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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,十九世纪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。《母亲》这部小说于1906年发表,被称为世界文学史上第一部社会主义现实主义小说。在十月革命前夕,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),以及未完成的巨著《克里姆·萨姆金的一生》(1925)等。

《母亲》是高尔基的代表作,被认为是一部划时代的巨著,开辟了无产阶级时代的新纪元。这部小说通过青年工人巴威尔和母亲在革命浪潮的激荡下,成长为自觉的革命战士的过程,塑造出丰满的社会主义新人形象,从一个方面真实而具体地反映了俄国第一次革命时期的历史进程。列宁对这部书的现实意义有很高的评价。它第一次深刻反映了工人阶级在其政党领导下所进行的革命斗争;第一次成功地塑造了工人阶级的英雄形象;客观地描写了工人阶级革命时期的典型性格与生存环境。

这部小说的主要内容是:在俄国沙皇统治下的工人区,工人们还没有觉醒,过着浑浑噩噩的生活。老钳工符拉索夫由于精神极度苦闷而经常酗酒、打架,后来在悲愤、绝望中死去。他的儿子巴威尔由于读了“禁书”而由最初的“生活闷得要死”而变得态度谦和、积极上进起来,母亲一到周末,便会听到巴威尔组织的革命者们所谈的“社会主义问题”,内心虽然害怕,但却让人倍感亲切。由于巴威尔和其他人办起了报纸,印发传单,宪兵便搜查了巴威尔家,母亲为此而经受了考验,

虽然宪兵抓走了霍霍尔,但巴威尔和其他革命者对此根本无所畏惧,并组织工人进行抗议,却由于没有发动群众而失败了。巴威尔为此也被捕入狱。为了营救巴威尔,母亲自己去工厂散发传单。巴威尔出狱后,又因组织“五一”游行而被宪兵抓走,母亲从此便高举旗帜,率领群众继续斗争。在许多革命者被捕后,母亲便主动承担革命重任,深入城乡,组织群众,宣传革命。巴威尔和其他革命者临危不惧,法庭上慷慨陈词,宣传真理。同志们把这些演讲印成传单由母亲出去散发,后来在车站被捕,但她却坚信革命斗争到最后,一定会取得胜利。

在本书中,高尔基运用各种艺术手段,如进行大量的心理描写与人物的语言变化来刻划人物。母亲的觉醒就是通过心理描写来刻划的。小说中还通过母亲的感受来展示重大事件与人物形象。不仅表现了母亲丰富的内心世界,还使小说中的人物与事件具有浓厚的浪漫主义色彩,使作品具有很强的感染力。作者在刻划人物形象时,也描写了他们的感情世界,如母亲对儿子所表现出来的母爱、巴威尔与莎馨卡的爱情、革命者间的友爱,都很真挚感人。

《母亲》体现了作者的社会主义美学观。

译者

## PART ONE

### I

Every day the factory whistle shrieked tremulously in the grimy, greasy air above the workers' settlement. And in obedience to its summons sullen people, roused before sleep had refreshed their muscles, came scuttling out of their little grey houses like frightened cockroaches.

They walked through the cold darkness, down the unpaved street to the high stone cells of the factory, which awaited them with cold complacency, its dozens of square oily eyes lighting up the road. The mud smacked beneath their feet. They shouted in hoarse sleepy voices and rent the air with ugly oaths, while other sounds came floating to meet them: the heavy hum of machinery and the hiss of steam. Tall black smokestacks, stern and gloomy, loomed like thick clubs above the settlement.

In the evening, when the setting sun found weary reflection in the windows of the houses, the factory expelled the people from its stone bowels as though they were so much slag, and they climbed the street again grimy, black-faced, their hungry teeth glittering, their bodies giving off the sticky odour of machine oil.

