

英汉对照全译



My 我的大学

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

「苏联」高尔基 著 英语学习大书虫研究室 译



He declared, tossing his long hair back in graceful emphasis.

I did not yet know, then, that one might further science in the capacity of guinea pig; and Yevreinov made it so very clear that it was just such lads as I then universities were lacking. The memory of Lomonosov, of course, was evoked as a shining example. In Kazar, Yevreinov said, I would stay with him, studying through the autumn and winter to master the Gymnasium programme. Then I would sit the examinations—that was what I called 'some few'; the university would then grant me a scholarship.

「人活就是的目的就是为了让科学得到更快的发展。」他说到这里非常优雅地甩了甩他的长发。

当时，我真搞不懂，就连一只小猪都有能力使科学得到进一步的发展，然而叶甫里诺夫却硬说像我这样的少年正是大学里非常缺少的人才。很显然，记忆中的哈伊尔·罗蒙诺索夫那光辉灿烂的事情成为了一个很好的例证。叶甫里诺夫还说，到喀山以后，我可以和他住一块儿，花费一个秋天和冬天的时间来读完中学所学的课程。接着，我再“随便”进行一场考试（请留心他所讲的是“随便”）。然后大学里就会授予我我所申请的助学金，使我可以继续深造。

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我的大学

(苏联)高尔基 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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——世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选

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导 读

《母亲》一书的作者高尔基(1868—1936),原名阿列克赛·马克西莫维奇·彼什科夫,是前苏联无产阶级文学奠基人,出生于一个普通的木匠家庭,幼年丧父,11岁即开始自谋生活,在全国各地流浪,饱尝人世的辛酸,90年代初与革命者接近,1892年开始发表作品,以一个浪漫主义作者的形象出现在俄国文坛。《福马·高尔杰耶夫》(1899)和《三人》(1900)是他最早的两部长篇小说,在他的《海燕之歌》中充满了对战斗的渴望与其追求光明的献身精神。在十月革命的前夕,高尔基完成了自传体三部曲中的《童年》、《在人间》,第三部《我的大学》是在1913—1924年间完成的。其作品还有《小市民》(1901)、《敌人》(1906)、《阿尔达莫诺夫家的事业》(1924—1925),以及未成的巨著《克里姆·萨姆金的一生》(1925)等。

《童年》是高尔基自传体三部曲的第一部,作者通过对自己童年的描写展现了处在世纪之交的那一代人的成长过程。这部小说的主要内容是:《童年》的小主人公阿廖沙在他的父亲去世后,在外祖父家里所度过的岁月。阿廖沙在这里所看到的都是些他本人所不能理解的事情,舅父们为了家产而不停地争吵、甚至为此还大打出手,并且还做一些愚弄弱者、毒打儿童的事情。在这当中,他得到外祖母的疼爱,他对外祖母所讲的故事也产生了很大的兴趣,对他日后的创作思路产生了很大的影响。

《在人间》写阿廖沙在十一岁时,因外祖父破产而不得不外出谋生的经历。他曾经在鞋店、圣像作坊里当学徒,在轮船的厨房里打杂,过着非常沉重而又苦闷的生活,而不得不从读书中找到生活的慰藉,从而读了大量的文学作品。并由此开始向往新的生活。

《我的大学》中说的是阿廖沙在16岁时到喀山,想进大学读书,但当时对他这样一个穷人家的孩子是不可能的,阿廖沙只有在那里的“社会”大学里学习,在那里,他接触到许多知识分子,受到各种思想的启迪与教育,这所“大学”为他展现出一个越来越宽广的世界。让他获得了新生。

读完这三部曲以后,你不能不为阿寥沙为了读书而遭受的屈辱而感慨万千,也不能不为他那种渴望读书的刻苦精神所感动。从他的身上,我们可以看出在高尔基成长的历程中,他那种对市民恶习的憎恨,对自由的热烈追求和对美好生活的强烈向往。与此同时,由于他生活在社会的底层,深入大众,再加上他如饥似渴地读书学习,才使他成为一代文学大师。

最后再来谈谈本部小说的翻译情况,现在,《童年》、《在人间》、《我的大学》已经有很多种汉译本,其中有些实在称得上是大手笔,翻译时能抓住原作者的内容精神,巧妙地表达出了原作者的意蕴。我们本着有助于广大青年读者学习英语的目的,在翻译时参照现有译本,本着直译的原则。尽可能体现原作者的本意。在翻译这部小说的过程中,我们在人名、地名上及一些特定称谓上,并不是随意追求标新立异,还是沿用前辈们的既定译法;另外,由于译者水平阅历均有限,翻译时难免有所疏露,失误之处在所难免,诚恳广大读者不吝赐教,在此一并表示谢意!

