

英汉
对照全译

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

安娜·卡列尼娜

Anna Karenina

〈下〉

(俄) 列夫·托尔斯泰 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

ENGLISH

英 语 大 书 虫
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伊犁人民出版社·YIL PEOPLES PRESS

责任编辑:韩新帮

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选/王惠君,王惠玲译
奎屯:伊犁人民出版社,2001.3

ISBN 7-5425-0570-X

I. 世… II. ①王… ②王… III. 英语——对照读物,
小说—英、汉 IV. H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2001)第 15738 号

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库
——世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选
王惠君,王惠玲 译

伊犁人民出版社出版发行

(奎屯北京西路 28 号 邮编 833200)

各地新华书店经销 中牟胶印厂印刷

880×1230 毫米 32 开 450 印张 10000 千字

2001 年 4 月第 1 版 2001 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

印数:1—3000 套

ISBN 7-5425-0570-X/I·230

定价:588.80 元

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INVOLUNTARILY reviewing the impressions left on his mind by the conversations at dinner and after, Karenin returned to his solitary room. What Dolly had said about forgiveness had merely vexed him. Whether or not to apply the Christian principle to his own case was too difficult a question to be lightly discussed, and Karenin had long since answered it in the negative. Of all that had been said the words of the silly good-natured Turovskyn had sunk deepest into his mind—‘*He acted like a brick, challenged the other man, and killed him.*’ Evidently everybody had agreed with that, though they were too polite to say so. ‘However, that point is settled and not worth thinking about,’ said Karenin to himself; and with nothing in his mind but his impending journey and his work of inspection, he went to his room and asked the doorkeeper, who followed him, where his valet was. The man replied that the valet had just gone out. Karenin ordered tea, sat down at a table, took up a time-table, and began planning his journey.

‘Two telegrams,’ said the valet, entering. ‘Excuse me, your Excellency—I had only just gone out.’

Karenin took the telegrams and opened them. The first contained the news that Stremov had obtained the very appointment Karenin had been hoping for. He threw down the telegram and flushed. Rising, he began to pace the room. ‘*Quos vult perdere dementat,*’ he thought, ~~quos~~ being those who had had a hand in making ~~the~~

卡列宁在回到他冷清的旅馆房间时,反复地回味着席上和餐后那些谈话给他留下的印象。多莉说的关于原谅之类的话只能令他恼怒。在他这件事情上基督教的准则是否适用,是一个过于困难、无法解决的问题,不是可以轻易谈论的,而且对这个问题卡列宁最就已经做了否定的回答。在人们说过的所有话里,愚蠢而善良的杜罗夫津的一番话,即:他真是个大丈夫男子汉,他提出了挑战,并且把对手打死了,深深地印入他的脑海里。大家显然都对此抱有同感,尽管出于礼貌没有说出来而已。“反正事情已经定局,想也无益了,”卡列宁自言自语。于是除了眼前的旅程安排和巡查工作以外,再也不去想别的什么了,他走进了他的房间,问那送他进来的守门人他的贴身男仆到哪里去了,守门人回答说贴身男仆刚刚出去。卡列宁吩咐送茶来,然后自个儿在桌旁坐下,拿起列车旅行指南,开始计划着他的行程。

“两封电报,”他的仆人边进房间边说。“请原谅,大人——我才恰好出去了一小会儿。”

卡列宁接过电报,拆了开来。第一封电报是通知已任命斯特列莫夫担任卡列宁所渴望的那个职位。他扔下电报,满脸通红地站起来,开始在屋里踱来踱去。“上帝想毁灭谁,就叫谁丧失理智”他说,他说田“谁”是那些足要担任命的

appointment. He was vexed, not so much at having missed that post himself and at having been obviously passed over, as at the incomprehensible and surprising fact that they did not realize how much less suitable than anyone else was that voluble windbag, Stremov. How was it they did not see that by giving him that post they were ruining themselves and their own prestige?

‘Something else of the same kind,’ he thought bitterly, as he opened the second telegram. It was from his wife, and *Anna*, written in blue penicil, was the first word he saw. ‘*I am dying. I beg and entreat you, come! I shall die easier for your forgiveness,*’ he read. Smiling contemptuously, he threw down the telegram. His first thought was that beyond doubt it was only falsehood and cunning.

‘She would not hesitate at any deception. She was going to be confined; perhaps that is the illness. But what can they be aiming at? To legitimize the child, compromise me, and prevent a divorce?’ he reflected. ‘But there is something about dying...’ he reread the telegram, and was suddenly struck by the direct meaning of the words. ‘Supposing it is true?’ he said to himself. ‘If it is true, and at the moment of suffering and approach to death she is sincerely repentant, and I, believing it to be false, refuse to come? It would not only be cruel and everybody would condemn me, but it would be stupid on my part.’

‘Peter, keep the carriage! I am returning to Petersburg,’ he told the valet.

He decided to go back to Petersburg and see his wife.