## 第一部

### 第一章

每天,在工人区上空充满油腻的污浊的空气中,当工厂的汽笛震颤着鸣叫起来的时候,那些还没有在睡梦中使筋骨得以恢复的人们被惊醒了,一个个阴沉着脸,像受了惊吓的蟑螂似的,从那些矮小破旧的灰白色小屋子里走出来。

在寒冷的黑暗中,他们沿着没有铺砌的街道,走向工厂里那些高大的鸟笼般的石头房子,工厂那几十只油腻的四方形的眼睛照亮着道路,那些房子摆出冷漠的自负的样子等着他们。脚底下扑打着泥巴,他们不时跟说梦话一样嘶哑地喊上一声,粗俗的咒骂声传向空中,同时,另一种声音就朝着他们迎面扑来,那是机器沉重的轰鸣声与蒸气的嘶嘶声。高高的黑色烟囱,就像一根特别粗大的手杖,在工人区的上空阴沉而肃然地耸立着。

黄昏的时候,夕阳懒洋洋地照在各家的窗户玻璃上。工厂从它那石头般的肚子里面,把这些人扔了出来,就跟扔掉那些没有用的矿渣似的。而他们的脸被熏得漆黑,那饥饿的牙齿闪着光,走在大街上。这个时候,他们的说话声才有了点生气,甚至是兴高采烈,

Now their voices were lively, even joyful, for work was over for another day, and supper and rest awaited them at home.

The day had been devoured by the factory, whose machines sucked up as much of the workers' strength as they needed. The day was struck out, leaving not a trace, and Man had advanced one more step towards his grave. But now he was looking forward to rest and to the delights of a smoke-filled tavern, and he was content.

On Sundays and holidays the people slept till ten, and then the respectable married ones put on their best clothes and went to mass, scolding the young ones for their indifference to religion. After mass they came home, ate pirogi and slept again until evening.

The weariness accumulated through the years dulled their appetites, so they whetted them with drink, stimulating their stomachs with the sharp sting of vodka.

In the evening they strolled along the streets. Those who owned galoshes put them on even though the ground was dry, and those who owned umbrellas carried them even though the weather was fine.

On meeting their friends they talked about the factory, the machines and their foremen; they never thought or talked about anything not connected with their work. Occasional sparks of feeble faltering thoughts sometimes flickered in the dull monotony of their days. When the men came home they wrangled with their wives

因为又干完了一天的活,晚饭和休息正在家等着他们。

整整一天的时间都让工厂给占去了,而那些机器则将它所需要的力量全都从工人们的身上榨取了出来。一整天的时间就这样不见了,没留一点痕迹,而人们却向他们的坟墓又走近了一步。不过,想着眼下的休息与那雾气腾腾的小酒店里的快乐,他就觉得很满足了。

在星期日或者节假日,他们就一直睡到十点钟,然后,那些体面的、成了家的人们,就穿上最好的衣服去做弥撒。一路上,他们责骂着年轻人对宗教的漠不关心。做完弥撒之后,他们就回到家,吃了馅饼,便又接着睡觉,一直睡到天黑。

成年的辛苦劳作,搞得他们都没有了胃口,为了能吃下去饭,他们就拼命地喝酒,用伏特加那强烈的灼热来刺激他们的食欲。

到了晚上,他们就沿着大街四处逛荡。自己有套鞋的,就算地面干干的,也穿上套鞋。自己有雨伞的,哪怕是大晴天,也拿着雨伞。

他们一遇到朋友,就在那儿谈论工厂、机器和他们的工头,他们从来不想也从来不说跟工作无关的事情。在这单调而枯燥的生活中,有时候,一些蠢昧无知的观点也会偶尔闪一下光。当他们回到家的时候,就开始骂老婆,还经常打她们。



and often beat them.

The young people went to the taverns or to their friends' houses, where they played the accordion, sang ribald songs, danced, swore and got drunk. Worn out as they were by hard work, the drink quickly went to their heads, and some unaccountable irritation rankled in their breasts, demanding an outlet. And so they seized the slightest opportunity to relieve their feelings by flying at one another with bestial ferocity. Bloody fights were the result. Sometimes they ended in serious injuries and occasionally in killings.

Their human relations were dominated by a lurking sense of animosity, a feeling as old as the incurable exhaustion of their muscles. People were born with this malady of the spirit inherited from their fathers, and like a dark shadow it accompanied them to the very grave, making them do things revolting in their senseless cruelty.

On Sundays the young people came home late at night in torn clothes, covered with dirt and mud, with black eyes and bloody noses, sometimes boasting maliciously of the blows they had dealt their friends, at other times sulking, raging or crying over their insults; they were drunk and pathetic, miserable and disgusting.

