

<p style="text-align: right;"><i>И.А. БУНИН</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">ГОСПОДИН ИЗ САН-ФРАНЦИСКО (отрывок)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Горе тебе, Вавилон, город крепкий. <i>Апокалипсис</i></p> <p>Господин из Сан-Франциско – имени его ни в Неаполе, ни на Капри никто не запомнил – ехал в Старый Свет на целых два года, с женой и дочерью, единственно ради развлечения.</p> <p>Он был твердо уверен, что имеет полное право на отдых, на удовольствия, на путешествие во всех отношениях отличное. Для такой уверенности у него был тот довод, что, во-первых, он был богат, а во-вторых, только что приступал к жизни, несмотря на свои пятьдесят восемь лет. До этой поры он не жил, а лишь существовал, правда, очень недурно, но все же возлагая все надежды на будущее. Он работал не покладая рук, – китайцы, которых он выписывал к себе на работы целыми тысячами, хорошо знали, что это значит! – и наконец увидел, что сделано уже много, что он почти сравнялся с теми, кого некогда взял себе за образец, и решил передохнуть. Люди, к которым принадлежал он, имели обычай начинать наслаждение жизнью с поездки в Европу, в Индию, в Египет. Положил и он поступить так же. Конечно, он хотел вознаградить за годы труда прежде всего себя; однако рад был и за жену с дочерью. Жена его никогда не отличалась особой впечатлительностью, но ведь все пожилые американки страстные путешественницы. А что до</p>	<p style="text-align: right;"><i>I.BUNIN</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO (excerpt) <i>Translated by A. Yarmolinsky</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">"Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city!" – – <i>Revelation of St. John.</i></p> <p>The Gentleman from San Francisco – neither at Naples nor on Capri could any one recall his name – with his wife and daughter, was on his way to Europe, where he intended to stay for two whole years, solely for the pleasure of it.</p> <p>He was firmly convinced that he had a full right to a rest, enjoyment, a long comfortable trip, and what not. This conviction had a two-fold reason: first he was rich, and second, despite his fifty-eight years, he was just about to enter the stream of life's pleasures. Until now he had not really lived, but simply existed, to be sure – fairly well, yet putting off his fondest hopes for the future. He toiled unweariedly – the Chinese, whom he imported by thousands for his works, knew full well what it meant, – and finally he saw that he had made much, and that he had nearly come up to the level of those whom he had once taken as a model, and he decided to catch his breath. The class of people to which he belonged was in the habit of beginning its enjoyment of life with a trip to Europe, India, Egypt. He made up his mind to do the same. Of course, it was first of all himself that he desired to reward for the years of toil, but he was also glad for his wife and daughter's sake. His wife was never distinguished by any extraordinary impressionability, but then, all elderly American women are</p>	<p style="text-align: right;"><i>I.BUNIN</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO (excerpt) <i>Translated by D. H. Lawrence, S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">"Woe to thee, Babylon, that mighty city!" <i>APOCALYPSE.</i></p> <p>The gentleman from San Francisco nobody either in Capri or Naples ever remembered his name was setting out with his wife and daughter for the Old World, to spend there two years of pleasure.</p> <p>He was fully convinced of his right to rest, to enjoy long and comfortable travels, and so forth. Because, in the first place he was rich, and in the second place, notwithstanding his fifty-eight years, he was just starting to live. Up to the present he had not lived, but only existed; quite well, it is true, yet with all his hopes on the future. He had worked incessantly and the Chinamen whom he employed by the thousand in his factories knew what that meant. Now at last he realized that a great deal had been accomplished, and that he had almost reached the level of those whom he had taken as his ideals, so he made up his mind to pause for a breathing space. Men of his class usually began their enjoyments with a trip to Europe, India, Egypt. He decided to do the same. He wished naturally to reward himself in the first place for all his years of toil, but he was quite glad that his wife and daughter should also share in his pleasures. True, his wife was not distinguished by any marked susceptibilities, but then elderly American women are all passionate travellers. As for his daughter, a girl no longer young and somewhat delicate, travel was</p>
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дочери, девушки на возрасте и слегка болезненной, то для нее путешествие было прямо необходимо: не говоря уже о пользе для здоровья, разве не бывает в путешествиях счастливых встреч? Тут иной раз сидишь за столом и рассматриваешь фрески рядом с миллиардером.