人。他感到懊丧倒不是因为自己没有得到这个位置,显然他是被别人忽略了;他不能理解,并感到奇怪的是,他们竟然看不出来空话连篇的吹牛大王斯特列莫夫比任何一个人都难以胜任这一职务。他们怎么会看不到由于这个任命他们毁掉了自己,也损害了自己的威信!

“恐怕还是这一类事儿,”他一面拆第二封电报,一面在心中恼怒地想。这封电报是妻子打来的。首先映入眼帘的是蓝铅笔写的“安娜”的名字。“我要死了,请你,恳求你回来!能得到宽恕,死也安心些。”他看完了,冷笑了一下,扔下电报。开头有一会儿,他觉得这是欺骗,玩花样儿,觉得无疑就是这样。

“她什么欺骗的事做不出来。多半她要生孩子了。也许是生产上的什么病吧。但他们要达到什么目的呢?使生下来的孩子取得合法身份,破坏我的名誉,还是阻碍离婚?”他心里捉摸着。“可是电报里明明写着:我要死了……”他重新读了一遍,电文里的字句突然使他吃惊。“万一真是这样怎么办?”他自言自语。“万一她真的在临终前的痛苦中忏悔了,我却看作她又是在欺骗,拒绝回去,那又怎么样?这样不仅太不近人情,会叫人家都说我的不是,从我这方面来说,这样做也未免太愚蠢了。”

“彼得,去叫一辆马来!我要回彼得堡去,”他吩咐贴身男仆说。

他决定要回彼得堡去看望他的妻子。

If the news of her illness were false, he would go away again saying nothing; but if she were really ill and dying, and wished to see him before her death, he would, should he find her still living, forgive her and should he arrive too late he would perform his last duty to her.

While on his way he did not again think about what he should do.

With the sense of fatigue and want of cleanliness resulting from a night spent in a railway carriage, Karenin drove through the fog of a Petersburg morning, along the deserted Nevsky, looking straight before him and not thinking of what awaited him. He dared not think of it, because when he imagined what would happen he could not drive from his mind the thought that her death would at once dissolve all the difficulties of the situation. Bakers, the closed shops, night *izvoshchiks* and men sweeping the pavements passed before his eyes, and watching all this he tried to stifle the thought of what lay before him and of what he dared not desire and yet could not help desiring. The carriage stopped at the porch. A carriage, with a coachman asleep on the box, and an *izvoshchik* were standing at the entrance. As he entered the hall Karenin dragged forth his resolve as it were from a remote corner of his brain, and conned it over. It said: 'If it is all a fraud, then calm contempt and leave again; if true, keep up appearances.'

The door was opened by the hall-porter before Karenin had time to ring. The porter, Petrov, otherwise Kapitonich, looked strange in an old coat without a tie, and in slippers.

'How is your mistress?'

假如她的病是一个诡计,他就二话不说,再次从她身边走开,如果她真是病危,希望在临死之前见她一面,那么,如果他能够在她还活着的时候赶回去,他就宽恕了她;如果他到得太迟了,他就为她履行自己最后的义务。

一路上,他不再考虑他还应该做些什么。

卡列宁带着乘一夜火车所产生的疲劳和风尘,在彼得堡的晨雾中,坐马车经过空荡荡的涅瓦大街,眼睛望着前方,不去考虑等待他的会是什么。他不能考虑这件事,因为一想到将要发生的事,他就无法驱除一个念头,那就是她的死会立刻使他摆脱掉他处境中的全部困难。面包房、关着门的店铺、夜间的马车、打扫人行道的清道夫不停地在他眼前闪过,他观察着这一切,尽量不去想那等着他、他不敢希望、但还是很希望出现的情形。马车来到大门口。大门口停着一辆出租马车和轿车,轿车里有一个车夫在睡觉。卡列宁在进门的时候,仿佛从自己脑子的远处角落里掏出一个主意,决定就用这个主意。这主意是:“如果是欺骗,那他泰然处之,不屑一顾,转身就走。如果是真的,那要顾及体面。”

卡列宁还没打铃,门房已经开了大门。门房彼得罗夫,又叫卡皮托内奇,穿了件旧礼服,没打领带,脚上是一双拖鞋,样子好古怪。

“你家女主人怎么样?”

‘Safely delivered yesterday.’

Karenin halted and turned pale. Now he clearly realized how much he had desired her death.

‘And her health?’

Korney, wearing his morning apron, came running downstairs.

‘Very bad,’ he said. ‘There was a consultation yesterday and the doctor is here now.’

‘Take my things,’ said Karenin; and somewhat relieved by the news that there was still some hope of her dying, he entered the ante-room. On the hall-stand was hanging a military coat, and he noticed it.

‘Who is here?’

‘The doctor, the midwife, and Count Vronsky.’

Karenin passed on to the inner apartments.

There was no one in the drawing-room, but the midwife, with lilac ribbons in her cap, came out of Anna’s boudoir. She approached Karenin, and with a familiarity bred by death’s approach took him by the hand and led him toward the bedroom.

‘Thank God you have come! She talks only about you and nothing but you,’ said she.

‘Be quick and bring the ice!’ came the authoritative sound of the doctor’s voice from the bedroom.

