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# 罪與罰

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

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On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house, and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady, who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject,<sup>1</sup> quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained, irritable condition, verging on hypochondria.<sup>2</sup> He had become so completely absorbed in himself and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting

1 abject 卑鄙      2 hypochondria 憂鬱病

# 罪與罰

那是七月初的一個非常熱的晚上，有一個住在愛斯街的一所房子的閣樓裏的青年從房裏走了出來，好像遲疑不決地慢慢向開克橋走去。

他居然在樓梯上躲避了他的女房東。他所住的小閣是在一所五層樓高房子的房頂底下，與其說是一間屋子，不如說更像一個櫥。女房東住在他底下一層房子，他的食宿都是她照應；他每次出門都得經過她的廚房，廚房門永遠是開的。這個青年每次在廚房經過總覺得難受與害怕，使他皺眉與慚愧。他欠女房東許多錢，無法歸還，所以他很怕碰見她。

這並不是因為他為人怯懦與卑鄙，他的性情其實是很勇敢很高貴的；不過近來他憂慮過度，容易發怒，幾乎得了憂鬱症。他長久以來完全是孑然一身，不和人來

not only his landlady, but any one at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial,<sup>1</sup> irrelevant<sup>2</sup> gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains<sup>3</sup> for excuses, to prevaricate,<sup>4</sup> to lie—no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, He became acutely aware of his fears.

"I want to attempt a thing *like that* and am frightened by these trifles," he thought, with an odd smile. "H'm . . . yes, all is in a man's hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that's an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most. . . . But I am talking too much. It's because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I've learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking . . . of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of *that*? Is *that* serious? It is not serious at all. It's simply a fantasy to amuse myself: a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything."

The heat in the street was terrible: and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust

1 trivial 不要緊 2 irrelevant 不相干 3 to rack his brains 絞盡他的腦汁 4 prevaricate 搪塞

往，他不獨怕見他的女房東，甚至無論什麼人他都怕見。他被貧窘壓倒，但是最近他倒沒有把他的憂慮掛在心頭。他已經不再留意那些要緊的世事；他根本沒有心思想那些事。不管女房東怎麼樣，他也不害怕啦。不過被房東在樓梯上截住，不得不聽她說那些不要緊的又不相干的閒話，聽她追着他要房火錢，聽她說恐嚇話及訴苦話，他還得絞盡腦汁找藉口，搪塞推諉，說謊——他寧願像一隻貓一樣爬下樓去不讓她看見就溜走了，也不願意碰見她。

但是今天晚上一走出大街，他却很尖厲的意識到他在害怕。

他心裏在想，臉上露出怪異的微笑：「我想要做一件像那樣的事，却被這些不要緊的事所驚嚇了。哼……是呀！一切全在一個人的掌握之中，他却因為懦弱而錯過了。這是一句格言。要是知道了人所最怕的是什麼，倒是很有意思的。人們所最怕的就是做一件新鮮事，說一句新鮮話……但是我說話太多啦。因為我老說話，所以就沒有事做。也許是因為我沒有事做所以才喋喋不休。這一個月來我學會了饒舌，一連好幾天躺在我的洞裏想……我所想到的是殺人者巨人杰克。我現在為什麼要往那裏去？我能夠做那件事麼？那是一件重要的事麼？並不是的。不過是我自作消遣的一種胡思亂想；不過是兒戲罷了！是呀，也許不過是一件兒戲。」

街上的熱氣是很可怕的：空氣沉悶，人來人往，石灰，構架，磚頭，塵土，和彼得堡特有的臭氣（凡是不

all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer—all worked painfully upon the young man's already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses, which are particularly numerous in that part of the town; and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting<sup>1</sup> misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man's refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring to observe it. From time to time he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any short-coming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working-class population crowded in these streets and alleys in the heart of Petersburg, types so various were to be seen in the streets

