

洛士柴尔特的提琴



WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

洛士柴爾特的提琴  
ROTHSCHILD'S FIDDLE

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英漢對照名家小說選第二集

商務印書館發行

(83421·2)

英漢對照名家小說選

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Rothschild's Fiddle

版權所有翻印必究

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中華民國二十五年二月初版

作者傳略

吉柯甫是一八六〇至一九〇四年間人。他的父親是一個田奴的兒子，是個作小生意的人。吉柯甫以一八七九年入莫斯科大學學醫，一八八四年領文憑，他却很少得掛牌行醫。當他做學生的時候就起首研究文學，不久就變作幾家諧報的投稿人。一八八六年他曾刊行一本短篇小說，銷路很廣。一八八七年他的第一本戲劇出版。一八九〇年他旅行到囚禁罪犯的沙克林(Sagkalin)，結果就是他所寫的一本書名沙克林，頗有力量使罪犯所受的痛苦得以減輕。在一八九一與一八九七年間他同母親住在莫斯科郊外他所置的房屋。一八九七年後他犯肺病，幾乎要大半年住在Crimea及國外。一八九六至一九〇四年他撰了好幾本戲。一九〇一年他曾娶一個女戲子。他以一九〇四年死於德國。他較早的著作，至一八八六年止，居多都是富於諧趣之作，並無什麼特別目的，不過要讀者大笑罷了。此後他才有餘暇，才能獨立，給他的想像的閱歷以有定的發表，所以他的腔調變作嚴肅得多，他的諧趣都含有深意。有人說他的美術是心理的，不過他的心理是不管個人的。他最好寫人的心境，寫世人受了許多無形的與無窮的小不如意事，心境怎樣逐漸隨之而變。他所寫的人物是神經很靈敏的，受了許多不如意事的痛苦，以作煽動讀者的同情。他的短篇小說是流動的，又是確切的；大多數都是富於絃外音，用低調作結局的，是嗚咽，不是撲咚一聲的大

響。他的著作在本國無甚效力，在英國却很有潛力，批評家幾乎衆口一詞說他是近代的最偉大的俄國作者，最偉大的小說家及製劇家。

民國二十五年一月伍光建記

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ROTHSCHILD'S FIDDLE

## ROTHSCHILD'S FIDDLE

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The town was small—no better than a village—and it was inhabited almost entirely by old people who died so seldom that it was positively painful. In the hospital, and even in the prison, coffins were required very seldom. In one word, business was bad. If Yakov Ivanov had been coffin-maker in the government town, he would probably have owned his own house, and called himself Yakov Matveyich; but, as it was, he was known only by the name of Yakov, with the street nickname<sup>1</sup> of “Bronza” given for some obscure<sup>2</sup> reason; and he lived as poorly as a simple muzhik<sup>3</sup> in a little, ancient cabin with only one room; and in this room lived he, Marfa, the stove, a double bed, the coffins, a joiner’s bench, and all the domestic utensils.

Yet Yakov made admirable coffins, durable and good. For muzhiks and petty tradespeople he made them all of one size, taking himself as model; and this method never failed him, for though he was seventy years of age, there was not a taller or stouter man in the town, not even in the prison. For women and for men of good birth he made his coffins to measure, using for this purpose an iron yardwand. Orders for children’s coffins he accepted very unwillingly, made them without measurement, as if in contempt, and every time when paid for his work exclaimed:

“Thanks. But I confess I don’t care much for wasting time on trifles.”

<sup>1</sup> nickname, 綽號. <sup>2</sup> obscure, 暗晦. <sup>3</sup> muzhik, 鄉下人.



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這是個小市鎮——不比一個村落大——幾乎全是老人住，他們很少的死，令人實在難受。醫院裏很少用棺材，連監牢裏也很少用。說一句單簡話，買賣不好。假使雅柯甫·伊万諾甫(Yakov Ivanov)是在有政府的市鎮當棺材匠，很許早已置了房屋，稱自己爲雅柯甫·瑪維伊治(Matveyich)了；可惜不是的，人家只稱他雅柯甫，街上的人給他一個綽號，喊他『卜朗沙』(Bronza)，無人曉得有什麼理由；他過的是貧窮生活如同一個老實鄉下人一般，住在一間只有一間房的小的古老木屋裏；住在這間屋子的有他，瑪爾法(Marfa)，一個火爐，一張雙人睡的床，幾個棺材，木匠的長凳，及全數家具。

雅柯甫製的是可以讚美的棺材，又好又經久。他替鄉下人們及做小買賣的人們製棺材，拿自己作模特爾，大小長短全是一律的；這個法子絕不會失敗的，因爲他雖然是七十歲，本鎮及監牢裏再沒得比他更高更胖的人。替女人們及好人家的人們製棺材他卻是要量尺寸的，用一條鐵碼量度。有人定他製小孩子棺材，他接定的時候是不甚願意的，他好像看不起這種買賣，不量尺寸就製造，每次有人給他工錢他總是說道：

『謝謝你。我却要供認，我不甚願意爲小事糟塌我的時光。』

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In addition to coffin-making Yakov drew a small income from his skill with the fiddle. At weddings in the town there usually played a Jewish orchestra, the conductor of which was the tinsmith Moses Ilyich Shakhkes, who kept more than half the takings for himself. As Yakov played very well upon the fiddle, being particularly skillful with Russian songs, Shakhkes sometimes employed him in the orchestra, paying him fifty kopecks a day, exclusive<sup>1</sup> of gifts from the guests. When Bronza sat in the orchestra he perspired and his face grew purple; it was always hot, the smell of garlic was suffocating; the fiddle whined, at his right ear snored the double-bass, at his left wept the flute, played by a lanky, red-haired Jew with a whole network of red and blue veins upon his face, who bore the same surname as the famous millionaire Rothschild. And even the merriest tunes this accursed Jew managed to play sadly. Without any tangible<sup>2</sup> cause Yakov had become slowly penetrated with hatred and contempt for Jews, and especially for Rothschild; he began with irritation, then swore at him, and once even was about to hit him; but Rothschild flared up,<sup>3</sup> and, looking at him furiously, said: "If it were not that I respect you for your talents,<sup>4</sup> I should send you flying out of the window."

Then he began to cry. So Bronza was employed in the orchestra very seldom, and only in cases of extreme need when one of the Jews was absent.

Yakov had never been in a good humour.<sup>5</sup> He was always overwhelmed by the sense of the losses which he suffered. For instance, on Sundays and saints' days it

<sup>1</sup> exclusive, 除外. <sup>2</sup> tangible, 實在. <sup>3</sup> flared up, 發怒. <sup>4</sup> talents, 才能. <sup>5</sup> good humour, 高興.

雅柯甫除了製棺材外，還會奏提琴賺幾個錢。當市鎮有人結婚的時候，向來有一班猶太音樂隊奏樂，隊長是一個錫匠，名摩西·伊理治·沙克士 (Moses Ilyich Shakhkes)，他自己拿一大半的錢。因為雅柯甫奏提琴奏得很好，尤其善於唱俄國歌，沙克士有時僱他在音樂隊裏，每天給他五十個柯貝 (俄幣名。譯者註)，客人們的賞錢在外。當卜朗沙坐在音樂隊的時候，他出汗，臉色變紫；那裏常是熱的，蒜味令人喘不出氣；提琴在那裏叫，最大的提琴在他的右耳邊發響聲，笛子在他的左耳邊哭，這是一個瘦長條子紅頭髮的猶太人奏的，他滿臉都是紅的與青的血管，他名洛士柴爾特 (Rothschild)，與有名的百萬富翁同名。這個被天譴的猶太人即使是奏最快樂的調也是奏得很悽慘的。雅柯甫毫無實在理由，慢慢的變作深恨猶太人們，尤其恨洛士柴爾特；他初時對他發脾氣，隨後詛罵他；有一次他幾乎要打他；不料洛士柴爾特發怒，兇兇望着他，說道：

『假使我不是敬重你的才能，我就要從窗口把你摔出去。』

他隨即起首叫喊。所以很少雇卜朗沙在音樂隊裏，惟有遇着缺乏一個猶太人，到萬不得已的時候，才雇用他。

雅柯甫向來不曾高興過。他常被覺得他所受的損失所打倒。譬如說，星期日及聖賢的誕日是不許做工的，

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was a sin to work, Monday was a tiresome day—and so on; so that in one way or another, there were about two hundred days in the year when he was compelled to sit with his hands idle. That was one loss. If anyone in town got married without music, or if Shakhkes did not employ Yakov, that was another loss. The Inspector of Police was ill for two years, and Yakov waited with impatience for his death, yet in the end the Inspector transferred himself to the government town for the purpose of treatment, where he got worse and died. There was another loss, a loss at the very least of ten rubles, as the Inspector's coffin would have been an expensive one lined with brocade. Regrets for his losses generally overtook Yakov at night; he lay in bed with the fiddle beside him, and, with his head full of such speculations,<sup>1</sup> would take the bow, the fiddle giving out through the darkness a melancholy sound which made Yakov feel better.

On the sixth of May last year Marfa was suddenly taken ill. She breathed heavily, drank much water and staggered. Yet next morning she lighted the stove, and even went for water. Towards evening she lay down. All day Yakov had played on the fiddle, and when it grew dark he took the book in which every day he inscribed his losses, and from want of something better to do, began to add them up. The total amounted to more than a thousand rubles. The thought of such losses so horrified him that he threw the book on the floor and stamped his feet. Then he took up the book, snapped his fingers, and sighed heavily. His face was purple, and wet with perspiration. He reflected that if this thousand rubles had been lodged in the bank the interest per annum would have

<sup>1</sup>speculations, 胡思亂想.

做工就是犯了罪孽，星期一是一個討厭的日子——餘做此；所以因為種種理由他一年有二百天總是被逼坐下不做工。這就是一項損失。若是鎮裏有人結婚却不用音樂，或沙克士不用他，這又是一項損失。警察長病了足有兩年，雅柯甫很不耐煩的等他死，後來警察長遷往有政府的市鎮就醫，病更重，就死在那裏。這又是一宗損失，至少損失十個盧布，因為警察長的棺材要一個值錢的，要用花緞作裏子的。雅柯甫居多在晚上就悔恨他的種種損失；他躺在床上，提琴放在身邊，頭腦裝滿了這許多胡思亂想，他就會拿起弓來，提琴在黑夜裏發出一種愁悶聲音，使雅柯甫覺得好些。

去年五月六日瑪爾法忽然得病。

她的呼吸聲很重，喝了許多水，走路腳步不定。翌日早上她還點着火爐，還出去取水。快到傍晚，她就躺下啦。雅柯甫終天奏提琴，等到天黑，他取出他每天登記損失的本子，他因為並無什麼事做，就起首加起他的損失。總損失有一千多盧布。他一想起這樣大的損失他就很震怒，把本子擲在地下，頓腳。隨後他把本子拿起來，彈他的手指，重重的歎氣。他的臉發紫，滿臉是汗珠子，他在那裏反省，假使這一千盧布存在銀行裏，每年的利息至少也有四十

amounted to at least forty rubles. That meant that the forty rubles were also a loss. In one word, wherever you turn, everywhere you meet with loss, and profits none.

"Yakov," cried Marfa unexpectedly, "I am dying."

He glanced at his wife. Her face was red from fever and unusually clear and joyful; and Bronza, who was accustomed to see her pale, timid, and unhappy-looking, felt confused. It seemed as if she were indeed dying, and were happy in the knowledge that she was leaving for ever the cabin, the coffins, and Yakov. And now she looked at the ceiling and twitched her lips, as if she had seen Death her deliverer, and were whispering with him.

Morning came: through the window might be seen the rising of the sun. Looking at his old wife, Yakov somehow remembered that all his life he had never treated her kindly, never caressed her, never pitied her, never thought of buying her a kerchief for her head, never carried away from the weddings a piece of tasty food, but only roared at her, abused her for his losses, and rushed at her with shut fists. True, he had never beaten her, but he had often frightened her out of her life and left her rooted to the ground with terror. Yes, and he had forbidden her to drink tea, as the losses without that were great enough; so she drank always hot water. And now, beginning to understand why she had such a strange, enraptured face, he felt uncomfortable.

When the sun had risen high he borrowed a cart from a neighbour, and brought Marfa to the hospital. There were not many patients there, and he had to wait only three hours. To his joy he was received not by the doctor

個盧布。這就是說這四十個盧布也是一筆損失。說一句單簡話，無論你往那裏走，你總遇着損失，無利可得。

瑪爾法出其不意的喊道，『雅柯甫，我快死啦。』

他看看他的女人。她害熱病，臉上通紅，却是異常的清楚與歡樂；卜朗沙習慣看見她臉色灰白，胆怯，與不歡樂的神氣，覺得糊塗了。據他看來，她好像是當真要死啦，她曉得她快要永遠離開這間木屋子，那些棺材，與雅柯甫，所以歡樂，現在她看看天花板，兩唇在那裏動，她好像看見來拯救她的『死神』，在那裏同他附耳低聲說話。

天亮啦；從窗子可以看見太陽出來啦。雅柯甫看見他的年老女人，不曉得怎樣就記得他一生始終不曾好好的待她，始終不曾說愛她，始終不曾憐憫她，不曾想到買一塊頭巾給她，不曾從結婚的喜筵上帶一塊有滋味的東西回來給她吃，只是大聲喝罵她，因為損失怪責她，握着拳頭撲她。他當真始終不曾打過她，但是他曾屢次嚇她，嚇到要死，站着不敢動。他不許她喝茶，因為不算茶在內，他的損失已經夠重的了；所以她只好喝熱水。現在他才起首明白她為什麼有這樣的一副奇異的及歡樂如狂的面目，他覺得不安。

等到太陽升高的時候他同鄰居借了一部兩輪車，送瑪爾法到醫院。院裏並無許多病人，他不過等了三點鐘。接待他的不是醫生，是軍營的外科醫生，名瑪克西木·尼古

but by the feldscher,<sup>1</sup> Maksim Nikolaïch, an old man of whom it was said that, although he was drunken and quarrelsome, he knew more than the doctor.

"May your health be good!" said Yakov, leading the old woman into the dispensary. "Forgive me, Maksim Nikolaïch, for troubling you with my empty affairs. But there, you can see for yourself my object is ill. The companion of my life, as they say, excuse the expression . . ."

Contracting his grey brows and smoothing his whiskers, the feldscher began to examine the old woman, who sat on the tabouret, bent, skinny, sharp-nosed, and with open mouth so that she resembled a bird that is about to drink.

"So . . ." said the feldscher slowly, and then sighed. "Influenza and may be a bit of a fever. There is typhus now in the town . . . What can I do? She is an old woman, glory be to God. . . . How old?"

"Sixty-nine years, Maksim Nikolaïch."

"An old woman. It's high time for her."

"Of course! Your remark is very just," said Yakov, smiling out of politeness. "And I am sincerely grateful for your kindness; but allow me to make one remark; every insect is fond of life."

The feldscher replied in a tone which implied that upon him alone depended her life or death. "I will tell you what you'll do, friend; put on her head a cold compress, and give her these powders twice a day. And good-bye to you."

By the expression of the feldscher's face, Yakov saw that it was a bad business and that no powders would make

<sup>1</sup>feldscher, 軍醫.



來 (Maksim Nikolaich)，他很歡喜，人家說這個老頭子雖然吃醉酒，好與人吵鬧，他的知識卻多過醫生。

雅柯甫領着老婆子入藥室，說道，『我望你身體康健！瑪克西木·尼古來，我因不相干的事來麻煩你，請你莫怪。你能看見我的女人害病。有如人們說，她是我的一生的同伴，請你勿怪我用這樣的句語。……』

這個軍醫纒纒他的灰色眉頭，順順他的鬍子，就起首診視這個老婆子，她坐在凳子上，背是彎曲的，滿身全是骨頭，鼻子很尖，張大嘴，很像一隻快要喝水的鳥。

這個軍醫慢慢的說話，隨後歎一口氣，說道，『哦，重傷風，還許有點發熱。市鎮現在有流行的疹斑傷寒……我能作什麼？謝謝上帝，她是一個年老婦人……多大年紀啦？』

『瑪克西木·尼古來，六十九歲啦。』

『她是一個老婦人。時候到啦。』

雅柯甫要表示禮貌，就微笑說道，『自然呀！你的話說得很公道。我很感激你的慈善；但是我請你讓我說一句話；凡是蟲子無不貪生的。』

這個軍醫用一種腔調答他，意思是要表示她的生死只是靠他。『我的朋友，我告訴你怎樣辦吧；用幾層冷布放在她的頭上，每次給她兩服藥散。我走啦。』

雅柯甫看他的臉色就曉得不是一件好事；無論什麼

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it any better; it was quite plain to him that Marfa was beyond repair, and would assuredly die, if not to-day then to-morrow. He touched the feldscher on the arm, blinked his eyes, and said in a whisper:

“Yes, Maksim Nikolaïch, but you will let her blood.”

“I have no time, no time, friend. Take your old woman, and God be with you!”

“Do me this one kindness!” implored Yakov. “You yourself know that if she merely had her stomach out of order, or some internal organ wrong, then powders and mixtures would cure; but she has caught cold. In cases of cold the first thing is to bleed the patient.”

But the feldscher had already called for the next patient, and into the dispensary came a peasant woman with a little boy.

“Be off!” he said to Yakov, with a frown.

“At least try the effect of leeches. I will pray God eternally for you.”

The feldscher lost his temper, and roared:

“Not another word.”

Yakov also lost his temper, and grew purple in the face; but he said nothing more and took Marfa under his arm and led her out of the room. As soon as he had got her into the cart, he looked angrily and contemptuously at the hospital and said:

“What an artist! He will let the blood of a rich man, but for a poor man grudges<sup>1</sup> even a leech. Herod!”

When they arrived home, and entered the cabin, Marfa stood for a moment holding on to the stove. She was

<sup>1</sup>grudges, 捨不得.