Karenin entered the boudoir. Beside the table, sitting with his side toward the back of a low chair, was Vronsky, his hands covering his face, weeping. At the sound of the doctor’s voice he jumped up, uncovered his face, and saw Karenin. But at sight of her husband he was filled with such confusion that he again sat down,

“昨天平安地生产了。”

卡列宁突然呆住了，面如死灰。他这才明白地觉出他是怎样强烈地希望她死。

“她身体如何？”

柯尔奈系着早晨用的围裙跑下楼来。

“很糟呢，”他回答道。“昨天举行过一次医生会诊，此刻医生还在。”

“把行李拿进去，”卡列宁说。听说她还有死的希望，他感到稍稍快慰了一些，于是走进前厅。他注意到衣架上有一件军人大衣，便问：

“谁在这儿？”

“医生，助产士，还有弗隆斯基伯爵。”

卡列宁向里面房间走去。

客厅里没有人；听见他的脚步声，一个助产士戴了顶系着紫色缎带的小帽从安娜的房里走出来。她走到卡列宁跟前，由于她知道死神已临近安娜，也就不顾什么礼节了，她抓住他的手，领着他向卧室走去。

“谢天谢地，您总算回来了！她一直在念叨着您，”她说。

“快拿些冰块来！”从卧室传来医生下命令的声音。

卡列宁走进起居室。弗隆斯基侧身坐在桌旁的一把矮椅子上，两手捂住脸，在哭。他一听见医生的声音便霍地跳起来，把手从脸上拿开，这样一来就看见了卡列宁。一看见她的丈夫，他尴尬极了，又坐下来，把头缩到肩膀里，好像想躲到什

drawing his head down between his shoulders as if trying to become invisible. Then, making an effort, he rose and said:

‘She is dying. The doctors say there is no hope. I am entirely in your hands... but allow me to remain here, please!... However, I am in your hands. I...’

The sight of Vronsky’s tears made Karenin aware of the approach of that mental perturbation which other people’s visible sufferings always aroused in him, and turning away his head he went toward the door without heeding what Vronsky was saying. Anna’s voice, talking about something, came from the bedroom. It sounded cheerful and animated, and its articulation was extremely distinct. Karenin entered and went up to the bed. She lay with her face toward him. Her cheeks were rosy red, her eyes glittered, and her little white hands, from which the cuffs of her dressing-jacket had been pushed back, toyed with the corner of the blanket, twisting it.

She appeared not only fresh and well but in the best of spirits. She spoke rapidly, in a ringing voice with extraordinarily accurate intonations, full of feeling.

‘Because Alexis... I am speaking of Alexis Alexandrovich—how strange and terrible that they are both called Alexis, is it not? —Alexis would not have refused me. I should have forgotten and he would have forgiven... But why does he not come? He is kind, he himself does not know how kind he is. Oh God! What weariness! Give me some water, quick! Oh, but it will be bad for her, for my little girl! Well, all right—well, let her have a nurse. Well, I agree, it will be better so. He will come back and it will pain him to see her. Take her away!’

么地方去;但是他还是尽力克制自己,站起来说:

“她快要死了。医生说没有希望了。我听凭您任意处置……只是请让我守在这里!……虽然,我可以听凭您处置,我……”

卡列宁看到弗隆斯基的眼泪,感到了每当他看见别人痛苦的时候就在自己心中激起的那种紧张不安的情绪袭上心来,于是掉转头,急急地向门边走去,没有听完弗隆斯基的下文了。从寝室里传来了安娜讲话的声音。她的声音听去好似很快活。很有生气,带着异常清晰的声调。卡列宁走进卧室,走到床前。她脸朝他躺着。两颊红红的,眼睛亮闪闪的,一双雪白的纤手从小褂袖口里伸出来,卷着被角儿,玩弄着。

看样子,她不仅很健康,很有精神,而且心情也极好。她说话很快,很响亮,音调也特别清楚,充满情感。

“因为阿历克赛……我在说阿历克赛·亚历山大罗维奇——两个人都叫阿历克赛,多么奇怪而又可怕的命运巧合,难道不是吗?——阿历克赛不会拒绝我的。我或许会忘掉,他也会原谅我……他怎么还不来? 他这人真好,他自己也不知道他这人有多好。唉! 我的上帝,我烦死啦! 快给我一点水! 嗜,我这样对待小女儿可不好哇! 好,那就把她交给奶妈吧。是的,我同意了,还是这样好。他一回来,看见她

‘Anna Arkadyevna, he has come! Here he is,’ said the midwife, trying to draw Anna’s attention to Alexis Alexandrovich.

‘Oh, what nonsense!’ Anna went on, taking no notice of her husband. ‘But let me have her, let me have my little girl! He has not come yet. You say he won’t forgive me, because you don’t know him. No one knew him, only I, and even for me it has become hard. One must know his eyes. Serezha’s are just the same—that’s why I can’t bear to see them. Have they given Serezha his dinner? Don’t I know that everybody will forget? He would not forget. Serezha must be moved into the corner room, and Mariette must be asked to sleep with him.’

