

名著双语读物

中文导读+英文原版

On the Eve

前夜

[俄]屠格涅夫 著

纪飞 编译



清华大学出版社



名著双语读物

中文导读+英文原版

On the Eve

前夜

[俄] 屠格涅夫 著

纪飞 编译

清华大学出版社
北京

内 容 简 介

《前夜》是屠格涅夫最伟大的作品之一，它以生动的艺术形象和高度简洁的语言，在俄国乃至世界文学史上占据着十分重要的地位。小说塑造了俄国农奴制改革“前夜”平民知识分子的“新人”形象。主人公叶琳娜是一位热情、美丽，且具有自我牺牲精神的俄国贵族小姐，她不顾父母的反对，抛弃了贵族生活，嫁给了保加利亚青年英沙罗夫——一个以解放自己祖国为己任的平民知识分子，并决心为解放保加利亚而献身。叶琳娜与丈夫同赴保加利亚参加反对土耳其压迫的起义，途中英沙罗夫不幸病故，但她依然坚持自己的信仰，独自来到保加利亚并在起义军中作一名志愿护士，继续丈夫未竟的事业。故事曲折动人，扣人心弦，引人入胜。该书自出版以来，已被译成世界上几十种文字。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

本书封面贴有清华大学出版社防伪标签，无标签者不得销售。
版权所有，侵权必究。侵权举报电话：010-62782989 13701121933

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

前夜：名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 / (俄罗斯)屠格涅夫著；纪飞编译. —北京：清华大学出版社，2017
ISBN 978-7-302-41812-2

I. ①前… II. ①屠… ②纪… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇小说—俄罗斯—近代
IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2017) 第 044044 号

责任编辑：薛 阳
封面设计：傅瑞学
责任校对：胡伟民
责任印制：王静怡

出版发行：清华大学出版社

网 址：<http://www.tup.com.cn>，<http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址：北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编：100084

社总机：010-62770175 邮 购：010-62786544

投稿与读者服务：010-62776969，c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈：010-62772015，zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 装 者：北京鑫海金澳胶印有限公司

经 销：全国新华书店

开 本：170mm×260mm 印 张：14.25 字 数：290 千字

版 次：2017 年 5 月第 1 版 印 次：2017 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

印 数：1~3000

定 价：39.00 元

产品编号：065147-01

前言

伊凡·谢尔盖耶维奇·屠格涅夫（Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev，1818—1883），俄国著名作家、诗人和剧作家，是享有世界声誉的“现实主义艺术大师”。

1818年11月9日，屠格涅夫出生在俄国奥廖尔省一个世袭的贵族之家。他的父亲是一个骑兵团团长，母亲是农场主，屠格涅夫16岁的时候父亲去世。1833年，15岁的屠格涅夫进入莫斯科大学文学系学习，一年后转入彼得堡大学哲学系学习文学与哲学。大学毕业后，他留学德国柏林大学攻读哲学、历史和希腊与拉丁文。在德国学习期间，屠格涅夫见到了更加现代化的社会制度，他主张俄国学习西方，废除包括农奴制在内的封建制度，因此被视为“欧化”的知识分子。

屠格涅夫的创作生涯始于大学求学期间。1834年，他发表了处女作诗剧《斯杰诺》，该作品带有鲜明的浪漫主义色彩。1843年，他与导师合作出版了叙事诗《巴拉莎》，该作品受到俄国著名哲学家、文学评论家别林斯基的好评，同时也标志着他的文学创作从浪漫主义转向现实主义。1847—1851年，他在俄国进步刊物《现代人》上发表其成名作《猎人笔记》。