译者

AND so, I was leaving for Kazan, to study at the University—no less!

The thought of University studies had been put into my head by a Gymnasium student, N. Yevreinov—a lovable youth, very handsome, with the tender eyes of a woman. He lived in an attic room in the same house with me. Seeing me often with a book under my arm, he grew so interested as to seek my acquaintance; and it was not long before he began to urge it upon me that I possessed an ‘extraordinary gift for learning.’

‘Nature created you to further science,’ he declared, tossing his long hair back in graceful emphasis.

I did not yet know, then, that one might further science in the capacity of guinea pig; and Yevreinov made it so very clear that it was just such lads as I the universities were lacking. The memory of Lomonosov, of course, was evoked as a shining example. In Kazan, Yevreinov said, I would stay with him, studying through the autumn and winter to master the Gymnasium programme. Then I would take ‘some few’ examinations—that was just how he put it: ‘some few’; the University would grant me a scholarship. And in five years or so I would be a ‘learned man.’ It was all very simple; for Yevreinov was nineteen, and his heart was kind.

He passed his examinations and left. Some two weeks later, I followed. In parting, Granny told me: ‘Don’t you be cross with

这样,我前往喀山,要去上大学——至少如此。

一个名叫尼古拉·叶甫里诺夫的中学生使我产生了上大学的念头。他是一位非常可爱的青年,长得英俊潇洒,还有一双女人般温柔的眼睛。那时他和我们住在同一栋楼上,只是他住在阁楼的最顶层。他看到我的臂窝里经常夹着书,所以就对我特别感兴趣,然后我们就成了熟人。我们刚熟悉没多久时间,叶甫里诺夫就告诉我,说我“在学习上具有非凡的天赋”。

“上天造就您的目的就是为了让科学得到更快的发展。”他说着还非常优雅地甩了甩他的长发。

当时,我还搞不懂,就连一只小猪都有能力使科学得到进一步的发展,然而叶甫里诺夫却硬说像我这样的少年正是大学里非常缺少的人才。很显然,记忆中的哈伊尔·罗蒙诺索夫那光辉灿烂的事迹成为了一个很好的例证。叶甫里诺夫还说,到喀山以后,我可以和他住在一块儿,用一个秋季和冬季的时间来读完中学课程。接着,我再“随便”通过几门考试(请留心他所讲的是“随便”)。然后大学会给我提供助学金。大约五年以后,我就可以成为一名“有学问的人”了。让他说起来这些真是太简单了,因为叶甫里诺夫才十九岁,并且他的心肠又是如此善良。

考试完以后,他就走了。两周之后,我就动身了。在即将分别的时刻,外祖母告诉我:“今后不要再向别人发

people. You're always so cross. Stern, you're getting to be, and too demanding. That comes down to you from Grandfather. And—well, what's your grandfather? Lived all these years, and ended up nowhere, the poor old man. You keep one thing in mind: it's not God that judges men. That's the devil's pastime. Well, good-bye....'

And, brushing the scant tears from her dark, flabby cheeks, she said: 'We won't meet again. You'll be moving farther and farther off, restless soul, and I'll be dying.' I had drifted away from my dear grandmother of late, seeing her only rarely; but now it came to me with sudden pain that I would never again meet a friend so close, so much a part of me.

From the stern of the boat I looked back to where she stood, at the edge of the pier—crossing herself and, with the corner of her worn old shawl, drying her face and her dark eyes, bright with inextinguishable love of man.