Suddenly she recoiled, became silent and frightened, and put her arms before her face as if in expectation of a blow; she had seen her husband.

‘No, no!’ she began again. ‘I am not afraid of him. I am afraid of death. Alexis, come here! I am in a hurry, because I have no time. I have not long to live, I shall soon become feverish and then I shall no longer understand anything. Now I understand, understand everything and see everything!’

Over Karenin’s drawn face came a look of suffering; he took her hand and was about to say something, but could not speak. His lower jaw trembled; he struggled with his agitation, every now and then glancing at her. And every time he did so he saw her eyes looking at him with such tender and ecstatic emotion as he had never before seen in them.

会难受的。把她抱去吧!”

“安娜·阿尔卡迪耶芙娜,他来了!他就在这儿,”助产士说,尽量让安娜去注意阿历克赛·亚历山大罗维奇。

“唉,真是胡说!”安娜没有看到丈夫,继续往下说,“请把她,把女儿抱给我!他还没有回来呢。您说他不会原谅我,那是您不了解他的缘故。谁都不了解他。惟独我了解他,所以我觉得难受。他的眼睛,谢廖沙的眼睛和他的眼睛一样,所以我不敢看谢廖沙的眼睛。让谢廖沙吃午饭了吗?我知道大家会忘掉他的。他怎么也不会忘记的。应当把谢廖沙搬到角房去,请玛丽艾特陪他一起睡觉。”

突然她身子蜷缩成一团,不说话了,并且好像等着挨打似的恐怖地把双手举到脸上,好像是要把脸护住。她看到了丈夫。

“不,不!”她说起来,“我不怕他,我怕死。阿历克赛,你过来吧!我很着急,是因为我没有多少时间了,我活不多久了,马上就要开始发烧,那我就什么也不知道了。现在我还明白,什么都明白,什么都看得见。”

卡列宁的扭曲的脸现出了痛苦的表情。他拉住她的手,竭力想说什么话,但却连一个字也说不出来;他的下颚颤动着,但是他还是继续和他的激动情绪斗争着,只是不时地瞥她一眼。而每当他瞥着她的时候,他就看到了她的眼睛也在望着他,而且带着一种他以前从未见过的极其温柔而热烈的情感。

‘Wait a bit—you don’t know... Wait, wait!...’ she paused as if to collect her thoughts. ‘Yes,’ she continued, ‘yes, yes, yes! This is what I wished to say. Don’t be surprised at me; I am still the same.... But there is another in me as well, and I am afraid of her. She fell in love with that other one, and I wished to hate you but could not forget her who was before. That other is not I. Now I am the real one, all of me. I am dying now, I know I am; ask him. Even now I feel it. Here they are, my hands and feet and fingers, whole hundred-weights are on them. My fingers, see how enormous they are! But all this will soon end.... I only want one thing: forgive me, forgive me completely! I am dreadfully bad, but the nurse told about the holy martyr—what was her name?—she was worse. And I shall go to Rome, there is a wilderness there and then I shall be in nobody’s way. I shall only take Serezha and the little girl.... No, you cannot forgive me! I know that I cannot be forgiven. No, no, go! You are too good!’ With one hot hand she held his, while with the other she pushed him away.

The perturbation in Karenin’s soul went on increasing and reached a point where he gave up struggling against it. Suddenly he felt that what he had taken for perturbation was on the contrary a blissful state of his soul, bringing him joy such as he had never before known. He was not thinking that the law of Christ, which all his life he had tried to fulfil, told him to forgive and love his enemies, but a joyous feeling of forgiveness and love for his enemies filled his soul. He knelt with his head resting on her bent arm, which

“你等等——你不知道……您别走，您别走……”她停住不说了，好像在竭力思索。“是的，”她又开始说了，“是的，是的，是的！我想说的就是这个。别觉得我奇怪。我还是老样子……可是我身上有另外一个女人呀，我怕她。她爱上了那个人，所以我想恨你，又忘不了从前那个女人。那个女人不是我，现在的我是真正的我。是整个儿的我。这会儿我要死了，我知道我要死了，你去问他吧。我现在还感觉到的，瞧他们在这儿，我手上、脚上、手指头上，好重啊。你瞧，我的手指有多大！不过这一切都快完了……我只有一个要求：你原谅我，完完全全原谅我吧！我这人坏，但奶妈告诉过我，那个殉难的圣人——她叫什么呀？——她还要坏。我要到罗马去，那里是一片荒野，这样我就不会碍着谁了，我带谢廖沙去，还有小女儿……不，你不会原谅我！我知道这是不可能原谅的。不，不，走吧，你这人太好了！”她用一只滚烫的手拉住他的手，用另一只手把他往外推。

卡列宁心里越来越慌乱，这时慌乱得他已经不再克制这种心情了。他忽然觉得，他认为是慌乱的这种心情，恰恰相反，其实是一种怡然自得的心情，正因为有这种心情，他突然体会到一种新的、从来不曾有过的幸福。他不是想到，他希望终生遵循的基督教教规就是要他原谅和爱自己的仇人；但是他心中充满了原谅仇人和爱仇人的快乐。他跪了下来，把头伏在她弯起的手臂

burnt through its sleeve like fire, and sobbed like a child. She put her arm round his bald head, moved closer to him, and looked up with an expression of proud defiance.