1 revolting 惡心；令人憎惡



能離開這個地方去避暑的人都已經聞慣了)——無不擾亂這個神經過度緊張的青年。在都城裏這一帶酒店特別多，從這些酒店裏發出來不能忍受的臭氣，加上他所接連碰見的醉漢(雖然是做工的日子，醉漢還是很多的)，就構成一幅令人惡心的不幸的景象。在這個少年的很斯文的臉上，頃刻間流露出極其憎惡的神氣。他原是一個很漂亮的青年，身材比一般人高一些，纖弱，體格合度，有一雙很好看的黑眼睛，一頭黑棕色的頭髮。他不久就陷入沉思說得更確切些，他的心靈是完全空虛的；他走路的時候毫不觀察週圍的一切，他也不要觀察那一切事物。有時他自言自語，他承認這是由於他的對自己說話的習慣所造成的。當他自言自語的時候，他會感到他的思想有時糾纏在一起，他又覺得他自己很弱；他有兩天幾乎不會吃什麼東西。

他穿得很不像樣，即使是習慣於穿得不整齊的人，穿了像他這樣一身襤褸的衣服在街上走也會覺得難為情的。但是在這個地方，穿這樣的壞衣服是不會令人詫異的。因為這裏與乾草市相近，許多不名譽的住所，許多做小買賣的人和工人都聚集在彼得堡中心的大街和小巷裏，街上可以看到各式各樣的人，所以無論怎樣奇裝異服的人都不會令人詫異的。但是這個青年人心裏充滿了

that no figure, however queer, would have caused surprise. But there was such accumulated bitterness and contempt in the young man's heart that, in spite of all the fastidiousness of youth, he minded his rags least of all in the street. It was a different matter when he met with acquaintances or with former fellow students, whom, indeed, he disliked meeting at any time. And yet when a drunken man who, for some unknown reason, was being taken somewhere in a huge waggon dragged by a heavy dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he drove past: "Hey there, German hatter!" bawling at the top of his voice and pointing at him—the young man stopped suddenly and clutched tremulously at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmerman's, but completely worn out, rusty<sup>1</sup> with age, all torn and bespattered, brimless and bent on one side in a most unseemly fashion. Not shame, however, but quite another feeling akin to terror had overtaken him.

"I knew it," he muttered in confusion, "I thought so! That's the worst of all! Why, a stupid thing like this, the most trivial detail might spoil the whole plan. Yes, my hat is too noticeable. . . . It looks absurd<sup>2</sup> and that makes it noticeable. . . . With my rags I ought to wear a cap, any sort of old pancake, but not this grotesque thing. Nobody wears such a hat, it would be noticed a mile off, it would be remembered. . . . What matters is that people would remember it, and that would give them a clue. For this business one should be as little conspicuous as possible. . . . Trifles, trifles are what

1 rusty 褪色      2 absurd 不近情理

痛恨和藐視，（青年人一般是樣樣都要講究些），所以他在街上穿破爛衣服他也不在乎。當他遇見熟人或從前的同學時又當別論，無論什麼時候他都不願遇見他們。但是當一個醉漢（不知是爲什麼；一匹呆馬拖着一輛大貨車送他往什麼地方去。）經過他身邊時忽然大聲對他喊道，「喂，你這個日耳曼做帽子的！」（醉漢一面大聲喊叫一面指着他）——這個青年忽然站住，用顫抖地抓住他自己的帽子。這是從西木爾曼店裏買來的一頂高圓帽，已經完全戴破了，舊到褪了色了，全破了，全發污了，帽邊也沒得了，一邊還彎下來，極其難看。這個青年並不覺得難爲情，却充滿了一種和恐怖極相近的感覺。

他心煩意亂的喃喃地說道，「我知道了，我早就料到了！這是最糟的！像這樣的蠢物雖然是最不相干的小事，也可能破壞整個計劃。我的帽子確是太過於令人注意了……看上去不像樣就會引人注意……我既穿了一身破爛衣服，就該戴個小帽子，戴個煎餅式的舊帽子也可以，而不必戴這樣古怪東西。沒有人戴這樣帽子，一里路以外就有人注意，注意了就會記得（全書都是描寫心理作用。譯者註）。……最要緊的就是人們會記得，這就會給他們一種線索。我要做的這事必須要極其小心，不要太過於顯露……凡是不常注意的小事都是要緊的；就

matter! Why, it's just such trifles that always ruin everything. . . ."