And there I was, in the semi-Tatar city. Cramped rooms in a small, one-storey house standing, all alone, on a low hill at the end of a narrow, poverty-stricken street. On one side the house faced a vacant lot, thickly overgrown with weeds—the scene of a one-time conflagration. Deep among the worm-wood, the agrimony and horse sorrel, surrounded by elder thickets, loomed the ruins of a brick building; and beneath the ruins

火了。要是你经常发脾气的话,你就会成为一位非常严厉,非常苛刻的人。这些都是你的外祖父传授给你的。嗯,你外祖父的结局怎样啊?活了这么多年,老的时候连个安身之地都没有,他是一个非常可怜的人。你一定要牢记一句话:不是上帝在惩治人,魔鬼才乐意干这个呢。好了,再见吧.....”

她把她黑色,松弛的面颊上的几滴眼泪擦掉,继续说道:“恐怕以后我们再也见不着面了。你要到很远、很远的地方去。您这颗不安分的心啊。我就要与世长辞了。”最近,我跟我这位慈善的外祖母疏远了,很少见到她。但是我突然感到一阵痛苦,我将再也见不到这位和我如此亲密、几乎与我成为一个整体的朋友了。

我站在小船的船尾一直望着外祖母,她就站在码头边,在身上不停地画着十字,用她那破旧的披肩角拭着眼泪。擦她那满是皱纹的脸以及总是对世人充满爱意的,闪闪发光的黑眼睛。

我一到那儿,就在这座一半是鞑靼人的城里住下了。我住在一座位于一条狭窄的破烂不堪的街道上的楼房里。那座楼房处在一座小丘陵的尽头。我住在一楼那间狭窄的小屋里。这座楼房一侧的对面是一片空地,上面长满了厚厚的野草,那场景像是不久以前这儿曾遭受过一场大火侵袭。一片杂草丛生的地带以及茂密的树林中隐隐约约可以看到一片断壁残

there was a big cellar, in which stray dogs lived and died. I remember it very well, that cellar: one of my universities.

The Yevreinovs—mother and two sons lived on a miserly pension. From my first days in their home, I perceived the tragic melancholy with which the drab little widow, returning from the market, would lay out her purchases on the kitchen table and ponder her difficult problem: how to turn a few small bits of inferior meat into good and sufficient food for three healthy boys—not to speak of herself.

She spoke very little. Her grey eyes were set in the meek and hopeless obstinacy of a work horse that has spent its strength to the last. Dragging its cart uphill, the poor horse knows that it can never make the top; yet still it pulls its load.

One morning, three or four days after my arrival, I was helping her with some vegetables in the kitchen. The boys were still asleep. Quietly, warily, she asked me: 'What have you come to town for?'

'To study. At the University.'

Her eyebrows slowly lifted, crinkling her sallow forehead. Her knife slipped, and gashed her finger. Sucking the wound, she sank on to a chair, but at once sprang up again, with a sharp: 'Ah, the devil!'

When she had tied up her finger with a handkerchief, she said approvingly:

垣,在那片断壁残垣下是一个大地窖,在窖中经常可以见到一些无家可归的野狗,还可以见到一些野狗的死尸。我会永远记得这个地窖的,因为它也是我的一所大学。

叶甫里诺夫一家,妈妈和两个儿子。靠一份可怜的抚恤金生活。在他们家的最初几天中,我就已经意识到每当这位悲惨、忧郁的矮小的寡妇。从集市上回来后把菜放到厨房里,便要处理眼前的难题:怎样才能把那块小得可怜、又是最低等级的肉,做成一顿让三个身强力壮年轻的小伙子既能吃饱又能吃好的饭菜呢?——就不说她自己了吧。

她是一位寡言少语的女人,她那灰色的眼睛中流露出谦恭、绝望而又倔强的神情,如同一头已用尽最后一丝力气老马,虽然明白它无法把生活这辆车拉到顶端,但仍旧吃力地在重担的压力下,拼命朝前拉着。

一天早晨,大约是我来到她家后的三四天,我到厨房去给她帮忙,当时她的两个儿子还没有起床。她十分警惕地轻声问我:“您为什么要来这个城市呢?”

“我是来学习的,在大学学习。”

她的眉毛轻轻往上一翘,腊黄的眉头一皱。刀滑了下来,割破了她的手指。她边吮吸着伤口,边坐在了椅子上,然后又立即跳起来大叫道:“啊,真是活见鬼了。”

当她把割破的手指用手帕包好后,就称赞我说:

‘You peel potatoes well.’