藥粉都不會治好的；他很明白瑪爾法的病是治不好的了，一定要死，不是今天死就是明天死。他摩摩這個feldscher的膀子，眨眨眼，附耳低聲說道：

『瑪克西木·尼古來，是呀，我求你替她放血。』

『朋友，我沒得時候，我沒得時候。你把你的老婆子送回去吧。我求上帝保佑你！』

雅柯甫哀求道，『我求你爲我做這一件好事吧！你自己曉得，她若不過是肚子不好過，或內裏某臟腑不對，藥粉或藥水會治得好；她却是受寒。凡是受寒的第一件事就是放病人的血。』

但是軍醫已經喊第二病人啦，於是就有一個鄉下女人帶着一個男孩子走進醫室。

他纔着眉頭對雅柯甫說道，『你走開吧！』

『我求你至少試試螞蝗，看有什麼效果。我肯永遠爲你祈禱上帝。』

軍醫發脾氣，大喊道：

『你不要再說啦。』

雅柯甫也發脾氣，臉色變紫；他卻不再說一句話，一手夾住瑪爾法領她走出屋子。他一把她送上車，他就對着醫院露出發怒及藐視的神色說道：

『這是什麼技術家呀？他肯替一個富翁放血，他對待一個窮人，連一條螞蝗也捨不得。希洛特呀！』

他們回家，走入木屋，瑪爾法扶着爐子站一會。她怕

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afraid that if she were to lie down Yakov would begin to complain<sup>1</sup> about his losses, and abuse her for lying in bed and doing no work. And Yakov looked at her with tedium in his soul and remembered that to-morrow was John the Baptist, and the day after Nikolay the Miracle-worker, and then came Sunday, and after that Monday—another idle day. For four days no work could be done, and Marfa would be sure to die on one of these days. Her coffin must be made to-day. He took the iron yardwand, went up to the old woman and took her measure. After that she lay down, and Yakov crossed himself, and began to make a coffin.

When the work was finished, Bronza put on his spectacles and wrote in his book of losses:

“Marfa Ivanovna’s coffin—2 rubles, 40 kopecks.”

And he sighed. All the time Marfa had lain silently with her eyes closed. Towards evening, when it was growing dark, she called her husband:

“Rememberest, Yakov?” she said, looking at him joyfully. “Rememberest, fifty years ago God gave us a baby with yellow hair. Thou and I then sat every day by the river . . . under the willow . . . and sang songs.” And laughing bitterly she added: “The child died.”

“That is all imagination,<sup>2</sup>” said Yakov.

Later on came the priest, administered to Marfa the Sacrament and extreme unction. Marfa began to mutter something incomprehensible, and towards morning, died.

The old-women neighbours washed her, wrapped her in her winding sheet, and laid her out. To avoid having to

<sup>1</sup> complain, 訴苦; 說不滿意話. <sup>2</sup> imagination, 幻想; 做夢

她若躺下，雅柯甫又會起首說不滿意的話，說他的損失，還要罵她睡在床上不做事。雅柯甫帶着滿肚子的煩悶看她，記得明天是施洗約翰日，後天是演奇蹟的尼古來日，隨後就是星期日，再過就是星期一——又是一個不做事的日子。有四天不能做工，瑪爾法必死在這四天裏頭。今天必得把她的棺材造好。他拿了鐵碼尺，走上去量老婆子。量過後，她才躺下來，雅柯甫對自己畫十字，起首製棺材。

卜朗沙製完棺材，戴上眼鏡，在本子上登記損失。

『瑪爾法的棺材——兩個盧布四十柯貝。』

他歎氣，瑪爾法只是安安靜靜的躺下，閉着兩眼。快到傍晚，天快要黑了，她就喊她的丈夫：

她很歡喜的看着他，說道，『雅柯甫，你記得麼？你記得五十年前上帝曾給我們一個黃頭髮的嬰孩。那時候你我兩人每天坐在河邊……在柳樹下……唱歌。』她又痛恨的大笑，說道，『那個孩子死了。』

雅柯甫說道，『你說的全是夢話。』

不久教士來了，對瑪爾法行聖餐及臨終塗油禮。瑪爾法起首喃喃的說不能懂的話，快到早上她就死了。

鄰居的婦女們洗她，用布裹好她，把她安放好了。雅

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pay the deacon's fee, Yakov himself read the psalms; and escaped a fee also at the graveyard, as the watchman there was his godfather. Four peasants carried the coffin free, out of respect for the deceased. After the coffin walked a procession of old women, beggars, and two cripples. The peasants on the road crossed themselves piously. And Yakov was very satisfied that everything passed off in honour, order, and cheapness, without offence to anyone. When saying good-bye for the last time to Marfa, he tapped the coffin with his fingers, and thought "An excellent piece of work."

But while he was returning from the graveyard he was overcome with extreme weariness. He felt unwell, he breathed feverishly and heavily, he could hardly stand on his feet. His brain was full of unaccustomed thoughts. He remembered again that he had never taken pity on Marfa and never caressed her. The fifty-two years during which they had lived in the same cabin stretched back to eternity, yet in the whole of that eternity he had never thought of her, never paid any attention to her, but treated her as if she were a cat or a dog. Yet every day she had lighted the stove, boiled and baked, fetched water, chopped wood, slept with him on the same bed; and when he returned drunk from weddings, she had taken his fiddle respectfully, and hung it on the wall, and put him to bed—all this silently with a timid, worried expression on her face. And now he felt that he could take pity on her, and would like to buy her a present, but it was too late. . . .

Towards Yakov, smiling and bowing came Rothschild.

"I was looking for you, uncle," he said. "Moses Ilyich sends his compliments, and asks you to come across to him at once."

柯甫不願花錢請副牧師，自己讀讚聖歌；在墓地上也用不着給費用，因為看坟人是他的義父。四個鄉下人不用工錢抬棺材，這是對死者表示敬意，跟隨棺材走的有一排老婆子乞丐，和兩個殘廢人。在路上的鄉下人們對自己畫十字，表示信教的虔敬。雅柯甫看見諸事都辦得有體面，有秩序，又辦得便宜，並不得罪什麼人，他就很滿意。當他最後同瑪爾法送別的時候，他用手指敲敲棺材，心裏想道，『是一件頂好的工作。』

但是當他從墓地回來的時候，他支持不住那樣的極其疲倦。他覺得不好過，他像發熱一般呼吸，又呼吸得很爲難，他幾乎站不穩。他的頭腦裏塞滿向所未有的思想。他又記起從來不曾憐卹瑪爾法又從來不曾親愛她。他們兩人同住在這所木房子五十二年，好像是無限的長久了，他卻始終不曾理過她，待她好像是一隻貓或一隻狗。她卻每天點爐子，煮東西，烤東西，取水，砍柴，同他一床睡；當他吃喜酒吃醉了回來的時候，她恭恭敬敬接過他的提琴，掛在牆上，伺候他睡覺——她做這許多事都是不響的，臉上帶着畏怯的，煩悶的神色。現在他覺得他能夠憐卹她，想買一件東西送她。可惜太遲了。……

洛士柴爾特走來對着雅柯甫微笑，與鞠躬。

他說道，『老伯，我正在找你。摩西·伊理治同你問好，他請你立刻到他那裏。』

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Yakov felt inclined to cry.

"Begone!" he shouted, and continued his path.

"You can't mean that," cried Rothschild in alarm, running after him. "Moses Ilyich will take offence! He wants you at once."

The way in which the Jew puffed and blinked, and the multitude of his red freckles awoke in Yakov disgust. He felt disgust, too, for his green frock-coat, with its black patches, and his whole fragile, delicate figure.

"What do you mean by coming after me, garlic?" he shouted. "Keep off!"

The Jew also grew angry, and cried:

"If you don't take care to be a little politer I will send you flying over the fence."

"Out of my sight!" roared Yakov, rushing on him with clenched fists. "Out of my sight, abortion,<sup>1</sup> or I will beat the soul out of your cursed body! I have no peace with Jews."

Rothschild was frozen with terror; he squatted down and waved his arms above his head, as if warding off blows, and then jumped up and ran for his life. While running he hopped, and flourished his hands; and the twitching of his long, fleshless spine could plainly be seen. The boys in the street were delighted with the incident, and rushed after him, crying, "Jew! Jew!" The dogs pursued him with loud barks. Someone laughed, then someone whistled, and the dogs barked louder and louder. Then, it must have been, a dog bit Rothschild. for there rang out a sickly, despairing cry.

Yakov walked past the common,<sup>2</sup> and then along the

<sup>1</sup>abortion, 醜鬼. <sup>2</sup>common 公地; 公用牧場



雅柯甫覺得想叫喊。

他接連走他的路，大聲喊道，『你走吧！』

洛士柴爾特驚恐，在後面追他，說道，『你不能存這樣的意思。摩西·伊理治會怪你的！他要你立刻去。』

這個猶太人的喘氣及眨眼，與他臉上的許多紅斑喚起雅柯甫的憎惡。他看見他的綠色外掛，帶着黑色的補綻，和他的全個孱弱身體，也覺得討厭。

他大聲喊道，『吃蒜的，你在我背後趕來是什麼意思呀？你走開！』

猶太人也發怒，喊道：

『你若不小心對待我客氣些，我就把你摔到籬笆那邊去。』

雅柯甫握着兩拳，衝過來，大喊道，『你這個形容醜怪的東西，你走開！不然，我就打你，打到你的靈魂出了你的被天譴的軀體。我是要同猶太人鬧的。』

洛士柴爾特害怕到殭了；他蹲在地下，在頭上搖他的兩隻膀子好像要招架雅柯甫的拳頭打下來，隨後跳起來拼命的跑。他一面跑一面跳，搖動他的兩手；人們很能夠很清楚的看見他的長的，無肉的背脊扭。街上的孩子們看見很高興，跟在後頭追，喊道，『猶太人！猶太人！』許多狗吠着追他。有人大笑，隨後有人用嘴吹嘯，那些狗吠得更響，隨後必定是有一隻狗咬了洛士柴爾特，因為有一陣如病人那樣的呻吟及絕望的叫喊。

雅柯甫走過那片公地，隨後沿着市鎮邊上走；街上的

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outskirts of the town; and the street boys cried, "Bronza! Bronza!" With a piping note snipe flew around him, and ducks quacked. The sun baked everything, and from the water came scintillations so bright that it was painful to look at. Yakov walked along the path by the side of the river, and watched a stout, red-cheeked lady come out of the bathing-place. Not far from the bathing-place sat a group of boys catching crabs with meat; and seeing him they cried maliciously, "Bronza! Bronza!" And at this moment before him rose a thick old willow with an immense hollow in it, and on it a raven's nest. . . . And suddenly in Yakov's mind awoke the memory of the child with the yellow hair of whom Marfa had spoken. . . . Yes, it was the same willow, green, silent, sad. . . . How it had aged, poor thing!

He sat underneath it, and began to remember. On the other bank, where was now a flooded meadow, there then stood a great birch forest, and farther away, where the now bare hill glimmered on the horizon, was an old pine wood. Up and down the river went barges. But now everything was flat and smooth; on the opposite bank stood only a single birch, young and shapely, like a girl; and on the river were only ducks and geese where once had floated barges. It seemed that since those days even the geese had become smaller. Yakov closed his eyes, and in imagination saw flying toward <sup>1</sup>an immense flock of white geese.

He began to wonder how it was that in the last forty or fifty years of his life he had never been near the river, or if he had, had never noticed it. Yet it was a respectable<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>respectable, 可敬的.

孩子們喊道，『卜朗沙！卜朗沙！』有一隻鷓叫喊着，在他的左右前後飛，還有鴨子在那裏叫。一片太陽烤着無論什麼東西，水面的閃光很亮，眼睛看了發痛。雅柯甫沿着河邊的小路走，留心察看一個肥胖紅臉女人從洗浴的地方出來。離這個地方不遠坐着一羣男孩子用肉釣螃蟹；他們一看見他，就懷着惡意喊道，『卜朗沙！卜朗沙！』這個時候他看見面前有一株濃密的老柳樹，樹身上有一個大洞，洞上有一個鴉巢……雅柯甫忽然想起瑪爾法所說的黃髮孩子……是呀，還是這株柳樹，綠色的，不響的，愁慘的……可憐的這株樹，老到這樣了！

他坐在柳樹下，起首追憶前事。對岸現在有一片水淹的草地，從前那裏有一個大的赤楊樹林，再遠些原有一個老的松林，現在是一片無樹的山，在天涯閃光。河上有船來往。現在全是一片光滑；對岸只有單獨一株赤楊，是一株嫩樹，樣子好看，像一個女子；河上從前有許多船，現在只有鵝鴨。到了現在連那些鵝也好像變小了不如從前那麼大。雅柯甫閉住兩眼，他的想像，看見一大隊白鵝向他飛來。

他的心裏起首很詫異的想到這四五十年來他怎樣不會走近這條河，設使他曾走近，爲什麼他不曾留意。這還是一條頗大的河，並不是令人看不起的河；還可以在河

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river, and by no means contemptible;<sup>1</sup> it would have been possible to fish in it, and the fish might have been sold to tradesmen, officials, and the attendant at the railway station buffet, and the money could have been lodged in the bank; he might have used it for rowing from country-house to country-house and playing on the fiddle, and everyone would have paid him money; he might even have tried to act as bargee—it would have been better than making coffins; he might have kept geese, killed them and sent them to Moscow in the winter-time—from the feathers alone he would have made as much as ten rubles a year. But he had yawned away his life, and done nothing. What losses! Akh, what losses! and if he had done all together—caught fish, played on the fiddle, acted as bargee, and kept geese—what a sum he would have amassed! But he had never even dreamed of this; life had passed without profits, without any satisfaction; everything had passed away unnoticed; before him nothing remained. But look backward—nothing but losses, such losses that to think of them it makes the blood run cold. And why cannot a man live without these losses? Why had the birch wood and the pine forest both been cut down? Why is the common pasture unused? Why do people do exactly what they ought not to do? Why did he all his life scream, roar, clench his fists, insult his wife? For what imaginable purpose did he frighten and insult the Jew? Why, indeed, do people prevent one another living in peace? All these are also losses! Terrible losses! If it were not for hatred and malice people would draw from one another incalculable

<sup>1</sup> contemptible, 可鄙的。

裏釣魚，還可以把魚賣給賣買人，官吏，與管火車站食堂的人，所得的錢還可以存在銀行裏；他還可以花錢坐船從這所別業搖到那所別業，奏提琴，人人都會給他錢；他還可以做搖船的人——比製棺材好得多；他又可以養鵝，冬天殺鵝送到莫斯科——不說別的，只是鵝毛就可以在一年裏頭賣十個盧布。可惜他只是打呵欠，過了一世，什麼事都不曾做。這是什麼損失呀！呀！什麼損失呀！假使他全做了——捕魚，奏提琴，做船戶，養鵝——他會積蓄多少錢呀！可惜他始終不曾做過這樣的夢；過了一生得不着什麼盈餘，得不着什麼滿意，無論什麼全錯過了，他全不曾注意；他眼前無論什麼都沒有。試看從前——什麼都沒有，只有損失，一想到這許多損失令人的血變冷了。又爲什麼一個人不能活在世上無損失？爲什麼那個赤楊樹林和松樹林都被人砍平了？爲什麼無人利用那片公共牧場？爲什麼人們做他們所不該做的事？他爲什麼一生只是叫喊，握着兩拳，羞辱他的女人？他恐嚇與羞辱那個猶太人究竟有什麼可以想像的用意？人們委實爲什麼互相阻止他人過和平生活？全數這種事體還是損失呀！可怕的損失呀！假使不是因爲怨恨與懷惡，人們從彼此都可得到不能

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able profits.

Evening and night, twinkled in Yakov's brain the willow, the fish, the dead geese, Marfa with her profile like that of a bird about to drink, the pale, pitiable face of Rothschild, and an army of snouts thrusting themselves out of the darkness and muttering about losses. He shifted from side to side, and five times in the night rose from his bed and played on the fiddle.

In the morning he rose with an effort and went to the hospital. The same Maksim Nikolaich ordered him to bind his head with a cold compress, and gave him powders; and by the expression of his face, and by his tone Yakov saw that it was a bad business, and that no powders would make it any better. But upon his way home he reflected that from death at least there would be one profit; it would no longer be necessary to eat, to drink, to pay taxes, or to injure others; and as a man lies in his grave not one year, but hundreds and thousands of years, the profit was enormous. The life of man was, in short, a loss, and only his death a profit. Yet this consideration, though entirely just, was offensive and bitter; for why in this world is it so ordered that life, which is given to a man only once, passes by without profit?

He did not regret dying, but as soon as he arrived home and saw his fiddle, his heart fell, and he felt sorry. The fiddle could not be taken to the grave; it must remain an orphan, and the same thing would happen with it as had happened with the birchwood and the pine forest. Everything in this world decayed, and would decay! Yakov went to the door of the hut and sat upon the threshold-stone, pressing his fiddle to his shoulder. Still thinking of

計算的利益。

無論日夜，總有柳樹，魚，死鵝，瑪爾法帶着她的側面像一隻鳥快要飲水的神氣，那個洛士柴爾特的可憐的灰白臉，還有一隊長嘴從黑暗中伸出來喃喃的念許多損失，在他的腦海裏閃爍。他滾到這一邊又滾到那一邊，晚上總要起來五次奏他的提琴。

他早上很要努力才能夠起來，走往醫院。還是那個麥克西木·尼古來，吩咐他用冷布包頭，給他藥粉；雅柯甫看他的面色聽他的腔調就曉得這是一件不好的事，非藥散所能治得好的。但是當他回家的時候他即反省到死了至少也是一件利益；死了就用不着吃飯，喝水，納稅，也用不着損害別人；況且一個人睡在墳裏不是一年，要睡千萬年的利益是非常的大。說句單簡話，一個人活在世上原是一宗損失，惟有死是利益。但是這樣的考慮雖然完全是公道的，卻是難受的，痛苦的；因為在這個世界上，一個人只生一次，爲什麼要這樣安排，使人生得不着利益就過去了？（雖是異想天開，卻是要詰問的。譯者註）

他並不是捨不得死，不過他一到了家，看見他的提琴，他的心就軟下來，又覺得捨不得啦。提琴是不能帶到墳墓裏的，只好留在世上做一個孤哀子，也會同赤楊樹林及松林一般，遭遇同樣的慘運（所謂與草木同腐。譯者註）。在這個世界上無一不朽腐，且會腐朽！雅柯甫走到小屋子的門口坐在門檻上，把提琴緊靠他的肩膀。他還在那裏想

life, full of decay and full of losses, he began to play, and as the tune poured out plaintively and touchingly, the tears flowed down his cheeks. And the harder he thought, the sadder was the song of the fiddle.