Often mothers or fathers found their sons sprawling dead drunk in the shadow of a fence, or on the floor of a tavern. The elders would curse them foully, pummel their vodka-sodden bodies, bring them home and put them

年轻人就到酒馆去,或者到他们的朋友家去玩,他们在那儿拉手风琴,唱一些下流的歌曲,说些脏话,跳跳舞,再喝点酒。疲惫的人很容易就会喝醉,喝醉之后,心里就充满了一种说不上来的怒火,马上就沸腾起来,就去找发泄的机会。一旦抓住了这种机会,即使只是为了一点微不足道的小事,他们也会跟野兽一样凶狠地扭打在一块。经常都打得头破血流,有时还会把人打残,甚至打出人命。

在他们的日常交往中,最多的是潜在的仇恨,这种感情,跟那没法恢复的筋骨上的疲劳一样,都是那样的由来已久。人们一出生就从他们父亲那儿继承了这种灵魂的疾病,它就像黑影一样伴随他们,一直到进入坟墓。是它让他们干出很多惹人厌烦却又毫无意义的残忍的事情。

星期天年轻人直到深夜才回家,他们穿着被扯烂的衣服,身上沾满泥巴与灰土,眼圈也青了,鼻子也流血了,有时就幸灾乐祸地夸耀自己对同伴的殴打;有时则因为被侮辱而阴沉着脸、恼怒不已或者是痛哭流涕;有时,他们喝醉了酒,不省人事而又可怜巴巴的,很令人厌恶。

父母们经常发现,他们的儿子在路边围墙的阴影下,或者是哪个酒馆的地板上躺着,他们四肢张开,醉得跟死了一样。父母们马上破口大骂,照着他们那被伏特加灌软了的身体,狠

to bed with a certain solicitude, only to wake them up early in the morning when the shriek of the whistle came rushing in a dark stream through the dawn.

They cursed their children and beat them mercilessly, but the fighting and drinking of young people was taken as a matter of course; when the fathers had been young they too had fought and drunk, been thrashed in their turn by their mothers and fathers. Life had always been like that. It flowed on in a turbid stream, slowly and evenly, year after year, and everything was bound together by deep-rooted habits of thinking and doing the same thing day after day.

Sometimes new people came to live in the factory settlement.

At first they attracted attention just because they were newcomers, then a superficial interest in them was sustained by their accounts of the other places where they had worked, But soon the novelty wore off, people grew used to them and stopped noticing them. From what the newcomers said it was clear that the life of working people was the same everywhere. And if this was true, what was there to talk about?

But some of the newcomers said things that were new to the settlement. Nobody argued with them, but they listened sceptically. Some were annoyed by what they said, others were vaguely alarmed, while yet others were disturbed by a faint shadow of hope, and this made them drink all the harder to drive away

狠地揍上一顿,然后,就将他们拉回家去,马马虎虎将他们弄到床上就行,因为第二天早上,当汽笛声像黑暗的洪水一样在黎明中传过来的时候,还要将他们喊醒。

虽然他们那样残忍地打骂他们的儿子,不过老年人认为,年轻人酗酒与打架是合情合理的事,因为这些父亲们在年轻的时候,也同样地酗过酒、打过架,也被他们的父母毆打过。生活一直都是这样的,它平缓得像一条混浊的河流一样,年复一年,流向远方。所有的东西都被思想中那根深蒂固的习惯束缚到了一块,日复一日地做着同样的事。

有时候,有些陌生人到这城郊的工人区来生活。

一开始,就因为他们是新来者,所以吸引了大家的注意力,后来,听他们说到他们过去工作的地方,大家表面上还会有点感兴趣。可过了不久,那些新奇的事物不见了,于是大家习惯了他们,也就不再注意他们了。从这些新来者的话里面,他们弄清楚了,工人的生活每个地方都一样。要是这是真的,那还有什么可说的呢?

不过有些新来者讲一些在工人区从未听说过的新闻,没有人跟他们辩论,只是半信半疑地听着。他们所说的那些话,惹恼了一部分人,而另一部分人则隐隐约约地感到不安,而剩下的那些人,则被一丝模糊的希望影子,弄得很烦躁。而这只会让生活

alarms that only made life more complicated.