He had not far to go; he knew indeed how many steps it was from the gate of his lodging-house: exactly seven hundred and thirty. He had counted them once when he had been lost in dreams. At the time he had put no faith in those dreams and was only tantalising<sup>1</sup> himself by their hideous<sup>2</sup> but daring recklessness. Now, a month later, he had begun to look upon them differently, and, in spite of the monologues in which he jeered at his own impotence and indecision, he had involuntarily come to regard this "hideous" dream as an exploit to be attempted, although he still did not realise this himself. He was positively going now for a "rehearsal" of his project, and at every step his excitement grew more and more violent.

With a sinking heart and a nervous tremor, he went up to a huge house which on one side looked on to the canal, and on the other into the street. This house was let out in tiny tenements and was inhabited by working people of all kinds—tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of sorts, girls picking up a living as best they could, petty clerks, &c. There was a continual coming and going through the two gates and in the two courtyards of the house. Three or four door-keepers were employed on the building. The young man was very glad to meet none of them, and at once slipped unnoticed through the door on the right, and up the staircase. It was a back

1 tantalising 作弄人；使人失望

2 hideous 令人恐怖

是這樣的小事最害事……。」

他用不着走多少路；他曉得從他的寄宿的地方到那裏有多少步：剛好是七百三十步。有一次當他沉沒在夢想裏的時候，曾數過有多少步。那時候他對這些夢想沒有信心，他以爲這許多可怕的與大胆妄爲的夢想不過是作弄他，使他失望。現在，已經過了一個月了，他開始有了不同的看法，他雖然自言自語地嘲笑他自己的無能，缺乏果斷，他却不由自主的把這許多「令人恐怖」的夢想當做是一種要嘗試的大事業，他自己却仍然不曾意識到這一點。他現在的確是要去「試演」一番他的計劃，他每走一步他的興奮之情就更加劇烈。

他帶着一顆沉重的心和神經質的恐懼，走進一所大房子，房子一面向着運河，一面向着大街。這所大房隔成許多套小間，裏面住着各式各樣的工人們，——住戶有裁縫，鎖匠，廚子，各種德國人，設法謀生的女子們，小錄事們等等。這所房子有兩個院子，兩道大門，不停的人來人往。看門的有三四個。這個青年一個也沒有碰見，心裏很高興，他在無人注意時立刻溜進右手的大門就上了樓。他所上的是後樓梯，又窄又黑，他已經走熟

staircase, dark and narrow, but he was familiar with it already, and knew his way, and he liked all these surroundings: in such darkness even the most inquisitive<sup>1</sup> eyes were not to be dreaded.

"If I am so scared now, what would it be if it somehow came to pass that I were really going to do it?" he could not help asking himself as he reached the fourth storey. There his progress was barred by some porters who were engaged in moving furniture out of a flat. He knew that the flat had been occupied by a German clerk in the civil service, and his family. This German was moving out then, and so the fourth floor on this staircase would be untenanted except by the old woman. "That's a good thing anyway," he thought to himself, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. . . . .

"Raskolnikov, a student, I came here a month ago," the young man made haste to mutter, with a half bow, remembering that he ought to be more polite.

"I remember, my good sir, I remember quite well your coming here," the old woman said distinctly, still keeping her inquiring eyes on his face.

"And here . . . I am again on the same errand," Raskolnikov continued, a little disconcerted and surprised at the old woman's mistrust. "Perhaps she is always like that though, only I did not notice it the other time," he thought with an uneasy feeling.

