

Fyodor Dostoyevsky
〔俄〕陀斯妥耶夫斯基 著

罪与罚

Crime and Punishment

浓咖啡
双语经典



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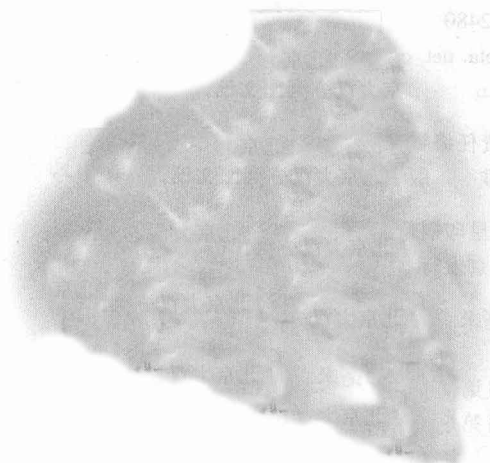
浓咖啡双语经典丛书

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Fyodor Dostoyevsky

[俄] 陀斯妥耶夫斯基 著
葛明荣 译



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读“浓咖啡”双语经典

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。

“浓咖啡”对原著进行必要的“节录”“浓缩”，既不失原著的主旨，又体现出巨著的精髓。同时配上经典影视光盘，并对名著中人物的不同汉译名称统一加注，使您在快节奏的今天，能在短时间内品味经典，体味人生。

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



《罪与罚》简介

《罪与罚》作者陀斯妥耶夫斯基 (Fyodor Dostoevsky)，俄国作家，生于 1826 年，卒于 1881 年。

罗季昂·拉斯柯利尼科夫是圣·彼得堡的一个穷大学生。他精心策划一起犯罪行为，用一把斧头砍死了一个经营典当生意的老寡妇及其隔山妹妹，并从她们的寓所里偷走了一些珠宝。

在与负责侦察谋杀案的波尔菲里的谈话中，拉斯柯利尼科夫为自己辩护，发挥了他的理论：一个有天才的人为了达到目的可以不择手段，而他就认为自己是个天才。

斯维德里加依洛夫来到了圣彼得堡。冬妮娅被他雇为家庭教师时曾受尽了痛苦。拉斯柯利尼科夫心中十分痛苦。他去了警察局。

拉斯柯利尼科夫去警察局自首，被判处到西伯利亚服刑八年。冬妮娅和拉祖米兴经营出版生意成功，他们结了婚。索尼雅跟随拉斯柯利尼科夫到了西伯利亚，她住在流放营地附近的一个村子里。由于她对拉斯柯利尼科夫和其他囚犯非常好，大家都称她小妈妈索尼雅。在她的帮助下，拉斯柯利尼科夫开始了新生。

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PART ONE

第一部





Chapter One

On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret^① in which he lodged^② in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

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 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^③ 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.

① garret ['gairɪt] *n.* 阁楼，顶楼的小室

② lodge [lɒdʒ] *v.* (短期) 租住

③ inquisitive [ɪn'kwɪzɪtɪv] *adj.* (指人及其行为) 过分好问的，好奇的，好追根究底的



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. The bell gave a faint tinkle as though it were made of tin and not of copper. The little flats in such houses always have bells that ring like that. He had forgotten the note of that bell, and now its peculiar tinkle^① seemed to remind him of something and to bring it clearly before him... He started, his nerves were terribly overstrained by now. In a little while, the door was opened a tiny crack: the old woman eyed her visitor with evident distrust through the crack, and nothing could be seen but her little eyes, glittering in the darkness. But, seeing a number of people on the landing, she grew bolder, and opened the door wide. The young man stepped into the dark entry, which was partitioned off^② from the tiny kitchen. The old woman stood facing him in silence and looking inquiringly at him. She was a diminutive, withered-up old woman of sixty, with sharp malignant eyes and a sharp little nose. Her colourless, somewhat grizzled hair was thickly smeared with oil, and she wore no kerchief over it. Round her thin long neck, which looked like a

① tinkle [ɪŋkl] *n.* 叮当作响; 小便, 小解

② partition off: 隔开, 分开, 用隔板隔开



her's leg, was knotted some sort of flannel rag, and, in spite of the heat, there hung flapping on her shoulders, a mangy^① fur cape^②, yellow with age. The old woman coughed and groaned at every instant. The young man must have looked at her with a rather peculiar expression, for a gleam of mistrust came into her eyes again.

"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:

"Step in, my good sir."

"What do you want?" the old woman said severely, coming into the room and, as before, standing in front of him so as to look him straight in the face.

"I've brought something to pawn^③ here," and he drew out of his pocket an oldfashioned flat silver watch, on the back of which was engraved^④ a globe; the chain was of steel.

① mangy [meindʒi] *adj.* 污秽的, 褴褛的

② cape [keɪp] *n.* 短披风, 披肩

③ pawn [paʊn] *v.* 典当, 抵押, 以……作保证

④ engrave [inˈɡreɪv] *v.* 雕刻, 镌刻



"But the time is up for your last pledge. The month was up the day before yesterday."

"I will bring you the interest for another month; wait a little."

"But that's for me to do as I please, my good sir, to wait or to sell your pledge at once."

"How much will you give me for the watch, Alyona Ivanovna?"

"You come with such trifles, my good sir, it's scarcely worth anything. I gave you two roubles last time for your ring and one could buy it quite new at a jeweller's for a rouble and a half."