If they noted anything unusual about a newcomer, the people in the settlement would hold it against him, and they were wary of anyone who was not like themselves. It was as if they feared he might upset the dull regularity of their lives, which, if difficult, were at least untroubled. People were used to having life bear down upon them with equal pressure at all times, and since they had no hope of relief, they were sure any change would only increase their hardships.

The working people silently avoided anyone who voiced new ideas.

So the newcomers usually went away. In the rare cases when they stayed, they either grew to be like their fellows or took to living apart....

After some fifty years of such a life a man died.

## II

Thus lived Mikhail Vlassov, a sullen, hire-sute mechanic with tiny eyes that glared suspiciously and with spiteful scorn from under his bushy eyebrows. He was the best mechanic at the factory and the strongest man in the settlement, but he was surly with his superiors, and for that reason made little money. On every

变得更复杂,为了赶走这些东西,他们就喝下比平时更多的烈酒。

要是发现一个新来者身上有什么不同寻常的东西,工人区的人们就牢记住他。他们对这些跟他们不同的人,怀着很大的戒心。他们担心这些人在他们生活中投下什么东西,而这种东西足以破坏他们的生活规律,尽管他们的生活很艰苦,可还算无忧无虑。尽管没什么意思,生活的压力什么时候都是一样的,人们已经习惯了,因为他们没有希望去减轻这些压力,所以,他们就认定所有的变化只会增加他们的辛苦。

工人们默默地离开那些讲述新观点的人。

因此,新来者通常都又走了。在那些少数留下来的人中,要么变得跟那些工人们一样,要么自己孤单地生活.....

过上五十年这样的日子之后,人就死了。

## 第二章

钳工米哈依尔·符拉索夫,也是这样生活着,他是个毛发很浓、脸色阴沉的人,长着一双细小的眼睛;当他的眼睛在浓眉下面看人的时候,总是带着猜疑的恶意的嘲笑。他是工厂里最好的技工,也是工人区最强壮的人。可他对上司非常粗暴,因此挣的钱就非

holiday he beat somebody, and so he was disliked and feared by all.

Any attempt to pay him back in kind proved futile. Whenever Vlassov saw people making for him, he would pick up a stone or a board, or an iron bar, plant his feet wide apart, and silently wait for the enemy. The sight of his hairy arms and his face, overgrown from eyes to neck with a thick black beard, was enough to terrify anyone. But people were especially afraid of his eyes. — little and sharp, they seemed to bore through a person, and anyone who met their gaze felt he was in the presence of a wild force ready to strike without fear or mercy.

‘Well, take yourselves off, you sons of bitches,’ he would say gruffly, his large yellow teeth glinting through his beard. And the people would take themselves off, hurling a volley of cowardly oaths as they went.

‘Sons of bitches!’ he would call after them, his eyes sharp as a stiletto with scorn. Then he would follow them, his head thrown back, shouting defiantly: ‘Well, who wants to die?’

Nobody did.

He rarely spoke, and ‘son of a bitch’ was his favourite epithet. He used it for the police, and officials, and his bosses at the factory. He always called his wife a bitch.

‘Here, can’t you see my pants are ripped, you bitch?’

When his son Pavel was fourteen years old, he once attempted to grab him by the

常少。每个假日，他都会打人。大家都讨厌他，又怕他。

大家常常想要打他一顿，可一直都不行。符拉索夫一发现有人冲他过来了，他就捡起一块石头、木板或者铁片，把他的腿叉得宽宽的，默默地等着敌人。一看到他那张从眼到脖子全都是黑胡子的面孔与多毛的胳膊，使人们就觉得害怕。特别是他那双眼睛，让人见了就害怕，那眼睛又小又尖，就跟钢锥一样能刺透人，所有遇上他目光的人们，都会感到他那种什么都不怕而且特别残忍的野兽一样的气势。

“行了，滚吧，狗杂种！”他粗暴地骂道。大黄牙就从他的胡子里面露了出来。本来打算要打他的人们便胆怯地咒骂着走了。

“狗杂种！”他就在他们身后骂道。眼睛里露出像钢锥一样锐利的嘲笑。他头向后仰着，跟着他们，挑衅似地叫道：“来吧！有谁来找死？”

没人找死。

他很少说话，“狗杂种”是他的口头禅。他用它称呼警察和当官的，还有他厂里的厂主，他还经常喊他妻子为婊子。

“喂！你个婊子！难道你看不见？我的裤子烂了？”

当他的儿子巴威尔十四岁时，有一次，符拉索夫想抓住他的头发，巴威

hair. Pavel picked up a heavy hammer and said curtly: 'Hands off!'