《猎人笔记》是一部故事集，包括25个短篇故事，以一个猎人在狩猎时所写的随笔形式呈现。《猎人笔记》揭露农奴主的残暴、描写了农奴的悲惨生活，该作品反农奴制的倾向触怒了当局，当局借故把他拘留，后被流放近两年，流放期间他写了著名的反农奴制短篇小说《木木》。19世纪50—70年代是屠格涅夫创作的旺盛时期，他陆续发表了长篇小说《罗亭》（1856）、《贵族之家》（1859）、《前夜》（1860）、《父与子》（1862）、《烟》（1867）、《处女地》（1859）。从19世纪60年代起，屠格涅夫大部分时间在西欧度过，在此期间他结交了欧洲许多著名的作家、艺术家，如左拉、莫泊桑、



都德、龚古尔等。他参加了在巴黎举行的“国际文学大会”，并被选为副主席（主席为维克多·雨果）。屠格涅夫对俄罗斯文学和欧洲文学的沟通交流起到了桥梁作用。

屠格涅夫是一位有独特艺术风格的作家，他既擅长细腻的心理描写，又长于抒情。小说结构严整，情节紧凑，人物形象生动，尤其善于细致雕琢女性艺术形象，而他对大自然的描写也充满诗情画意。他的小说不仅迅速及时地反映了当时的俄国社会现实，而且善于通过生动的情节和恰当的语言、行动，通过对大自然情境交融的描述，塑造出许多栩栩如生的人物形象。他的语言简洁、朴质、精确、优美，为俄罗斯语言的规范化做出了重要贡献。

在屠格涅夫的众多作品中，长篇小说《罗亭》、《贵族之家》、《前夜》、《父与子》是他的代表作，与他的其他两篇小说《烟》、《处女地》一起构成了俄国 19 世纪 50—70 年代社会生活的艺术编年史。一个多世纪以来，《罗亭》、《贵族之家》、《前夜》、《父与子》已被译成数十种文字，风靡全世界，时至今日，这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《罗亭》、《贵族之家》、《前夜》、《父与子》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书的英文部分选自原著。原著有些词汇是老式的写法，现在的英汉词典大多已不再收录。为了忠实于原版，本次出版时以不修改为宜，望读者阅读时留意。



前言

本书中文导读内容由纪飞编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋婷、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平、汪疆玮、乔暘等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



CONTENTS

第一章/	
Chapter 1	1
第二章/	
Chapter 2	11
第三章/	
Chapter 3	14
第四章/	
Chapter 4	18
第五章/	
Chapter 5	24
第六章/	
Chapter 6	31
第七章/	
Chapter 7	36
第八章/	
Chapter 8	42
第九章/	
Chapter 9	50
第十章/	
Chapter 10	56
第十一章/	
Chapter 11	62
第十二章/	
Chapter 12	68

目录



CONTENTS

第十三章/	
Chapter 13	73
第十四章/	
Chapter 14	77
第十五章/	
Chapter 15	83
第十六章/	
Chapter 16	95
第十七章/	
Chapter 17	102
第十八章/	
Chapter 18	109
第十九章/	
Chapter 19	116
第二十章/	
Chapter 20	120
第二十一章/	
Chapter 21	125
第二十二章/	
Chapter 22	128
第二十三章/	
Chapter 23	135
第二十四章/	
Chapter 24	142
第二十五章/	
Chapter 25	146
第二十六章/	
Chapter 26	153
第二十七章/	
Chapter 27	156
第二十八章/	
Chapter 28	159



目录

CONTENTS

第二十九章/	
Chapter 29	165
第三十章/	
Chapter 30	171
第三十一章/	
Chapter 31	179
第三十二章/	
Chapter 32	183
第三十三章/	
Chapter 33	188
第三十四章/	
Chapter 34	198
第三十五章/	
Chapter 35	205
主要人物中英文对照表/	211

第一章

Chapter 1



一八五三年一个酷热的夏日，在莫斯科河畔一棵高大的菩提树下，躺着两位年轻人。其中一位身材高大，肤色微黑，仰面躺着，正沉思地凝视着远方；另一位俯身趴着，看起来年轻很多，他叫舒宾。和他一比，他的同伴伯尔森涅夫就几乎是一位老人了。

