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# 安娜·卡列尼娜

Anna Karenina



(俄罗斯) 托尔斯泰 / 著  
吴 晓 / 编译

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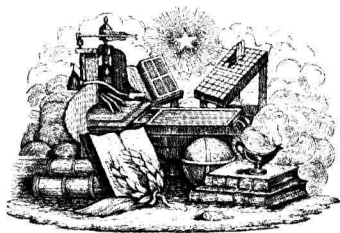


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## 导 读

列夫·托尔斯泰(1828—1910),俄国作家、改革家、道德思想家。生于莫斯科以南的雅斯纳亚·波利亚纳。16岁进喀山大学,十八岁时他放弃大学学习,回家致力于改善农民生活。但因他身为地主,主观与客观均困难重重。1851年,他毅然投军,去高加索作战。1854年发表处女作《童年》。1854年参加克里米亚战争,后在《塞瓦斯托波故事》中叙述了他的这段经历。1857年及1860—1861年,两次游历西欧。在婚后15年中,创作了两部最伟大的作品:《战争与和平》和《安娜·卡列尼娜》。1880年以后,他毅然放弃贵族立场,世界观发生了彻底转变。这一阶段中他除《复活》之外还写出了伊凡·伊里奇之死》、《黑暗的势力》、《教育的果实》等作品,强烈控诉了黑社会,也表现出他在自己思想深处严肃的探索和深刻的矛盾。正如高尔基所说,托尔斯泰是“十九世纪所有伟大人物中最为复杂的一个”。

《安娜·卡列尼娜》的情节围绕着两条平行而又紧密裙联的线索展开:一条是安娜和她的丈夫卡列宁、情人弗隆斯基之间的故事;另一条是列文和他的恋人吉蒂之间的故事。

安娜卡列尼娜是一个外表美丽、情感真诚、内心世界丰富、充满生命力的贵妇人。16岁时由姑妈作主嫁给了比自己年长十岁的虚伪、冷酷、自私的沙俄政府官僚卡列宁,并与他维持了八年平静而无聊的婚姻生活。一次偶然的机会她遇见了风流倜傥的青年军官弗隆斯,附入情网,无法自拔。但他们的爱情却遭到了上流社会的唾弃。卡列宁为了不影响自己仕途发达,也为了惩罚安娜,不准她同儿子见面,无情地剥夺了她作为母亲的基本权利。在强大的社会压力下,弗隆斯基产生了动摇,渐渐将安娜的爱情视为束缚。他的感情开始冷淡下来,安娜觉察到了这点。她感到在生活中的警后一个依靠失落了,于是她的精神彻底地走向了崩溃。她决心以自杀来解脱自己,来惩罚自己爱怜的“负心人”,来向贵族社会发出最后的一次抗议。

小说的另一条主线是围绕列文展开的。他是一个拥有三千亩土地的年

轻的大贵族庄园主。他强壮、热情、忠厚，有很高的文化教养，热衷于思考各种社会和伦理道德问题。他在自己韵庄园里从事改革，企图通过不流血的变革，协调他与农民的利益，但此路不通，改革失败，他曾一度陷入了悲观的境地，濒于自杀的边缘。最后，他在具有浓厚的宗教法制思想的贤妻吉蒂的影响下，皈依了寒教，并在一个贫苦农民的启迪和感召下顿悟了“为上帝，为灵魂活着”的人生真谛，与安娜悲惨的绝境正相反，列文获得了精神的升华与寄托。

《安娜·卡列尼娜》这部作品整个建立在一种多层次、多角度、多方面的对比中。在人物关系上，安娜和吉蒂对比，列文和弗隆斯基对比，弗隆斯基和卡列宁对比，列文、科兹内舍夫和尼古拉对比，弗隆斯基又和亚什文以及那位外国王子对比，安娜又和朵丽对比，吉蒂又和瓦莲卡对比……。在情节发展上，安娜和弗隆斯基的这一条线索不断地与列文和吉蒂的另一条线索交替出现，相互对比。正是在这样的对比中，每一个人物都能够随时在一面镜子中见到自己，读者也可以更为突出鲜明地见到生活的实质和每一个人物里里外外的特征。

托尔斯泰为，《安娜·卡列尼娜》所设定的主题是“家庭的主题”，他原想要通过这部作品表达一种女人应该只在家庭中做贤妻良母的观点，但是安娜的遭遇却实际上大大超越了这个主题，而是一个俄国（以及全人类）在由封建主义制度转向资本主义制度的过渡时期中的历史的、时代的主题，社会的主题，妇女解放的主题，或者说是人性解放的主题。

安娜是托尔斯泰的全部作品中最丰满、深刻和高大的人物。它比《战争与和平》中的纳塔莎开阔，比《复活》中的卡秋莎深邃，她毫无疑问是世界文学史上至今尚未被超越的最美的女性形象之一。

