

浓咖啡双语经典



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安娜·卡列尼娜



Anna Karenina

Leo Tolstoy

【俄】列夫·托尔斯泰 著

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中国对外翻译出版公司



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ANNA KARENINA

Leo Tolstoy

[俄] 列夫·托尔斯泰 著
张 莘 译



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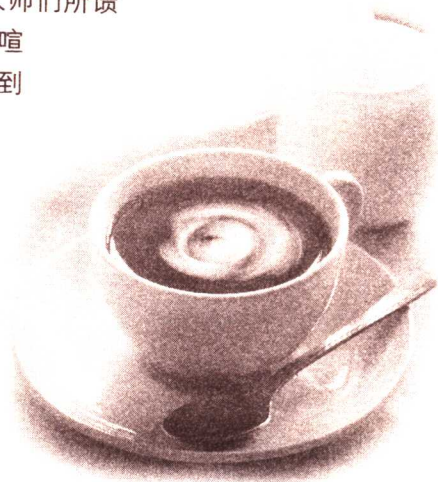
我们正面临着一个各种各样的思维方式和价值取向杂陈并存的众声喧哗的时代，我们需要塑造属于我们自己的时代的经典之作。殊不知，经典之所以成为经典，是历经了一个漫长而艰辛的过程，如同大浪淘沙。在一个相对短促的时期内，我们检验经典的成效自然大打折扣。因此，拥抱经典，无疑是我们获取有益人生经验的捷径！

“浓咖啡”双语经典丛书，将引领你与文学经典亲密接触。不知不觉间，你将沉浸在阅读的欢娱中爱不释手。在体味经典淡雅、隽永的芳香之时，你芜杂的心绪能得到最妥帖的慰藉。沉思移时，你将感谢大师们所馈赠的多汁、味美的精神食粮。面对当下物欲横流、日益喧嚣的世界，借助经典的辉光，你将会以从容的姿态寻找到最适合你的生存方式。

让文学经典伴随我们漫漫人生路！

让我们在经典中沉醉，在经典中沉静，在经典中明心见性！

编 者



《安娜·卡列尼娜》简介

《安娜·卡列尼娜》，作者列夫·托尔斯泰 (Leo Tolstoy)，俄国著名作家，1828年9月9日出生于俄国贵族家庭，他幼年丧失双亲，由他的几位女亲属抚养长大。1852年出版他的处女作——自传体小说《童年》。主要代表作为长篇小说《战争与和平》、《安娜·卡列尼娜》。1910年客死于一个偏远的火车站的小棚。

《安娜·卡列尼娜》主要讲述的是这样一个故事：上流社会迷人而有反叛精神的有夫之妇安娜与年青英俊的青年贵族沃伦斯基深陷于爱情之中，最终爱情破产，安娜卧轨自杀。本书同时展开的另一条故事主线讲述了居住在乡村的青年贵族列文的爱情生活和人生态度，在一定程度上反映了作者的思想倾向和人生观。

主要人物对照表	
书	VCD
伏伦斯基 卡列宁 察里	沃伦斯基 卡列文 多莉

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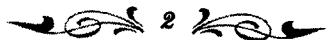
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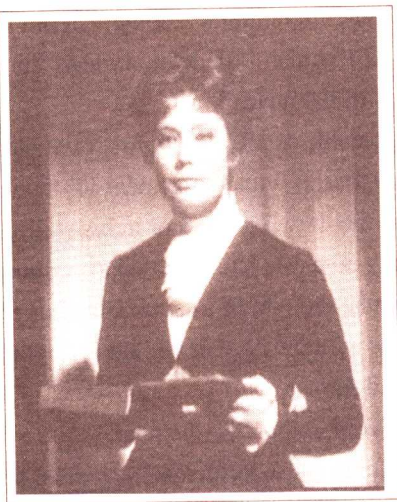
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PART ONE



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Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything at the Oblonskys' was topsy-turvy^①. Oblonsky's wife had found out that he had been having an affair with the French governess who used to live with them, and told him she could no longer stay under the same roof with him.