‘Here he is; I knew! Now good-bye to all, good-bye!... They have come again, why don’t they go away?... Oh, take these furs off me!’

The doctor moved her arms and carefully drew the bedclothes over her shoulders. She meekly lay down on her back and gazed with radiant eyes straight before her.

‘Remember that the only thing I want is your forgiveness, I wish for nothing else.... Why does he not come in!’ she cried, calling to Vronsky on the other side of the door. ‘Come, come! Give him your hand.’

Vronsky came to her bedside and, on seeing Anna, again hid his face in his hands.

‘Uncover your face! Look at him! He is a saint,’ said she. ‘Uncover, yes, uncover your face!’ she went on angrily. ‘Alexis Alexandrovich, uncover his face! I want to see him.’

Karenin took Vronsky’s hands and moved them away from his face, terrible with its look of suffering and shame.

‘Give him your hand. Forgive him....’

Karenin held out his hand, without restraining the tears that were falling.

‘Thank God, thank God!’ she cried. ‘Now everything is ready. Only stretch out my legs a little. That’s right—now it’s splendid. How badly those flowers are drawn, not a bit like violets,’ and she pointed to the wallpaper. ‘Oh, my God, my God! When will it all come to an

上,她滚烫的手臂透过上衣烧灼着他的脸,他像孩子般号啕大哭起来。她搂住他那谢顶的头,身体靠近他,挑战似地傲然抬起眼睛。

“这就是他,我知道!现在大家再见吧,再见吧!……他们又来了,他们为什么不走哇?……把这几件皮大衣从我身上拿走吧!”

医生移开了他的手,小心翼翼地让她重新躺在枕头上,被单盖住了她的肩膊。她顺从地躺卧着,用闪耀的眼睛望着前面。

“记住一件事:我只求你饶恕,除此以外,我不再要求什么了……他呢,为什么不来?”她冲着房门外的弗隆斯基说。“来呀,来呀!和他握个手吧。”

弗隆斯基走到她旁边,看到安娜,他又一次把脸埋进了手里。

“把脸露出来!瞧瞧他!他是个圣人,”她说。“把脸露出来,露出来!”她怒气冲冲地说。“阿历克赛·亚历山大罗维奇,让他把脸露出来!我要看看他。”

卡列宁捉住弗隆斯基的双手,把它们从脸上拉开。弗隆斯基的脸由于痛苦和羞愧显得十分难看。

“把你的手给他。你要原谅他.....”

卡列宁把手伸给弗隆斯基,他忍不住泪水长流。

“谢天谢地,谢天谢地!”她说着,“现在一切都准备好了。只要稍微把腿伸伸直就可以了。就这样——这就好极了。这些花画得多难看,一点儿也不像紫罗兰,”她指着墙纸说。“噢,我的天哪,我的天!

end? Doctor, give me some morphia! Oh, my God, my God!’ And she began to toss in her bed.

The doctor and his colleagues said it was puerperal fever, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred ended fatally. All day she was feverish, delirious, and unconscious. At midnight she lay insensible, with hardly any pulse.

The end was expected every moment.

Vronsky went away, but came again in the morning to inquire. Karenin met him in the ante-room and said: ‘Remain here: she may ask for you,’ and himself showed him into Anna’s boudoir. Toward morning she had become excited and animated, and her thoughts and words flowed rapidly; but again this state lapsed into unconsciousness. On the third day she was just the same, and the doctors gave some hope. That day Karenin went out into the boudoir where Vronsky sat, and having locked the door took a seat opposite him.

‘Alexis Alexandrovich,’ said Vronsky, feeling that an explanation was coming. ‘I am unable to think, unable to understand. Spare me! However painful it may be to you, believe me it is still more terrible for me.’

He was about to rise, but Karenin took him by the hand and said:

‘I beg you to hear me; it is necessary. I must explain to you my feelings, those that have guided me and will guide me in future, so that you may not misunderstand me. You know that I resolved on a divorce and had even taken steps toward obtaining it. I will not conceal from you

什么时候才有个结束啊?给我点吗啡吧,医生!给我点吗啡吧,噢,我的天,我的天哪!’她开始在床上辗转翻滚。

主治医生和他的同事都说这是产褥热。这种病百分之九十九是没有救的。她整天处于发热、说胡话和昏迷状态。半夜里病人躺在床上,失去了知觉,几乎连脉搏也停止了。

死亡每时每刻都有可能来临。

弗隆斯基回家了,但第二天早晨又乘车来打听情况,卡列宁在前厅里见到他,便说:“请您呆在这里吧,也许她要问起您的,”于是他亲自把弗隆斯基领进安娜的卧室。天亮前她又开始激动、兴奋,思想和言语不停地急速变化着,结果又是昏迷不醒。而第三天情况还是如此,医生们便说有活的希望了。这一天卡列宁走进弗隆斯基坐着的那个房间,他把门插上,在他的对面坐下。