译者

二〇一一年六月

ANNA  
KARENINA

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VENGEANCE IS MINE;  
I WILL REPAY

伸冤在我，我必报应。

## PART ONE

## 1

ALL happy families resemble one another, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything was upset in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered an intrigue between her husband and their former French governess, and declared that she would not continue to live under the same roof with him. This state of things had now lasted for three days, and not only the husband and wife but the rest of the family and the whole household suffered from it. They all felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that any group of people who had met together by chance at an inn would have had more in common than they. The wife kept to her own rooms; the husband stopped away from home all day; the children ran about all over the house uneasily; the English governess quarrelled with the housekeeper and wrote to a friend asking if she could find her another situation; the cook had gone out just at dinner-time the day before and had not returned; and the kitchen-maid and coachman had given notice.

On the third day after his quarrel with his wife, Prince Stephen Arkadyevich Oblonsky—Stiva, as he was called in his set in Society—woke up at his usual time, eight o'clock, not in his wife's bedroom but on the morocco leather-covered sofa in his study. He turned his plump, well-kept body over on the springy sofa as if he wished to have another long sleep, and tightly embracing one of the pillows leant his cheek against it; but then suddenly opened his eyes and sat up.

'Let me see—what was it?' he thought, trying to recall his dream. 'What was it? O yes—Alabin

## 第一部

## —

幸福的家庭彼此相似,不幸的家庭各有各的不幸。

奥布隆斯基家里一切都混乱了。妻子发现丈夫与家里从前的法国女家庭教师有暧昧关系,于是宣布她不能与他住在同一间屋子里。这种状态已经持续了三天,不仅夫妻双方,而且一家老少,所有家庭成员都为此感到痛苦。大家都认为他们生活在一起已毫无意义,就连每家客店里萍水相逢的人们的关系也要比他们一家人融洽。妻子呆在她自己的房间里不出来,丈夫则整天在外不回家,孩子们不安地在房间里乱蹿,英国女家庭教师跟女管家吵架,还给女友写信,请为她找个新差事;厨师昨天正当开午饭的时候就走了;干粗活的厨娘和车夫都要求辞工算帐。

与妻子吵架后的第三天,斯捷潘·阿尔卡迪奇·奥布隆斯基公爵(社交界都叫他斯季瓦)和往常一样早晨八点钟醒来,却不在妻子的卧室里,而是在自己书房的皮沙发上。他那肥胖的、保养得很好的身体在弹簧沙发上翻了个身,好像还想睡一大觉,他紧紧搂住枕头,将脸贴在上面,但他突然坐了起来,睁开双眼。

“啊,啊,这是怎么回事儿?”他想,一边回想着梦境。“啊,这是怎么回事





was giving a dinner-party in Darmstadt—no, not in Darmstadt but somewhere in America. Oh yes, Darmstadt was in America, —and Alabin was giving the party. The dinner was served on glass tables—yes, and the tables sang “*Il mio tesoro*” . . . no, not exactly “*Il mio tesoro*”, but something better than that; and then there were some kind of little decanters that were really women.’ His eyes sparkled merrily and he smiled as he sat thinking. ‘Yes, it was very nice. There were many other delightful things which I can’t just get hold of—I can’t catch now I’m awake.’ Then, noticing a streak of light that had made its way in at the side of the blind, he gaily let down his legs and felt about with his feet for his slippers finished with bronze kid (last year’s birthday present, embroidered by his wife); and from nine years’ habit he stretched out his arm, without rising, towards where his dressing-gown usually hung in their bedroom. And then he suddenly remembered that, and why, he was not sleeping there but in his study. The smile vanished from his face and he frowned.

‘Oh dear, dear, dear!’ he groaned recalling what had happened. And the details of his quarrel with his wife, his inextricable position, and, worst of all, his guilt, rose up in his imagination.

‘No, she will never forgive me; she can’t forgive me! And the worst thing about it is, that it’s all my own fault—my own fault; and yet I’m not guilty! That’s the tragedy of it!’ he thought. ‘Oh dear, oh dear!’ he muttered despairingly, as he recalled the most painful details of the quarrel. The worst moment had been when, returning home from the theatre merry and satisfied, with an enormous pear in his hand for his wife, he did not find her in the drawing-room nor, to his great surprise, in the study, but at last saw her in her bedroom with the unlucky note which had betrayed him in her hand.