Маршрут был выработан господином из Сан-Франциско обширный. В декабре и январе он надеялся наслаждаться солнцем Южной Италии, памятниками древности, тарантеллой, серенадами бродячих певцов и тем, что люди в его годы чувствуют особенно тонко, – любовью молоденьких неаполитанок, пусть даже и не совсем бескорыстной; карнавал он думал провести в Ницце, в Монте-Карло, куда в эту пору стекается самое отборное общество, где одни с азартом предаются автомобильным и парусным гонкам, другие рулетке, третьи тому, что принято называть флиртом, а четвертые – стрельбе в голубей, которые очень красиво взвиваются из садков над изумрудным газоном, на фоне моря цвета незабудок, и тотчас же стукаются белыми комочками о землю; начало марта он хотел посвятить Флоренции, к страстям господним приехать в Рим, чтобы слушать там "Miserere"; входили в его планы и Венеция, и Париж, и бой быков в Севилье, и купанье на английских островах, и Афины, и Константинополь, и Палестина, и Египет, и даже Япония, – разумеется, уже на обратном пути... И все пошло сперва прекрасно.

Был конец ноября, до самого Гибралтара пришлось плыть то в ледяной мгле, то среди бури с мокрым снегом; но плыли вполне благополучно.

ardent travelers. As for his daughter, a girl of marriageable age, and somewhat sickly, – travel was the very thing she needed. Not to speak of the benefit to her health, do not happy meetings occur during travels? Abroad, one may chance to sit at the same table with a prince, or examine frescoes side by side with a multi-millionaire.

The itinerary the Gentleman from San Francisco planned out was an extensive one. In December and January he expected to relish the sun of southern Italy, monuments of antiquity, the tarantella, serenades of wandering minstrels, and that which at his age is felt most keenly – the love, not entirely disinterested though, of young Neapolitan girls. The Carnival days he planned to spend at Nice and Monte-Carlo, which at that time of the year is the meeting-place of the choicest society, the society upon which depend all the blessings of civilization: the cut of dress suits, the stability of thrones, the declaration of wars, the prosperity of hotels. Some of these people passionately give themselves over to automobile and boat races, others to roulette, others, again, busy themselves with what is called flirtation, and others shoot pigeons, which soar so beautifully from the dove-cote, hover a while over the emerald lawn, on the background of the forget-me-not colored sea, and then suddenly hit the ground, like little white lumps. Early March he wanted to devote to Florence, and at Easter, to hear the Miserere in Paris. His plans also included Venice, Paris, bull-baiting at Seville, bathing on the British Islands, also Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt, and even Japan, of course, on the way back. . . And at first things went very well indeed.

really necessary for her: apart from the question of health, do not happy meetings often take place in the course of travel? One may find one's self sitting next to a multimillionaire at table, or examining frescoes side by side with him.

The itinerary planned by the Gentleman of San Francisco was extensive. In December and January he hoped to enjoy the sun of southern Italy, the monuments of antiquity, the tarantella, the serenades of vagrant minstrels, and, finally, that which men of his age are most susceptible to, the love of quite young Neapolitan girls, even when the love is not altogether disinterestedly given. Carnival he thought of spending in Nice, in Monte Carlo, where at that season gathers the most select society, the precise society on which depend all the blessings of civilization the fashion in evening dress, the stability of thrones, the declaration of wars, the prosperity of hotels; where some devote themselves passionately to automobile and boat races, others to roulette, others to what is called flirtation, and others to the shooting of pigeons which beautifully soar from their traps over emerald lawns, against a background of forget-me-not sea, instantly to fall, hitting the ground in little white heaps. The beginning of March he wished to devote to Florence, Passion Week in Rome, to hear the music of the Miserere; his plans also included Venice, Paris, bull-fights in Seville, bathing in the British Isles; then Athens, Constantinople, Egypt, even Japan . . . certainly on his way home. . . . And everything at the outset went splendidly.