I should think I peeled them well! I told her about my work on the river boat. She asked: ‘Do you think that’s sufficient preparation for entering the University?’

In those days I had but little conception of humour. I took her question seriously, and explained to her the sequence of measures as a result of which the doors to the temple of learning were to open before me.

She sighed:

‘Ah, Nikolai, Nikolai!’

Just at this point, Nikolai came into the kitchen to wash—sleepy, tousleheaded, and, as always, in excellent spirits.

‘Some meat patties would be nice, Mother,’ he said.

‘Yes, they would,’ the mother agreed.

Anxious to display my erudition in the culinary arts, I remarked that the meat was not good enough for patties, and, besides, that there was not enough of it.

At this Varvara Ivanovna became very angry, and directed at me a few such forceful words that my very ears flushed and seemed to grow. Flinging down the bunch of carrots she had been washing, she left the kitchen. Nikolai winked at me, and explained: ‘She’s in a mood.’ Settling down comfortably on a bench, he informed me that women, generally, were more nervous than men, such being the female make-up, as had been incontrovertibly established by a certain eminent sci-

“您把土豆削得真好。”

我认为我就是削得不错！于是我给她说了我在轮船上给厨师帮忙的事。她问道：“你以为，那样做就已经为进大学做了充分的准备吗？”

那时，我还不知道什么是幽默诙谐。我认真考虑了她所提出的问题。并向她解释了我这次求学的计划。而且还特别指出，要是那样的话，大学那座神殿的大门就会对我打开了。

她叹息了一声，说道：

“哎，尼古拉，尼古拉！”

就在那时，尼古拉恰好走进厨房来洗漱，睡眼惺忪，头发蓬乱的，但是他的精力却如同平时一样充沛。

“肉馅饺子的味道真是不错，妈妈。”他说道。

“是的，味道就是好。”她随声附和道。

我急于表现一下自己的烹饪技艺，就立即说道，用这块肉包饺子不合适。并且，此外也太少了。

一听我说这话，娃尔娃拉·伊凡诺夫娜生气了，她丝毫不给我留一点儿情面，她那强有力的几句话，弄得我满面通红。然后她又扔下手中的那捆胡萝卜，洗了洗手，走出了厨房。尼古拉对我眨了眨眼睛，说道：“她在闹脾气呢。”然后，他就是一条长凳上舒适地坐了下来，他对我说，一般情况下，女人都要比男人爱发火，这一结论是被某些赫赫有名的科学家毫无疑问地证明过的——瑞士的一位学者，要是我

entist—in Switzerland, if I remember correctly. An Englishman, one John Stuart Mill, had also had something to say on this subject.

Nikolai greatly enjoyed the process of teaching me, and seized on every opportunity that offered for stuffing into my brain one or another essential item, ignorance of which must surely make life impossible. I would drink in his words eagerly; and after a while Foucault, de la Rochefoucauld, and de la Rochejaquelein would merge, in my mind, into one entity, and I would be quite unable to recall whether it was Lavoisier who had beheaded Durnouriez, or the other way around. The kindly youth was sincerely determined to ‘make someone’ of me.

He promised it confidently. But—he lacked the time and the proper conditions for systematic guidance of my education. Blinded by the egoism and thoughtlessness of youth, he did not see how his mother had to strain and shift to make ends meet. Still less was this noticed by his brother, a slow, untalkative schoolboy.

But I had long been adept in the intricate conjury of kitchen chemistry and economics. I clearly perceived the desperate strivings of this woman, daily compelled to fool her children’s stomachs and to feed a young stranger of unprepossessing appearance and uncouth manners. Naturally enough, every crumb of bread I swallowed here weighed heavily on my conscience. I began to search