“你为什么不像我这么趴着呢？”舒宾用一种半慵懒半开玩笑的声音说，“这样好多啦。如果觉得看风景太无聊，也可以看看甲虫在草叶上爬，或者看蚂蚁在忙碌奔波。”

“我正在欣赏风景——阳光下的田野是多么光辉呀！”

“那只是一些明丽的色彩罢了，总之，那是大自然！”

伯尔森涅夫摇摇头说：“你应当比我更感动才是，那是你的本行，你是艺术家！”

“对不起，老兄，我只是个屠夫呢！肉才是我的本行——我塑着肉呀、大腿呀、手臂呀……当然啦，自然也有美，不过，你总不能把各种的美都追求个遍吧？”

“得啦，”伯尔森涅夫说，“如果你对美没有共鸣，那么在你的艺术世界里，美也不会到来了……”

“好一个共鸣家！”舒宾对自己新造的词感到很得意，“实话告诉你吧，除了我的艺术，我所爱的美只在少女身上，这也是最近发生的事呢……”

“叶琳娜的胸像有进展么？”伯尔森涅夫问。

“没有，老兄，我没办法啦！就是那脸蛋，线条全是那么纯正、严肃、端正，却可望而不可及。她真是一个不可思议的人……”

“是的，她真是一个不可思议的姑娘。”伯尔森涅夫赞同道，他又说：“前不久我又遇见英沙罗夫了，我邀请他到我这儿来。”

“哦，就是你跟我说过的那位保加利亚人？他是一个了不起的人么？”

“是的，将来你会发现他很有才能。现在，我们走吧。”

*O*n one of the hottest days of the summer of 1853, in the shade of a tall lime-tree on the bank of the river Moskva, not far from Kuntsovo, two young men were lying on the grass. One, who looked about twenty-three, tall and swarthy, with a sharp and rather crooked nose, a high forehead, and a restrained smile on his wide mouth, was lying on his back and gazing meditatively into the distance, his small grey eyes half closed. The other was lying on his chest, his curly, fair head propped on his two hands; he, too, was looking away into the distance. He was three years older than his companion, but seemed much younger. His moustache was only just growing, and his chin was covered with a light curly down. There was something childishly pretty, something attractively delicate, in the small features of his fresh round face, in his soft brown eyes, lovely pouting lips, and little white hands. Everything about him was suggestive of the happy light-heartedness of perfect health and youth — the carelessness, conceit, self-indulgence, and charm of youth. He used his eyes, and smiled and leaned his head as boys do who know that people look at them admiringly. He wore a loose white coat, made like a blouse, a blue kerchief wrapped his slender throat, and a battered straw hat had been flung on the grass beside him.

His companion seemed elderly in comparison with him; and no one would have supposed, from his angular figure, that he too was happy and enjoying himself. He lay in an awkward attitude; his large head — wide at the crown and narrower at the base — hung awkwardly on his long neck; awkwardness was

expressed in the very pose of his hands, of his body, tightly clothed in a short black coat, and of his long legs with their knees raised, like the hind-legs of a grasshopper. For all that, it was impossible not to recognise that he was a man of good education; the whole of his clumsy person bore the stamp of good-breeding; and his face, plain and even a little ridiculous as it was, showed a kindly nature and a thoughtful habit. His name was Andrei Petrovitch Bersenyev; his companion, the fair-haired young man, was called Pavel Yakovlitch Shubin.

‘Why don’t you lie on your face, like me?’ began Shubin. ‘It’s ever so much nicer so; especially when you kick up your heels and clap them together — like this. You have the grass under your nose; when you’re sick of staring at the landscape you can watch a fat beetle crawling on a blade of grass, or an ant fussing about. It’s really much nicer. But you’ve taken up a pseudo-classical pose, for all the world like a ballet-dancer, when she reclines upon a rock of paste-board. You should remember you have a perfect right to take a rest now. It’s no joking matter to come out third! Take your ease, sir; give up all exertion, and rest your weary limbs!’