No, she'll never forgive^② me! She can't forgive me. And the most terrible thing about it is that it's all my own fault, I'm to blame, though I'm not really to blame either. That's the whole tragedy^③ of it, he thought. "Oh dear, oh dear," he muttered in despair, recalling the most painful points of the quarrel.

What had been most disagreeable of all was the first moment when, on coming back cheerfully and satisfied from the theater with a huge pear for his wife in his hand, he had not, to his surprise, found her in the drawing room or in his study, but finally saw her in her bedroom holding the unlucky note that had revealed everything.

There was his Dolly, whom he thought of as constantly hurried and simple-mindedly bustling about, sitting motionless with the note in her hand, looking at him with an expression of horror, despair, and fury.

"What is this? This?" she asked, indicating the note.

As he remembered this Oblonsky was tormented^④, as often happens, not so much by the event itself as by his response to his wife's question.

What happened then was what happens to people who are caught at something shameful. He couldn't manage to put on the right expression for his situation with respect

① topsy-turvy [tɒpsi'tɜːvi] *adj.* 混乱的, 颠倒的

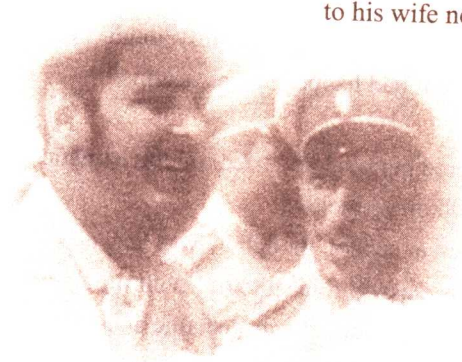
② forgive [fə'gɪv] *vt.* 原谅

③ tragedy ['trædʒɪdi] *n.* 悲剧

④ torment ['tɔːment] *n.* 剧烈的痛苦, 痛苦或烦恼之因



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to his wife now that his guilt was exposed. Instead of acting offended, making denials or excuses, asking forgiveness, or even remaining indifferent—anything would have been better than what he did do! — his face quite involuntarily (a reflex of the brain, he thought; he was fond of physiology) suddenly took on its usual goodhearted and therefore silly smile.

It was this silly smile that he couldn't forgive himself. When she saw it Dolly shuddered as though in physical pain, burst out with her characteristic violence in a torrent of bitter words and rushed out of the room. Since then she had refused to see him.

That stupid smile is to blame for everything, Oblonsky thought. But what can I do? What is there to do? He said to himself in despair, without finding an answer.

Oblonsky was honest with himself. He could not deceive himself by telling himself that he repented of his conduct. He could not feel repentant^① that he, a handsome, amorous^② man of thirty-four, was not in love with his wife, their children, and himself. He might have been able to hide his misconduct^③ from his wife better if he had expected the news to have such an effect on her. He had never thought the matter over clearly, but had vaguely imagined that she had long since guessed he was unfaithful to her and was

① repentant [ri'pentənt] *adj.* 懊悔的

② amorous ['æməərəs] *adj.* 多情的

③ misconduct [ˌmis'kɒndəkt] *n.* 不规矩的, 行为不当的处理



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shutting her eyes to it. He even thought that a completely undistinguished woman like her, worn out, aging, already plain, just a simple goodhearted mother of a family, ought to have been indulgent, out of a feeling of fairness. What had happened was just the opposite.

"Dolly!" he said in a soft, shy voice. He lowered his head and tried to look pathetic and submissive, while radiating freshness and health nevertheless.

Thanks to his abilities Oblonsky had done well at school, though he was lazy and mischievous and consequently one of the last in his class. But in spite of his chronic dissipation, his minor appointments, and his youth, he occupied a respectable and well-paid post as head of the government boards in Moscow. He had gotten in through his sister Anna's husband, Alexis Alexandrovich Karenin, who held one of the most important positions in the ministry the board was part of; but if Karenin hadn't nominated his brother-in-law to this post hundreds of other people—brothers, sisters, relations, this post or one like it, at some 6000 rubles a year, which he needed since in spite of his wife's respectable fortune his affairs were in a bad way.