还可以清晰地记得的话,英国的约翰·穆勒也在这个问题上发表过自己的意见。

尼古拉非常喜欢教导我,只要一抓住机会,他就会对我循循善诱,把一两条最基本的教条输入到我的大脑中。而我呢,每次都是急切地把他的话全盘吸收到我的脑海中去。到了最后,我竟然分不清弗克、拉劳士弗构和拉劳士查克里了,在我的脑海中他们就是一个整体。另外就是,我再也想不起来,是拉法杰把杜莫利斩首了,还是杜莫利把拉法杰斩首了?这位和善的青年人下定决心要把我“培养成为一个人才”。

他信誓旦旦地向我许诺。但是——他没有时间,并且也没有一套完整的可以指导我学习的体系。青年人的自私和盲目蒙蔽了他的眼睛。他根本看不出来,为了生活,他的妈妈不得不做一些过度劳累的工作。他的弟弟是一位反应迟钝、寡言少语的中学生。

但是我对这些复杂的化学把戏和厨房经济早已清清楚楚地看在眼里。她每天都要想尽一切办法,来填饱两个儿子的肚子,并且还要喂养我这个外貌不太吸引人、笨拙、举止粗俗的小门外汉。当然她每次分给我的面包,在我吞食它们时我都感到非常沉重,我的良心也会感到不安。因此我就开始出去找工作。

for work.

Leaving the house in the early morning, I would stay away until I was sure dinner was over; and in bad weather I would spend these hours in the shelter of the cellar in the vacant lot. Sitting there among the dead dogs and cats, breathing the odours of putrefaction, listening to the pouring rain and the moaning wind, I soon began to understand that the University was an empty dream; that I would have done more wisely to run away to Persia.

This, after picturing myself as a grey-bearded wizard, creator of means for growing wheat and rye with kernels the size of apples, and potatoes that would weigh a pood a piece—not to speak of numerous other benefactions for this earth, on which life was so confoundedly difficult, difficult not only for me.

I had already learned to dream of strange adventures and prodigious deeds. This was a great help to me in life's hard days; and, hard days being many, I grew more and more proficient at such dreaming. I looked for no outside assistance, and set no hopes on luck or chance. But I was gradually developing an unyielding obstinacy of will; and the more difficult life became, the stronger, even the wiser, I felt myself to be. I realized in very early life that a man is made by the resistance he presents to his surroundings.

To keep from starving, I would go to the Volga wharves, where one could easily earn fifteen or twenty kopeks. Here, among the

我一大早就离开家,直到我确信他们已经吃过了晚饭才回去。如果遇到恶劣的天气,我就到那个里面什么也没有的大地窖里躲一下。坐在那些野狗和野猫的死尸之间,呼吸的是带有死尸气味的空气,听的是地窖外滂沱的雨声和狂风的吼叫声,我立即意识到:上大学只是我虚构的一个梦境。要是我起先到波斯去,肯定要比这明智得多。

于是我把自已想象成为一个长着灰白胡子的男巫,能够用某种手段把一粒谷子栽培得像苹果那么大,也可以让一个土豆长得有一普特那么重,我对地球上众多的遭受苦难的人民施恩行惠,在这个世界上许多人的生活都很困难,不仅仅是我自己的生活有困难。

我已经开始学会幻想种种不平凡的冒险和丰功伟绩。在那些困难的日子里,这给了我很大的帮助。因为困难的日子有好多,所以我越来越爱做这些不切实际的梦了。我感到自己根本没有外援,也没有对那些所谓的运气和机会寄予厚望。生活越来越艰难了,但是我却逐渐变得坚强起来。我觉得,我的意志更加坚定了,我更聪明了,我在很早以前就懂得:生活环境越艰苦越可以锻炼人。

为了不饿肚子,我要去伏尔加河的码头上找些事干,在那儿可以轻松地赚到十五至二十个戈比。在那儿,

stevedores, tramps, and thieves, I felt like a rod of iron thrust into hot coals; for every day was saturated with intense and searing impressions.

Here I looked upon a whirling world in which men's instincts were coarse, their greed naked and undisguised. I was attracted by these people's bitterness against life, attracted by their attitude of mocking hostility towards everything on earth, and of carelessness towards themselves. All that I myself had experienced drew me to these people, urged the desire to plunge wholly into their caustic world. Bret Harte's tales, and the innumerable cheap novels I had read, still further intensified this world's attraction for me.