The old woman paused, as though hesitating; then stepped on one side, and pointing to the door of the room, she said, letting her visitor pass in front of her:

<sup>1</sup> inquisitive 好管閒事；好窺探；好問

了，知道怎麼走，他很喜歡這樣的環境：在這樣黑暗裏頭他不必害怕那最好窺探的眼睛。

當他走到第四層樓的時候，他不禁自己問自己道，「現在我若這樣害怕，倘若我真的幹那我想做的事的時候，我會多麼害怕呀？」有幾個夫役正在從一套房間裏搬家具，擋住了他的路。他知道有一個在內務署做事的一個德國錄事和他的家眷住在這層樓上。原來這個德國人搬家了，第四層樓除去那老婆子以外就沒人住了。當他拉那老婆子的門鈴時，他一面想，「無論怎樣，這却是一件好事。」（門開了，他走進去，她帶着難看的神色望他。譯者註。）

青年趕快喃喃的說道，「我叫拉司柯尼柯夫（Raskolnikov），是個學生，一個月以前我來過這裏，」他想到他應該更客氣些就微微鞠躬。

老婆子很清晰地說道，「我的好先生，我記得，我記得很清楚你來過我這裏，」她說話時兩眼仍然盯着他的臉。

拉司柯尼柯夫看見老婆子疑心他，多少有點倉皇失措與詫異，他接着說道，「我又來當東西了。」他覺得不安，心想，「也許她向來是這樣的，不過從前我不曾留意罷了。」

老婆子好像有點遲疑，停頓了一會之後讓開路指着屋子的門，讓她的客人在她前面走過，她說道：

"Step in, my good sir."

The little room into which the young man walked, with yellow paper on the walls, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows, was brightly lighted up at that moment by the setting sun.

"So the sun will shine like this *then* too!" flashed as it were by chance through Raskolnikov's mind, and with a rapid glance he scanned everything in the room, trying as far as possible to notice and remember its arrangement. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with a huge bent wooden back, an oval table in front of the sofa, a dressing-table with a looking-glass fixed on it between the windows, chairs along the walls and two or three half-penny prints in yellow frames, representing German damsels with birds in their hands—that was all. In the corner a light was burning before a small ikon.<sup>1</sup> Everything was very clean; the floor and the furniture were brightly polished; everything shone.

"Lizaveta's work," thought the young man. There was not a speck of dust to be seen in the whole flat.

"It's in the houses of spiteful old widows that one finds such cleanliness," Raskolnikov thought again, and he stole a curious glance at the cotton curtain over the door leading into another tiny room, in which stood the old woman's bed and chest of drawers and into which he had never looked before. These two rooms made up the whole flat.

"What do you want?" the old woman said severely,

<sup>1</sup> ikon=icon 神像



「我的好先生，請進！」

青年走了進去，看見這間小屋子是黃紙糊的牆，窗子上有洋繡球花和細洋布窗幔，這時候行將下落的日光把屋子照得很亮。

拉司柯尼柯夫好像忽然想，「到那個時候太陽也會是這樣的照這個地方！」他匆匆的一瞬就看見屋裏的一切東西，他盡他的所能注意這間屋子並記憶屋子的佈置。但是屋裏並沒有什麼特別東西。家俱全是很舊的，是黃色木頭製的，有一個大而彎的木製的靠背的沙發前面有一張橢圓桌子，兩窗中間放着一張有大鏡子的梳妝枱，沿牆擺着幾張椅子，還有幾幅不值錢的鑲着黃色鏡框的板畫，畫的是許多手上拿着鳥的德國少女，——再沒有別的了。在屋角有一盞燈在一個小聖像前點着。各樣東西都是很乾淨的；地板及家俱都是擦得很亮的；無一不是發光的。

青年想道，「這是利沙維塔（Lizaveta）的佈局。」整個這一套房間都是一塵不染的。

拉司柯尼柯夫又想道，「我們惟有在好發怒的老寡婦家裏看得見這樣的乾淨。」他好奇地一瞥那幅布門簾，從那個門進去又是一間小屋，屋裏放着老婆子的床及抽屜櫥，他從前沒有往裏看過這個屋子。這套房子只有這兩間屋子。

老婆子很嚴厲地說道，「你要做什麼？」她一面