The latch creaked twice, and in the wicket door appeared Rothschild. The first half of the yard he crossed boldly, but seeing Yakov, he stopped short, shrivelled up, and apparently from fright began to make signs as if he wished to tell the time with his fingers.

"Come on, don't be afraid," said Yakov kindly, beckoning<sup>1</sup> him. "Come!"

With a look of distrust and terror Rothschild drew near and stopped about two yards away.

"Don't beat me, Yakov, it is not my fault!" he said, with a bow. "Moses Ilyich has sent me again. 'Don't be afraid!' he said, 'go to Yakov again and tell him that without him we cannot possibly get on. The wedding is on Wednesday. Shapovalov's daughter is marrying a wealthy man. . . . It will be a first-class wedding,'" added the Jew, blinking one eye.

"I cannot go," answered Yakov, breathing heavily. "I am ill, brother."

And again he took his bow, and the tears burst from his eyes and fell upon the fiddle. Rothschild listened attentively, standing by his side with arms folded upon his chest. The distrustful, terrified expression upon his face little by little changed into a look of suffering and grief, he rolled his eyes as if in an ecstasy of torment, and ejaculated "Wachchh!" And the tears slowly rolled down his

<sup>1</sup>beckoning, 招手



人生，人生全是朽腐，全是損失，他就起首奏樂，奏出的音調是悽慘的，動人的，他就淚流滿面。他越想得利害，提琴的音調越悽慘。

門門響了兩次，洛士柴爾特出現於小門中。他很大胆的走過第一個半段的院子，但是他一看見雅柯甫，就立住腳，縮作一團，從外表看來他是因為害怕，起首做手勢，好像是他想用手指報告時刻。

雅柯甫很和藹的說道，『你不要怕，只管來，你來呀！』他一面用手指招他。

洛士柴爾特帶着不相信及害怕的神色，走近些相離約兩碼，又站住了。

他點頭說道，『雅柯甫，你不要打我，原是我的錯。摩西·伊理治又打發我來。他說道：「你不要害怕，你再去找雅柯甫，你告訴他沒得他我們不能進行」。結婚在星期三日。沙普瓦羅的女兒嫁與一個富人。……』這個猶太人眨眨眼，加上一句，說道，『這是頭等結婚。』

雅柯甫呼吸得很為難，說道，『我不能去。兄弟呀，我有病。』

他又拿起弓來，眼淚從他的兩眼滾出來，滴在提琴上。洛士柴爾特留心聽，兩手交加放在胸前，站在他身邊。他臉上的不相信及害怕神色，慢慢變作痛苦及憂戚神色，他好像受苦到發狂，滾他的兩眼，喊道，『瓦去！』眼淚慢

## LA CIGALE

cheeks and made little black patches on his green frock-coat. All day long Yakov lay in bed and worried. With evening came the priest, and, confessing him, asked whether he had any particular sin which he would like to confess; and Yakov exerted his fading memory, and remembering Marfa's unhappy face, and the Jew's despairing cry when he was bitten by the dog, said in a hardly audible<sup>1</sup> voice:

“Give the fiddle to Rothschild.”

And now in the town everyone asks: Where did Rothschild get such an excellent fiddle? Did he buy it or steal it . . . or did he get it in pledge? Long ago he abandoned his flute, and now plays on the fiddle only. From beneath his bow issue the same mournful sounds as formerly came from the flute; but when he tries to repeat the tune that Yakov played when he sat on the threshold stone, the fiddle emits sounds so passionately sad and full of grief that the listeners weep; and he himself rolls his eyes and ejaculates “Wachchch!” . . . But this new song so pleases everyone in the town that wealthy traders and officials never fail to engage Rothschild for their social gatherings, and even force him to play it as many as ten times.

## LA CIGALE

### I

To Olga Ivanovna's wedding came all her friends and acquaintances.

“Look at him! Isn't it true there is something in him?”

audible, 可以聽得清楚。

慢滾下來，把他的綠掛子變作許多小黑塊。

雅柯甫終天躺在床上發愁。到了傍晚教士來了，叫他供認罪過，問他想想供認什麼特別罪過；雅柯甫記性薄弱了，很費力才記得瑪爾法的愁苦臉，當被狗咬的那個猶太人的絕望的叫喊，用幾乎聽不出來的聲音說道：

『把提琴給洛士柴爾特。』

現時在市鎮裏人人都問道：洛士柴爾特從那裏得來這樣一個頂好的提琴呀？他是買來的，抑或是偷來的……不然，是不是押來的？他久已摔開他的笛子了，現在只奏提琴。當他拉弓的時候，提琴發出悽慘聲音如同從前笛子發出來的一般；但是當他嘗試再奏雅柯甫所奏的音調時候，當他坐在門檻石上的時候，提琴發出的聲音極其熱烈的悽慘，又極其憂愁，旁聽的人無不下淚；他自己也滾他的兩個眼珠，喊道，『瓦去！』……但是這個新調能令鎮裏人人喜歡，所以有錢的商人及官吏們遇有請客的時候都要雇洛士柴爾特，有時甚至逼他奏十次。

## 一個放蕩女子

### 第一回

凡是奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納 (Olga Ivanovna) 的朋友們及熟人們全來賀她結婚。

她對他們說道，『你們看看他，他當真不是多少有點才能的麼？』她一面說一面對她的丈夫點頭，好像是要證

she said to them, nodding towards her husbands, as if to justify her marriage to this simple, commonplace, in no way remarkable man.

The bridegroom, Osip Stepanych Dymov, was a doctor, with the rank of Titular Councillor. He worked at two hospitals; in one as supernumerary ordinator; as dissector in the other. At one, from nine in the morning till midday, he received out-patients and worked in the wards; and, finished with this, he took a tram to the second hospital, and dissected bodies. His private practice was small, worth some five hundred rubles a year. That was all. What more could be said of him? On the other hand, Olga Ivanovna, her friends and acquaintances, were by no means ordinary. All were noted for something, and fairly well known; they had names; they were celebrated, or if not celebrated yet, they inspired great hope for the future. A talented actor, clever, modest, a fine gentleman, a master of declamation, who taught Olga Ivanovna to recite; a good-humoured opera-singer who told Olga Ivanovna with a sigh that she was throwing herself away—if she gave up idling and took herself in hand, she would make a famous singer; a few artists, chief of them the genre-ist, animal-, and landscape-painter Riabovsky, handsome, fair-haired, twenty-five, successful at exhibitions who sold his last picture for five hundred rubles—he touched up Olga Ivanovna's *études*, and predicted a future for her; a violoncellist, whose instrument wept, who frankly said that of all the women he knew Olga Ivanovna alone could accompany;<sup>1</sup> a man of letters, young, but already known

<sup>1</sup> accompany. 奏樂相陪

實她同這個老實，平常，並不是非常人結婚是有點道理的。

新郎姓狄摩甫名奧西普·斯狄潘尼治(Osip Stipan-nych Dymov)，是一個醫生，有參議銜。他在兩個醫院做事；在這間醫院他當一個額外久任醫生；在那間醫院他是一個解剖員。在這一間醫院他從早上九點起到中午，見外來的病人與在病房做事；這裏辦完事他坐街車往第二間醫院，解剖身體。他自己行醫所入不多，一年有五百盧布。全算在裏頭啦。我們還能夠替他說些什麼？在那一方面，奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納，她的朋友們及熟人們都不是等閒的人。全是有點名的，都是衆人所略曉得的；他們有名望；他們是聞名的，今若不聞名，也是將來會大有希望的。有一個有才能的戲子，聰明，謙虛，是一個很好的斯文人，是一個演說的好手，他教奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納背誦；有一個好脾氣的樂劇的唱歌人，曾對歎氣奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納說，她簡直是糟塌自己——她若不遊手好閒，她肯教她，她會變成一個有名的歌者；有不多的幾個美術家，最要緊的是一個畫平常生活，畫鳥獸與山水的畫師，名利亞坡斯基，美貌，淡黃色頭髮，二十五歲，展覽常得賞，他最後一幅畫買了五百盧布——他潤飾奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納的試作，預料她將來會成名；有一個提琴師，他的提琴會哭，他曾坦白的說道，在他所認得的全數女人裏頭，只有奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納能夠陪他奏樂；有一個文學家，是個少年，

for his short stories, sketches, and plays. Who else? Yes, Vasily Vasilych, country gentleman, dilettante<sup>1</sup> illustrator and vignettist, with his love of the national epos and his passion for old Russian art—on paper, china, and smoked plates he turned out veritable masterpieces. In such society—artistic, free, and spoiled by fate; and though delicate and modest; oblivious of<sup>2</sup> doctors save when ill; to whom ‘Dymov’ sounded as impersonal<sup>3</sup> as ‘Tarasov’ or ‘Sidorov’—in such society, the bridegroom seemed out-of-place, needless, and even insignificant, although he was really a very tall and very broad-shouldered man. His evening dress seemed made for some one else. His beard was like a shopman’s. Though it is true that had he been a writer or artist, this beard would have reminded them of Zola.

The artist told Olga Ivanovna that with her flaxen hair and wedding dress she was a graceful cherry-tree covered with tender, white blossoms in spring.

“No, but listen!” replied Olga Ivanovna, seizing his hand. “How suddenly all this happened! Listen, listen! . . . I should tell you that Dymov and my father were at the same hospital. While my poor father was ill, Dymov watched day and night at his bedside. Such self-sacrifice! Listen, Riabovsky! . . . And you, writer, listen—this is very interesting! Come nearer! Such sacrifice of self, such sincere concern! I myself could not sleep at night, and sat at my father’s bedside, and suddenly! . . . I captivated the poor young man! My Dymov was up to his neck in love! In truth, things

<sup>1</sup>dilettante, 只有一知半解的美術家      oblivious of, 忘記  
<sup>2</sup>impersonal. 沒得這個人

他編的短篇小說，雜記，及劇本，已經有名於時。此外還有些什麼人呀？有的，有一個名瓦西利·瓦西利治（Vasily Vasilych），是個鄉紳，他好美術，多少懂得一點，替書報畫小像及畫片，喜歡古時民族的歌謠及古時俄羅斯美術——他在紙上磁片上及煙草的片上製過許多真正傑作。在這樣的社會裏頭——人們好美術，尚自由，又被命運所糟塌，他們（雖然是精細的又是謙遜）除非有病，不然是忘記了世上有醫生的；他們聽見人說狄摩甫就好像無這個人，如同沒得塔拉瑣或西特洛——新郎在這樣的社會裏頭好像是無他的位置，是用不着的，他雖然確是一個身體很高肩膀很寬的人，人們全看不見他。他的晚服好像是替別人製的。他的鬍子好像是一個店裏夥記的。他誠然曾當過一個作者或一個美術家，他的鬍子令人追憶素拉（Zola）。（科學與美術積不相能久矣，此段說得很痛快。譯者註）

那個美術家告訴奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納說她的淡黃色頭髮與新郎衣服很像一株很好看的櫻桃樹，被春天放開的柔軟的白花蓋住。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納抓住他的手，答道，『不，你聽我說。全數這樣的事體發現得多們驟呀！你聽呀，你聽呀……我該告訴你，狄摩甫與我的父親同在一間醫院裏。當我的可憐父親有病的時候，狄摩甫日夜在他的病榻旁看護。這樣的犧牲自己！利亞坡斯基，你聽我說！……你這個作家，你聽我說呀——這是很有趣味的！你們走近些！這樣的犧牲自己，這樣的真心關切！我自己晚上不能睡，坐在我父親病榻邊，忽然！……我迷住那個可憐的少年！我的狄摩甫極其戀愛我。事體真是發生得很奇快。我父親死

happen strangely. Well, after my father's death we sometimes met in the street; he paid me occasional visits, and one fine evening suddenly—he proposed to me! . . . I cried all night, and myself fell in love with him. And now, you see, I am married. Don't you think there is something in him? Something strong, mighty, leonine! Just now his face is turned three-quarters from us and the light is bad, but when he turns round just look at his forehead! Riabovsky, what do you think of his forehead? Dymov, we are speaking of you.” She turned to her husband. “Come here! Give your honest hand to Riabovsky. . . . That's right. Be friends!”

With a simple, kindly smile, Dymov gave his hand to the artist, and said—

“I'm delighted! There was a Riabovsky at college with me. Was he a relation of yours?”

## II

Olga Ivanovna was twenty-two years old, Dymov thirty-one. After the marriage they lived well. Olga Ivanovna hung the drawing-room with drawings, her own and her friends', framed and unframed; and about the piano and furniture, arranged in pretty confusion Chinese parasols, easels, many-coloured draperies, poniards, busts, photographs. The dining-room she decked with the bright-coloured oleographs beloved by peasants, bast-shoes and sickles, and these, with the scythe and hay-rake in the corner, made a room in national style. To make her bedroom like a cave, she draped the ceiling and walls with dark cloth, hung a Venetian lantern over the bed, and set



後，我們有時在街上碰見；他有時來探我，有一天天氣很好的晚上，他忽然對我求親！我哭了一夜，我自己也愛上他。你們看呀，我現在嫁與他。你們想看，他不是有點好處麼？他有點強健，很有氣力，像獅子！現在他掉過四分之三的臉向那邊，光線不好，但是等到他掉過臉向我們的時候，你們看看他的額！利亞坡斯基，你看他的額怎麼樣？狄摩甫，我們正在說你。』她掉過臉向她的丈夫。『你過來呀！你把你的老實手給利亞坡斯基……好啦，你們得做朋友！』

狄摩甫很和藹的微笑，伸手給這個美術家，說道——

『我很歡喜！有一個利亞坡斯基與我同學。他是你的親屬麼？』

## 第二回

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納今年二十二歲，狄摩甫三十一歲。結婚後他們過活得好。奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納在客廳裏掛幾幅她自己的畫和他的朋友的畫，有有架子的有無架子的；在鋼琴及家具左右她擺了些中國陽傘，支畫的三足架，許多雜色的有畫的帳幔，短刀，半身像，照片。她裝飾飯廳是用鄉下人所愛的顏色光鮮的油印畫，樹皮鞋，鐮刀，房角上擺着銅刀與草耙，把一間屋子陳列到與本國風俗相合。她要把她的臥室裝成像一個山洞，她就用黑布蒙住天花板及四面的牆，床上掛一盞威尼斯燈，在門旁邊擺

near the door a figure with a halberd. And every one agreed that the young couple had a charming flat.

Rising every day at eleven, Olga Ivanovna sat at the piano, or, if the sun shone, painted in oils. At one o'clock she drove to her dressmaker's. As neither she nor Dymov was rich, many ingenious shifts were resorted to to keep her in the new-looking dresses which made such an impression on all. Pieces of old dyed cloth; worthless patches of tulle, lace, plush, and silk, came back from the dressmaker miracles, not dresses but ravishing dreams. Done with the dressmaker, Olga Ivanovna drove to some actress friend to learn theatrical news and get tickets for first-nights or benefits; thence to an artist's studio or picture gallery, ending up with some other celebrity whom she invited to visit her, or simply gossiped to. And those whom she counted celebrities and great men received her as an equal, and told her in one voice that if she did not throw away her opportunities, her talents, taste, and intellect would yield something really great. She sang, played, painted, modelled, acted in amateur theatricals; and did everything well: if she merely made lanterns for illuminations, or dressed herself up, or tied some one's necktie, the result was invariably graceful, artistic, charming. But none of her talents outshone her skill in meeting and getting on terms of intimacy with men of note. Let a man get the least reputation, or even be talked about, and in a single day she had met him, established friendly relations, and invited him to her home. And each new acquaintance was a festival in himself. She worshipped the well-known, was proud of them, and dreamed of them all night. Her thirst was insatiable. The old celebrities

一個手執一把長斧的偶像。人人都說這雙少年夫婦住在很可愛的一層房子。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納每天十一點鐘起來，坐在鋼琴前，若有太陽，她畫油畫。到了一點鐘她坐馬車到裁縫店。他們夫婦都不是有錢的，他們就得想出許多妙計才能夠使她常時穿好像是新的衣服，人們見了心裏都得了印像。從女裁縫所演的奇蹟回來，帶走的都是幾片舊的染色的布；不值一文錢的小塊的縐紗，花邊，天鵝絨，綉緞，不成其為衣服，不過是令人見了狂迷的若有若無的衣服。見過女裁縫後奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納就坐馬車到女戲子朋友家裏打聽戲劇消息，買第一天初演的票，或戲資全歸某一藝員的票；隨後到一個畫師的畫室或往畫院，最後往探別的有名的人，她去請這個名人探望她，不然只是同這個名人閒談。她所謂名人或闊人以同等階級接待她，衆口一辭的說假使她不會拋棄她的許多機會，她的才能，雅尚，及聰明當然會產生實在的偉大的製作。她會唱，會奏樂，會繪畫，會塑像，會演戲；樣樣都做得好：她若不過製燈懸掛，或打扮起來，或同人打一個領結，結果總是好看的，合於美術的，可愛的。她有種種才能，尤其能發異彩的才能就是她遇見名人們她很有手段同這些人親密。今有一個稍有名望的人，或是不過有人談到的人，她只要一天工夫就會找着這個人，做了朋友，請他到她家裏。她待每個新交的朋友如賀慶節一般。她崇拜有名望的人，以得交他們為榮，終夜夢他們。她的渴是不能解。舊時的名人們走

departed and were forgotten, and new celebrities replaced them; and to these last she grew accustomed in time; they lost their charm, so that she sought for more.

She dined at home with her husband at five o'clock. She was in ecstasies<sup>1</sup> over his simplicity, common sense, and good humour. She jumped up from her chair, embraced his head, and covered it with kisses.

"You are a clever, a noble man, Dymov!" she exclaimed. "You have only one drawback. You take no interest in art. You deny<sup>2</sup> music and painting."

"I don't understand them," he answered kindly. "All my life I have studied only science and medicine. I have no time for art."

"But that is awful, Dymov!"

