲他的答話一時說不出來。『嗚！……並不是的！我好好的……我完全是很好的！』他說得有點生氣，渾身發抖。

她滿臉全是死白色。她迷惑了，說不出話來，只是瞪眼看他。她的不響與她的像玻璃的眼瞪着他，就告訴他她明白了。

少年軍官起首用橫逆腔調問道，『醫師，這是怎麼講？』她卻拉住他。

她說道，『你不肯救我的丈夫，難道是因爲他……』她不會說完，兩唇就發抖。她的聲音低，幾乎聽不見。

『是的！』這是醫師原想還她的短短答復。但是這兩個字粘在他的喉嚨不會說出來。他不過聳聳兩肩，他的手指抽搐。

巡官發怒喊道，『先生，你且聽，什麼……。』他不曉得爲什麼，隨即住口不說，很感亂的四面看看。

這時候有一會子無人說話。夫人絕望的瞪着醫師，他却不停的兩眼看桌子的一條小腿。

後來她用悲痛聲音哀求道，『醫師！』

## TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

officer could be seen. Then the Doctor, who had already put on his coat and goloshes, turned back, hat in hand, and went into the dining-room. He was very pale, and with his eyes fixed on the floor he said: "I cannot. . . . You had better call in some one else. . . ."

Her dark eyes grew wide with fear as she clasped her hands. "Doctor, what is the matter with you? Who is there that I can call in? As I have already told you, we've sent everywhere. You are the only one. . . . What does it mean? Are you not well yourself?"

The Doctor uttered a stifled cry, for the words in answer momentarily failed him. "Ugh! . . . Not at all! I am well . . . I am perfectly well!" he exclaimed testily, trembling all over.

A death-like pallor overspread her features. She gazed at him in mute amazement. Her silence and her glassy stare told him that she had understood.

"What does this mean, Doctor?" began the young officer in a hectoring tone. But she held him back.

"You won't save my husband because he . . ." Her lips quivered. Her voice was almost inaudible.

"Yes!" This was the curt reply that the Doctor had intended to give. But the little word stuck in his throat. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and his fingers twitched.

"Look here, sir, what . . ." cried the Inspector angrily. Then, for some reason or other, he stopped, and looked about him in confusion.

There was a brief silence. The lady gazed despairingly at the Doctor, who kept his eyes stubbornly fixed on one of the little feet of the table.

"Doctor!" she pleaded at last in a voice full of anguish.

他急忙擡頭，却不答話。這時候他心裏有一種痛苦的祕密的衝突進行。這時候拋棄如這樣的一個快死的人不救，與拒絕絕望的她，不幫助她；走開不管，且在未走之先，置一個無助的，受痛苦的同胞於死，好像簡直是犯法與不公。

他在這個可怕的關鍵，竭力要找一條出路，走一條脫逃的路。却找不着。有一會子他以爲最單簡的辦法是回頭給援助與安慰。再過一會，他所應做的好像正與剛才所想的相反，這才是顯然的，不證自明的公道辦法。他是該走的。他究竟應該讓步於那一種的衝動？

她走近他，伸出她的兩膀，還用同樣的哀求腔調，喃喃道，『醫師！』

他忽然反省他穿了厚外衣覺得很暖，倘若走出大街是會受涼的，這個反省完全與他的那一串思想不相干的。隨即他又好像覺得他已經脫下大衣，站在榻邊看那個有櫻黃色鬚子與大白牙的臉。

他想到，『不能的：這是不可能的！』這時候他的心眼又看見那個少年男子的破頭與女學生的裸露肢體，看見這一幅可怕的圖畫在他眼前。他耳朵裏聽見他所認得的人說道：他們破她們的肚子，用被褥的烏毛塞滿她們的肚子。一陣怒氣又攻擊他，他沙聲喊道：『不，我不能！』

他擺手要她走開，向門口走，她忽然大喊，他站住脚。

He quickly looked up, but made no reply. Within him at that moment a painful, secret conflict was in progress. It seemed so utterly criminal and unjust to leave a dying man like this and to refuse to help her in her despair; to go away, and before going to condemn to death a helpless, suffering fellow-creature.