She sat there; the careworn, ever-bustling, and (as he thought) rather simple Dolly—with the note

儿?对!阿拉宾在达姆斯塔特举行晚宴;不,不是在达姆斯塔特,而是在美国的什么地方。对了,达姆斯塔特就在美国。阿拉宾在玻璃桌子上设宴,连桌子也唱起《我的宝贝》,不是《我的宝贝》,而是更好听的什么歌儿,还有一些小小的长颈玻璃瓶,它们原来都是女人。”他的眼里闪烁着快乐的光彩,他微笑地沉思着。“是的,太好了,太妙了,有趣的事还多着呢,只是难以言表。”这时,他发现一缕阳光透过呢绒窗帘侧面的缝隙射进屋来,他开心地把脚从沙发上伸下去,搜寻妻子亲手绣上花的那双金色皮拖鞋(去年的生日礼物),并且按照九年来的老习惯,不等起床,就伸手去摸挂在卧室老地方的那件晨衣。这时他才明白,自己并不是睡在妻子的卧室里,而是睡在书房里,以及怎么会睡在这里。笑容从他脸上消失了,他皱起眉头。

“唉,唉,唉!真糟糕!”想到家里发生的一切,他叹起气来。他脑海里又浮现出同妻子吵架的所有细节。他那走投无路的处境,以及他最苦恼的自身的过错。

“不,她不会原谅我——她不可能原谅我!而且最糟的是,一切都是我的过错,——是我自己的过错。却也不能怪我,这就是全部的悲剧所在,”他想起。“唉,唉,唉!”他回想起这次口角中最使他难堪的场面,灰心绝望地叹起气来。最不愉快的是开头那会儿,他刚从剧院回来,幸福而又满足,手里拿着个准备送给妻子的大梨。结果,在客厅里没有找到她。使他吃惊的是,她也不在书房里。最后,他在她的卧室里找到了她,她手里正握着那封令人沮丧,将一切都披露无遗的信。

她,这个一向心事重重、忙忙碌碌,被他认作头脑简单的女人多莉,手里拿



in her hand and a look of terror, despair, and anger on her face.

‘What is this? This?’ she asked, pointing to the note. And, as often happens, it was not so much the memory of the event that tormented him, as of the way he had replied to her.

At that moment there had happened to him what happens to most people when unexpectedly caught in some shameful act: he had not had time to assume an expression suitable to the position in which he stood toward his wife now that his guilt was discovered. Instead of taking offence, denying, making excuses, asking forgiveness, or even remaining indifferent (anything would have been better than what he did), he involuntarily (‘reflex action of the brain,’ thought Oblonsky, who was fond of physiology) smiled his usual kindly and therefore silly smile.

He could not forgive himself for that silly smile. Dolly, seeing it, shuddered as if with physical pain, and with her usual vehemence burst into a torrent of cruel words and rushed from the room. Since then she had refused to see him.

‘It’s all the fault of that stupid smile,’ thought Oblonsky. ‘But what am I to do? What can I do?’ he asked himself in despair, and could find no answer.

## 2

OBLONSKY was truthful with himself. He was incapable of self-deception and could not persuade himself that he repented of his conduct. He could not feel repentant that he, a handsome amorous man of thirty-four, was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children and only a year younger than himself. He repented only of not having managed to conceal his conduct from her. Nevertheless he felt his unhappy position and pitied his wife, his children, and himself. He might perhaps have been able to hide things from her had he known that the knowledge would so

着信,一动不动地坐着,脸上带着恐怖、绝望和忿怒的表情看着他。

“这是什么?是什么?”她指着信问道。在回想这事的时候,像常有的情形一样,使他懊恼的主要倒不是事情本身,而是他怎样应付妻子这话。

他当时的感觉就像一个人干了丑事突然被揭发了似的。在他的过错暴露以后,他站在妻子面前的那副模样,实在太别扭了。他既不感到委屈,也不否认,也不辩解,也不讨饶,甚至装得满不在乎——真是糟得不能再糟了。那时他的面孔上全然不由自主地(“大脑反射”,奥布隆斯基心想,他是爱好生理学的),忽然全然不由自主地露出一个惯常的、好心的、因此也是愚蠢的微笑来。

他不能原谅自己的这种傻笑,因为多莉看见他脸上的傻笑,好像身体被刺了一下似的,哆嗦了一下,她立刻火冒三丈,说了一大串激烈的话,跑出房间去了。从此以后,她就不愿再看到他了。

“怪就怪这种傻笑,”奥布隆斯基想道。“可是有什么办法呢?有什么办法呀?”他灰心丧气地对自己说,却找不到答案。

## 二

奥布隆斯基是一个对自己很诚实的人,他不能欺骗自己,硬说他对自己的行为感到后悔。他,一个三十四岁的、英俊多情的男人,他不爱自己的妻子,不爱这个只比他年轻一岁的、五个活着的两个死去的孩子的母亲,对此他现在并不感到后悔。他只后悔自己没能更好地瞒过妻子。然而他感受到了自己处境的全部分量,并且也为妻子、孩子和自己感到难过。他要是早知道这件事会让妻子如此伤心,也许会竭力把这罪孽瞒住,不让她知道。这个问题



distress her. He had never clearly considered the matter, but had a vague notion that his wife had long suspected him of being unfaithful and winked at it. He even thought that she, who was nothing but an excellent mother of a family, worn-out, already growing elderly, no longer pretty, and in no way remarkable—in fact, quite an ordinary woman—ought to be lenient to him, if only from a sense of justice. It turned out that the very opposite was the case.