“阿历克赛·亚力山大罗维奇,”弗隆斯基觉得得到了交谈的时候了,就说道,“我没什么好说的,没什么好辩解的。请您宽恕我吧!不论您有多么难受,您要相信,我比您更难受。”

他想站起身来,但卡列宁拉住他的手说:

“我请求您听我说,这是必要的。我应当向您说明我的感情,那以前支配我、今后还将支配我的感情,免得您误解我。您知道,我决定离婚,甚至已开始办手续了。不瞒您说,开头我拿不定主意,我很痛

what then I took action I was in a state of indecision; I suffered, and I confess that I was haunted by a desire for vengeance. On receiving the telegram I came here with the same feelings—more than that, I wished for her death. But...’ He stopped and reflected whether he should reveal his feelings or not. ‘But I saw her and forgave her. And the joy of forgiving has revealed my duty to me. I have wholly forgiven—I want to turn the other cheek—I want to give my cloak because my coat has been taken. I only pray God that the joy of forgiving may not be taken from me.’

Tears filled his eyes, and their clear calm expression struck Vronsky.

‘That is my position. You may trample me in the mud, make me the laughing-stock of the world,—I will not forsake her and will never utter a word of reproach to you,’ continued Karenin. ‘My duty is clearly defined: I must and will remain with her. If she wishes to see you I will let you know; but now I think it will be best for you to leave.’

He rose, and sobs broke his voice. Vronsky got up at once, and stooping before him looked up into his face without unbending his back. He could not understand Karenin, but felt that here was something high, and inaccessible to one with his outlook on life.

18

AFTER his conversation with Karenin Vronsky went out on to the Karenins’ porch and then stopped, recalling with difficulty where he was and where he ought to go. He felt ashamed,

苦;我老实对您说,我有过对您和对她进行报复的欲望。收到电报的时候,我是抱着这样的心情到这里来的——说得更明白些:我但愿她死。可是……”他沉默了片刻,在考虑是否要向他表白自己的感情。“但是我一见到她就原谅她了。原谅带来的幸福给我揭示出我的义务。我彻底原谅她了。——我想把另半边脸侧过去让人打;——若有人抢我的外衣,我就连衬衣也给他,我只祈求上帝,不要夺走我由于原谅人而感到的幸福!”

他的眼睛里噙着泪水,他那明亮而安静的目光感动了弗隆斯基。

“这就是我的态度。您可以把我踩在污泥里,使我成为世人的笑柄,——我不会把她抛弃,也绝不会说一句指责您的话,”他继续往下说。“我的责任给我作了明确的规定:我就当和她在一起,我将和她在一起。要是她想见您,我会告知您的,但是,现在,我认为,您最好还是离开。”

他站起来,哭了起来,说不下去了。弗隆斯基也站起来,却没有直起身子,弯着腰、皱着眉头看着他。他不理解卡列宁的心情。但他觉得,这是一种崇高的精神,是具有他这种人生观的人望尘莫及的。

十八

弗隆斯基和卡列宁谈过话以后,来到卡列宁家大门口台阶上,站下来,很费劲儿地回想着,他这是在哪儿,该上哪儿去,是步行还是坐

humiliated, guilty, and deprived of the possibility of cleansing himself from his degradation. He felt himself knocked quite out of the rut along which he had hitherto trodden so proudly and so lightly. All the apparently solid habits and rules of his life suddenly seemed false and inapplicable. The deceived husband—who up till now had appeared a pitiful creature, an accidental and rather ridiculous obstacle to his happiness—suddenly recalled by her and raised to a pedestal that inspired the utmost respect, that husband in his lofty elevation turned out to be, not only not cruel, false, or absurd, but kind, simple, and dignified. Vronsky could not help being conscious of this. They had suddenly exchanged rôles. Vronsky felt Karenin's greatness and his own humiliation, Karenin's rightness and his own wrongdoing. He felt that the husband in his sorrow was magnanimous, while he himself was mean and trivial in his deceptions. But the consciousness of his degradation toward the man whom he had unjustly despised accounted for but a small portion of his grief. He was unspeakably miserable because his passion for Anna, which he imagined had of late begun to cool, had become even stronger now that he knew her to be lost to him for ever. During her illness he had learnt to know her thoroughly, had seen into her very soul; and it seemed to him that he had never loved her before. And just now, when he knew her and loved her in the right way, he had been humiliated before her and had lost her for ever, leaving her nothing but a shameful memory of himself. But most terrible of all was the ridiculous, shameful figure he had cut when Karenin was pulling his hands from before his shame-suffused face. He stood in the porch of the