"Why awful? Your friends know nothing of science or medicine, yet you don't blame them for that. To each man his own! I don't understand landscapes or operas, but I look at the matter thus: if talented men devote their lives to such things, and clever men pay vast sums for them, that means they are useful. I don't understand them, but not to understand does not mean to deny."

"Give me your hand! Let me press your honest hand!"

After dinner Olga Ivanovna drove away to her friends; after that followed theatres or concerts. She returned after midnight. And so every day.

On Wednesdays she gave evening parties. There were no cards and no dancing. Hostess and guests devoted themselves to art. The actor recited, the singer sang, artists sketched in Olga Ivanovna's numberless albums;

<sup>1</sup>in ecstasies, 狂喜欲狂. <sup>2</sup>deny, 不以為然.

了，她忘記了他們，有新的名人替代他們；她逐漸見慣這些新名人；輪到他們變作不可愛啦，她又去找新的。

她五點鐘在家同她的丈夫吃飯。她看見他老實，有常識，脾氣好，她就樂到發狂。她從椅子上跳起來，抱他的頭，滿頭全吻到。

她說道，『狄摩甫，你是一個聰明人，是一個高貴人！你只有一樣短處。你與美術無緣。你不以音樂與繪畫爲然。』

他很和藹的答道，『我不懂音樂及繪畫。我一生只是研究科學及醫學。我沒得時候研究美術。』

『狄摩甫，這卻是很可怕的呀！』

『爲什麼可怕？你的朋友們不懂科學或醫學你卻並不怪他們。名人有名人的研究！我不懂山水或樂劇；我卻是這樣看法：若是有才能的人儘畢生的精力用於這些事體上，聰明人肯爲這些事體花許多錢，可知這許多事體是很有用的。我不懂這許多技術，但是不懂得並不是不以爲然。』

『你把手給我！讓我緊抓你的老實手！』

吃過飯奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納又坐馬車去找她的朋友們；其後就是看戲或往音樂會。夜半後才歸家。每天都是這樣。

每逢星期三晚她請客。不打牌不跳舞。主客專演美術。戲子誦戲詞，唱歌的唱歌，畫師在奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納

the hostess painted, modelled, accompanied, and sang. In the pauses between these recreations, they talked of books, the theatre, and art. No women were present, because Olga Ivanovna considered all women, except actresses and dressmakers, tiresome and contemptible. When the hall bell rang the hostess started, and exclaimed triumphantly, "It's he!" meaning thereby some newly met celebrity. Dymov kept out of sight, and few remembered his existence. But at half-past eleven the dining-room door flew open, and Dymov appeared with a kindly smile, rubbing his hands, and said—

"Come, gentlemen, to supper!"

Whereupon all thronged to the dining-room, and each time found awaiting them the same things: a dish of oysters, a joint of ham or veal, sardines, cheese, caviare, mushrooms, vodka, and two decanters of wine.

"My dear *maitre d'hôtel*!" cried Olga Ivanovna, waving her hands ecstatically. "You are simply adorable! Gentlemen, look at his forehead! Dymov, show us your profile. Look at him, gentlemen: it is the face of a Bengal tiger with an expression as kind and good as a deer's. My sweetheart!"

And the guests ate steadily and looked at Dymov. But soon they forgot his presence, and returned to theatre, music, and art.

The young couple were happy. Their life, it seemed, flowed as smoothly as oil. But the third week of the honey-moon was crossed by a cloud. Dymov got erysipelas at the hospital, and his fine black hair was cut off.

的無數畫冊上作畫；女主人繪畫，塑像，陪伴奏樂唱歌。演過一種之後他們稍停，談書籍，戲院，及繪畫。這種聚會沒得女客，因為奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納只看重女戲子及女裁縫，其餘的女人她全看不起，她討厭他們。堂屋的鐘一響，女主人就跳起來很得意的喊道，『這是他，』她的意思是說新遇着的名人到啦。狄摩甫避開不見面，不過不多的幾個客記得有他這個人。但是一到了十一點半鐘，飯廳門大開，狄摩甫搓搓兩手，滿面和氣，微笑說道，『諸位，請來吃晚餐！』

於是客人全擠進飯廳，每次總看見同樣的食品擺好了等候他們：一盤鱈房，一大塊火腿或小牛肉，沙丁魚，牛乳腐，魚子，香蕈，燒酒，還有兩瓶葡萄酒。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納搖着兩手高興到發狂的喊道，『我的寶貝大總管（以此稱丈夫，妙極。譯者註），你簡直是好到可以崇拜！諸位，請看看他的額！狄摩甫你把你的側面給我們看看。諸位，看看他：這是一個孟加刺老虎臉，神氣卻是好的，和藹的，同鹿的臉一般。我的香甜愛人呀！』

客人們不慌不忙的吃，看看狄摩甫。但是不久他們忘記有他這個人，又談戲院，音樂，與繪畫。

這一對少年夫婦過歡樂生活。他們的生活過得很順溜，如油流出那麼順溜。但是他們度蜜月度到第三個星期就有雲霧衝過啦。狄摩甫在醫院得了丹毒病，把一頭好看

Olga Ivanovna sat with him and cried bitterly, but when he got better she bound a white handkerchief around his head and sketched him as a Bedouin. And both were happy. Three days after he had returned to hospital a second misfortune occurred.

"I am in bad luck, mama!" he said at dinner. "To-day I had four dissections, and I cut two fingers. I noticed it only just now."

Olga Ivanovna was frightened. But Dymov smiled, dismissed the accident as a trifle, and said that he cut himself often.

"I am carried away by my work, mama, and forget what I'm about."

Olga Ivanovna dreaded blood-poisoning, and at night prayed to God. But no consequences followed, and life, serene and happy, flowed without trouble or alarm. The present was all delight, and behind it came spring—spring already near, beaming and beckoning, with a thousand joys. Pleasures it promised without end. In April, May and June a villa far from town, with walks, fishing, studies, nightingales. From June till autumn the artists' tour on the Volga, and in this tour, as member of the Artists' Association, Olga Ivanovna would take part. She had already ordered two expensive dresses of gingham, and laid in a stock of colours, brushes, canvas, and a new palette. Almost every day came Riabovsky to watch her progress in painting. When she showed him her work he thrust his hands deep in his pockets, compressed tightly his lips, grunted, and said—

"So! . . . This cloud of yours glares; the light is not right for evening. The foreground is somehow chewed up,



的黑頭髮全薙了。奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納坐着陪他，哭得很傷心，等到他病好了的時候，她用一條白手帕裹他的頭，當他是一種阿刺伯人，畫他一個像（更妙。譯者註）。他們兩人都歡樂。他回去醫院三天後，又遇着第二件不幸的事。

吃飯的時候他說道，『媽媽，我走惡運。今天我剖解四次，我割傷兩指。剛才我才看見。』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納驚恐。狄摩甫卻微笑，當是一件小事就不注意了，他還說他屢次割傷他自己。

『媽媽，我很專心做我的事，我就忘記我做些什麼。』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納怕他曾得了血中毒的病，晚上祈禱上帝。好在並無什麼後患，生活過得平安與歡樂，無災無難的過去。眼前全是快樂，往後快到春天——春天已經來得很近啦，帶着滿臉的歡樂，對他們招手。答應他們無窮的快樂。四月，五月，六月住在離鎮市很遠的別業裏，散步，釣魚，讀書，聽鶯兒啼。從六月到秋天，美術家們在倭爾格河上遊行，奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納原是美術會中人，她會加入遊行。她已經定製兩身貴重的柳條布的衣服，置備許多顏料，畫筆畫布，與一個新的調色板。利亞坡斯基幾乎每天來看她繪畫的進步。她把她的工作給他看，他的兩手深深的插入他的衣袋裏，緊閉兩唇，作豬叫聲，說道——

『哦！……你的這片雲太過閃光；傍晚的光繪得不對。前景有多少太亂，那裏有點什麼，你明白……這間小房子

and there is something, you understand. . . . And the cabin is somehow crushed . . . you should make that corner a little darker. But on the whole it's not bad. . . . I can praise it."

And the less intelligibly he spoke the better Olga Ivanovna understood.

### III

After dinner, on the second day of Trinity week, Dymov bought some *hors d'œuvres* and sweets and took train for his villa in the country. Two whole weeks he had not seen his wife, and he longed to be with her again. During the journey and afterwards, as he searched for the villa in a big wood, he felt hungry and fatigued, and rejoiced at the thought of supping in freedom with his wife and having a sound sleep. So, looking at his parcel of caviare, cheese, and white-fish, he felt happy.

Before he found the villa the sun had begun to set. The old servant said that her mistress was not at home, but that she would soon return. The villa, a very ugly villa, with low ceilings, papered with writing-paper, and uneven, chinky floors, contained only three rooms. In one was a bed, in another canvas, brushes, dirty paper, and men's clothes and hats scattered on chairs and window-sills; and in the third Dymov found three strangers, two dark and bearded, the third—evidently an actor—clean-shaven and stout.

"What do you want?" asked the actor in a bass voice, looking at Dymov shyly. "You want Olga Ivanovna? Wait; she'll be back shortly."

有點太過堆在一起……那一角應該稍黑些。大概而論，還算過得去……我能稱讚這幅畫。』

他越說得不清楚奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納越明白他（多麼挖苦。譯者註）。

### 第三回

復活節後第一個星期的第二天，狄摩甫飯後買了些食前的小菜與糖果，坐火車往他的鄉間的別業。有兩個整星期他不曾見他的夫人，他很想同她再在一起。當他在路上與後來，那時候在一個大樹林裏找這所別業，他覺得又飢又渴，他一想到同他的夫人自由吃晚餐與酣睡一覺，他就很快樂。他看看他那包魚子，乳腐和白魚，他覺得歡樂。

他還未找着別業，太陽已經起首下去啦。老僕說她的女主人不在家，又說不久就回來的。這所別業是一所很難看的別業，天花板很低，用寫字紙糊房子，地板既不平，且作聲響，只有三間屋子。一間屋子裏頭有一張床，另一間屋子裏頭有畫布，畫筆，髒紙，男人們的衣服與帽子，亂摔在桌子上及窗台上；狄摩甫走進第三間屋子，看見三個素不相識的人，兩個臉色是黑的，有鬍子，第三個——顯然是一個戲子——身胖，鬍子薙得光光的。

戲子用低沉聲音問道，『你要什麼呀，』一面帶着畏羞神色看他。『你找奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納麼？你且等着；她不久就回來啦。』

Dymov sat down and waited. One of the dark men, looking at him drowsily and lazily, poured tea into his glass and asked—

“Would you like some tea?”

Dymov wanted both to eat and drink, but, fearing to spoil his appetite, he refused the tea. Soon afterwards came footsteps and a familiar laugh; the door flew open, and in came Olga Ivanovna wearing a big hat. On her arm hung a basket, and behind her, with a big parasol and a deck-chair, came merry, rosy-cheeked Riabovsky.

“Dymov!” cried Olga Ivanovna, radiant<sup>1</sup> with joy. “Dymov!” she repeated, laying her head and both hands on his shoulder. “It is you? Why did you not come sooner? Why? Why?”

“I couldn’t, mama! I am always busy, and when I end my work there’s generally no train.”

“How glad I am you’ve come! I dreamed of you all, all last night. *Akh*, if you knew how I love you—and how opportunely you’ve come! You are my saviour! Tomorrow we have a most original wedding.” She laughed and re-tied her husband’s tie. “A young telegraphist at the station, a certain Chikeldeyev, is going to be married. A handsome boy, not at all stupid; in his face, you know, there’s something strong, bearish. . . . He’d sit admirably as model for a Varangian. We are all interested in him, and promised to come to the wedding. . . . He is a poor man, solitary and shy, and it would be a sin to refuse. Imagine! . . . after church there’ll be the wedding, then all go to the bride’s house . . . you understand . . . the

<sup>1</sup> radiant, 發光.

狄摩甫坐下等。有一個面黑的人，睡不醒的，懶懶的看看他，把茶倒入盞裏，問道——

『你要吃點茶麼？』

狄摩甫要吃喝，他却惟恐敗了胃，不要吃茶。不久以後就聽見腳步聲與聽慣的大笑聲（未見其人先聞其聲。譯者註）；房門飛開了，奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納走進來，頭戴一頂大帽。她的一隻手掛着一個籃子，在她背後跟着進來的就是玫瑰紅色臉的利亞坡斯基，一手拿着一把大傘，一手拿着一把活動椅。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納歡喜到臉上發亮，喊道，『狄摩甫呀。』她又喊道，『狄摩甫呀，』她把她的頭與她的兩手全放在他的肩上。『原來是你麼？你爲什麼不早些來？爲什麼？爲什麼？』

『媽媽，我不能早些來。我常是忙的，等到我辦完事的時候，居多都是沒得火車啦。』

『你來了我是多麼歡喜呀！我夢你，我昨晚終夜夢你。呀哈，你若曉得我多麼戀愛你——你來得正合時候。你是我的救星！明天我們有一種最新創的結婚。』她大笑，再同她的丈夫打領結。『車站上有一個少年電報員，名吉開第甫（Chikeldeyev），快要娶親啦。他是一個美貌孩子，並不愚蠢；你要曉得，他的臉上有點剛強，有點粗野——他可以作一個拜占庭皇帝侍衛的很好模特兒。我們都關切他，全答應去看他行結婚禮……他是個窮人，既孤獨又羞怯，不答應去就是罪過，試想像看！……教堂念經後就行結婚禮，隨後我們全到新郎的房子……你明白……

woods, the birds' songs, sun-spots on the grass, and we ourselves—variegated spots on a bright green background. . . . Most original, quite in the style of the French impressionists! But what am I to wear, Dymov? I have nothing here, literally nothing. . . . No dress, no flowers, no gloves! . . . You must save me. Your arrival means that fate is on my side. Here are the keys, sweetheart! take the train home and bring my rose-coloured dress from the wardrobe. You know it; it's the first you'll see. Then in the chest of drawers—the bottom right-hand drawer—you'll find two boxes. At the top there's only tulle and other rags, but underneath you'll find flowers. Bring all the flowers—carefully! I don't know . . . then I'll choose. . . . And buy me some gloves."

"All right," said Dymov. "I'll get them to-morrow!"

"How to-morrow?" asked Olga Ivanovna, looking at him with surprise. "You can't do it to-morrow. The first train leaves at nine, and the wedding is at eleven. No, dear; go to-night! If you can't get back yourself to-morrow send a messenger. The train is nearly due. Don't miss it, my soul!"

"All right!"

"*Akh*, how sorry I am to have to send you!" she said, and tears came into her eyes. "Why did I promise the telegraph clerk, like a fool!"

Dymov hastily gulped down a glass of tea, and, still smiling kindly, returned to the station. And the caviare, the cheese, and the white-fish were eaten by the actor and the two dark men.

……樹林，鳥啼，太陽點子在青草地上，還有我們自己……許多顏色的點子在光明的綠色背景上……這是最創新的，很像法蘭西的印像家的派頭！但是狄摩甫，我穿什麼衣服？我在這裏什麼都沒有，簡直的是全沒有……無衣服，無花，無手套！你必得救我。你現在到了，就是命運幫助我。我的香甜的愛人，這是幾把鑰匙！你坐火車回家，從我的衣櫥裏找出那件玫瑰紅色的衣服帶到這裏來。你是曉得的，你所看見的第一件就是的。隨後在五桶櫃裏頭的櫥底的右手的抽屜，你會看見兩個箱子。頭一個箱子只是作衣邊的網紗與其他破布，底下却是花。你小心把花全帶來！我不曉得……隨後我自挑選……你替我買幾雙手套。』

狄摩甫說道，『好呀，我明天拿來！』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納很詫異的看看他，問道，『怎麼樣明天才去拿？你明天不能拿啦。第一次火車九點鐘開，十一點鐘行結婚禮。寶貝，不能的；你今晚就得去！你若明天不能回來，你就打發人送來。火車快要開啦。我的靈魂，你不要趕不上火車！』

『好吧！』

她兩眼含淚說道，『哈呀，我打發你去我心裏是多麼難過呀！我為什麼同傻子一樣，答應過那個管電報的人！』

狄摩甫匆匆咽下一盃茶，還是很和藹的微笑，回到火車站。他所帶來的魚子，乳腐，與白魚，被那個戲子及兩個臉黑的人吃了。

## IV

It was a still moonlight night of July. Olga Ivanovna stood on the deck of a Volga steamer and looked now at the river, now at its beautiful banks. Beside her stood Riabovsky, and affirmed that the black shadows on the water were not shadows but a dream; that this magic stream with its fantastic shimmer, this unfathomable<sup>1</sup> sky, these mournful banks—which expressed but the vanity of life, and the existence of something higher, something eternal, something blessed—called to us to forget ourselves, to die, to fade into memories. The past was trivial and tedious, the future insignificant; and this magic night, this one night of life, would soon be past. would have hurried into eternity. Why, then, live?

And Olga Ivanovna listened, first to Riabovsky's voice, then to the midnight silence, and thought that she was immortal, and would never die. The river's turquoise hue, a hue she had never seen before, the sky, the banks, the black shadows, and the irresponsible<sup>2</sup> joy which filled her heart, all whispered to her that she would become a great artist, that somewhere far away, beyond these distances, beyond the moonlight night, somewhere in infinite space there awaited success and glory, and the love of the world. When she looked earnestly into the distance, she saw crowds, lights; she heard solemn music and cries of rapture; she saw herself in a white dress surrounded by flowers cast at her from all sides. And she believed that here beside her, leaning on the bulwark.

<sup>1</sup>unfathomable, 不能探到底. <sup>2</sup>irresponsible, 不能負責.