‘How awful! Oh dear, oh dear, how awful!’ Oblonsky kept repeating to himself, and could arrive at no conclusion. ‘And how well everything was going on till now—how happily we lived! She was contented, happy in her children; I never interfered with her but left her to fuss over them and the household as she pleased. . . . Of course it’s not quite nice that *she* had been a governess in our house. That’s bad! There’s something banal, a want of taste, in carrying on with one’s governess—but then, what a governess!’ (He vividly pictured to himself Mlle Roland’s roguish black eyes, and her smile.) ‘Besides as long as she was in the house I never took any liberties. The worst of the matter is, that she is already. . . . Why need it all happen at once? Oh dear, dear, dear! What am I to do?’

He could find no answer, except life’s usual answer to the most complex and insoluble questions. That answer is: live in the needs of the day, that is, find forgetfulness. He could no longer find forgetfulness in sleep, at any rate not before night, could not go back to the music and the songs of the little decanter-women, consequently he must seek forgetfulness in the dream of life.

‘We’ll see when the time comes,’ thought Oblonsky, and got up, put on his grey dressing-gown lined with blue silk, tied the cords and drawing a full breath of air into his broad chest went with his usual firm tread toward the window, turning out his feet that carried his stout body so lightly, drew up the blind and rang loudly. The bell was answered immediately by his old friend

他从没认真考虑过,只模模糊糊地感到妻子早已知道他对她不忠实,不过装作没看见罢了。他甚至认为,她已经年老色衰,失去风姿,毫无魅力,纯粹成了个贤妻良母,理应对他宽宏大量,不计较什么。谁知正好相反。

“糟透了!唉,唉!真糟透了!”奥布隆斯基自言自语地叨念着,却一筹莫展。“在出这件事之前,一切都是那么顺心,我们生活得多么美满!她因为有了孩子,而感到称心如意,十分幸福,我也从干涉她的事,让她按照自己的意愿侍弄女孩子、料理家务。老实说,糟就糟在她从前是我们家的家庭女教师。真糟糕!勾搭自己家里的家庭女教师,的确有点儿庸俗,下流。然而她是一个多么有魅力的家庭女教师啊!(他清晰地想起了罗兰小姐那双狡黠的黑眼睛和她的笑容。)不过她在我们家的时候,我还没有放肆过。现在最糟糕的是她已经……真想不到,这一切好像是故意刁难我的!唉,唉!怎么办,到底该怎么办呢?”

没有答案,只有生活所给予的那些最复杂、最棘手的问题的通常的答复,那就是,一天天过下去吧。换句话说,忘却吧。但是,既然他已经不可能在睡梦中忘却,至少不到夜里便不可能,也不可能再回到那些小小的长颈瓶女人的音乐世界中去,他就非得使自己沉溺于生活的梦境,来寻求忘却了。

“走着瞧吧,”奥布隆斯基对自己说。然后他站起身来,穿上深蓝色绸衬里的灰色晨衣,甩过腰带穗子打了一个结,给自己宽阔的胸腔里满满地吸进一口气,两只向外撇开的脚,那么轻盈地托住他丰满的躯体,迈开习惯了的、精神饱满的步子,走向窗前,拉开窗帘,使劲地摇了摇铃。随着铃声,走进来一位老

and valet, Matthew, who brought in his clothes, boots, and a telegram. He was followed by the barber with shaving tackle.

‘Any papers from the Office?’ asked Oblonsky, as he took the telegram and sat down before the looking-glass.

‘They’re on your table,’ answered Matthew with a questioning and sympathizing glance at his master—adding after a pause with a sly smile: ‘Some one has called from the jobmaster’s.’

Oblonsky did not answer, but glanced at Matthew’s face in the looking-glass. From their looks, as they met in the glass, it was evident that they understood one another. Oblonsky’s look seemed to say: ‘Why do you tell me that? As if you don’t know!’

Matthew put his hands into the pocket of his jacket, put out his foot, and looked at his master with a slight, good-humoured smile.

‘I ordered him to come the Sunday after next, and not to trouble you or himself needlessly till then,’ said he, evidently repeating a sentence he had prepared.