At this awful juncture he strove to find some outlet, some way of escape. But there was none. At one moment it seemed that the simplest way for him would be to go back and give help and consolation. Then, in another instant, clear, obvious as justice itself, his duty appeared to be exactly the reverse. He ought to go. To which prompting should he yield?

"Doctor!" she murmured in the same supplicating tone, as she came close to him and held out her arms.

Quite apart from and outside this train of thought, he suddenly reflected that he was getting warm in his thick overcoat, and might catch cold if he went out into the street. Then, it seemed to him as if he had already taken off his coat, and was at the bedside looking at that face with its tawny moustache and large white teeth.

"No: it's impossible!" he thought; and again before his mental vision there floated the hideous picture of the young man's battered head and of the girl-student's naked limb. In his ears rang those words spoken by that man he knew: "They ripped them up and then stuffed them with feathers from the bedding." A paroxysm of wrath again assailed him and he cried hoarsely: "No, I cannot!"

Waving her aside, he went to the door, when she suddenly shrieked, and he stopped.



她喊道，『你不敢走！你的本務應該停留在這裏救我的丈夫！我將宣布你的罪名！你會受害的！巴拉頓·米開祿！』

巡官與少年軍官及兩個巡警走上前，只要這個穿綉緞及通花衣邊的夫人說一句話，他們就抓他。她站在他面前，緊握着她的兩隻細手，她圓睜兩隻冒火的眼，身子向前。

她嘶嘶的叫道，『你不敢！你曉得麼，我打定主意用武力強逼你在這裏……！』

巡官臉變紅了，喊道，『伊萬諾甫 (Ivanof)！』

醫師答道，『呀哈！伊萬諾甫呀！』醫師一面放手不抓門把，臉對着她，用一種怪異從容腔調說話。

『你的意思是要恐嚇我，是不是？很好。我若這樣造作，原是因為我有好理由。我必得停留在這裏，是不是？我請問誰說這句話？讓我來告訴你，無人能強我做我所憎惡的事。你的丈夫是一個野獸，他若受痛楚——好嗎，可惜無人能使他更受痛楚。我為什麼要救他？我為什麼要救這個人的性命——你曉得你說什麼嗎？你自己該覺得慚愧！你怎樣能夠為這樣一個人求我？呀！不要求，不要求！隨他死！隨他如同一條狗一般死！我不動一手指救他。你喜歡拘拏我，只管動手！我們不久試看了！』

他的小薄聲音響到幾乎成爲一種叫喊，他的一雙小近視眼在那裏閃光，露出挑戰神色。他在這一會子嘗着報復的甜味。他找着出路，一瀉他的裝滿欲裂的慘傷與不能

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"You dare not go! It's your duty to stop and save my husband! I will denounce you! You shall suffer for this! Platon Mikhailovitch!"

The Inspector and the young officer with two policemen advanced, all ready at a word from the lady in her silks and laces, to seize him. Standing in front of him, her slender hands clenched and her eyes round and flashing, she leaned forward.

"You dare not!" she hissed. "Do you know, I will compel you by force to remain . . .!"

"Ivanof!" cried the Inspector, turning very red.

"Aha! Ivanof, indeed!" replied the Doctor in a strange, deliberate tone, as he relinquished his hold of the door-handle and faced her.

"You mean to threaten me, do you? Very well. If I act in this way it is because I have good reasons for doing so. I am obliged to stop, am I? Who says that, pray? Let me tell you that I am obliged to do nothing that disgusts me. Your husband is a brute, and if he is suffering—well, it's a pity he can't be made to suffer more. Why should I save him? Why should I save the life of a man who—Do you know what you are saying? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! How can you possibly plead for such a man? Ah! No, no! Let him die! Let him die like a dog! I won't move a finger to help him. Arrest me, if you like! We will soon see about that!"