第四回

今晚仍然是七月裏有月光的一夜。奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納站在一條在倭爾格河來往的輪船船面上，一回看看河，一回看看河的有美麗風景的兩岸。利亞坡斯基站在她身邊，他說水上的黑影不是影，是一片夢，他說這條神祕的河，帶着奇形怪狀的閃爍，這片不能試探的天，這樣的愁慘的兩岸……這不過表示人世的虛榮，與有更高的事物存在，有永恆的，受福的事物存在——就喚起我們忘記我們自己，叫我們死，叫我們化爲已往。已往是不相干的，是令人厭倦的，將來是無所表示的；今天這樣的神祕的一夜，今晚這樣的生活，不久又成過去啦，匆匆的走入永恆啦。既是這樣，我們爲什麼要過活？

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納那時聽利亞坡斯基說話，隨後聽聽半夜的寂靜，她想她是長生不死的，永遠不會死的。河的湖水色，這是她向來未見過的，天，兩岸，許多黑影，塞滿她的心裏的不負責任的歡樂，全低聲對她說她會變作一個大美術家，還對她說在遠處，離這裏很遠，在月夜的那邊，在無限的空間，有功名及榮耀，和世界的愛等候她，當她很留神看遠處的時候，她看見許多羣的人，許多光；她聽見肅穆的音樂與歡喜欲狂的叫喊聲；她看見自己穿了白衣服，四面八方的人對她擲花，這許多花包圍她。她相信有一個人在她身旁靠着船邊，站着一個偉大人物，一

stood a really great man, a genius, the elected of God. He had already accomplished things beautiful, new, uncommon; what he would do when time had ripened his great talents would be greater immeasurably—that was written legibly in his face, his expressions, his relations to the world around. Of the shadows, the hues of nights, the moonlight, he spoke in language all his own, and unconsciously betrayed the power of his magic<sup>1</sup> mastery<sup>2</sup> over Nature. He was handsome and original; and his life, unhampered, free, alien<sup>3</sup> to the trifles of the world, seemed the life of a bird.

“It is getting cold!” said Olga Ivanovna, shuddering.

Riabovsky wrapped her in his cloak and said mournfully—

“I feel myself in your power. I am a slave. Why are you so ravishing to-night?”

He looked at her steadily, and his eyes were so terrible that she feared to look at him.

“I love you madly . . .” he whispered, breathing against her cheek. “Say to me but one word, and I will not live . . . I will abandon my art. . . .” He stammered in his extreme agitation. “Love me, love. . . .”

“Don’t speak in that way!” said Olga Ivanovna, closing her eyes. “It is terrible. And Dymov?”

“What is Dymov? Why Dymov? What have I to do with Dymov? The Volga, the moon, beauty, my love, my raptures . . . and no Dymov at all! . . . *Akh*, I know nothing. . . . I do not want the past; give me but one moment . . . one second!”

<sup>1</sup>magic, 神祕. <sup>2</sup>mastery, 節制. <sup>3</sup>alien, 異於; 厭棄; 異類.

個天才，是上帝的選人。他已經完成許多美的，新的，非常的事物。等到時候使他的天才成熟，他所做的事會變作不可限量的更偉大——這是顯得很清楚的寫在他的臉上，他的神氣上，他與全世界的關係上。他對於那許多影子，晚上的各種顏色，月光，他全用他的自己的語言說，又不知不覺的流露出有節制自然的神祕權力。他是個美貌人，又是有創解的；他的生活是無拘管的，自由的，不理世界的瑣事，好像是一隻鳥的生活。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納發抖，說道，『天氣變得很冷啦！』

利亞坡斯基把他的大衣裹住她，慘然的說道——

『我覺得我在你的權力裏頭。我是一個奴隸。今晚你爲什麼這樣把人迷到發狂呀？』

他定睛看她，他的兩眼很可怕，她不敢看他。

他對着她的臉呼吸，附耳低聲說道，『我愛你到發狂……你只要對我說一個字，我就不願活啦……我拋棄我的美術啦……』他震動到極點，期期的說道……『你愛我，愛……』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納閉了眼說道，你不要這樣說話。這樣說話是很可怕的。『狄摩甫怎麼樣？』

『狄摩甫是什麼？爲什麼說到狄摩甫？我同狄摩甫有什麼相干？倭爾格河，月亮，美貌，我的愛情，我的歡喜欲狂……那裏並無什麼狄摩甫呀！……呀哈！我什麼全不曉得……我不要既往啦；你只要給我一分鐘……一秒鐘！』

Olga Ivanovna's heart beat quickly. She tried to think of her husband; but her whole past, her marriage, Dymov, even the evening parties seemed to her trivial, contemptible, dull, needless, and remote. . . . And, indeed, who was Dymov? Why Dymov? What had she to do with Dymov? Did he exist really in Nature; was he only a dream?

"He has had more happiness than he could expect, a simple and ordinary man," she thought, closing her eyes. "Let them condemn me, let them curse me; but I will take all and perish, take all and perish. . . . We must experience everything in life. . . . Lord, how painful and how good!"

"Well, what? What?" stammered the artist, embracing her. He kissed her hands greedily, while she strove to withdraw them. "You love me? Yes? Yes? O what a night! O night divine!"

"Yes, what a night!" she whispered, looking into his eyes which glittered with tears. Then she looked around her, clasped her arms about him, and kissed him firmly on the lips.

"We are near Kineshma," said a voice somewhere across the deck.

Heavy footsteps echoed behind them. A waiter passed from the buffet.

"Waiter!" cried Olga Ivanovna, laughing and crying in her joy. "Bring us some wine."

Pale with excitement, the artist sat on a bench, and stared at Olga Ivanovna with grateful, adoring eyes. But in a moment he shut these eyes, and said with a weary smile—

"I am tired."

And he leaned his head against the bulwark.

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納的心跳得很快。她嘗試想她的丈夫；但是她的全個既往，她的結婚，狄摩甫，連晚上同美術家們聚會，據她看來，全變作極不要緊的，可鄙的，無味的，無用的，相離很遠的……當真狄摩甫是誰呀？爲什麼要想到狄摩甫呀？她同狄摩甫有什麼相干呀？在自然裏頭當真有過他麼；他不是一場夢麼？（這是一個美術家的思想。譯者註）

她閉着眼想道，『他已經得過許多歡樂，多過他所能期望的，他不過是一個老實人，平常人。世人只管判我的罪，只管詛罵我；但是我甘受全數譴責而死，甘受全數的譴責而死……我們生在世上必得要嘗過全數的滋味……主呀，這是多麼痛苦又多麼甜美呀！』

這個畫師抱住她，期期的說道，『什麼呀？什麼呀！』他亂吻她的兩手，她一面掙扎要擺脫開。『你愛我麼？愛我麼？愛我麼？這是什麼一夜呀！神聖的夜呀！』

她看他的有光的眼淚，低聲說道，『是呀，是什麼一夜呀！她隨即四面看看，兩手抱住他，用力吻他的唇。』

那邊船面上有人說道，『我們走近金尼士瑪啦。』

他們聽見背後有很重的腳步聲，原來是一個侍役從小食堂出來在這裏走過。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納快樂到又笑又哭，喊道，『侍役！拿點葡萄酒給我們。』

這個畫師受了驚擾臉上作灰白色，坐在長凳上，用感激及崇拜的眼瞪着奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納。不過一會子他就閉了眼，帶着困倦的微笑說道——

『我困倦啦。』

他的頭靠着船邊。

The second of September was warm and windless but dull. Since early morning a light mist had wandered across the Volga, and at nine o'clock it began to rain. There was no hope of a clear sky. At breakfast Riabovsky told Olga Ivanovna that painting was the most thankless and tedious of arts, that he was no artist, and that only fools thought him talented. Then, for no cause whatever, he seized a knife and cut to pieces his best study. After breakfast, in bad humour, he sat at a window and looked at the river, and found it without life—dull, dead, and cold. All around spoke of frowning autumn's approach. It seemed already that the green carpet on the banks, the diamond flashes from the water, the clear blue distances—all the vanity and parade of Nature had been taken from the Volga and packed in a box until the coming spring; and that the ravens flying over the river mocked it and cried, "Naked! Naked!" Riabovsky listened to their cry, and brooded on the exhaustion and loss of his talent: and he thought that all the world was conditional, relative, and stupid, and that he should not have tied himself up with this woman. In one word he was out of spirits, and sulked.

On her bed behind the partition, pulling at her pretty hair, sat Olga Ivanovna; and pictured herself at home, first in the drawing-room, then in her bedroom, then in her husband's study; imagination bore her to theatres, to her dressmaker, to her friends. What was Dymov doing now? Did he think of her? The season had already begun; it was time to think of the evening parties. And

第五回

九月二日天暖無風，却很沉悶。自從侵晨以來就有輕霧布滿倭爾格河上，到了九點鐘就起首下雨。無晴天的希望了。吃早飯的時候利亞坡斯基對奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納說，繪畫是美術中最勞而無功的，又是厭悶的，他並說他並不是畫師，又說惟有傻子以為他有才能。隨後他毫無理由的抓住一把小刀把他的最好的畫割碎了。早飯後，他不高興，他坐在窗口看河，見得無生趣——沉悶的，死的，冷的。四圍都表示縐眉頭的秋天到啦。這時候兩岸其綠如茵的草地，水面所閃的金剛鑽的光，遠遠的晴朗的一片青色——自然所賣弄的全數虛榮，好像從倭爾格河全拿走了，裝在一個箱子裏，要等到明春再陳列出來；在河上飛過的烏鴉，恥笑這條河，喊道，『赤條條的！赤條條的！』利亞坡斯基聽鴉叫，默默的尋思他是才盡了，全喪失了：他又想到世事原是有待的，相對的，蠢笨的，他就不該受這個女人的束縛。說句單簡話，他是提不起精神，在那裏納悶。

奧爾伽·伊諾萬甫納躺在板壁後的牀上，拖她的好看頭髮；她想像她自己在家裏，初時在客廳，隨後在她的臥室，隨後在她的丈夫的書房；幻想送她到戲院，送她到女裁縫店，送她到她的朋友家裏。現時狄摩甫作什麼？他會想及她麼？應酬的時期已經起首啦；應該想到晚上的宴會

Dymov? Dear Dymov! How kindly, with what infantile complaints, he begged her in his letters to come home! Every month he sent her seventy-five rubles, and when she wrote that she had borrowed a hundred from the artists he sent her also that hundred. The good, the generous man! Olga Ivanovna was tired of the tour; she suffered from tedium, and wished to escape as soon as possible from the muzhiks, from the river damp, from the feeling of physical uncleanness caused by living in huts and wandering from village to village. Had Riabovsky not promised his brother artists to stay till the twentieth of September, they might have left at once. And how good it would be to leave!

"My God!" groaned Riabovsky. "Will the sun ever come out? I cannot paint a landscape without the sun!"

"But your study of a cloudy sky?" said Olga Ivanovna, coming from behind the partition. "You remember, the one with the trees in the foreground to the right, and the cows and geese at the left. You could finish that."

"What?" The artist frowned. "Finish it? Do you really think I'm so stupid that I don't know what to do?"

"What I do think is that you've changed to me!" sighed Olga Ivanovna.

"Yes; and that's all right."

Olga Ivanovna's face quivered; she went to the stove and began to cry.

"We only wanted tears to complete the picture! Do stop! I have a thousand reasons for crying, but I don't cry."

"A thousand reasons!" burst out Olga Ivanovna. "The chief reason is that you are tired of me. Yes!" She began



啦。狄摩甫呢？寶貝狄摩甫！他寫過幾封信，寫得很和氣，用稚氣的不滿意的話，求她回家！他每月送她七十五盧布，她寫信說她從藝術家們借了一百盧布，他又送她一百盧布。這個好人，這個慷慨人呀！奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納厭倦了遠遊；她受厭悶的苦，她要儘她的所能，趕快離開那許多鄉下人與河上的潮濕，她住在鄉間的小屋子裏，從這個村莊到那個村莊，覺得身體不潔，趕快要離開。利亞坡斯基不是答應過他的同業們，要住到九月二十的麼，他們其實很可以立刻離開這個地方，離開會有多麼好呀！

利亞坡斯基呻吟道，『我的上帝呀！太陽幾時再肯出來呀？沒得太陽我不能畫山水！』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納從板壁後走出來說道，『你所試畫的多雲的天怎麼樣啦？你記得嗎，那幅前景右手有許多樹，左手有幾條母牛及幾隻鵝。你可以畫完這一幅。』

畫師縐眉說道，『什麼呀？畫完這一幅麼？難道你當真以為我愚蠢到不曉得作什麼嗎？』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納歎氣說道，『我只曉得你對待我改變了態度啦！』

『是的；這不是錯的。』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納的臉顫動；她走到火爐邊，起首哭啦。

『我們只要些眼淚就好完成那幅畫啦！你莫哭！我有一千個理由啼哭，我卻不哭。』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納喊道，『一千個理由嗎！最要緊的理由就是你討厭我了。是呀！』她起首嗚咽。『我把實情告

to sob. "I will tell you the truth: you are ashamed of your love. You try to hide it, to prevent the others noticing, but that is useless, because they knew about it long ago."

"Olga, I ask only one thing," said the artist imploringly. He put his hand to his ear. "One thing only; do not torture me! I want nothing more from you!"

"Then swear to me that you love me still!"

"This is torture!" hissed Riabovsky through his teeth. He jumped up. "It will end in my throwing myself into the Volga, or going out of my mind. Leave me alone!"

"Then kill me! Kill me!" cried Olga Ivanovna. "Kill me!"

She again sobbed, and retired behind the partition. Raindrops pattered on the cabin roof. Riabovsky with his hands to his head walked from corner to corner; then with a determined face, as if he wanted to prove something, put on his cap, took his gun, and went out of the hut.

When he left, Olga Ivanovna lay on her bed and cried. At first she thought that it would be good to take poison, so that Riabovsky on his return would find her dead. But soon her thoughts bore her back to the drawing-room and to her husband's study; and she fancied herself sitting quietly beside Dymov, enjoying physical rest and cleanliness; and spending the evening listening to *Cavalleria Rusticana*. And a yearning for civilisation, for the sound of cities, for celebrities filled her heart. A peasant woman entered the hut, and lazily prepared the stove for dinner. There was a smell of soot, and the air turned blue from smoke. Then in came several artists in muddy top boots, their faces wet with rain; and they looked at the drawings,

訴你：你以愛我爲恥。你嘗試遮掩你的愛情，免得被他人們看見，這都是無用的，他們早已曉得了。』

畫師哀求她說道，『奧爾伽，我只求你一件事。』他把手放在他自己的耳邊。『我只求你一件事；求你不要施酷刑於我。我再不要你別的啦！』

『既是這樣，你得對我發誓你仍然愛我！』

他咬牙，嘶嘶的說道，『這就是酷刑！』他跳起來。『歸根我要投倭爾格河死，不然我會變瘋了。你走開，不要麻煩我！』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納喊道，『你不如殺了我！殺了我！殺了我！』

她又嗚咽，走回板壁後。雨點拍達拍達的打在小屋頂上。利亞坡斯基兩手握住頭從這一角走到那一角；隨後他臉上露出果決神色，好像要證實一件事，戴上小帽，拿了他的鎗，走出小房。

他一走了，奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納躺在她的牀上哭。初時她想到最好莫如服毒，利亞坡斯基回來會看見她死了。不久她却想到回去客廳與她丈夫的書房；她想像她自己安安靜靜的坐在狄摩甫身邊，享受身體的休息與潔淨；晚上聽 *Cavalleria Rusticana*。她心裏渴想文明，想聽城市的聲音，想見名人。一個鄉下女人走進小房子，懶懶的生火造飯。她聞見一陣陣的煙味，房裏全是煙，空氣變作藍色。隨後有幾個美術家進來，長統靴全是泥，臉上是雨點子；他們看看幾幅畫，他們說天氣雖然不好，倭爾格河卻

and consoled themselves by saying that even in bad weather the Volga had its especial charm. The cheap clock on the wall ticked away; half-frozen flies swarmed in the ikon-corner and buzzed; and cockroaches could be heard under the benches.

Riabovsky returned at sunset. He flung his cap on the table, and, pale, tired, and muddy, dropped on a bench and shut his eyes.

"I am tired," he said, and wrinkled his brows, trying to open his eyes.

To show him kindness, and prove that her anger had passed, Olga Ivanovna came up to him, kissed him silently, and drew a comb through his long, fair hair.

"What are you doing?" he asked, starting as if something cold had touched him. He opened his eyes. "What are you doing? Leave me alone, I beg of you!"

He repulsed her with both hands; and his face seemed to express repugnance and vexation. The peasant woman cautiously brought him a plate, and Olga Ivanovna noticed how she stuck her big fingers in the soup. And the dirty peasant woman with her pendent stomach, the soup which Riabovsky ate greedily, the hut, which she had loved at first for its plainness and artistic disorder, seemed to her unbearable. She felt a deep sense of offence, and said coldly—

"We must part for a time, otherwise we'll only quarrel seriously out of sheer tedium. I am tired of this. I am going to-day."

"Going, how? On the steamer?"

"To-day is Thursday—there is a steamer at half-past nine."

有特別的可愛風景，他們說這句話聊以自慰。牆上的一個不值錢的鐘只管走；未凍僵的蒼蠅堆在擺神像的角落上轟轟的響；還能聽見椅子底下有許多蜚螞叫。

利亞坡斯基日落時回來。他把他的小帽摔在桌上，他的臉色淡白，精神疲倦，渾身是泥，坐在長凳上閉上兩眼。

他說道，『我疲倦了，』縐眉頭，嘗試睜大眼。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納要表示她親愛他，證實她的怒氣已經過去了，就走到他身邊，不響的吻他，拿一隻梳子梳他長的淡黃色頭髮。

他好像覺得有什麼冷東西摩了他，跳起來，問道，『你作什麼？』他睜開眼。『你作什麼？我求你走開，不要管我！』

他用兩手推她；他的臉上露出討厭和煩惱神色。鄉下女人很小心的送他一盤湯，奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納看見她的手指浸入湯裏。她看見這個骯髒鄉下女人拖着她的垂下來的肚子，看見利亞坡斯基很飢餓的吃湯，又看見她最初所喜歡的無裝飾與合畫意的無秩序的小房子，她現在好像受不了。她覺他很不高興，她就冷冷的說道——

『我們必得分手幾時，不然，我們會因為煩悶很嚴重的爭吵起來。我討厭這種情景。我今天走。』

『你怎樣走呀？坐輪船走麼？』

『今天是星期四——九點半鐘有輪船開。』

“Eh? Yes! . . . All right, go,” said Riabovsky softly, using a towel for a table-napkin. “It’s tiresome here for you, and there’s nothing to do. Only a great egoist would try to keep you. Go . . . we will meet after the twentieth.”