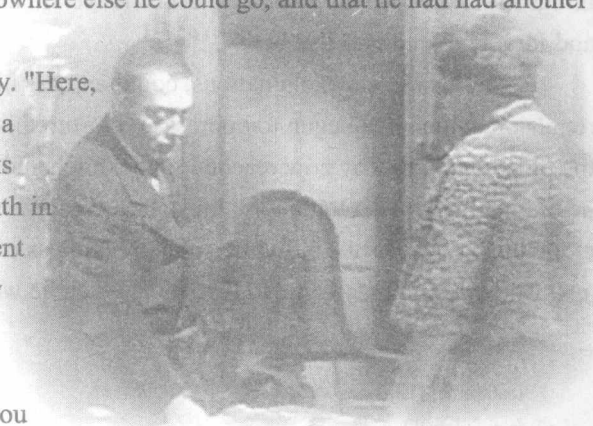
"Give me four roubles for it, I shall redeem it, it was my father's. I shall be getting some money soon."

"A rouble and a half, and interest in advance, if you like! "

"A rouble and a half!" cried the young man.

"Please yourself"—and the old woman handed him back the watch. The young man took it, and was so angry that he was on the point of going away; but checked himself at once, remembering that there was nowhere else he could go, and that he had had another object also in coming.

"Hand it over," she said roughly. "Here, sir: as we say ten copecks the rouble a month, so I must take fifteen copecks from a rouble and a half for the month in advance. But for the two roubles I lent you before, you owe me now twenty copecks on the same reckoning in advance. That makes thirty-five copecks altogether. So I must give you





a rouble and fifteen copecks for the watch. Here it is."

"What! only a rouble and fifteen copecks now!"

"Just so."

"Good—bye— are you always at home alone, your sister is not here with you?" He asked her as casually as possible as he went out into the passage.

"What business is she of yours, my good sir?"

"Oh, nothing particular, I simply asked. You are too quick... . Good—day, Alyona Ivanovna."

Raskolnikov went out in complete confusion. This confusion became more and more intense. As he went down the stairs, he even stopped short, two or three times, as though suddenly struck by some thought. When he was in the street he cried out, "Oh, God, how loathsome it all is! and can I, can I possibly.... No, it's nonsense, it's rubbish!" he added resolutely. "And how could such an atrocious thing come into my head? What filthy things my heart is capable of. Yes, filthy above all, disgusting^①, loathsome, loathsome! — and for a whole month I've been... ."

But no words, no exclamations, could express his agitation. The feeling of intense repulsion, which had begun to oppress and torture his heart while he was on his way to the old woman, had by now reached such a pitch and had taken such a definite form that he did not know what to do with himself to escape from his wretchedness. He walked along the pavement like a drunken man, regardless of the passers—by, and jostling^② against them, and only came to his senses when he was in the next street. Looking round,

① loathsome [ləʊðsəm] *adj.* 可憎的, 令人厌恶的

② jost [ˈdʒɔsl] *v.* 推, 挤



he noticed that he was standing close to a tavern which was entered by steps leading from the pavement to the basement. At that instant two drunken men came out at the door, and abusing and supporting one another, they mounted the steps. Without stopping to think, Raskolnikov went down the steps at once. Till that moment he had never been into a tavern, but now he felt giddy and was tormented by a burning thirst. He longed for a drink of cold beer, and attributed his sudden weakness to the want of food. He sat down at a sticky little table in a dark and dirty corner; ordered some beer, and eagerly drank off the first glassful. At once he felt easier; and his thoughts became clear.

"All that's nonsense," he said hopefully, "and there is nothing in it all to worry about! It's simply physical derangement. Just a glass of beer, a piece of dry bread— and in one moment the brain is stronger, the mind is clearer and the will is firm! Phew, how utterly petty it all is!"

But in spite of this scornful^① reflection, he was by now looking cheerful as though he were suddenly set free from a terrible burden; and he gazed round in a friendly way at the people in the room. But even at that moment he had a dim foreboding^② that this happier frame of mind was also not normal.

① scornful ['sko:nful] 轻蔑的，蔑视的

② forboding [fə:'boudɪŋ] 预感，预兆



第一章

七月初，天特别热。傍晚时，一个年轻人走出他在 C 胡同租来的那间斗室，来到街上，然后慢慢地，踌躇地往 K 桥那边走去。

他心情紧张、神经发抖地来到一座很大的大房子前，房子的一堵墙壁朝着运河，另一方面墙冲着 X 街。这座房子分为几套不大的住宅，并且住满了形形色色的手艺人——裁缝、小炉匠、厨娘，形形色色的德国人，妓女，小官吏，以及其他行业的人。进进出出的人就这样在房子的两个大门和两个院子里匆匆走过。这儿有三个或者是有四个管院子的。那个年轻人很高兴没有碰到他们当中的任何人，立刻偷偷地溜进大门，往右走，上了楼梯，他感到非常满意。这是一个后面的楼梯，楼梯又暗又窄，但他对此都已了解，而且察看过了，对整个环境他都十分喜欢：在这样的黑暗中，就连最好奇的目光也并不威胁人。

“如果此时我就这么害怕，说不定什么时候，如果真的要干那件事的话，那会怎样呢？……”上四楼的时候，他自然地想。几个干搬运工的退伍士兵在这里挡住了他的路，他们在从一套住宅里往外搬家具。以前他早已知道，这套住宅里居住着一个带家属的德国人，是个官吏。“如此说来，这个德国人现在搬走了，因而四层楼上，这道楼梯和这个楼梯平台之上，在一段时间里就只剩下老太婆的住宅里还住着人。“这太妙了，不管怎么说，”他又想，并且拉了拉老太婆住宅的铃。门铃响声很轻，好像铃不是铜的，而是用白铁做的。这样的楼房中几套这种不太大的住宅里，几乎都装着这样的门铃。他已经忘了这小铃的响声，现在这特别的响声突然让他想起了什么，并清清楚楚地想象……他突然抖了一下，这一次