Oblonsky understood that Matthew meant to have a joke and draw attention to himself. He tore open the telegram and read it, guessing at the words, which (as so often happens in telegrams) were misspelt, and his face brightened.

‘Matthew, my sister Anna Arkadyevna is coming to-morrow,’ he said, motioning away for a moment the shiny plump hand of the barber, which was shaving a rosy path between his long curly whiskers.

‘The Lord be thanked!’ said Matthew, proving by his answer that he knew just as well as his master the importance of this visit; namely, that Anna Arkadyevna, Stephen Arkadyevich’s favourite sister, might help to reconcile the husband and wife.

‘Is she coming alone, or with Mr. Karenin?’

朋友,他的贴身仆人马特维,手里捧着衣服、皮靴和一封电报。跟着马特维又进来一个捧着理发用具的理发师。

“衙门里有公文送来吗?”奥布隆斯基接过电报,在镜子前面坐下,问道。

“在桌子上。”马特维回答说。他用一种同情和疑问的目光看了看老爷,稍微停顿了一下,脸上露出狡黠的微笑,补充说:“马车店的老板派人来过。”

奥布隆斯基什么也没有回答,只在镜子里瞧了瞧马特维。从镜子里相遇的目光中可以看出,他们彼此是很了解的。奥布隆斯基的眼神仿佛在问:“你何必说这话呢?难道你还不明白吗?”

马特维双手插在上装口袋里,伸出一只脚,脸上露出一丝笑意,忠心耿耿地对主人默默看了一眼。

“我叫他下个礼拜天再来,在这之前别来打扰您,也免得他白跑,”他说出了显然是事先准备好的话。

奥布隆斯基明白,马特维是想说说笑话,让人注意他。奥布隆斯基拆开电报,一面猜测着电报里常有的译错的字,把电报看了一遍,他的脸顿时放起光来。

“马特维,我妹妹安娜·阿尔卡迪耶芙娜明天就要来了,”他做了个手势,让理发师那只油亮光润的胖手停一下,说道。理发师正在他那长长的鬃曲的络腮胡子中剃出一条粉红色的纹路来。

“感谢上帝,”马特维这样答道,以此表示他像老爷一样懂得她,也就是安娜·阿尔卡迪耶芙娜这次来访的重大意义。她是奥布隆斯基心爱的妹妹,她能促成这对夫妻言归于好。

“是她一个人来,还是他们夫妇同来?”马特维问道。



Oblonsky could not answer as the barber was busy with his upper lip; but he raised one finger, and Matthew nodded to him in the glass.

‘Alone. Would you like one of the upstairs rooms got ready?’

‘Ask Darya Alexandrovna.’

‘Darya Alexandrovna?’ Matthew repeated, as if in doubt.

‘Yes, tell her. Give her the telegram, and see what she says.’

‘You want to have a try at her?’ was what Matthew meant, but he only said: ‘Yes, sir.’

Oblonsky was washed, his hair brushed, and he was about to dress, when Matthew, stepping slowly in his creaking boots, re-entered the room with the telegram in his hand. The barber was no longer there.

‘Darya Alexandrovna told me to say that she is going away. “He may do as he pleases”—that is, as you please, sir,’ he said, laughing with his eyes only; and, putting his hands in his pockets, with his head on one side, he gazed at his master. Oblonsky remained silent, then a kind and rather pathetic smile appeared on his handsome face.

‘Ah, Matthew!’ he said, shaking his head.

‘Never mind, sir—things will shape themselves.’

‘Shape themselves, eh?’

‘Just so, sir.’

‘Do you think so? —Who’s that?’ asked Oblonsky, hearing the rustle of a woman’s dress outside the door.

‘It’s me, sir,’ answered a firm and pleasant woman’s voice, and Matrena Filimonovna, the children’s nurse, thrust her stern pockmarked face in at the door.

‘What is it, Matrena?’ asked Oblonsky, stepping out to her.

Although he was entirely guilty and was conscious of it, almost every one in the house—even the nurse, Darya Alexandrovna’s best

这时理发师正在刮奥布隆斯基的上嘴唇,他不能张口说话,就竖起一个手指头。马特维朝镜子里点点头。

“一个人,那就让她住在楼上?”

“告诉达丽雅·亚历山大罗芙娜,由她吩咐。”

“达丽雅·亚历山大罗芙娜?”马特维怀疑地重复了一遍。

“没错,喏,把电报拿给她,看她怎么说。”

您这是要我去试探一下,”马特维心里明白,但嘴上却说:“是,老爷。”

当马特维手里拿着电报,穿着那双走路时咔咔作响的长靴慢慢腾腾地回到房里的时候,奥布隆斯基已经梳洗完毕,正要穿衣服。理发师已经走了。

“达丽雅·亚历山大罗芙娜让我向您禀报,说她要走了,‘他想怎么办就怎么办?’——也就是,随您的便,老爷”,他眼睛中露着笑意说道。然后他把两手插在衣袋里,歪着头,目不转睛地瞅着老爷。奥布隆斯基没有作声。随后他那英俊的脸上浮现出一丝和善的、带点苦涩的笑。

“呃?马特维!”他摇摇头说。

“不要紧,老爷——事情自会解决的。”

“会解决吗?”