Olga Ivanovna, in good spirits, packed her clothes. Her cheeks burnt with pleasure. “Is it possible?” she asked herself. “Is it possible I shall soon paint in the drawing-room and sleep in a bedroom and dine off a tablecloth?” Her heart grew lighter, and her anger with the artist disappeared.

“I’ll leave you the colours and brushes, Riabusha,” she said. “You’ll bring everything. . . . And, mind, don’t idle when I am gone; don’t sulk, but work. You are my boy, Riabusha!”

At ten o’clock Riabovsky kissed her good-bye in the hut, to avoid—as she saw—kissing her on the landing-stage in the presence of others. Soon afterwards the steamer arrived and took her away.

Two and a half days later she reached home. Still in her hat and waterproof cloak, panting with excitement, she went through the drawing-room into the dining-room. In his shirt-sleeves, with unbuttoned waistcoat, Dymov sat at the table and sharpened a knife; on a plate before him was a grouse. As Olga Ivanovna entered the house she resolved to hide the truth from her husband, and felt that she was clever and strong enough to succeed. But when she saw his broad,<sup>1</sup> kindly, happy smile and his bright, joyful eyes, she felt that to deceive such a man

<sup>1</sup>broad, 光明磊落.

『呀？是的！……很好，你就走吧，』利亞坡斯基低聲說，用一塊擦身巾當桌巾。『你在這裏覺得討厭，又沒得事做。只有一個很爲己的人才會嘗試挽留你。你去吧……我們在二十後再會吧。』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納很高興的收拾她的衣服。她快樂到臉上發熱。她自問道，『不久我就在客廳裏繪畫，在一間臥室睡，在有桌布的桌子上食，能夠辦得到麼？』她心裏覺得舒服些，她不復同那個畫師發怒啦。

她說道，『利亞坡斯基，我把顏料及畫筆留給你。你把所有的東西全帶回去……你得記着我走後你不許懶惰；你不要發脾氣，只是畫畫。利亞坡斯基，你是我的小孩子！』

到了十點鐘利亞坡斯基在小房子裏吻她送行，她曉得這是免得當着衆人的面在碼頭上吻她。不久輪船來到，把她帶走了。

過了兩天半她到家。她還是頭戴大帽身穿雨衣，擾動到喘氣，經過客廳，走入飯廳。狄摩甫只穿內衣，解了背心扣子，坐在桌邊磨刀；面前放着一隻松雞。當奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納進宅的時候，她打定主意把實情瞞住，不告訴她的丈夫，她覺得她夠聰明，够堅決，可以瞞得成功的。不料當他一看見他的和藹的，歡樂的，光明磊落的微笑，與他的一雙有光的，歡喜的眼，她就覺得欺騙這樣的一個人就是

## LA CIGALE

would be base and impossible, as impossible as to slander, steal, or kill; and she made up her mind in a second to tell him the whole story. When he had kissed and embraced her she fell upon her knees and hid her face.

"What? What is it, mama?" he asked tenderly. "You got tired of it?"

She raised her face, red with shame, and looked at him guiltily and imploringly. But fear and shame forbade her to tell the truth.

"It is nothing," she said. "I only . . ."

"Sit down here!" he said, lifting her and seating her at the table. "There we are! Eat the grouse! You are starving, of course, poor child!"

She breathed in greedily her native air and ate the grouse. And Dymov looked at her with rapture and smiled merrily.

## VI

Apparently about the middle of winter Dymov first suspected his wife's unfaithfulness. He behaved as if his own conscience reproached him. He no longer looked her straight in the face; no longer smiled radiantly when she came in sight; and, to avoid being alone with her, often brought home to dinner, his colleague, Korostelev, a little short-haired man, with a crushed face, who showed his confusion in Olga Ivanovna's society by buttoning and unbuttoning his coat and pinching his right moustache. During dinner the doctors said that when the diaphragm rises abnormally high the heart sometimes beats irregularly, that neuritis had greatly increased, and they discussed Dymov's discovery made during dissection that a case of



卑劣，又是做不到的，如同毀謗，偷竊，或殺人一般做不到；她立刻打定主意一會子把這件故事全告訴他。等到他吻了她，摟抱過她之後，她雙膝跪下，遮住她的臉。

他很溫柔的問她道，『什麼呀？媽媽，什麼呀？你厭倦了出遊麼？』

她抬起頭來，羞到臉紅，帶着犯了罪的及哀求的神色看他。但是害怕及羞恥禁止她說實情。

她說道，『沒得什麼。我不過……』

他拖起她，領她坐在桌邊，說道，『請你坐在這裏。我們在一起啦！你吃松雞呀！可憐的孩子，你自然是捱了餓呀！』

她匆匆的吸進許多她的本地的空氣，吃松雞。狄摩甫歡喜到發狂的看她，很得意的微笑。

## 第六回

狄摩甫最初疑心她夫人與人私通，大約是在仲冬。他的一舉一動好像是他自己的良心怪責他。他不復正看她的臉；他看見她不復很快樂的微笑；他爲的是要躲避只同她兩人在一起，他屢屢帶他的同事柯祿利甫(Korostev)回家吃飯，這個人身材小，頭髮短，一個擠扁的面，他同奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納在一起就糊塗了，不停的扣衣扣與解衣扣，搓他的右邊的鬍子。吃飯的時候這兩個醫生談醫學，說當胸膈上升到異常高的時候，心臟有時跳得不調整，他們說神經炎很增加，他們又討論狄摩甫的新發明，這是當剖

cancer of the pancreas had been wrongly diagnosed as "malignant anæmia." And it was plain that both men spoke only of medicine in order that Olga Ivanovna might be silent and tell no lies. After dinner, Korostelev sat at the piano, and Dymov sighed and said to him—

"*Akh*, brother! Well! Play me something mournful."

Whereupon, raising his shoulders and spreading his hands, Korostelev strummed a few chords and sang in tenor, "Show me but one spot where Russia's peasants do not groan!" and Dymov sighed again, rested his head on his hands, and seemed lost in thought.

Of late Olga Ivanovna had behaved recklessly. She awoke each morning in bad spirits, tortured by the thought that Riabovsky no longer loved her, that—thanks to the Lord, all the same!—all was over. But as she drank her coffee she reasoned that Riabovsky had stolen her from her husband, and that now she belonged to neither. Then she remembered a friend's remark that Riabovsky was getting ready for the exhibition a striking picture, a mixture of landscape and *genre*, in the style of Polienov, and that this picture sent every one into raptures; this, she consoled herself, he had done under her influence. Thanks to her influence, indeed, he had on the whole changed for the better, and deprived of it, he would probably perish. She remembered that when last he visited her he came in a splashed cloth coat and a new tie and asked her languidly, "Am I good-looking?" And, in truth, elegant Riabovsky with his blue eyes and long curls was very good-looking—or, it may be, he merely seemed so and he had treated her with affection.

Having remembered and reasoned much, Olga Ivanovna

解時發明的，病人原來得了胰腺癌，醫生誤斷爲『重的貧血病』。他們兩個人顯然是只談醫學，要奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納不能開口，不要說謊。吃過飯後，柯祿利甫對鋼琴坐下，狄摩甫歎氣，對他說道——

『呀哈！兄弟，也罷，你唱悲哀的歌給我聽聽。』

柯祿利甫於是聳聳肩，鋪開他的兩手，按了幾按，用次中音唱『你指給我一個地方看，那個地方的俄羅斯農人不呻吟的！』狄摩甫又歎氣，兩手托住頭，好像想到失神了。（寫得可憐。譯者註）

新近奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納的行爲很放蕩。她每早起來總是不高興的，一想到利亞坡斯基不復想愛她，她就覺得難過到如同受酷刑一般，謝謝上帝，愛與不愛沒得什麼差別！——全完了。但是當她喝她的咖啡時候，她卻悟過來利亞坡斯基從她的丈夫手上把她偷了，現在她既不是她丈夫的，又不是利亞坡斯基的。隨後她記起一個朋友說利亞坡斯基快畫完一幅預備展覽的一幅很能動人的畫，是一幅平常生活兼山水，是普利諾甫（Polienov）派頭，還說人人看了這幅畫，都歡喜欲狂；這是當他在她的潛力之下畫的，她聊以自慰。他當真得謝謝她的潛力，他大概已經變好些，若是沒得她的潛力，他很許是會消滅了。她記得當他最後一次來探望她的時候，她穿了一件潑色的呢褂子，戴上一條新領帶，走來無精打彩的問道，『我好看嗎？』其實漂亮的利亞坡斯基帶着他的一雙藍眼睛及長頭髮是很好看的——也許他不過外表是這樣，他其實以愛情待她。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納追憶往事，推敲了好一會，穿上衣

dressed, and in deep agitation drove to Riabovsky's studio. He was in good humour, delighted with what was indeed a fine picture; he hopped, played the fool, and answered every serious question with a joke. Olga Ivanovna was jealous of the picture, and hated it, but for the sake of good manners, she stood before it five minutes, and, sighing as people sigh before holy things, said softly—

“Yes, you never painted like that before. Do you know, it almost frightens me.”

And she began to implore him to love her, not to forsake her, to pity her—poor and unfortunate! She kissed his hand, cried, made him swear his love, and boasted that without her influence he would go off the track and perish utterly. Thus having spoilt his good humour, and humiliated herself, she would drive away to a dressmaker, or to some actress friend to ask for free tickets.

Once when she found Riabovsky out she left a note swearing that if he did not visit her at once she would take poison. And he, frightened, came and stayed to dinner. Ignoring her husband's presence, he spoke to her impudently; and she answered in the same tone. They felt chained to one another; they were despots and foes; and their anger hid from them their own rudeness, which even close-clipped Korostelev remarked. After dinner Riabovsky said good-bye hastily and went.

“Where are you going?” asked Olga Ivanovna. She stood in the hall, and looked at him with hatred.

Riabovsky frowned and blinked, and named a woman she knew, and it was plain that he enjoyed her jealousy, and wished to annoy her. Olga Ivanovna went to her bedroom and lay on her bed; from jealousy, anger, and a

服，心裏很感動的坐馬車到利亞坡斯基的畫室。他很高興，很歡喜他畫了一幅其實是很好的畫；他跳來跳去，演傻子，凡是問他一句鄭重的話，他總是用笑話答復。奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納妒忌這幅畫，恨這幅畫，但是爲禮貌起見，站在畫前五分鐘，她歎氣，如同人們見了神聖事物歎氣一般，低聲說道——

『是呀，你一向不曾畫過這樣的畫呀。你曉得麼，這幅畫幾乎驚嚇我。』

她起首哀求他愛她，不要拋棄她，求他可憐她——可憐她貧窮與不幸！她吻他的手，她哭，她要他發誓愛她，她還誇口說若是沒得她的潛力，他會走出軌道完全消滅了。她就是這樣糟塌了他的一番高興，屈辱了她自己，她就坐馬車去找女裁縫，不然就是去找女戲子朋友要免票。

有一次她去找利亞坡斯基，他不在家，她留下一封信，發誓說道他若不立刻來探望她，她就要服毒。他受了驚，果然來了，盤桓到吃飯。他不管她的丈夫在面前他很無禮的對她說話；她也很無禮的答他。他們覺得彼此互相束縛在一起；他們是專制君主與仇人；他們的怒氣迷了他們的眼，不曉得自己無禮，連那個雍光頭的柯祿利浦都看出來了。吃過飯後，利亞坡斯基匆匆告辭走了。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納問道，『你往那裏去？』她站在堂屋裏，帶着怨恨神色看他。

利亞坡斯基縐眉，眨眼，說出一個她所認得的女人名字來，他顯然是享受她的妒忌，想令她難受。奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納走入她的臥室躺在牀上；她因爲妒忌，發怒，又

sense of humiliation and shame, she bit her pillow, and sobbed aloud. Dymov left Korostelev alone, came into the bedroom, and, confused and abstracted, said softly—

“Don’t cry so loudly, mama! . . . What good is it? We must keep silence about this. . . . people mustn’t see. . . . You know yourself that what has happened is beyond recall.”

Unable to appease the painful jealousy which made her temples throb, thinking, nevertheless, that what had happened was not beyond recall, she washed and powdered her face, and flew off to the woman friend. Finding no Riabovsky there she drove to another, then to a third. . . . At first she felt ashamed of these visits, but she soon reconciled herself; and one evening even called on every woman she knew and sought Riabovsky; and all of them understood her.

Of her husband she said to Riabovsky—

“This man tortures me with his magnanimity.<sup>1</sup>”

And this sentence so pleased her that, meeting artists who knew of her affair with Riabovsky, she repeated with an emphatic gesture—

“This man tortures me with his magnanimity.”

In general, her life remained unchanged. She resumed her Wednesday-evening parties. The actor declaimed, the painters sketched, the violoncellist played, the singers sang; and invariably half an hour before midnight the dining-room door opened, and Dymov said with a smile—

“Come, gentlemen, supper is ready.”

<sup>1</sup>magnanimity, 大度.

曉得受了屈辱，她咬她的枕頭放聲大哭。狄摩甫撇開柯祿甫利，走入臥室，他糊塗了，失神了，低聲說道——

『媽媽，你不要這樣大聲哭！……這有什麼好處呀？對於這件事我們必不可以聲張……人們必不可以曉得……你自己曉得，已經發現的事是不能追回的了。』

痛苦的妒忌使她的太陽亂跳，她雖然不能壓服她的妒忌，她却以為已經發現的事不是不能挽回的，她就洗臉搽粉，趕快坐車去找那個女朋友。她在那裏找不着利亞坡斯基，又坐車到另一個女朋友家，隨即又到第三家……初時她覺得這樣尋找有點難為情，但是不久也就不覺得了；有一天晚上她居然探遍凡是她所認識的女朋友找利亞坡斯基；她們全曉得她的意思。

她對利亞坡斯基說她的丈夫道——

『這個人用他的豁達大度使我如受酷刑那麼難過。』

她很喜歡這句話，她遇見曉得她與利亞坡斯基有染的畫師們，她用很著重的態度又說道——

『這個人用豁達大度待我，使我如受酷刑那麼難過。』

她的生活大概仍然不曾更改。她每星期三晚還是請客。戲子說他的戲詞，畫師畫畫，奏提琴，唱歌的唱歌；到了半夜前的半點鐘，還是必定大開飯廳門，狄摩甫微笑說道——

『諸位，來呀，晚餐是預備好了。』

## LA CIGALE

As before, Olga Ivanovna sought celebrities, found them, and, insatiable, sought for more. As before, she returned home late. But Dymov, no longer sleeping as of old, sat in his study and worked. He went to bed at three, and rose at eight.

Once as she stood before the pier-glass dressing for the theatre, Dymov, in evening dress and a white tie, came into the bedroom. He smiled kindly, with his old smile, and looked his wife joyfully in the face. His face shone.

"I have just defended my dissertation," he said. He sat down and stroked his leg.

"Your dissertation?" said Olga Ivanovna.

"Yes," he laughed. He stretched forward so as to see in the mirror the face of his wife, who continued to stand with her back to him and dress her hair. "Yes," he repeated. "Do you know what? I expect to be offered a privat-docentship<sup>1</sup> in general pathology.<sup>2</sup> That is something."

It was plain from his radiant face that had Olga Ivanovna shared his joy and triumph he would have forgiven and forgotten everything. But "privat-docentship" and "general pathology" had no meaning for her, and, what's more, she feared to be late for the theatre. She said nothing.

Dymov sat still for a few minutes, smiled guiltily, and left the room.

## VII

This was an evil day.

Dymov's head ached badly; he ate no breakfast, and

<sup>1</sup>docentship, 講師的席位. <sup>2</sup>pathology, 病理學.



奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納還是同從前一樣，找有名的人們，找着他們，還不餓足，還要多找幾個。她還是同從前一樣，很晚才回家。狄摩甫却不然，不復同從前走去睡覺，他坐在書房做事。他三點鐘睡，八點鐘起來。

有一次她站在照身鏡前穿衣服往戲院，狄摩甫穿好了晚服，戴上白領帶，走入臥室。他很和藹的微笑，帶着從前的微笑，很歡喜的看他夫人的臉。他的臉上有光。

他說道，『我剛才已經辯護我的議論。』他坐下，撫摩他的腳。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納說道，『你的議論麼？』

他大笑道，『是呀。』他伸向前要見在鏡裏的他的夫人的臉，她接連背着他理她的頭髮。他又說道，『是呀。你曉得是什麼議論嗎？我望得一個普通病理學的講師席位。我聊可自慰啦。』

從他的發光彩的臉看來，設使奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納分享他的歡樂與得意，他顯然是會饒恕了與忘記了無論什麼事。可惜她不懂什麼是講師席位什麼是普通病理學，況且她惟恐到戲院到得太遲。她一字也不說。

狄摩甫有幾分鐘坐着不動，帶着犯了罪的笑，走出屋子。

## 第七回

今天是一個不好的日子。

狄摩甫的頭痛得很不好；他不吃早飯，不曾往醫院，

did not go to the hospital, but lay on the sofa in his study. At one o'clock Olga Ivanovna went to Riabovsky's, to show him her *Nature morte*, and ask why he had not come the day before. The *Nature morte* she herself did not take seriously; she had painted it only as an excuse to visit the artist.

She went to his apartment unannounced. As she took off her goloshes in the hall she heard hasty footsteps, and the rustle of a woman's dress; and as she hurried into the studio a brown skirt flashed for a moment before her and vanished behind a big picture, which together with its easel was hung with black calico. There was no doubt that a woman hid there. How often had Olga Ivanovna herself hidden behind that picture! Riabovsky, in confusion, stretched out both hands as if surprised at her visit, and said with a constrained smile—

“Ah, I am glad to see you. What is the news?”

Olga Ivanovna's eyes filled with tears. She was ashamed and angered, and would have given millions to be spared speaking before the strange woman, the rival, the liar, who hid behind the picture and tittered, no doubt, maliciously.

. . . . .

“Send! I am ill,” said Dymov from behind the door; and she heard him walking to the sofa and lying down. “Send!” came his hoarse voice.

“What can it be?” thought Olga Ivanovna, chilled with fear. “Why this is dangerous!”