There was Bashkin, professional thief and former normal school student—a consumptive man, often and brutally beaten. Eloquently, he admonished me: 'What makes you so bashful, like a shrinking girl? Afraid to lose your honour? A girl—her honour's all she's got to lose. For you, it's just a yoke. An ox is honest; but an ox can fill its belly on hay.'

Bashkin was small and redheaded, and went about clean-shaven—like an actor. His soft, smooth movements brought to mind a kitten. Towards me, he adopted an instructive, protective attitude; and I could see that with all his heart he wished me luck and happiness. Highly intelligent, he had read many good books, of which *The Count of Monte*

我和那些搬运工、失业者、劫贼们在一块儿混日子,我觉得就如同扔到烧得正旺的炉子下面的一根铁棒。在那儿渡过的每一天都给我留下不可磨灭的印象。

在那儿,在我的眼前不停旋转的是人类的粗俗、贪婪的本性,那些本性被暴露得一览无余。我对那些已经饱经了人间沧桑的人们特别有好感,并喜爱他们那种敌视万事万物,并对自己也毫不在乎的态度,我体验过人生的酸甜苦辣,这促使我渴望加入到他们那刻薄的社会中去。我拜读过波莱特·哈特的小说和许多不出名的作家写的作品,这也进一步增强了这个特殊世界对我的吸引力。

有一位名叫贝什金的惯偷,以前他曾是一位师范学校的学生,如今已成为一位肺病患者。他经常苦口婆心地劝我:“你为什么会如此害羞呢,与一位畏手畏脚的女孩子没什么区别?是担心损坏了你的名誉?对一个女孩子来说,她的名誉就是一切,然而对你来说名誉就是条锁链。牛非常忠厚,但牛却只能用干草来填饱肚皮。”

贝什金的个子不高,长着一头红头发。脸刮得干干净净地的就像一名男演员。他那柔和、平稳的动作,让人很容易联想到他宛如一只小猫。对我,他总是采用教育的态度,总是充当我的保护人。我可以看出他对我无半点虚假的心意。他真心希望我能够赶上好机遇,能过上幸福的生活。他的

Cristo pleased him best of all.

‘That book has heart in it, and purpose, too,’ he said.

He was a lover of women, and spoke of them ecstatically, smacking his lips with relish, a sort of spasm passing over his racked body. It had something unwholesome about it, this spasm, something physically repulsive. But I listened eagerly to his talk, sensing its beauty.

‘Women, women,’ he would intone, his sallow cheeks flushing, his dark eyes glowing with enthusiasm. ‘For a woman, I’d do anything. Like the devil, woman knows no sin. Live in love—there’s nothing better ever been invented!’

He had a fine gift for narration. Without effort, too, he would compose touching little ditties for the prostitutes, on the sorrows of crossed or unrequited love. These were sung in all the Volga towns.

Among others, he was the author of that very widespread song: *When a girl is plain and poor, And dressed all out of fashion, Who on earth will marry her? Not a living creature!*

I had a well-wisher in Trusov—shady character. This was a fine-looking man, foppishly dressed, with a musician’s delicate fingers. He kept a little shop in the Admiralty district. The sign said, ‘Clock Repair-

智商很高,读过许多书,《基督山伯爵》是他最爱读的一本书。

“这本书的中心思想突出,目的也非常明确。”他这样评论道。

他是一位喜欢女人的人,一谈起女人就起劲,有力地抖动着双唇,从他那虚弱的体内发出令人肉麻的抖动。这里面有一些不道德的成份。但是,我仍旧非常认真地听他说话,可以感到他的话语很美。

“女人啊,女人,”他总是拖着长音,发黄的脸上泛着红光,两只黑眼睛中流露出热情洋溢的神色,“为了女人,我愿意做任何事情。女人就如同大魔鬼,女人们没有罪孽这个概念。陷入了爱情的漩涡——这个世界上没有比这更美妙的事情了。”

他天生就会瞎编乱造,他可以毫不费力地编出有关妓女们的那些凄婉动人的故事,他还会编一些有关妓女的那些有仇未报的爱情故事。他所编的曲调在伏尔加河两岸的所有城市中广为传唱。