'What's that?' asked his father, gliding towards his tall slender son as the shadow of a cloud glides towards a birch tree.

'I've had enough', said Pavel. 'I won't take any more.'

And he raised the hammer.

'All right,' he said with a short laugh; then, with a deep sigh: 'You're a son of a bitch all right.'

Shortly after that he said to his wife: 'Don't ask me for any more money. Pavel'll feed you from now on.'

'And you'll drink up all your wages, I suppose?' she dared to retort.

'That's none of your business, you bitch! I'll go get myself a girl if I like!'

He did not get himself a girl, but from that time on until his death, nearly two years later, he took no notice of his son and never spoke to him.

He had a dog as big and shaggy as himself. It followed him to the factory every morning and waited for him at the gate every evening. Vlassov spent his holidays going from one tavern to another. He went without speaking, searching people's faces as though looking for someone. And the dog trailed its bushy tail after its master all day long. When Vlassov came home drunk, he would sit down to supper and feed the dog from his own bowl. He never cursed it or beat it, but he never fondled it either.

尔却抓起一把很重的大铁锤,直截了当地说道:“松手!”

“说什么?”他父亲一边问道,一边朝他那又瘦又高的儿子逼近,就像云的阴影慢慢接近白桦树似的。

“我受够了!”巴威尔说道,“我再也不会忍受了。”

接着他便举起了铁锤。

“好了,”他发出一声短促的大笑,接着又深深地叹息了一声,说道:“你真是狗杂种!”

过了没多久时间,他就对他的妻子说道:“不要再问我要钱了!今后巴威尔能供养你了。”

“那么,我想,你要把工资全都喝掉?”她大着胆子反问道。

“跟你无关,你个婊子!我愿意的话我就去找个妞!”

他并没有去找姑娘,不过从那时起,一直到他死,将近两年的时间,他再也没有管教他的儿子,也没跟他说过话。

他有一条跟他自己一样高大而多毛的狗。每天早上,那条狗都要跟着他到工厂去,每天傍晚,又到工厂大门口等着他。放假的时候,符拉索夫就一个接地去一个酒馆。它就一声不响地跟着,像是到那儿找人一样,瞅着人们的脸看。那条狗拖着毛茸茸的大尾巴,一天到晚地跟着它的主人。每当醉熏熏地回到家的时候,符拉索夫就会坐下来吃晚饭,并用他自己的饭碗喂狗,他从来都不打骂它,可也从未抚弄过它。

After supper he would throw the dishes on the floor if his wife were slow in clearing the table; then he would place a bottle of vodka in front of him, lean his back against the wall, close his eyes, open wide his mouth, and wail a mournful song. The doleful, ugly sounds became entangled in his whiskers, pushing out the bead crumbs; the mechanic would stroke his beard and moustache with his thick fingers as he sang. The words of his song were vague and straggling, and the melody reminded one of the howling of wolves in winter. He would sing as long as the vodka lasted, then slump over on the bench or drop his head on the table and sleep until the whistle blew.

The dog lay beside him.

He died of a rupture. For five days he tossed in his bed, black in the face, his eyes closed, grinding his teeth. Occasionally he would say to his wife: 'Give me some arsenic . . . poison me. . . .'

The doctor ordered a poultice, but added that Mikhail must undergo an operation and should be taken to the hospital that very day.

'To hell with you! I'll die without your help, you son of a bitch!' gasped Mikhail.

When the doctor left and his wife tearfully implored him to have the operation, he shook his fist at her and said: 'If I get well it will go all the worse with you!'

He died in the morning, just as the whistle was blowing. He lay in his coffin with his mouth open and his brows drawn in a scowl of displeasure.