His thin little voice rose almost to a scream, and his small myopic eyes twinkled defiantly. In this moment he tasted the sweetness of revenge. The vent for all his pent-up grief and impotent fury had been found. His

發洩的狂怒。他的面目被一種痛恨的譏刺微笑所變，變作醜惡難看，自己却不覺得。當他發怒的時候，他看不見眼前的事。

穿通花邊衣服的女人踏步不定幾乎跌倒。她的臉變作死白色，全數臉上的美麗都消滅了。她的兩唇抖動，她絕望到說不出話來，伸出兩隻軟弱無力的哀求手。

「醫師！醫師！」

他停止痛罵，很詫異的看她，好像簡直忘記了她在面前。

她期期的說道，「我……我曉得，醫師；但是……醫師……他曾自己……親自……麼？」

他喃喃的說道，「呀！假使他不曾親自，也是不該的。」

「我曉得！我曉得！醫師，但是他快要死啦！」

醫師又發怒說道，「是呀，但……」

她抓住醫師的衣袖，打叉，說道，「呀！醫師，我愛他，他死了我不能活。你看，我也是多麼受痛苦呀！醫師，用全數神聖的名義！難道你無憐憫心麼？……我們的兒女……」她忽然跪下。

巡官與那個軍官，衝向前喊道，「愛瑪·維西利。那你幹什麼？」她推開他們。

醫師一見她這樣奇怪及意料所不及的態度，有一會子站立不穩，幾乎向後倒。她膝行爬向他，她的索索響的

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features were contorted by a sardonic smile of which he was himself unconscious. In his anger he saw nothing of what was going on.

The lady in her laces tottered helplessly and almost fell. Her face became ghastly white and all traces of its beauty disappeared. Her lips quivered, as in mute despair she held out limp, supplicating hands.

"Doctor! Doctor!"

He stopped short in his tirade<sup>1</sup> and looked at her in amazement, as if he had quite forgotten her presence.

"I . . . I know, Doctor . . ." she stammered, "but . . . Doctor . . . did he himself . . . actually . . .?"

"Ah! yet if he didn't, that is no justification," he muttered.

"I know! I know! But now, Doctor, now he'll die!"

"Yes, but . . ." began the Doctor, growing angry again.

She cut him short, as she caught hold of his coatsleeve. "Ah! Doctor, I love him, and I can't live without him. See how much I suffer, too! Oh Doctor, in the name of all the Saints! Have you no pity? . . . Our children . . ." Suddenly she fell on her knees.

"Emma Vasilievna! What are you doing?" cried the Inspector and the officer, rushing forward. But she thrust them aside.

So strange and unlooked for was this attitude of hers that for a moment the Doctor staggered backwards. She crawled towards him on her knees as her rustling silk skirts trailed along the floor; and at the sight of this frail

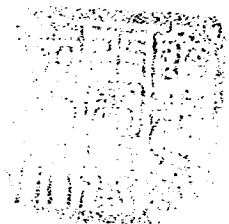
<sup>1</sup>tirade, 痛罵.

袖緞裙脚在地板上拖；醫師看見這個柔弱女人這樣痛苦，覺得一陣心痛。

『醫師！醫師！爲上帝起見，你不要走！』

他渾身發抖，有一秒鐘工夫，他覺得他不能拒絕她。不料這個時候巡官兇兇的抓住他的膀子，巡官再同他用武力，他就擺脫自己，向門口衝。

她抓住他的衣袖，她叫喊，她失手，暈倒在地板上，一堆玫瑰紅的袖緞與一團亂髮。他們擡起她，醫師先已推開房門，只瞥見她爬在地下。他們衝出來追他，巡官喊兵丁出來。他能聽見兵丁們在低下樓梯上脚步聲。他臉無人色，渾身發抖，抓住扶手就逃走，同時一圈圈的火在他的眼前跳。



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woman in her anguish the Doctor felt a sharp pang at his heart.

"Doctor Doctor For God's sake, stop!"

He was trembling in every limb, and for the space of a second he felt that he could not resist. But just then the Inspector seized his arm roughly, and in another access of fury he shook himself free and rushed to the door.

She seized his sleeve, shrieking, but, loosing her hold, fell down in a swoon on the floor, a rigid mass of rose-pink silk and tangled hair. They lifted her up, yet not before the Doctor, as he flung open the door, had caught a glimpse of her lying there, prone. They rushed after him, and the Inspector called out the soldiers. He could hear the tramp of their feet on the stairs below. Trembling, aghast, he clutched the banisters and fled, while rings of fire danced before his eyes.



(84841)

英漢對照名家小說選  
革 命 故 事  
Tales of the Revolution

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