车。他感到自己可耻、卑鄙、有罪，而且无法洗刷自己的罪孽。他觉得自己被迫离开他一直轻松而自豪地走着的那条轨道。他所有的生活习惯和准则，以前看来是那么坚定不移，如今突然显得荒谬而不适用了。受骗的丈夫——以前一直是个可怜的人物，是他幸福的一个偶然而有点可笑的障碍，如今突然被她亲自召来，并且推崇到凌驾一切的高度。这个丈夫处在这样崇高的地位，并不奸刁，并不虚伪，并不可笑，而是善良、朴实而高尚。弗隆斯基情不自禁地有这样的感觉。忽然变了。弗隆斯基觉得，卡列宁崇高，自己卑下；卡列宁正确，自己错误。他觉得，她的丈夫尽管痛苦，还是宽宏大量；而他却在欺骗，显得卑鄙、渺小。不过，在这个一向被他不公平地蔑视的人面前感到自己卑劣，这只是他一小部分的痛苦。他觉得难以言表的痛苦是，他认为近来他对安娜的热情逐渐变得冷淡了。如今由于意识到他将永远失去她而变得比以前任何时候都强烈了。他在她患病期间完全认识了她，了解了她的心，而且他觉得自己以前并没有爱过她。如今呢，当他完全地看清了她，他才像他应该爱她那样地爱上了她，但是却正在这个时候，他在她面前显得卑劣，永远失去了她，只给她留下一个可耻的回忆。最可怕的是当卡列宁把他的手从他羞愧的脸上拽下来时，他那副可笑而又可耻的模样。此刻他站在卡列宁的家门口的台阶上，茫然若失，不知做什么好。

Karenins' house as one in a maze, and did not know what to do next.

'Shall I call an *izvoshchik*?' inquired the hall-porter.

'Yes, an *izvoshchik*.'

Returning home after the three sleepless nights, Vronsky did not undress but lay down prone on a sofa, with his head on his folded arms. His head was heavy. Fancies, memories, and most strange thoughts followed one another with extreme rapidity and clearness: now he saw himself pouring out medicine for the patient and over-filling the spoon, then he saw the midwife's white hands, or Karenin's curious pose as he knelt on the floor by her bedside.

'To sleep, to forget!' he said to himself with the calm certainty of a healthy man that being tired and in want of sleep he would at once fall asleep. And in fact in a moment his thoughts grew confused and he began to fall into the abyss of forgetfulness. The waves of the sea of unconscious life were beginning to close over his head when all at once he felt as if he had received a violent electric shock. He started so violently that his whole body was thrown upwards on the springs of the sofa, and leaning on his hands he rose to his knees in fear. His eyes were wide open as if he had not slept at all. The heaviness of his head and the languor of his limbs, of which he had been aware a moment previously, had suddenly vanished.

'You may trample me in the mud,' he seemed to hear Karenin saying; and he saw Anna's feverishly flushed face and brilliant eyes gazing, not at him but at Karenin; he saw his own, as it seemed to him, stuped and ridiculous figure when Karenin was drawing his hands away

“要我叫辆马车吗?”门房问道。

“是的,叫一辆。”

弗隆斯基过了三个不眠之夜后回到家里,也不脱衣服,就俯卧在沙发上,两手合在一起,让头枕在手上。他的头沉甸甸的。种种景象和往事、种种稀奇古怪的念头特别迅速、特别清晰地交替在脑际浮现:忽而是他给病人倒药水,倒得漫出了汤匙;忽而出现助产士的一双白手;忽而出现卡列宁跪在床前地板上的奇怪姿势。

“睡吧!忘掉这些!”他对自己说,就像个健康人一样地安然而有信心,他以为如果他累了,想睡觉,马上就会睡着。的确,刹那间他的头脑里混乱起来,他开始沉入遗忘的深渊。他好像陷进一片无意识的海洋中,那滚滚波涛已经在淹没他的头顶了,忽然,仿佛一股极其强烈的电流突然贯串了他的全身,他猛地惊醒了,一骨碌从沙发上爬起来,两手一撑,恐惧地跪了下来。他圆睁着两眼,仿佛根本没有睡过似的。一分钟前脑袋沉重和四肢软弱的感觉顿时消失了。

“您可以把我踩在污泥里,”他听见卡列宁的话。他看见他站在面前,他看见安娜热辣辣的绯红面颊和她那双热情地望着卡列宁而不望着他的水汪汪的眼睛。他看见卡列宁拉开他蒙住脸的手时他那副愚憨

from his face. He stretched out his legs and again threw himself upon the sofa, in the same position as before, and shut his eyes.

'Sleep, sleep,' he kept repeating to himself. But with his eyes closed he could see yet more distinctly Anna's face, as he had seen it on that memorable evening before the race. 'All that is ended and never will be again, and she wishes to efface it from her memory. I can't live without it. Then how can we be reconciled—how can we be reconciled?' said he aloud, and went on unconsciously repeating those words. This reiteration prevented other images and memories which were thronging his brain from arising. But the repetition of those words did not long hinder his imagination from working. Again, following each other with great rapidity, his happiest moments rose in his fancy; and with them his recent humiliation. 'Take away his hands,' Anna's voice is saying. Karenin pulls away his hands and he is conscious of the shame-suffused and stupid expression of his own face.