吃了晚饭,要是妻子不及时过来清理桌子的话,那他就会将碗碟全都扔到地上,把一瓶伏特加酒放到自己前面,倚着墙,大张着嘴,把眼睛闭上,唱上一首悲哀的歌。那阴沉而又难听的声音,在他胡子里打着转,将那上边的面包屑都吹掉了,他唱歌的时候,这位技工就用他粗大的手指捋着胡子。他的歌词其他人听不懂,而且音调拉得还很长,那声音会让人想起冬天里狼的嚎叫声。他会一直唱到把伏特加喝完,然后就倒伏在长凳子上,或者是将头俯到桌子上,一直睡到汽笛拉响的时候。

那条狗就卧在他旁边。

他死于疝气病。在死之前的那五天里,他脸色发黑,眼睛闭着,使劲咬着牙,在床上乱滚,有时候,他对妻子说:“给我拿些砒霜……毒死我好了……”

医生准备用膏药给他治疗,还说米哈依尔必须接受手术,而且当天就要送他去医院。

“去死吧,不用你管,我自己会死!狗杂种!”米哈依尔喘着粗气骂道。

当医生离开的时候,他老婆泪流满面地求他去开刀,可他却朝她晃着拳头,说道:“我要是病好了,你就更惨了!”

早上,就在汽笛拉响的时候,他死了。他的嘴大张着,躺到了棺材里,而他的眉毛也恼怒地紧锁着。

He was buried by his wife, his son, his dog, Danilo Vesovshchikov (an old thief and drunkard who had been dismissed from the factory) and a few beggars from the settlement. His wife wept little and very quietly. Pavel did not weep at all. The people from the settlement who met the little funeral procession stopped and crossed themselves:

'Pelagea must be dreadful glad he's gone,' they said.

'Died like the dog he was,' said others.

The people went away when the coffin was buried, but the dog remained sitting on the fresh earth, silently sniffing the grave. A few days later somebody killed it....

### III

On a Sunday two weeks after the death of his father, Pavel Vlassov came home dead drunk. He staggered into the house and crawled into the seat at the head of the table, striking the board with his fist as his father had done and shouting to his mother:

'Supper!'

His mother sat down next to her son, put her arms about him, and pulled his head down to her breast. But he held her off.

'Come, Mother! Be quick!'

'Foolish boy,' said his mother sadly and affectionately as she removed his hand.

他的妻子、儿子、狗,和达尼拉·维索夫希柯夫(他是个老小偷又是个酒鬼,让工厂给开除了),还有工人区的几个乞丐,一起把他埋了。他的妻子还静静地哭了一小会儿,而巴威尔压根就没哭。人们从工人区出来,遇见了这小小的出殡队伍,都停下来划着十字。

他们说,“他死了,彼拉盖雅肯定特别高兴。”

其他的人说:“他死得像条狗一样。”

把棺材埋掉之后,人们就都走了。不过,那条狗却依旧呆在那里,在新挖出的泥土上面坐着,默默地嗅着那个坟。几天之后,有人把它打死了……

### 第三章

父亲死了两个星期之后的一个星期天,巴威尔·符拉索夫醉得不省人事地回到家。他摇摇晃晃地走进屋里,爬到桌边的长凳子上,跟他父亲似的,一边用他的拳头砸着桌子,一边朝他的母亲嚷着:

“晚饭!”

母亲在儿子的身边坐了下来,用胳膊搂着他,把他的头搂在怀里。可他却把她推到了一边。

“快,妈妈!快点!”

“傻孩子!”母亲把他的手拿开,伤心而又亲切地说道。

‘And I’m gonna smoke! Gimme Pa’s pipe,’ muttered Pavel, moving his thick tongue with difficulty.

This was the first time he had ever been drunk. The vodka weakened his body but did not blot out consciousness, and inside his head throbbed the question: ‘Am I drunk? Am I drunk?’

He was embarrassed by his mother’s gentleness and touched by the grief in her eyes. He felt like crying and kept back the tears by pretending to be drunker than he really was.

His mother stroked his damp, tousled hair. ‘You shouldn’t have done this,’ she said quietly.

He began to feel sick.

After a severe attack of vomiting his mother put him to bed and placed a wet towel on his pale brow. This sobered him somewhat, but his head was still going round and his eyelids were too heavy to lift. With that ugly brown taste in his mouth he peered through his lashes at his mother’s large face and thought:

‘I guess I’m still too young. Others drink and nothing happens, but I get sick . . .’

From somewhere far away came his mother’s soft voice:

‘How are you going to support me if you start drinking?’