“会的,老爷。”

“你这样想吗?——谁来了?”奥布隆斯基听见门外有女人衣服的□□声,问道。

“是我,老爷,”回答的是一个女人坚定而悦耳的声音。接着老保姆玛特廖娜·菲力蒙诺夫娜严厉的麻脸从门外探了进来。

“玛特廖娜,有什么事?”奥布隆斯基迎着她走到门口,问道。

尽管他和妻子的事全是他的错,他自己也感觉到这一点,可是家里几乎所有的人,——就连这个老保姆,达丽雅

friend—sided with him.

‘What is it?’ said he mournfully.

‘Won’t you go and try again sir? By God’s grace you might make it up! She suffers dreadfully; it’s pitiful to see her, and everything in the house is topsy-turvy. You should consider the children! Own up, sir—it can’t be helped! There’s no joy without...’

‘But she won’t admit me!’

‘Do your part—God is merciful. Pray to Him, sir, pray to Him!’

‘All right—now go,’ said Oblonsky, suddenly blushing.

‘I must get dressed,’ said he, turning to Matthew, and he resolutely threw off his dressing-gown.

Matthew blew some invisible speck off the shirt which he held ready gathered up like a horse’s collar, and with evident pleasure invested with it his master’s carefully tended body.

### 3

WHEN he was quite dressed Oblonsky sprinkled some scent on himself, pulled down his cuffs, and as usual distributing in different pockets his cigarette-case, matches, pocket-book, and the watch with its double chain and bunch of charms, he shook out his handkerchief, and feeling clean, sweet, healthy, and physically bright in spite of his misfortune, went with a slight spring in each step into the diningroom where his coffee stood ready. Beside the coffee lay letters and papers from the Office.

He read the letters, one of which impressed him unpleasantly. It concerned the sale of a forest on his wife’s estate, and came from a dealer who wanted to buy that forest. This forest had to be sold; but until he was reconciled with his wife the

·亚历山大罗芙娜的心腹——也都站在他这一边。

“有什么事?”他灰心丧气地说。

“您去一下,老爷,再去认个错。可能会起作用的。她太痛苦了,太可怜了。弄得家都不像个家了。老爷,也该可怜可怜孩子们,去认个错吧!怎么办呢!解铃还须系铃人……”

“可是她不愿意理睬我,不愿意听我……”

“该您做的您尽量去做——上帝是宽厚的。您要祷告上帝,求上帝保佑!”

“嗯,好的——您去吧,”奥布隆斯基说,他忽然脸红了。

“我来穿衣服吧。”他对马特维说,下了决心似的把晨衣一下子甩掉。

马特维已经像拿着马套子一样把洗净熨平的衬衫提在手里,正在吹去上面的一点看不见是什么的东西,以一种显然的得意神情把衬衫套在老爷那精心保养的躯体上。

### 三

奥布隆斯基穿好衣服,身上洒了香水,拉齐衬衫袖口,照例把香、皮夹子、火柴、系着双重链子带表坠的怀表分别放到几个口袋里,然后又抖了抖手帕。尽管他在家庭生活中遭到了不幸,但觉得自己还是那么清洁健康,浑身芳香,精神抖擞。他微微抖动双腿,走进餐厅。餐厅里已给他准备好咖啡,咖啡杯旁边摆着信件和公文。

他看了信件。有一封信令人很不愉快,是一个商人写来的,那商人要买他妻子庄园里的树林。那树林是要出卖的;不过现在还没有同妻子和好,这事儿根本谈不上。最不愉快的是,这样



sale was quite out of the question. What was most unpleasant was that a financial consideration would now be mixed up with the impending reconciliation. The idea that he might be biased by that consideration, might seek a reconciliation in order to sell the forest, offended him. Having looked through his letters, Oblonsky drew the Departmental papers toward him, and turning over the pages of two files made a few notes on them with a big pencil; then pushing them aside, began to drink his coffee.

At the same time he unfolded the still damp morning paper, and began reading. Oblonsky subscribed to and read a Liberal paper—not an extreme Liberal paper but one that expressed the opinions of the majority. And although neither science, art, nor politics specially interested him, he firmly held to the opinions of the majority and of his paper on those subjects, changing his views when the majority changed theirs,—or rather, not changing them—they changed imperceptibly of their own accord.