He still lay trying to fall asleep, though he had lost all hope of succeeding, and kept repeating in a whisper random words connected with disjointed thoughts, in order to prevent other images from rising. He listened and heard repeated in a strange mad whisper the words, 'Unable to value, unable to enjoy; unable to value, unable to enjoy.'

'What is this? Am I going mad?' he asked himself. 'Perhaps! What else makes people go mad? What makes them shoot themselves?' he replied to his own thought; and opening his eyes he was surprised to see, close to his head, an embroidered cushion worked by Varya, his

可笑的模样。他又伸直两腿，照原来的姿势一下子躺到沙发上，闭上眼睛。

“睡吧！睡吧！他又对自己说了一遍。可是一合上眼睛，他却更清楚地看到了安娜的脸，那还是赛马前那个难忘的黄昏时的模样儿。“这一切都完了，不会再有了，她也很希望把这一切从记忆中抹掉。可是我没有这一切就活不下去。我们怎样才能和好，我们怎样才能和好呀？”他说出声来，而且无意识地重复起这句话来。这种重复阻止了新的形象和回忆在他头脑里出现。但重复这句话并没能长时间地阻止他胡思乱想。最美好的时光和他不久前受到的屈辱，一幕接着一幕，又飞快地在他头脑里掠过。“把他的手拉开，”这是安娜说话的声音。卡列宁拉开他的手，他感到自己脸上那副羞愧、愚蠢的表情。

他仍然躺在那儿，极力想睡着，尽管他明知毫无睡着的希望。他不停地低声念诵着一些互不关联的语句，想以此来制止新的幻象的涌现。他静听着，听到了一个陌生的疯狂的低声一遍一遍地重复着说：“你没有认识她的价值，没有好好珍惜她，你没有认识她的价值，没有好好珍惜她。”

“这是怎么回事？我是不是疯了？”他自言自语。“也许是吧。人们怎么会发疯，怎么会开枪自杀？”他自己作着回答，接着睁开眼睛，惊奇地发现头旁放着瓦丽娅——他哥哥的妻子亲手做的绣花靠枕。他摸

brother's wife. Fingering a tassel of the cushion, he tried to think of Varya as he had last seen her. But to think of anything extraneous was painful. 'No, I must sleep!' He moved the cushion and pressed his head against it, but his eyes would not remain closed without effort. He jumped up and sat down. 'That's at an end for me,' he thought, 'I must think over what I must do, what is left me.' His thoughts glided quickly over his life unconnected with his passion for Anna.

'Ambition? Serpukhovsky? Society? The Court?' he could not dwell on any of these things. He rose from the sofa, took off his coat, loosened the strap, and, baring his shaggy chest to breathe more freely, walked across the room. 'That's how one goes mad,' he said again, 'and how one shoots oneself so as not to be ashamed,' he concluded slowly. Going up to a door he closed it, then with fixed gaze and tightly clenched teeth, approached the table, took up his revolver, examined it, turned it to a loaded chamber, and pondered. For a minute or two he stood motionless with bowed head, a strained expression of effort on his face, holding the revolver in his hand. 'Of course!' he said to himself, as if led to a definite conclusion by a logical, continued, and clear line of reasoning. In reality that convinced 'Of course!' was merely the outcome of the repetition of a round of fancies and recollections similar to those he had already gone over dozens of times in the last hour. They were the same memories of happiness lost for ever, the same thoughts of the senselessness of all that life had in store for him, and the same consciousness of his humiliation. And they

摸靠枕的流苏,试图回想一下瓦丽娅,回想一下他最后一次见她是什么时候。但是回顾这种不相干的事情是痛苦的。“不,我真应当睡一觉!”他把枕头往上拉了拉,心紧紧地贴在上面,但是要想闭上眼睛还需要作一番努力。他跳起来,坐在那里。“对我来说,这一切都完了,”他自言自语地说。“应该好好想想该怎么办。我还有什么呢?”他迅速地回想了一遍他同安娜的爱情生活以外的生活的各方面。

“是虚荣心吗?是谢尔普霍夫斯基吗?是社交界吗?是宫廷吗?”他对任何问题都无法认真思考。这一切从前曾有过意义,但现在已毫无意义了。他从沙发上站了起来,脱掉上衣,解开皮带,露出了长满汗毛的胸脯,以便呼吸得自如些,之后便在房间时踱起步来。“人们就是这样变成疯子的,”他反复说,“就是这样自杀的,为的是不感到羞愧,”他慢吞吞地补充说。他走到门边去,关上了门,然后定着眼睛,咬紧牙关,他走到桌旁去,拿起他的手枪,检查了一下,上了子弹,就陷入沉思了。有一两分钟光景,他垂着头,脸上带着苦思冥想的表情,手里拿了手枪,一动也不动地站在那儿发愣。“当然!”他对自己说,好像一种合乎逻辑的、清楚明白的思前想后的结果使他得到了一个明确的结论,而实际上这个他所确信的“当然!”,只是种种往事和念头又一次兜圈子的结果,在这一个小时里他的思想已经兜了几十次圈子了。无非是回想那一去不复返的幸