It was the end of November. Practically all the way to Gibraltar the voyage passed in icy darkness, varied by storms of wet snow. Yet the ship travelled

Пассажиров было много, пароход – знаменитая «Атлантида» – был похож на громадный отель со всеми удобствами, – с ночным баром, с восточными банями, с собственной газетой, – и жизнь на нем протекала весьма размеренно: вставали рано, при трубных звуках, резко раздававшихся по коридорам еще в тот сумрачный час, когда так медленно и неприветливо светало над серо-зеленой водяной пустыней, тяжело волновавшейся в тумане; накинув фланелевые пижамы, пили кофе, шоколад, какао; затем садились в ванны, делали гимнастику, возбуждая аппетит и хорошее самочувствие, совершали дневные туалеты и шли к первому завтраку; до одиннадцати часов полагалось бодро гулять по палубам, дыша холодной свежестью океана, или играть в шепфльборд и другие игры для нового возбуждения аппетита, а в одиннадцать – подкрепляться бутербродами с бульоном; подкрепившись, с удовольствием читали газету и спокойно ждали второго завтрака, еще более питательного и разнообразного, чем первый; следующие два часа посвящались отдыху; все палубы были заставлены тогда длинными камышовыми креслами, на которых путешественники лежали, укрывшись пледами, глядя на облачное небо и на пенистые бугры, мелькавшие за бортом, или сладко задремывая; в пятом часу их, освеженных и повеселевших, поили крепким душистым чаем с печеньями; в семь повешали трубными сигналами о том, что составляло главнейшую цель всего этого существования, венец его... И тут господин из Сан-Франциско спешил в свою богатую кабину –

It was the end of November, and all the way to Gibraltar the ship sailed across seas which were either clad by icy darkness or swept by storms carrying wet snow. But there were no accidents, and the vessel did not even roll. The passengers, – all people of consequence – were numerous, and the steamer the famous "Atlantis," resembled the most expensive European hotel with all improvements: a night refreshment-bar, Oriental baths, even a newspaper of its own. The manner of living was a most aristocratic one; passengers rose early, awakened by the shrill voice of a bugle, filling the corridors at the gloomy hour when the day broke slowly and sulkily over the grayish-green watery desert, which rolled heavily in the fog. After putting on their flannel pajamas, they took coffee, chocolate, cocoa; they seated themselves in marble baths, went through their exercises, whetting their appetites and increasing their sense of well-being, dressed for the day, and had their breakfast. Till eleven o'clock they were supposed to stroll on the deck, breathing in the chill freshness of the ocean, or they played table-tennis, or other games which arouse the appetite. At eleven o'clock a collation was served consisting of sandwiches and bouillon, after which people read their newspapers, quietly waiting for luncheon, which was more nourishing and varied than the breakfast. The next two hours were given to rest; all the decks were crowded then with steamer chairs, on which the passengers, wrapped in plaids, lay stretched, dozing lazily, or watching the cloudy sky and the foamy-fringed water hillocks flashing beyond the sides of the vessel. At five o'clock, refreshed and gay, they drank strong, fragrant tea; at seven the sound of the bugle announced a dinner of

well, even without much rolling. The passengers on board were many, and all people of some importance. The boat, the famous Atlantis, resembled a most expensive European hotel with all modern equipments: a night refreshment bar, Turkish baths, a newspaper printed on board; so that the days aboard the liner passed in the most select manner. The passengers rose early, to the sound of bugles sounding shrilly through the corridors in that grey twilight hour, when day was breaking slowly and sullenly over the grey-green, watery desert, which rolled heavily in the fog. Clad in their flannel pyjamas, the gentlemen took coffee, chocolate, or cocoa, then seated themselves in marble baths, did exercises, thereby whetting their appetite and their sense of well-being, made their toilet for the day, and proceeded to breakfast. Till eleven o'clock they were supposed to stroll cheerfully on deck, breathing the cold freshness of the ocean; or they played table-tennis or other games, that they might have an appetite for their eleven o'clock refreshment of sandwiches and bouillon; after which they read their newspaper with pleasure, and calmly awaited luncheon which was a still more varied and nourishing meal than breakfast. The two hours which followed luncheon were devoted to rest. All the decks were crowded with lounge chairs on which lay passengers wrapped in plaids, looking at the mist-heavy sky or the foamy hillocks which flashed behind the bows, and dozing sweetly. Till five o'clock, when, refreshed and lively, they were treated to strong, fragrant tea and sweet cakes. At seven bugle-calls announced a dinner of nine courses. And now the Gentleman from San Francisco, rubbing his hands in a rising flush of vital forces, hastened to his state cabin

одеваться.