Without any aim she took a candle, and went into her room, and there, wondering what she should do, she saw herself unexpectedly in the glass. With her pale, terrified face, her high-sleeved jacket with the yellow gathers on

只是躺在他書房裏的榻上，奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納一點鐘往利亞坡斯基家裏，拿她的「Nature Morte」給他看，問他前天爲什麼不來。她自己並不怎樣看重這幅畫；她畫這幅畫不過作爲藉口好去探望這個畫師。

她不用通報就走進他的屋子。當她在堂屋脫她的套鞋時候，她聽見匆匆的脚步聲，與女人的衣服索索聲；當她趕快走進畫室的時候，她看見眼前有棕色的裙子閃過，閃入一幅大畫背後就不見了，掛了一幅黑布蓋住這幅畫和畫架。那個女人躲在那裏，這是無可疑的了。奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納自己躲在那幅畫背後有過多少次啦！利亞坡斯基慌慌忙忙的伸出兩手，好像她這次來訪是出其不意的，勉強微笑說道——

『呀，我很歡喜見你。有什麼新聞呀？』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納滿眼是淚。她又羞又怒。她肯花一百萬捐免在這個素不相認的女人面前說話，她是個情敵，是個說慌人，躲在畫後，必定在那裏懷着惡意嗤嗤的笑她。〔她把來意說明，他看看她的畫，一手拉她進去另一間屋子。她又聽見畫室裏有裙子聲響。利亞坡斯基說他很困倦，勸她不要再畫畫，不如改學音樂。她氣極了，乘機走出來，回家。狄摩甫說染了白蛾喉，不讓她進屋，求她請柯祿利甫來。譯者註〕

狄摩甫從門後說道，『你請他來呀！我有病；』她聽見他走到榻邊躺下來。他的沙聲音說道，『你去請呀！』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納害怕到渾身冰冷，想道，『這能够是什麼呀？這是危險的呀！』

她毫無什麼目的，拿一枝蠟燭走入她的屋子，在那裏拿不定主做什麼好，她無意中看見鏡子裏她的自身。原來她的害怕臉變作死白色，她的高袖掛子帶着在胸前的黃

the breast, her skirt with its strange stripes, she seemed to herself frightful and repulsive. And suddenly she felt sorry for Dymov, sorry for his infinite love, his young life, the forsaken bed on which he had not slept so long. And remembering his kindly, suppliant smile, she cried bitterly, and wrote Korostelev an imploring letter. It was two o'clock in the morning.

## VIII

When at eight next morning Olga Ivanovna, heavy from sleeplessness, untidy, unattractive, and guilty-faced, came out of her bedroom, an unknown, black-bearded man, obviously a doctor, passed her in the hall. There was a smell of drugs. Outside Dymov's study stood Korostelev, twisting his left moustache with his right hand.

"Excuse me, I cannot let you in," he said, looking at her savagely. "You might catch the disease. And in any case, what's the use? He's raving."

"Is it really diphtheria?" whispered Olga Ivanovna.

"People who do foolish things ought to pay for them," muttered Korostelev, ignoring Olga Ivanovna's question. "Do you know how he got this diphtheria? On Tuesday he sucked through a tube the diphtheria laminæ from a boy's throat. And why? Stupid. . . . Like a fool!"

"Is it dangerous? Very?" asked she.

"Yes, it's a very bad form, they say. We must send for Schreck, we must. . . ."

First came a little, red-haired, long-nosed man with a Jewish accent; then a tall, stooping, untidy man like a protodeacon; lastly a young, very stout, red-faced man:

色綉摺，她的裙子帶着奇怪的柳條紋，她覺得她自己很可怕很難看。她忽然覺得對不起狄摩甫，對不起他的無限愛情，他的少年生活，與那張空牀，他不曾在這張牀上睡過許久。她記起他的和藹的，懇求的微笑，她就哭得很傷心，寫一封哀求信給柯祿利甫。這時候是早上兩點鐘。

### 第八回

明早八點鐘奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納，因為不會睡覺，很無精神，打扮得不齊整，不能動人，臉上露出犯罪的神色，走出臥室，有一個她所不認得的黑鬍子男人，顯然是一個醫生，在堂屋裏從她的身邊走過。她聞見一陣藥味。柯祿利甫站在狄摩甫的書房門外，用右手捋他的左邊鬍子。

他兇兇的看看她，說道，『我不能讓你進去，請你莫怪。你許會染了這種病。無論怎樣，你進去也無用。他在那裏發狂啦。』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納低聲問道，『當真是白喉痧麼？』

柯祿利甫不答她的所問，喃喃的說道，『凡是做糊塗事的人都應該出代價的。你曉得他怎樣得白喉痧的麼？星期二日他用一條玻璃管啜一個小孩子喉間的白喉痧膜。這是爲什麼？傻……像一個糊塗人一般！』

她問道，『危險麼？極危險麼？』

『是的，他們說，病狀很不好。我很必要請西力克 (Schreck)，我們必……』

最先走來一個身子小，紅頭髮，長鼻子，說猶太口音的人；隨後來的是一個身高駝背，穿得不齊不整的人，像一個教堂的頭等執事；最後來的是一個少年，很胖，紅臉

## LA CIGALE

with spectacles. All these doctors came to attend their sick colleague. Korostelev, having served his turn, remained in the house, wandering about like a shadow. The maid-servant was kept busy serving the doctors with tea, and running to the apothecary's, and no one tidied the rooms. All was still and sad.

Olga Ivanovna sat in her room, and reflected that God was punishing her for deceiving her husband. That silent, uncomplaining, inexplicable man—impersonified, it seemed, by kindness and mildness, weak from excessive goodness—lay on his sofa and suffered alone, uttering no groan. And if he did complain in his delirium, the doctors would guess that the diphtheria was no the only culprit. They would question Korostelev, who knew all, and not without cause looked viciously at his friend's wife as if she were chief and real offender, and disease only her accomplice. She no longer thought of the moonlight Volga night, the love avowal, the romance of life in the peasant's hut; she remembered only that from caprice and selfishness she had smeared herself from head to feet with something vile and sticky which no washing would wash away.

"*Akh*, how I lied to him!" she said, remembering her restless love of Riabovsky. "May it be accursed!"

At four o'clock she dined with Korostelev, who ate nothing, but drank red wine, and frowned. She too ate nothing. But she prayed silently, and vowed to God that if Dymov only recovered, she would love him again and be his faithful wife. Then, forgetting herself for a moment, she looked at Korostelev and thought: "How tiresome it is to be such a simple, undistinguished, obscure man, and to have such bad manners." It seemed to her

人，戴上眼鏡。這幾個醫生來診治他們的有病的同行。柯祿利甫做他一部分的事，還在宅子裏，走來走去好像一個影子。女僕忙於送茶給醫生們，還要走去藥房，無人收拾屋子。全是一片寂靜與愁苦。

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納坐在她的屋裏，反省到上帝爲她騙她的丈夫正在懲罰她。那個不說話，不訴苦，不能解釋的人，好像就是親愛與和平所化成的人，因爲太好，變作懦弱，現時躺在他的榻上，單獨他自己受痛苦，並不呻吟。倘若他昏迷的時候會說不滿意的話，醫生們會猜着還有其他罪人，不只是白喉痧。柯祿利甫全曉得，醫生們會問他，他露着不高興的神色，看他的朋友的夫人，好像當她是爲首的實在罪犯，看這次的病不過是爲從的。她不復想倭爾格河上的月夜啦，承認不復想到她愛那個人，與在鄉下人家裏的生活的浪漫；她只記得她因爲喜怒無常與自私自利，把她自己全身從頭至腳全搗了穢惡及有黏性的東西，無論怎樣洗刷，也洗刷不清的了。

她記起她擾動不寧的戀愛利亞坡斯基，她就說道，『呀哈，我是怎樣說謊騙他呀！但願這種事可以受天譴！』

四點鐘她同柯祿利甫吃大餐，他不吃東西，只喝紅酒，縐着眉頭。她也不吃東西，她却不要的祈禱，對上帝發誓，只要狄摩甫病好了，她肯再愛他，做他的有節操的夫人。隨後她偶然忘記她自己一會子，她看柯祿利甫，想道：『做這樣一個老實，無以異於常人的一個湮沒無聞的人，有這樣不好的態度，是多麼可厭呀。』她好像覺得上帝因爲她

that God would strike her dead for her cowardice in keeping away from her husband. And altogether she was oppressed by a dead melancholy, and a feeling that her life was ruined, and that nothing now would mend it.

After dinner, darkness. Olga Ivanovna went into the drawing-room, and found Korostelev asleep on a couch, his head resting on a silken cushion embroidered with gold. He snored loudly.

Alone the doctors, coming on and off duty, ignored the disorder. The strange man sleeping and snoring in the drawing-room, the studies on the walls, the wonderful decorations, the mistress's dishevelled hair and untidy dress—none of these awakened the least interest. One of the doctors laughed; and this laugh had such a timid sound that it was painful to hear.

. . . . .

“Just that. I came to say that he's dying.”

He sobbed, sat down on her bed, and wiped away his tears with his sleeve. At first Olga Ivanovna understood nothing; then she turned cold, and began to cross herself.

“He is dying,” he repeated in a thin voice; and again he sobbed. “He is dying—because he sacrificed himself. What a loss to science?” He spoke bitterly. “This man, compared with the best of us, was a great man, an exceptional man! What gifts! What hopes he awakened in us all!” Korostelev wrung his hands. “Lord, my God, you will not find such a scholar if you search till judgment day! Oská Dymov, Oská Dymov, what have you done? My God!”

In despair he covered his face with his hands and shook his head.



胆怯不敢親近她的丈夫，會打擊她。她覺得被一種無生氣的愁悶所壓倒，她又覺得她的生活是毀了，無法能補救的了，這種感覺也壓倒她。

吃過大餐後，天黑了。奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納走入客廳，看見柯祿利甫在榻上睡着了，他的頭靠着一個金綫繡的枕頭，他的酣睡聲很響。

只有醫生們進來施治，完了就去，不顧屋裏雜亂無章。這個奇怪人在客廳裏酣睡，發鼾聲，牆上掛了許多幅畫，還有許多奇異裝飾品，主人的紛亂不理的頭髮與不整齊的衣服——這許多事物不會喚起至少的注意。有一個醫生大笑；這種大笑的聲音是很畏怯的，聽了令人難受。〔奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納想起她的朋友們，又夢倭爾格河下雨的情景，後來柯祿利甫進來，她問他有什麼事。他說道：譯者註〕

『沒得什麼。我來說他快要死啦。』

他哭，坐在她的牀上，用袖擦眼淚。初時奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納不明白什麼；隨後她變冷啦，起首自己畫十字。

他用薄弱聲音又說道，『他快死啦；』他又哭。『因為他犧牲自己所以他快死啦。這是科學界的多麼大的損失呀！』他說得很痛恨的。『這個人，同醫界裏最好的比較。是一個大人物，是一個非常人！天賦他什麼才能呀！他在我們心中喚醒多少希望呀！』柯祿利甫扭他的手。『主呀，我的上帝呀，無論你怎麼樣找尋，找到判斷日，你不會找着這樣的一個學者！奧斯喀·狄摩甫，奧斯喀·狄摩甫，你做了什麼事呀？我的上帝呀！』

他絕望了，兩手蓋住臉，搖頭。

“And what moral fortitude!” he continued, each second increasing in anger. “Good, pure, loving soul—not a man, but a crystal! How he served his science, how he died for it. Worked—day and night—like an ox, sparing himself never; and he, the young scholar, the coming professor, was forced to seek a practice and spend his nights translating to pay for these . . . these dirty rags!”

Korostelev looked fiendishly at Olga Ivanovna, seized the sheet with both hands, and tore it as angrily as if it, and not she, were guilty.

“And he never spared himself . . . nor did others spare him. And for what purpose . . . why?”

“Yes, a man in a hundred!” came a deep voice from the dining-room.

Olga Ivanovna recalled her life with Dymov, from beginning to end, in all its details; and suddenly she realised that her husband was indeed an exceptional man, a rare—compared with all her other friends—a great man. And remembering how he was looked up to by her late father and by all his colleagues, she understood that there was indeed good reason to predict for him future fame. The walls, the ceiling, the lamp, the carpet winked at her derisively, as if saying, “You have let it slip by, slip by!” With a cry, she rushed out of the room, slipped past some unknown man in the dining-room, and rushed into her husband’s study. Covered with a counterpane to the waist, Dymov lay, motionless, on the couch. His face had grown thin, and was a greyish-yellow never seen on the living; his black eyebrows and his kindly smile were all that remained of Dymov. She felt his chest, his forehead, his hands. His chest was still warm, his forehead

他接着說道，『他是多麼有毅力呀！』他越想越怒。『他是一個好的，清潔的，仁愛的人——他不是一個人，是一個晶瑩！他怎樣為科學出力呀，他怎麼殉科學而死呀！他同一條牛一般日夜工作，絕不愛惜他自己；他這個少年學者，將來的教授，被環境所逼而行醫，到了晚上還要譯書，博幾個錢買……這些骯髒破布！（索性罵個痛快。譯者註）

柯祿利甫帶着魔鬼神色看看奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納，兩手抓住被單，很發怒的撕，好像犯罪的不是她，是被單。

『他絕不愛惜他自己……別人也不愛惜他。有什麼用意……有什麼理由？』

飯廳裏有很深的聲音說道，『是呀，他是百年中之一呀！』

奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納追憶她同狄摩甫所過的生活，從頭想到尾，把全數詳細情形都追憶到；她忽然體會她的丈夫果然是個非常人，是一個罕見的人——同全數她的其他朋友們相比，確是一個大人物。她追憶她的已死的父親與全數他的同事們怎樣看得起他，她才明白原有許多好理由預料他將來會享大名的。四面的牆，天花板，燈，地毯都眨眼恥笑她，好像說道，『你讓機會溜走了，溜走了！』她喊了一聲，衝出屋子，她從一個坐在飯廳裏她所不認得的人身邊溜過，衝進她丈夫的書房。狄摩甫有一條被蓋到腰，不動的躺在榻上。他的臉變瘦了，滿臉灰黃色，是活人所絕不會有的；只有他的黑眉與他的和藹的微笑還是狄摩甫。她摩摩他的胸，他的額，他的兩手。他的胸口還暖，他的額

## OLD AGE

and hands were icy. And his half-closed eyes looked not at Olga Ivanovna, but down at the counter-pane.

"Dymov!" she cried loudly. "Dymov!"

She wished to explain to him that the past was but a mistake; that all was not yet lost; that life might yet be happy and beautiful; that he was a rare, an uncommon, a great man; that she would worship him from this day forth, and pray, and torture herself with holy dread. . . .

"Dymov!" she cried, tapping his shoulder, refusing to believe that he would never awaken. "Dymov! Dymov!"

But in the drawing-room Korostelev spoke to the maid-servant.

"Don't ask silly questions! Go at once to the church watchman, and get the women's address. They will wash the body, and lay it out, and do all that's wanted."

## OLD AGE

State-Councillor Uzelkov, architect, arrived in his native town, where he had been summoned to restore the cemetery church. He was born in the town, he had grown up and been married there, and yet when he got out of the train he hardly recognised it. Everything was changed. For instance, eighteen years ago, when he left the town to settle in Petersburg, where the railway station is now boys used to hunt for marmots: now as you come into the High Street there is a four storied "Hôtel Vienna," with apartments, where there was of old an ugly grey fence. But not the fence or the houses, or anything had changed so much as the people. Questioning the hall-porter,

與他的手是冰冷了。他的半閉的眼不看奧爾伽·伊萬諾甫納，只是往下看被。

她大聲喊道，『狄摩甫！狄摩甫！』

她想解說給他聽，說往的事不過是錯誤；還有許多不會失去；生活還可以是歡樂的美麗的；她想說他是一個罕見的，一個非常的，一個偉大人物；她想說從今日起她願崇拜他，祈禱，用神聖的可怕……施酷刑於她的自身……

她不肯相信他不會醒，敲敲他的肩膀，喊道，『狄摩甫呀！狄摩甫呀！狄摩甫呀！』

柯祿利甫在客廳裏對女僕說話。

『不要問糊塗話啦！你立刻找教堂的看守人，還要打聽那些女人們的住址。她們會洗死屍，殮好了，還做全數要做的事。』

## 老 年

參議烏西柯甫，是個建築師，到了他的所生長的本鎮，他奉命來這裏修理墳地教堂。他生長在這裏，娶妻也在這裏，但是當他從火車走出來的時候他幾乎不認得這個地方。無論什麼全改變了。譬如說，十八年前當他離開本鎮，住在聖比得堡的時候，現在火車站所在的地方從前原是孩子們捉齧鼠的地方：現在你走進大街就有一間四層樓的『維也納旅館』，有分層出租的房子，從前不過是一片難看的灰色的有籬笆圍住的空地。這塊地或許多房屋及無論什麼雖然改變了，却還不如人們改變那麼多。他

## OLD AGE

Uzelkov discovered that more than half of the people he remembered were dead or paupers or forgotten.

"Do you remember Uzelkov?" he asked the porter. "Uzelkov, the architect, who divorced his wife. . . . He had a house in Sviribev Street. . . . Surely you remember."

"No, I don't remember anyone of the name."

"Why, it's impossible not to remember. It was an exciting case. All the cabmen knew, even. Try to remember. His divorce was managed by the attorney, Shapkin, the swindler . . . the notorious sharper, the man who was thrashed at the club. . . ."

"You mean Ivan Nikolaich?"

"Yes. . . . Is he alive? dead?"

"Thank heaven, his honour's alive. His honour's a notary now, with an office. Well-to-do. Two houses in Kirpichny Street. Just lately married his daughter off."

Uzelkov strode from one corner of the room to another. An idea flashed into his mind. From boredom, he decided to see Shapkin. It was afternoon when he left the hotel and quietly walked to Kirpichny Street. He found Shapkin in his office and hardly recognised him. From the well-built, alert attorney with a quick, impudent, perpetually tipsy expression, Shapkin had become a modest, grey-haired, shrunken old man.

"You don't recognise me . . . You have forgotten . . ."

Uzelkov began. "I'm your old client, Uzelkov."