Half Moscow and Petersburg were relatives or friends of Oblonsky's. He was born among those people who were or had become the powers of this world. A third of the men in the official world, the older ones, had been friends of his father's and had known him in swaddling clothes; another third were on intimate terms with him, and the rest knew him very well. Consequently those who hand out the good things of this world, in the shape of government posts, grants, concessions, and such things, were all friends of his; they could not overlook one of their own people. Oblonsky did not have to exert himself particularly to get a profitable position; all he had to do was not to be difficult, envious, quarrelsome, or quick to take offense, which for that matter, being



good-tempered by nature, he never was. It would have seemed absurd to him if he had been told he would not obtain a post with the salary he needed, especially since he was not demanding anything out of the ordinary: he only wanted the same thing as everyone else like him, while he was capable of filling such an office no worse than anyone else.

Oblonsky was not only liked by everyone who knew him, because of his good nature, gaiety, and unquestionable honesty, but something about him, in his handsome radiant looks, his beaming eyes, black hair and eyebrows, his pink and white face, had a physical effect of kindness and merriment on anyone who ran into him. "Ah, Stiva! Oblonsky! There he is!" almost everyone he met said with a joyful smile. Even if it sometimes happened that after talking to him it turned out that nothing particularly joyful had happened, still, the next day and the day after that everyone was just as delighted to meet him as before.

By his third year as the head of this government board in Moscow, Oblonsky had won not only the affection but the esteem of his colleagues^①, subordinates^②, chiefs, and everyone who had anything to do with him.

Oblonsky was standing on the top of the stairs. His good humored face, shining over the gold-laced collar of his uniform, beamed even more as he watched the man coming up.

"So it's you, Levin! At last!" he said with a friendly, ironical smile, as he gazed at Levin approaching him. "How is it you deign to look me up in this den?" said Oblonsky, embracing his friend as well as shaking him by the hand. "Have you been here long?"

① colleague ['kɒli:g] n. 同事

② subordinates ['sə'bɔ:dɪnɪt] n. 下属



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"I've just arrived. I very much want to see you," Levin answered, looking round with constraint, and at the same time irritably and uneasily.

"Well, let's go to my study," said Oblonsky, who was familiar with his friend's self-conscious and irascible^① shyness; he took Levin by the hand and led him along as though he were guiding him past some danger.

Levin had been his comrade and friend since early youth. They were attached to each other in spite of different characters and tastes, as friends are who meet in early youth. But in spite of this, as often happens between people who have chosen different careers, each of them, even though justifying each other's activity in any argument, despised it at heart. It seemed to each of them that the life he himself was leading was the only real life, while his friend's life was a mere phantom. Oblonsky could not refrain^② from a slight ironical smile at the sight of Levin. How many times had he not seen him arriving in Moscow from the country, where he was doing something or other, though just what Oblonsky could never quite understand; nor was he interested. When Levin arrived in Moscow he was always excited, in a hurry, slightly shy, and vexed by this shyness, and generally with a completely novel, unexpected view of things. Oblonsky laughed at this, and liked it. In just the same way Levin at heart despised both his friend's urban style of life and his official duties, which he considered nonsense and ridiculed. But the difference was that when Oblonsky did what everyone else did he laughed in a self-assured and good-humored way, while Levin did so without assurance and sometimes angrily.

"What are the Shcherbatskys up to?" he asked. "Is everything the same as usual?"

① irascible [i'ræsɪbl] *adj.* 易怒的

② refrain [ri'freɪn] *vi.* 抑制; 克制



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Oblonsky, who had known for a long time that Levin was in love with Kitty Shcherbatsky, Oblonsky's sister-in-law, gave a barely perceptible^① smile, and his eyes sparkled gaily.