По вечерам этажи «Атлантиды» зияли во мраке огненными несметными глазами, и великое множество слуг работало в поварских, судомойнях и винных подвалах. Океан, ходивший за стенами, был страшен, но о нем не думали, твердо веря во власть над ним командира, рыжего человека чудовищной величины и грузности, всегда как бы сонного, похожего в своем мундире с широкими золотыми нашивками на огромного идола и очень редко появлявшегося на люди из своих таинственных покоев; на баке поминутно взывала с адской мрачностью и взвизгивала с неистовой злобой сирена, но немногие из обедающих слышали сирену – ее заглушали звуки прекрасного струнного оркестра, изысканно и неустанно игравшего в двухсветной зале, празднично залитой огнями, переполненной декольтированными дамами и мужчинами во фраках и смокингах, стройными лакеями и почтительными метрдотелями, среди которых один, тот, что принимал заказы только на вина, ходил даже с цепью на шее, как лорд-мэр. Смокинг и крахмальное белье очень молодили господина из Сан-Франциско. Сухой, невысокий, неладно скроенный, но крепко сшитый, он сидел в золотисто-жемчужном сиянии этого чертога за бутылкой вина, за бокалами и бокальчиками тончайшего стекла, за кудрявым букетом гиацинтов. Нечто монгольское было в его желтоватом лице с подстриженными серебряными усами, золотыми пломбами блестели его крупные зубы, старой слоновой костью – крепкая лысая голова.

nine courses. . . Then the Gentleman from San Francisco, rubbing his hands in an onrush of vital energy, hastened to his luxurious state-room to dress.

In the evening, all the decks of the "Atlantis" yawned in the darkness, shone with their innumerable fiery eyes, and a multitude of servants worked with increased feverishness in the kitchens, dish-washing compartments, and wine-cellars. The ocean, which heaved about the sides of the ship, was dreadful, but no one thought of it. All had faith in the controlling power, of the captain, a red-headed giant, heavy and very sleepy, who, clad in a uniform with broad golden stripes, looked like a huge idol, and but rarely emerged, for the benefit of the public, from his mysterious retreat. On the fore-castle, the siren gloomily roared or screeched in a fit of mad rage, but few of the diners heard the siren: its hellish voice was covered by the sounds of an excellent string orchestra, which played ceaselessly and exquisitely in a vast hall, decorated with marble and spread with velvety carpets. The hall was flooded with torrents of light, radiated by crystal lustres and gilt chandeliers; it was filled with a throng of bejeweled ladies in low-necked dresses, of men in dinner-coats, graceful waiters, and deferential maîtres-d'hôtel. One of these, – who accepted wine orders exclusively – wore a chain on his neck like some lord-mayor. The evening dress, and the ideal linen made the Gentleman from San Francisco look very young. Dry-skinned, of average height, strongly, though irregularly built, glossy with thorough washing and cleaning, and moderately animated, he sat in the golden splendor of this palace. Near him stood a bottle of amber-colored Johannisberg, and goblets of most delicate glass and of varied

cabin to dress.