"Uzelkov? Which Uzelkov? Ah!"

Remembrance came to Shapkin: he recognised him and was confused. Began exclamations, questions, recollections.

問腳夫才曉得他所記得的人們有一大半都死了，不然已經變作乞丐了，不然就是無人記得了。

他問腳夫道，『你記得烏西柯甫麼？你記得建築師烏西柯甫麼，他同他的夫人離婚，……他的住宅在維裏比街……你必定記得。』

『不，我並不記得有這樣名字的人。』

『爲什麼，這是不能不記得的。這是一件驚動人的案子。連全數馬車夫都曉得。你試試追記這件事。他這件離婚案是狀師沙普金承辦的，他是個騙子……是個聲名惡劣的棍徒，他在聯歡社捱過打……』

『你說的是伊萬·尼古利麼？』

『是的……他還活着麼？死了麼？』

『謝天謝地，這位大人還活着。這位大人現在是一位契約官，有一所公事房啦。他很有錢啦。有兩所房子在克比尼街。新近才嫁女兒。』

烏西柯甫從屋子的一角走到另一角。他忽然得了一個主意。他因爲煩悶，決計去見沙普金。他出旅館的時候是下午，慢慢走到克比尼街。他看見沙普金在公事房，幾乎不認得他了。沙普金從前是一個身體結實很機靈的狀師，神氣是敏捷的，無禮的，永遠吃醉的，現在變作一個謙抑的，斑白頭髮的，抽縮了的老頭子啦。

烏西柯甫先說道，『你不認得我……你已經忘記……我從前是你的當事人，烏西柯甫。』

『烏西柯甫麼？那個烏西柯甫？呀！』

沙普金記得啦：他認得他啦，變作慌亂啦。起首說詫異的話，起首問他，記憶起來啦。

“Never expected . . . never thought . . .” chuckled Shapkin. “What will you have? Would you like champagne? Perhaps you’d like oysters. My dear man, what a lot of money I got out of you in the old days—so much that I can’t think what I ought to stand you.”

“Please don’t trouble,” said Uzelkov. “I haven’t time. I must go to the cemetery and examine the church. I have a commission.”

“Splendid. We’ll have something to eat and a drink and go together. I’ve got some splendid horses! I’ll take you there and introduce you to the churchwarden. . . . I’ll fix up everything. . . . But what’s the matter, my dearest man? You’re not avoiding me, not afraid? Please sit nearer. There’s nothing to be afraid of now. . . . Long ago, I really was pretty sharp, a bit of a rogue . . . but now I’m quieter than water, humbler than grass. I’ve grown old; got a family. There are children. . . . Time to die!”

The friends had something to eat and drink, and went in a coach and pair to the cemetery.

“Yes, it was a good time,” Shapkin was reminiscent,<sup>2</sup> sitting in the sledge. “I remember, but I simply can’t believe it. Do you remember how you divorced your wife? It’s almost twenty years ago, and you’ve probably forgotten everything, but I remember it as though I conducted the petition yesterday. My God, how rotten I was! Then I was a smart, casuistical<sup>3</sup> devil, full of sharp practice and devilry . . . and I used to run into some shady affairs, particularly when there was a good fee, as

<sup>1</sup> chuckled, 不作聲的笑. <sup>2</sup> reminiscent, 記性好. <sup>3</sup> casuistical, 舞文弄法; 反白爲是.



沙普金不作聲的笑道，『絕不料到……絕不想到……你喝什麼？你喜歡喝香賓麼？也許你歡喜蠟房。我的好人，從前我弄了你多少錢呀——弄得實在是很多，我不能想出我該請你吃什麼。』

烏西柯甫說道，『我請你不必費心。我沒得時候。我必得到墳地查看教堂。我是有差使的。』

『好極了。我們吃點東西喝些酒一齊去。我有幾匹極好的馬！我送你到那裏，介紹你見管教堂的人……我替你把諸事辦妥當……我的最可貴的朋友，你覺得什麼？你不是躲避我，你不是害怕麼？請你坐近些。現在你不必害怕什麼了……許久以前我其實是手段太辣啦，我有多少是一個騙子……我現在却是比水還要安靜些，比青草還要卑下些。我變老了；我有了家了。我有兒女了……死的時候快到啦！』

兩個朋友吃點喝點，坐了雙馬車往墳地。

沙普金的記性好，坐在雪車上，說道，『是的，那是很好的時代。我記得，我簡直不能相信。你記得你怎樣同你的夫人離婚麼？這是幾乎二十年前的事，很許你全忘記了，我却記得好像是昨天我辦這件案子的。我的上帝呀，當日我是多麼腐敗呀！那時候我是一個麻利的，善於舞文弄法的魔鬼，滿肚子都是欺人手段與詭計……我居多辦曖昧的案子，尤其是可以得着豐厚的律師費我就包辦，例

in your case, for instance. What was it you paid me then? Five—six hundred. Enough to upset anybody! By the time you left for Petersburg you'd left the whole affair completely in my hands. 'Do what you like!' And your former wife, Sofya Mikhailovna, though she did come from a merchant family, was proud and selfish. To bribe her to take the guilt on herself was difficult—extremely difficult. I used to come to her for a business talk, and when she saw me, she would say to her maid: 'Masha, surely I told you I wasn't at home to scoundrels.' I tried one way, then another . . . wrote letters to her, tried to meet her accidentally—no good. I had to work through a third person. For a long time I had trouble with her, and she only yielded when you agreed to give her ten thousand. She succumbed<sup>1</sup>. . . She began to weep, spat in my face, but she yielded and took the guilt on herself."

"If I remember it was fifteen, not ten thousand she took from me," said Uzelkov.

"Yes, of course . . . fifteen, my mistake." Shapkin was disconcerted.<sup>2</sup> "Anyway it's all past and done with now. Why shouldn't I confess, frankly? Ten I gave to her, and the remaining five I bargained out of you for my own share. I deceived both of you. . . . It's all past, why be ashamed of it? And who else was there to take from, Boris Petrovich, if not from you? I ask you. . . . You were rich and well-to-do.<sup>3</sup> You married in caprice:<sup>4</sup> you were divorced in caprice. You were making a fortune. I remember you got twenty thousand out of a single con-

<sup>1</sup> succumbed, 逼被讓步. <sup>2</sup> disconcerted, 不安. <sup>3</sup> well-to-do, 景况好. <sup>4</sup> caprice, 喜怒無常.

如你的案子就是的。當日你給我的是多少錢呀？五百至六百。這就足夠打倒無論什麼人。等到你往聖比得堡的時候你把全案完全交給我辦。「你喜歡怎樣辦就怎樣辦！」你的前妻素斐阿·米伽洛納（Sofya Mikhailovna）雖然是做生意人家的女兒却是驕傲的，又是自私自利的。賄賂她把罪惡背在自己身上，原是為難的——極其為難的。我常找她談公事，當她看見我的時候，她就對她的女僕說道：「瑪沙（Masha），我確曾告訴過你我不見棍徒。」我想一計，一計不行，又想二計……我寫信給她，嘗試偶然與她相遇——總見不着她。我用一個第三者替我辦事。她同我麻煩了許久，後來等到你願意給她一萬，她才讓步的。她不得不讓步了……她起首哭，唾我的臉，但是她讓步了，把罪惡背在她自己身上。」（借律師口中說從前烏西柯甫休妻情節。譯者註）

烏西柯甫說道，『我若記得清楚，她拿我一萬五千，不是一萬。』

『自然是的……是一萬五千，這是我記錯了。』沙普金覺得不安。『無論是多少，這是已往的事，現在是完了。我為什麼不坦白的供認？我給她一萬，其餘五千是我設法同你要的，這是我的一分。我騙了你們兩個人，……這全是既往的事，為什麼覺得難為情呀？坡利士·貝特洛維治（Boris Petrovich）呀，我若不拿你的錢，我拿誰的錢呀？我問你……你有錢，景況又好。你是憑一時高興結婚的：你又是憑一時的不高興離婚的。你正在發財。我記得你從一個工程得了二萬。我不敲你敲誰呀？我又必得供認我被妒

tract. Whom was I to tap, if not you? And I must confess, I was tortured by envy. If you got hold of a nice lot of money, people would take off their hats to you: but the same people would beat me for shillings and smack my face in the club. But why recall it? It's time to forget."

"Tell me, please, how did Sofya Mikhailovna live afterwards?"

"With her ten thousand? *On ne peut plus* badly. . . . God knows whether it was frenzy or pride and conscience that tortured her, because she had sold herself for money—or perhaps she loved you; but, she took to drink, you know. She received the money and began to gad about<sup>1</sup> with officers in troikas. . . . Drunkenness, philandering, debauchery. . . . She would come into a tavern with an officer, and instead of port or a light wine, she would drink the strongest cognac to drive her into a frenzy."

"Yes, she was eccentric. I suffered enough with her. She would take offence at some trifle and then get nervous. . . . And what happened afterwards?"

"A week passed, a fortnight. . . . I was sitting at home writing. Suddenly, the door opened and she comes in. 'Take your cursed money,' she said, and threw the parcel in my face. . . . She could not resist it. . . . Five hundred were missing. She had only got rid of five hundred."

"And what did you do with the money?"

'It's all past and done with. What's the good of concealing it? . . . I certainly took it. What are you staring at me like that for? Wait for the sequel. It's a complete

<sup>1</sup>gad about, 閒逛.

忌所騷擾覺得如受酷刑。你若得了許多錢，人們見你就脫帽；但是這些人們會爲幾個先令打我，在聯歡社裏頭搥我的臉。爲什麼追憶已往的事呀？現在應該忘記了。』

『我請你告訴我後來素斐阿·米伽洛納怎樣過活呀？』

『她有了一萬怎樣過活麼？沒有能比她過活得更不好的了……只有上帝曉得是不是因爲傲氣抑或因爲她的良心過不去（因爲貪得錢財賣了自己）——也許是因爲她仍然愛你；你是曉得的，她就好酒。她得了錢就起首同軍官們坐馬車閒逛……酗酒，戀愛，縱淫……她常會同一個軍官走入一間酒店，她不喝坡打酒或淡薄的酒，她好喝最濃烈的酒，使她變作如瘋如狂。』

『是呀，她是乖僻的。我受够她了。她會因爲一件小事就發怒，隨後就神經不寧……後來怎麼樣呀？』

『過了一星期，過了兩星期……我坐在家裏寫東西。忽然房門開了她走進來。她說道，「你把這筆受了天譴的錢拿去，」她就把那包錢向着我的臉摔來……她不能抗拒。……差五百。她只花了五百。』

『你拿了那筆錢作什麼？』

『這全是過去的事。隱瞞有什麼好處？我確把錢拿來的。你爲什麼這樣瞪眼看我呀？你且聽後事。這是一篇完

novel, the sickness of a soul! Two months passed by. One night I came home drunk, in a wicked mood. . . . I turned on the light and saw Sofya Mikhailovna sitting on my sofa, drunk too, wandering a bit, with something savage in her face as if she had just escaped from the mad-house. 'Give me my money back,' she said. 'I've changed my mind. If I'm going to the dogs, I want to go madly, passionately. Make haste, you scoundrel, give me the money. How indecent it was!'

"And you . . . did you give it her?"

'I remember. . . . I gave her ten rubles.'

'Oh . . . is it possible?' Uzelkov frowned. "If you couldn't do it yourself, or you didn't want to, you could have written to me. . . . And I didn't know . . . I didn't know."

"My dear man, why should I write, when she wrote herself afterwards when she was in hospital?"

"I was so taken up with the new marriage that I paid no attention to letters. . . . But you were an outsider; you had no antagonism to Sofya Mikhailovna. . . . Why didn't you help her?"

"We can't judge by our present standards, Boris Petrovich. Now we think in this way; but then we thought quite differently. . . . Now I might perhaps give her a thousand rubles; but then even ten rubles . . . she didn't get them for nothing. It's a terrible story. It's time to forget. . . . But here you are!"

The sledge stopped at the churchyard gate. Uzelkov and Shapkin got out of the sledge, went through the gate and walked along a long, broad avenue. The bare cherry trees, the acacias, the grey crosses and monuments spar-

全的小說，一個人的靈魂得了病啦。過了兩個月。有一天晚上我回家，已經吃得大醉，懷着惡意……我開燈，看見素斐阿·米伽洛納坐在我的榻上，她也是吃醉了，有點糊塗了，臉上有點兇猛神色，好像是才從瘋人院出來的。她說道，「我變了心啦，你把錢還我。我若是毀了我自己，我要如瘋如狂的，盡情毀了我自己。你這個棍徒，趕快給我錢。」這是多麼難看呀！」

『你曾給她錢麼？』

『我記得——我給她十個盧布。』

烏西柯甫縐眉說道，『嗨，你怎樣能够做這樣的事呀？你若不能還她或不願還她，你可以寫信給我……我不曉得這件事……我不曉得。』

『我的好人，後來她自己寫信，那時她已經進了醫院，我爲什麼該寫信給你呀？』

『我注意於我的新婚，我就不注意於書信……你却是一個外人；你與素斐阿·米伽洛納無怨無仇……你爲什麼不幫她？』

『坡利士·貝特洛維治，我們不能用現在的準標判斷。現在我們是這樣想；但是從前我們並不這樣想。現在我許可以給她一千盧布；但是從前連十個盧布……她都不能白得呀。這是一件很可怕的故事。我們不如忘記了吧……你到啦！』

雪車停在墳地的閘門外。烏西柯甫和沙普金下車，走入閘門，在一條長的寬的路上走。無葉的櫻桃樹，皂角樹，灰色的十字架與墓碑掛滿了霜，在那裏閃光，晴天反照在

kled with hoar-frost. In each flake of snow the bright sunny day was reflected. There was the smell you find in all cemeteries of incense and fresh-dug earth.

"You have a beautiful cemetery," said Uzelkov. "It's almost an orchard."

"Yes, but it's a pity the thieves steal the monuments. Look, there, behind that cast-iron memorial, on the right, Sofya Mikhailovna is buried. Would you like to see?"

The friends turned to the right, stepping in deep snow towards the cast-iron memorial.

"Down here," said Shapkin, pointing to a little stone of white marble. "Some subaltern or other put up the monumet on her grave."

Uzelkov slowly took off his hat and showed his bald pate to the snow. Eyeing him, Shapkin also took off his hat, and another baldness shone beneath the sun. The silence round about was like the tomb, as though the air were dead, too. The friends looked at the stone, silent, thinking.

"She is asleep!" Shapkin broke the silence. "And she cares very little that she took the guilt upon herself and drank cognac. Confess, Boris Petrovich!"

"What?" asked Uzelkov, sternly.

"That, however loathsome the past may be, it's better than this." And Shapkin pointed to his grey hairs.

"In the old days I did not even think of death. . . . If I'd meet her, I would have circumvented her, but now . . . well, now!"

Sadness took hold of Uzelkov. Suddenly he wanted to cry, passionately, as he once desired to love. . . . And he felt that these tears would be exquisite, refreshing.



每一雪片上。你會嗅着凡是墳地所有的香煙味及新挖的土味。

烏西柯甫說道，『你們有一片很好看的墳地。幾乎像一個果園。』

『是呀，可惜竊賊偷墓碑。你看呀，在生鐵鑄的墓碑後，在右手就是素斐阿·米伽洛納的葬處。你要看看麼？』

這兩個朋友向右轉灣，在很深的雪中走向那座生鐵鑄的碑。

沙普金指着一塊小白石說道，『在那底下。有個小軍官或他人立一塊碑在她的坟上。』

烏西柯甫慢慢脫帽，對着霜雪露出他的光頭。沙普金看看他，也脫了他的帽，又有一個光頭在太陽下閃光。四圍也如同墳墓那麼寂靜，空氣也好像是死了的一般。這兩個朋友看看那塊石頭，不響，在那裏想。

沙普金先說話道，『她睡着了！她把罪惡背在自己身上與喝白蘭地，她全不甚注意。坡利士·貝特洛維治，你供認你的罪過呀！』

烏西柯甫很嚴厲的問道，『供認什麼呀？』

『你得供認，既往可以無論怎樣的可厭，比現在總要好得多。』沙普金指他的斑白頭髮。

『從前我不曾想及死……我若碰見她，我會用手段打勝她，但是現在……現在呀！』

烏西柯甫覺得悽慘。他忽然要哭，要盡情的哭，爲的是他從前有過一度想戀愛……他覺得流些眼淚會使他覺得好過，振刷他的精神。有水從眼流出來，他的喉嚨有一

Moisture came out of his eyes and a lump rose in his throat, but . . . Shapkin was standing by his side, and Uzelkov felt ashamed of his weakness before a witness. He turned back quickly and walked towards the church.

Two hours later, having arranged with the churchwarden and examined the church, he seized the opportunity while Shapkin was talking away to the priest, and ran to shed a tear. He walked to the stone surreptitiously,<sup>1</sup> with stealthy steps, looking round all the time. The little white monument stared at him absently, so sadly and innocently, as though a girl and not a wanton *divorcée* were beneath.

“If I could weep, could weep!” thought Uzelkov.

But the moment for weeping had been lost. Though the old man managed to make his eyes shine, and tried to bring himself to the right pitch, the tears did not flow and the lump did not rise in his throat. . . . After waiting for about ten minutes, Uzelkov waved his arm and went to look for Shapkin.

<sup>1</sup> surreptitiously, 偷偷的.

塊東西，但是沙普金站在他身邊，烏西柯甫覺得在他人面前露出弱點未免難為情。他很快回頭向着教堂走。

再過兩點鐘，他已經同管教堂的人安排好了，他察看過教堂，他趁着沙普金同教士說話的機會，走去滴淚。他偷偷的走到那塊石碑，偷偷的踏步，一面走一面四面看看。那塊小的白石碑無精打彩的，很愁苦的，又很良善無辜的瞪着他，好像埋在碑下的是一個姑娘不是一個放蕩的出妻。

烏西柯甫想道，『假使我能哭，我就能哭！』

可惜哭的時候已經喪失了。這個老年人雖然辦到他的兩眼發淚光，嘗試使他自己達到正當程度，淚却不曾流，那塊東西不會上升到他的喉嚨……烏西柯甫等候約十分鐘就搖他的膀子去找沙普金。