下面这首广为传唱的小曲就出自他的手笔:有一位姑娘家里很穷,长得也不漂亮。身上穿的是过时的衣服,在这个世界上有谁愿意娶她呢?没有一个人。

我还与一位非常聪明,名叫特鲁索夫的人非常熟悉。他这人长得一表人才,衣着华丽,长着犹如音乐家那般精巧的手指。他在海军区开了一家小店铺,店铺的招牌是“钟表店”,但那儿

ing'; but Trusov's business was the sale of stolen goods. 'Don't you let yourself drift into thieves' tricks, Maximich,' he would say to me, stroking his greying beard impressively and screwing up his bold and crafty eyes. 'That's not your road, I can see. You're the soulful kind.'

'What do you mean, the soulful kind?'

'Why, the ones that are never envious—only curious to know.' that was not a true description of me. I was often envious, of many things. Thus, I envied Bashkin his gift of talking—his peculiar, verse-like style, his unexpected figures and turns of speech. I recall the beginning of one of his tales of amorous adventure: 'One cloudy-eyed night I was huddled, like an owl in a hollow tree, in a boarding house in the beggarly town of Sviyazhsk. It was autumn, October. A lazy little rain was coming down, and the wind soughed just the way a Tatar sings when someone's been mean to him—an endless o-o-o-oo-oo-oo....'

'... And then she came, so light and rosy, like a cloud at sunrise, and in her eyes a lying purity of soul. "Dear love," she says, and her voice rang true, "I haven't sinned against you." I knew she was lying, and yet—I believed her. My mind knew for certain, but my heart just couldn't believe she was false.'

He would talk with half-closed eyes, his body swaying rhythmically, his hand rising

却是赃物的交换地。他告诉我：“彼什柯夫，你千万不要把手伸到这盆浑水中来啊。”他说这话时，总爱抚摸一下他那花白的胡须，再眯起他那狡猾、傲慢的眼睛，“那不是你应该选择的道路，你是一位心肠非常好的人。”

“你这话是什么意思呢，怎样才算是一位心肠好的人呢？”

“哎呀，这样的人对任何事只有求知欲，却从来没有妒忌心。”他这样描述我，确实有点儿过奖了。因为在很多事情上，我经常会产生妒忌心。比如：我曾经妒忌贝什金的语言天赋和他说出那些漂亮句子。我仍可以清晰地回忆起，他这样描述一个充满冒险精神的爱情故事，开始是这样的：“一个乌云密布的夜晚，我蜷缩在斯维亚什斯克这个赤贫小城的寄宿处，如同一只藏在树洞里的猫头鹰。当时是十月份，正是一个秋雨连绵的季节，刮着飒飒秋风，如同某位受了委屈的鞑靼人没完没了地在吟唱：呜，呜……”

“就在这时，她出现了，是如此地轻快，如此地艳丽，就像初升的朝阳。从她的眼神中可以看出，她的纯洁是伪装出来的，‘我亲爱的’她说道，她的声音很真诚，‘我没有背叛你’。尽管我心里明白她在说谎，然而我仍旧相信了她。我的头脑非常清醒，但是我的内心却不愿相信她在撒谎。”

他这样讲着，半闭着眼睛，身体还有节奏地左右摇摆着，偶尔他还会轻

softly, in a frequently repeated gesture, to touch his chest, over his heart.

His voice was dull and colourless, yet his words were vivid, with something of the nightingale throbbing through them.

I envied Trusov, too. This man told fascinating tales about Siberia, Khiva, Bukhara. He spoke amusingly, yet with tremendous bitterness, of the lives of the clerical hierarchy. And one day he declared mysteriously of Tsar Alexander III: 'This tsar—he's a past master in his business.'

Trusov, I thought, must be one of those 'villains' who at the end of a novel, to the reader's astonishment, turn into high-souled heroes.

Sometimes, of a stuffy night, these people would cross to the meadow bank of the little Kazanka River. There, among the bushes, they would drink, and eat, and talk of their affairs—or, more often, of the intricacies of life, Of the strange confusion of human relationships. Above all, they talked of women: talked of them with malice or with melancholy—movingly, at times, and almost always as though peering into a dark place where things sinister and unknown might lurk.