In the evening, the tiers of the Atlantis yawned in the darkness as with innumerable fiery eyes, and a multitude of servants in the kitchens, sculleries, wine-cellars, worked with a special frenzy. The ocean heaving beyond was terrible, but no one thought of it, firmly believing in the captain's power over it. The captain was a ginger-haired man of monstrous size and weight, apparently always torpid, who looked in his uniform with broad gold stripes very like a huge idol, and who rarely emerged from his mysterious chambers to show himself to the passengers. Every minute the siren howled from the bows with hellish moroseness, and screamed with fury, but few diners heard it it was drowned by the sounds of an excellent string band, exquisitely and untiringly playing in the huge two-tiered hall that was decorated with marble and covered with velvet carpets, flooded with feasts of light from crystal chandeliers and gilded girandoles, and crowded with ladies in bare shoulders and jewels, with men in dinner-jackets, elegant waiters and respectful maitres d' hotel, one of whom, he who took the wine-orders only, wore a chain round his neck like a lord mayor. Dinner-jacket and perfect linen made the Gentleman from San Francisco look much younger. Dry, of small stature, badly built but strongly made, polished to a glow and in due measure animated, he sat in the golden-pearly radiance of this palace, with a bottle of amber Johannisberg at his hand, and glasses, large and small, of delicate crystal, and a curly bunch of fresh hyacinths. There was something Mongolian in his yellowish face with its trimmed silvery moustache, large teeth blazing with gold, and strong bald head blazing like old ivory.

Богато, но по годам была одета его жена, женщина крупная, широкая и спокойная; сложно, но легко и прозрачно, с невинной откровенностью – дочь, высокая, тонкая, с великолепными волосами, прелестно убранными, с ароматическим от фиалковых лепешек дыханием и с нежнейшими розовыми прыщиками возле губ и между лопаток, чуть припудренных... Обед длился больше часа, а после обеда открывались в бальной зале танцы, во время которых мужчины, – в том числе, конечно, и господин из Сан-Франциско, – задрав ноги, до малиновой красноты лиц накуривались гаванскими сигарами и напивались ликерами в баре, где служили негры в красных камзолах, с белками, похожими на облупленные крутые яйца. Океан с гулом ходил за стеной черными горами, вьюга крепко свистала в отяжелевших снастях, пароход весь дрожал, одолевая и ее, и эти горы, – точно плугом разваливая на стороны их зыбкие, то и дело вскипавшие и высоко взвивавшиеся пенистыми хвостами громады, – в смертной тоске стенала удушася туманом сирена, мерзли от стужи и шалели от непосильного напряжения внимания вахтенные на своей вышке, мрачным и знойным недрам преисподней, ее последнему, девятому кругу была подобна подводная утроба парохода, – та, где глухо гоготали исполинские топки, пожиравшие своими раскаленными зевами груды каменного угля, с грохотом ввергаемого в них облитыми едким, грязным потом и по пояс голыми людьми, багровыми от пламени; а тут, в баре, беззаботно закидывали ноги на ручки кресел, цедили коньяк и ликеры, плавали в волнах пряного дыма, в танцевальной зале все сияло и изливало

sizes, surmounted by a frizzled bunch of fresh hyacinths. There was something Mongolian in his yellowish face with its trimmed silvery moustache; his large teeth glimmered with gold fillings, and his strong, bald head had a dull glow, like old ivory. His wife, a big, broad and placid woman, was dressed richly, but in keeping with her age. Complicated, but light, transparent, and innocently immodest was the dress of his daughter, tall and slender, with magnificent hair gracefully combed; her breath was sweet with violet-scented tablets, and she had a number of tiny and most delicate pink dimples near her lips and between her slightly-powdered shoulder blades. . .

The dinner lasted two whole hours, and was followed by dances in the dancing hall, while the men – the Gentleman from San Francisco among them – made their way to the refreshment bar, where negros in red jackets and with eye-balls like shelled hard-boiled eggs, waited on them. There, with their feet on tables, smoking Havana cigars, and drinking themselves purple in the face, they settled the destinies of nations on the basis of the latest political and stock-exchange news. Outside, the ocean tossed up black mountains with a thud; and the snowstorm hissed furiously in the rigging grown heavy with slush; the ship trembled in every limb, struggling with the storm and ploughing with difficulty the shifting and seething mountainous masses that threw far and high their foaming tails; the siren groaned in agony, choked by storm and fog; the watchmen in their towers froze and almost went out of their minds under the superhuman stress of attention. Like the gloomy and sultry mass of the inferno, like its last, ninth circle, was the submersed womb of the steamer, where monstrous