Oblonsky's tendency and opinions were not his by deliberate choice: they came of themselves, just as he did not choose the fashion of his hats or coats but wore those of the current style. Living in a certain social set, and having a desire, such as generally develops with maturity, for some kind of mental activity, he was obliged to hold views, just as he was obliged to have a hat. If he had a reason for preferring Liberalism to the Conservatism of many in his set, it was not that he considered Liberalism more reasonable, but because it suited his manner of life better. The Liberal Party maintained that everything in Russia was bad, and it was a fact that Oblonsky had many debts and decidedly too little money. The Liberal Party said that marriage was an obsolete institution which ought to be reformed; and family life really gave Oblonsky very little pleasure, forcing him to tell lies and dissemble, which was quite contrary to his nature. The Liberal Party said, or rather hinted, that religion was only good as a check on the more

一来,摆在面前的他与妻子和好的事就要掺杂上金钱利害关系。一想到他可能受到金钱关系的支配,一想到他会为了出卖树林而想方设法同妻子和好,就觉得是受了侮辱。奥布隆斯基看完信,把公文挪到面前,很快地翻阅了两个案卷,他用粗铅笔做了一些记号,然后把案卷推开,喝起了咖啡。

与此同时,他打开油墨未干的晨报,看起来。奥布隆斯基订阅了一份自由派的报纸——不是极端派,而是那种大多数人所支持的派别。虽然对科学、艺术、政治他都并不特别感兴趣,他却也对这一切问题牢牢地持有着大多数人和他们的报纸所持有的观点,并且只有在大多数人改变观点时才作改变,或者,不如说,不是他变,而是这些观点不知不觉间在他心中自己改变了。

奥布隆斯基既没有选择哪一个派别,也没有选择哪一种观点,而是这些派别和观点自己找上门来,就像他并没有选择帽子或礼服的式样一样,人们戴什么帽子穿什么礼服,他就戴什么帽子穿什么礼服。他生活在一定的社会,必然会有思想活动,而思想到了人生的成熟期又会发展,所以他必须有自己的观点,就像必须有一顶帽子一样。至于他为什么没有像他圈儿里的多数人那样选择保守派,而是选择了自由派,这倒不是因为他认为自由派比保守派更合乎情理,而是因为自由派比较接近他的生活方式。自由派说,俄国一切都糟,确实如此,奥布隆斯基就负债累累,钱简直不够用。自由派说,婚姻是过时的制度,必须进行改革,确实如此,家庭生活很少给奥布隆斯基带来乐趣,而且还要迫使他撒谎,做假,这是违反他的天性的。自由派说,或者应该说是暗示,宗教不过是箝制那一部分野蛮人



barbarous portion of the population; and Oblonsky really could not stand through even a short church service without pain in his feet, nor understand why one should use all that dreadful high-flown language about another world while one can live so merrily in this one. Besides, Oblonsky was fond of a pleasant joke, and sometimes liked to perplex a simple-minded man by observing that if you're going to be proud of your ancestry, why stop short at Prince Rurik and repudiate your oldest ancestor—the ape?

Thus Liberalism became habitual to Oblonsky, and he loved his paper as he loved his after-dinner cigar, for the slight mistiness it produced in his brain. He read the leading article, which explained that in our time it is needless to raise the cry that Radicalism is threatening to swallow up all Conservative elements and to maintain that the Government should take measures to crush the hydra of revolution; for, on the contrary, 'in our opinion the danger lies not in an imaginary hydra of revolution, but in an obstinate clinging to tradition which hampers progress,' etc. He also read the finance article in which Bentham and Mill were mentioned and hits were made at the Ministry. With his natural quickness of perception he understood the meaning of each hit, whence it came, for whom it was meant and what had provoked it, and this as usual gave him a certain satisfaction. But to-day the satisfaction was marred by the memory of Matrena Filimonovna's advice, and of the fact that there was all this trouble in the house. He went on to read that there was a rumour of Count Beust's journey to Wiesbaden; that there would be no more grey hairs; that a light brougham was for sale, and a young person offered her services; but all this information did not give him the quiet, ironical pleasure it usually did.