I spent two or three nights with them out there, under a dark sky studded with lacklustre stars. We lay in the stuffy warmth of a little hollow, thickly overgrown with willow bushes. Through the darkness, damp because the Volga was so near, boat lights

轻地把手举起来,拍拍自己的胸膛。

他的嗓音嘶哑低沉,然而他的语言却非常生动,真有几声夜莺一直在歌唱的味道。

我妒忌特鲁索夫,他这个人会讲迷人的西伯利亚、西瓦布·哈拉等地的故事,他讲故事时妙趣横生,然而对高级牧师们的生活,他又会给予大力抨击。一天,他居然在背地里这样讲沙皇亚历山大三世:“他是一位名副其实的专制魔头。”

特鲁索夫这个人,我认为他一定是小说的结尾描写的那些“恶棍”之一,趁着读者们吃惊的表情,他们却突然变成了一位高尚的英雄。

有时,在闷热的夜晚,大家就会渡过喀山河,到对面的草地上去。那儿有一片矮树林,他们就坐在那片矮树林中,一边吃着喝着,一边诉说着他们的心里话。他们说的常常是生活中那些错综复杂,稀奇古怪的事情。奇怪的是,他们一说起女人,总会牵涉到一个令人迷糊的人际关系。一说起女人,他们就都含着愤恨,忧郁——有时,又很感动,而且总是怀有这样一种心情仿佛他们正朝暗中张望,那儿潜伏着一些未知的、险恶的东西。

我和他们在那儿一起度过了两三个晚上,那几个晚上天空极为灰暗,星光暗淡。我们躺在那无聊而又闷热的山谷中,到处都是浓密的杂草丛生的柳树。那儿由于靠近伏尔加河,所以空气非常潮湿,船上的灯光看上去就

crawled, golden spiders, in every direction; and along the black mass of the bluff bank shone scattered lumps and veins of fire—the windows of homes and taverns in the wealthy village of Uslon. The paddles of steamboat wheels beat dully against the water. Sailors shouted, on a passing train of barges; and their hoarse cries were like the howling of wolves. Somewhere a hammer tapped iron. A plaintive song floated over the water—somebody's soul, gently smouldering. The song cast ashy melancholy on the heart.

And it was more melancholy still to hear the softly flowing talk of my companions. Musing on life, each spoke of what lay closest to his heart, barely listening to the others. Sitting or lying in the shadow of the willow bushes, smoking, and drinking now and then, without greed, of vodka or beer, they would go drifting back along the vague paths of memory.

‘Well, there was this that happened to me,’ someone might say, out of the night that pressed him to the earth.

And when he had told his tale, the others would murmur their assent:

‘Yes, such things happen too. All sorts of things may happen.’

‘Happened,’ ‘happens,’ ‘used to happen,’ sounded in my ears, until it seemed to me that in this night these people had entered their last hours of life. Everything had already happened; nothing would ever happen more!

如同金色的蜘蛛朝各个方向缓慢爬行,从非常富有的乌斯龙村的铺子和住宅区的窗口中射出的光线,在黑暗的河岸上空宛如一个个火球。轮船的水轮冲击着河水,发出隆隆的响声。水手们在船上发出“鬼哭狼嚎”的叫声,在什么地方,有人用铁锤敲打船板,发出长长的声音,唱着凄婉的歌曲,有的人用歌声来发泄心中的不快,这样的歌声又给人们平添了一些悲伤的情绪。

更让人感到忧郁的是听他们在那儿柔声细语地说他们的心事。他们思考生活,他们各人说各人的,根本没有人听别人讲,他们有的坐在那儿,有的躺在那儿,吸着烟,偶尔还要并不贪婪地喝一些伏特加或啤酒什么的,于是就回忆起了许多模糊不清的往事。

“嗯,我曾经遇到过这样的事情,”漆黑的夜晚中,有人趴在地上这样说道。

当他把他的故事讲完以后,大家都咕哝着发表自己的意见:

“是的,这样的事情见得太多了,无奇不有。”

“碰到过了,”“碰到过了,”“以前经常发生,”我一听到这些话,就感觉仿佛今天晚上他们都已经到了临终时刻。所有的事情他们都遇见过了,再也不会发生什么新鲜事了。