Richly dressed, but in keeping with her age, sat his wife, a big, broad, quiet woman. Intricately, but lightly and transparently dressed, with an innocent immodesty, sat his daughter, tall, slim, her magnificent hair splendidly done, her breath fragrant with violet cachous, and the tenderest little rosy moles showing near her lip and between her bare, slightly powdered shoulder-blades. The dinner lasted two whole hours, to be followed by dancing in the ballroom, whence the men, including, of course, the Gentleman from San Francisco, proceeded to the bar; there, with their feet cocked up on the tables, they settled the destinies of nations in the course of their political and stock-exchange conversations, smoking meanwhile Havana cigars and drinking liqueurs till they were crimson in the face, waited on all the while by negroes in red jackets with eyes like peeled, hard-boiled eggs. Outside, the ocean heaved in black mountains; the snow-storm hissed furiously in the clogged cordage; the steamer trembled in every fibre as she surmounted these watery hills and struggled with the storm, ploughing through the moving masses which every now and then reared in front of her, foam-crested. The siren, choked by the fog, groaned in mortal anguish. The watchmen in the look-out towers froze with cold, and went mad with their superhuman straining of attention. As the gloomy and sultry depths of the inferno, as the ninth circle, was the submerged womb of the steamer, where gigantic furnaces roared and dully giggled, devouring with their red-hot maws mountains of coal cast hoarsely in by men naked to the waist, bathed in their own corrosive dirty sweat, and lurid with the purple-red reflection of flame. But in the refreshment bar men jauntily

свет, тепло и радость, пары то крутились в вальсах, то изгибались в танго – и музыка настойчиво, в сладостно-бесстыдной печали молила все об одном, все о том же...

Был среди этой блестящей толпы некий великий богач, бритый, длинный, в старомодном фраке, был знаменитый испанский писатель, была всесветная красавица, была изящная влюбленная пара, за которой все с любопытством следили и которая не скрывала своего счастья: он танцевал только с ней, и все выходило у них так тонко, очаровательно, что только один командир знал, что эта пара нанята Ллойдом играть в любовь за хорошие деньги и уже давно плавает то на одном, то на другом корабле.

furnaces yawned with red-hot open jaws, and emitted deep, hooting sounds, and where the stokers, stripped to the waist, and purple with the reflected flames, bathed in their own dirty, acid sweat. And here, in the refreshment-bar, carefree men, with their feet, encased in dancing shoes, on the table, sipped cognac and liqueurs, swam in waves of spiced smoke, and exchanged subtle remarks, while in the dancing-hall everything sparkled and radiated light, warmth and joy. The couples now turned around in a waltz, now swayed in the tango; and the music, sweetly shameless and sad, persisted in its ceaseless entreaties . . . There were many persons of note in this magnificent crowd; an ambassador, a dry, modest old man; a great millionaire, shaved, tall, of an indefinite age, who, in his old-fashioned dress-coat, looked like a prelate; also a famous Spanish writer, and an international belle, already slightly faded and of dubious morals. There was also among them a loving pair, exquisite and refined, whom everybody watched with curiosity and who did not conceal their bliss; he danced only with her, sang – with great skill – only to her accompaniment, and they were so charming, so graceful. The captain alone knew that they had been hired by the company at a good salary to play at love, and that they had been sailing now on one, now on another steamer, for quite a long time.

put their feet up on the tables, showing their patent-leather pumps, and sipped cognac or other liqueurs, and swam in waves of fragrant smoke as they chatted in well-bred manner. In the dancing hall light and warmth and joy were poured over everything; couples turned in the waltz or writhed in the tango, while the music insistently, shamelessly, delightfully, with sadness entreated for one, only one thing, one and the same thing all the time. Amongst this resplendent crowd was an ambassador, a little dry, modest old man; a great millionaire, clean-shaven, tall, of an indefinite age, looking like a prelate in his old-fashioned dress-coat; also a famous Spanish author, and an international beauty already the least bit faded, of unenviable reputation; finally an exquisite loving couple, whom everybody watched curiously because of their unconcealed happiness: he danced only with her, and sang, with great skill, only to her accompaniment, and everything about them seemed so charming! and only the captain knew that this couple had been engaged by the steamship company to play at love for a good salary, and that they had been sailing for a long time, now on one liner, now on another.

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