The Levins and the Shcherbatskys were two old noble Moscow houses; they had always been on intimate and friendly terms with each other. This relationship had become still stronger during the time Levin had been a student. He had prepared for and entered the university together with young Prince Shcherbatsky, the brother of Dolly and Kitty. During this period Levin spent a great deal of time frequenting the Shcherbatsky house; he had fallen in love with the entire family. However strange it might seem, he had fallen in love with the house itself and with the Shcherbatsky family, especially the female half.

While a student he had very nearly fallen in love with^② the eldest, Dolly, but she was quickly married off to Oblonsky. Then he began falling in love with the second. He seemed to feel that he had to fall in love with one of the sisters; the only thing was, he couldn't make up his mind which one. But Natalie too got married to a diplomat, Lvov, the moment she came out. Kitty had still been a child when Levin left the university. Young Shcherbatsky, who had gone into the Navy, was drowned in the Baltic, and Levin's relations with the Shcherbatskys, in spite of his friendship with Oblonsky, became less close. But in that same year, at the beginning

① perceptible [pə'septəbl] *adj.* 能感觉到的

② fall in love with 爱上



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of winter, when Levin came back to Moscow after a year in the country and saw the Shcherbatskys, he understood which one of the three he was really destined to fall in love with.

Nothing would have seemed simpler than for him, a man thirty-two years old, of good family and rich rather than poor, to propose to Princess Shcherbatsky; in all likelihood he would instantly have been acknowledged as a first-rate match. But Levin was in love, and because of this it seemed to him that Kitty was such perfection in every way, a being far above everything else on earth, while he was a lowly, earthy creature, that it was absolutely unthinkable for others and herself to regard him as worthy of her.

Having spent two months in Moscow as though bemused, meeting Kitty almost every day in society, which he began to frequent in order to see her, Levin abruptly decided that the whole thing was out of the question and went back to the country.

But after he spent two months alone in the country he became convinced^① that this time he was not in love as he had been when he was very young; that this feeling did not give him a moment of rest; that he could not live without having settled the question of whether she was going to be his wife or not; and that this despair was simply due to his own imagination, and that he had no proof that he would be rejected. And he had now come to Moscow firmly resolved to make a proposal and to get married if he was accepted . . . Or else — But he could not think of what would happen to him if he were refused.

He followed the path to the skating pond and said to himself: I must calm down, I mustn't be excited. . . What's the matter with you? What is it? . . . Be quiet, jackass! He kept saying to his heart. And the more he tried to calm himself the more his breathing

① convince [kən'vins] *vt.* 使…信服, 使…明白



grew labored. An acquaintance saw him and called out to him, but Levin did not even recognize him. As he approached the ice hills, he heard the clatter of the chains dragging up the toboggans^① or letting them down, the rumble of the toboggans^②, and the sounds of gay voices; a few more steps and the skating pond opened up in front of him. He instantly picked her out of all the skaters.

He knew she was there by the joy and the terror that laid hold of his heart. She was standing talking to some woman at the opposite end of the pond. There seemed nothing special either about her dress or her attitude; but for Levin it was as easy to pick her out of the throng as a rose among nettles. Everything was lit up by her. She had a smile that made everything radiant round about. Could I go on to the ice, he thought, and go up to her? The place she was standing on seemed to him an unapproachable shrine, and there was a moment when he was on the verge of leaving, he was so filled with fear. He had to make an effort and reflect that all sorts of people were passing around her, and that he might have come there to go skating himself. He stepped down, avoiding a long look at her, as though she were the sun, but he saw her, just like the sun, even without looking.

She had recognized Levin, she smiled at him and at her own fears. When she finished making her turn she gave herself a push with her resilient little foot and skated straight up to Shcherbatsky; holding onto him with one hand, she nodded her head at Levin with a smile. She was more beautiful than he had imagined her.

"Will you be here long?" Kitty asked him.

"I don't know," he answered, not thinking of what he was saying. The thought crossed his mind that he was surrendering to her tone of serene friendliness, and that he

① toboggan [təˈbɒɡən] n. 长滑梯