‘Everybody drinks,’ he replied, closing his eyes tightly.

His mother sighed. He was right. She herself knew that the tavern was the only place where people could squeeze out a drop of hap-

“而且我要抽烟,把爸爸的烟斗给我拿来!”巴威尔费劲地转动着他厚重的舌头,咕哝道。

这是他头一回喝酒。伏特加搞得他浑身都没劲,可他并没有失去知觉,在他的脑海中有个问题困扰着他:“我醉了没有?我醉了没有?”

母亲的温顺,让他觉得很困窘。一看到她眼里的忧伤,他就觉得想哭,为了要抑止住不掉泪,他就装着醉得更厉害,实际上他并没醉那么狠。

他的母亲抚摸着他那湿漉漉,乱糟糟的头发,静静地说道:“你不应该干这样的事。”

他开始觉得恶心起来。

在他剧烈的呕吐之后,母亲将他放到了床上,把一条湿毛巾敷在他苍白的额头上。他慢慢地有点清醒了,可他的脑袋还是晕晕乎乎的,眼皮也重得抬不起来,嘴里有一股说不上来的苦味。他透过睫毛看着母亲宽大的脸,想道:

“看来,我还是太年轻了。别人喝酒都没事,我却觉得恶心……”

就好像从一个非常遥远的地方,传来了他母亲那柔和的声音:

“你要是喝起酒来,你还怎么来养活妈妈呢?”

他紧紧地闭着眼睛,回答道:“所有的人都喝酒。”

母亲叹了一口气。他说得也对。她自己清楚,酒店是人们唯一可以去玩玩的地方。不过,她还是说道:



piness. she said.

‘But you mustn’t, your father drank more than enough for both of you. Didn’t I suffer enough at his hands? Couldn’t you take a little pity on your mother?’

As he listened to the soft sad words, Pavel realized he had scarcely been aware of his mother’s existence during his father’s lifetime, so silent had she been, so fearful of being beaten. He himself had stayed away from home as much as possible to avoid meeting his father, and so he had grown apart from his mother. Now, as he gradually sobered, he watched her intently.

She was tall and somewhat stooped. Her body, broken by hard work and the beatings of her husband, moved noiselessly and a bit sidewise, as though she were afraid of knocking into something. Her wide oval face, puffy and wrinkled, was lighted by dark eyes filled with fear and grief, like the eyes of most of the women in the settlement. Above her right eyebrow was a deep scar, slightly lifting the eyebrow and creating the impression that her right ear was higher than her left; this gave her face the expression of one who is always anxiously on the alert. Streaks of white shone in her thick dark hair. She was all softness and sadness and submissiveness....

Down her cheeks stole slow tears.

‘Don’t cry,’ said her son quietly. ‘Give me a drink.’

‘I’ll bring you some ice water.’

But when she came back he was asleep.

“但你不能喝！你爸爸早已将你俩的全都喝完了。我在他手里还没受够苦吗？你就不能可怜一下你的妈妈？”

当他听到这忧伤而柔和的话时，巴威尔才想起在父亲活着的时候，他几乎都忽略了他母亲的存在，她一直都是那样默默不语，整天害怕挨打。而他为了尽可能避开他父亲，常常呆在外面，从而跟母亲也疏远了好多，现在，他逐渐地醒过神来了，专心地看着她。

她个子很高，有点驼背，她的身体让艰苦的劳作与丈夫的殴打折磨坏了，行动起来静悄悄的，身子老是稍稍往一边侧着，好像怕会碰到什么东西似的。宽宽的、椭圆形，全都是皱纹还有点浮肿的脸上，有一双工人区好多女人都有的恐惧而忧伤的暗淡无光的眼睛。右眉上有一道深深的伤疤，因此眉毛就有点朝上吊着，看上去右耳朵似乎比左耳朵高了一点，这给她的脸增添了一种总是很忧虑警惕的神态。在那又黑又浓的头发中间，已经出现了一绺绺的白发。她整个人都显得那样的忧伤、柔和与顺从……

泪水从她的脸上慢慢滑落下来。

“不要哭，”她的儿子平静地说道。  
“给我喝口水。”

“我去给你弄点冰水。”

但是等她回来的时候，他已经睡