Having finished the paper, his second cup of coffee, and a buttered roll, he got up, flicked some crumbs off his waistcoat, and, expanding his broad chest, smiled joyfully, not because there was anything specially pleasant in his mind—no, the

的,确实如此,奥布隆斯基即使做一次短短的礼拜,也觉得两腿酸痛,而且他简直不懂,今生今世多快活点儿就不错了,何必用那么一些可怕的、文绉绉的字眼儿谈论来世。此外,奥布隆斯基爱开玩笑,有时喜欢捉弄老实人,说,你要是夸耀门第,就不该仅限于提到留里克,而丢开你最初的始祖——猴子。

于是奥布隆斯基便养成了自由派的习惯,他喜欢这份报纸,就像他喜欢饭后一支烟一样,因为这份报纸能使他的脑袋里涌起一阵轻薄的迷雾。他看了社论,其中谈到,当今毫无必要大喊大叫,似乎激进派正威胁要吞没一切保守分子,似乎政府应该采取措施镇压革命的隐患。相反的是,“我们认为,危险不在于假想的革命隐患,而在于阻碍进步的顽固传统,”等等。他又读了另一篇文章,关于财政的,其中提到边沁和穆勒,把政府的一个部刺了一下。他凭着敏捷的头脑,能分析出任何嘲讽的涵义,即这种嘲讽的发难者是谁,嘲讽针对的是谁,起因是什么。这种分析往往会给他带来某种乐趣。但是今天,这种满足由于想起了玛特廖娜·菲力蒙诺夫娜给他的忠告,想起了家里的这一堆麻烦而遂遭到破坏。他继续去看那篇关于贝斯特伯爵已赴威斯巴登的报道,以及关于根治白发、轻便马车出售、某年轻人找工作等广告,但这些栏目今天却不能像往常一样带给他一种宁静、讥讽的快感。

看过报纸,喝完了第二杯咖啡,吃完了奶油面包,他站起身来,拂掉落在背心上的面包屑,接着挺着宽厚的胸脯开心地微微一笑。这倒不是因为心里有什么值得特别高兴的事,而纯粹是由



smile was but the result of a healthy digestion. But that joyful smile at once brought everything back to his mind, and he grew thoughtful.

Then he heard the sound of two childish voices outside the door, and recognized them as the voices of his eldest daughter, Tanya, and of his little boy Grisha. They were dragging something along, and had upset it.

‘I told you not to put passengers on the roof,’ the girl shouted in English. ‘Now pick them up!’

‘Everything is disorganized,’ thought Oblonsky; ‘here are the children running wild—’ and going to the door he called them in. They left the box, which represented a train, and came to their father.

The girl, her father’s pet, ran boldly in, embraced him, and hung laughing on his neck, pleased, as she always was, to smell the familiar scent of his whiskers. Having kissed his face, flushed by stooping and lit up by tenderness, the girl unclasped her hands and was going to run away, but he held her back.

‘How’s Mama?’ he asked, passing his hand over his daughter’s smooth delicate little neck, as he smilingly said ‘Good morning’ in answer to the little boy’s greeting.

He was conscious of not caring as much for the boy as for the girl but did his best to treat them both alike. The boy felt this and did not respond to his father’s cold smile.

‘Mama? She’s up,’ said the girl.

Oblonsky sighed.

‘That means that she has again not slept all night,’ he thought.

‘Yes, but is she cheerful?’ he added.

The girl knew that her father and mother had quarrelled, and that her mother could not be cheerful, and also that her father must know this, so that his putting the question to her so lightly was all pretence, and she blushed for him. He noticed this and blushed too.

‘I don’t know,’ she said. ‘She said we were

于胃口甚佳引起的。可是,这开心的微笑立刻使他想起了一切,因而他又陷入了沉思。

门外传来两个孩子的声音(奥布隆斯基听出是他的大女儿塔尼雅和小儿子格里沙的声音)。他们在搬弄什么东西,把东西弄翻在地上。

“我说嘛,车顶上不能乘客人,”女儿用英语叫道,“捡起来!”

“怎么能让孩子们自己到处乱跑呢,”奥布隆斯基想,“真是乱七八糟。”他走到门口召唤他们。孩子们丢下充当火车的匣子,向父亲跑来。

女孩儿是父亲的宝贝,大胆地跑了进来,搂住父亲,笑哈哈地吊在他的脖子上,像往常一样,高高兴兴地闻着他的络腮胡子散发的香水气味儿。最后,女孩儿吻了吻他那因为弯腰憋得通红的、闪着慈爱光辉的脸,松开胳膊,就想往回跑,可是父亲把她拉住。

“妈妈怎么样?”他用手抚摩着女儿那光滑、娇嫩的脖子,问道。“你好,”他又微微笑着回答男孩儿的问候说。

他自己意识到他不像喜爱大女儿一样喜爱他的小儿子,但他尽力对孩子们一视同仁,小男孩感觉到了这点,对他父亲冷淡的微笑无动于衷。

“妈妈?她已起床了,”小女孩答道。

奥布隆斯基叹了一口气。

“这么说她又一夜未眠,”他想到。

“怎么样,她高兴吗?”他补充道。

女儿知道父亲和母亲吵过嘴,母亲心里不会高兴。这一点父亲应该知道,他这样若无其事地问,显然是装出来的。所以她为父亲脸红,父亲也立刻觉察出来了,脸也红了。

“不知道。”女儿说。“她不让我们