Shubin delivered this speech through his nose in a half-lazy, half-joking voice (spoilt children speak so to friends of the house who bring them sweetmeats), and without waiting for an answer he went on:

‘What strikes me most forcibly in the ants and beetles and other worthy insects is their astounding seriousness. They run to and fro with such a solemn air, as though their life were something of such importance! A man the lord of creation, the highest being, stares at them, if you please, and they pay no attention to him. Why, a gnat will even settle on the lord of creation’s nose, and make use of him for food. It’s most offensive. And, on the other hand, how is their life inferior to ours? And why shouldn’t they take themselves seriously, if we are to be allowed to take ourselves seriously? There now, philosopher, solve that problem for me! Why don’t you speak? Eh?’

‘What?’ said Bersenyev, starting.

‘What!’ repeated Shubin. ‘Your friend lays his deepest thoughts before

you, and you don't listen to him.'

'I was admiring the view. Look how hot and bright those fields are in the sun.' Bersenyev spoke with a slight lisp.

'There's some fine colour laid on there,' observed Shubin. 'Nature's a good hand at it, that's the fact!'

Bersenyev shook his head.

'You ought to be even more ecstatic over it than I. It's in your line: you're an artist.'

'No; it's not in my line,' rejoined Shubin, putting his hat on the back of his head. 'Flesh is my line; my work's with flesh — modelling flesh, shoulders, legs, and arms, and here there's no form, no finish; it's all over the place. . . . Catch it if you can.'

'But there is beauty here, too,' remarked Bersenyev.—'By the way, have you finished your bas-relief?'

'Which one?'

'The boy with the goat.'

'Hang it! Hang it! Hang it!' cried Shubin, drawling —'I looked at the genuine old things, the antiques, and I smashed my rubbish to pieces. You point to nature, and say "there's beauty here, too." Of course, there's beauty in everything, even in your nose there's beauty; but you can't try after all kinds of beauty. The ancients, they didn't try after it; beauty came down of itself upon their creations from somewhere or other — from heaven, I suppose. The whole world belonged to them; it's not for us to be so large in our reach; our arms are short. We drop our hook into one little pool, and keep watch over it. If we get a bite, so much the better, if not —'

Shubin put out his tongue.

'Stop, stop,' said Bersenyev, 'that's a paradox. If you have no sympathy for beauty, if you do not love beauty wherever you meet it, it will not come to you even in your art. If a beautiful view, if beautiful music does not touch your heart; I mean, if you are not sympathetic —'

'Ah, you are a confirmed sympathetic!' broke in Shubin, laughing at the

new title he had coined, while Bersenyev sank into thought.

‘No, my dear fellow,’ Shubin went on, ‘you’re a clever person, a philosopher, third graduate of the Moscow University; it’s dreadful arguing with you, especially for an ignoramus like me, but I tell you what; besides my art, the only beauty I love is in women . . . in girls, and even that’s recently.’

He turned over on to his back and clasped his hands behind his head.

A few instants passed by in silence. The hush of the noonday heat lay upon the drowsy, blazing fields.

‘Speaking of women,’ Shubin began again, ‘how is it no one looks after Stahov? Did you see him in Moscow?’

‘No.’

‘The old fellow’s gone clean off his head. He sits for whole days together at his Augustina Christianovna’s, he’s bored to death, but still he sits there. They gaze at one another so stupidly. . . . It’s positively disgusting to see them. Man’s a strange animal. A man with such a home; but no, he must have his Augustina Christianovna! I don’t know anything more repulsive than her face, just like a duck’s! The other day I modelled a caricature of her in the style of Dantan. It wasn’t half bad. I will show it you.’

‘And Elena Nikolaevna’s bust?’ inquired Bersenyev, ‘is it getting on?’

‘No, my dear boy, it’s not getting on. That face is enough to drive one to despair. The lines are pure, severe, correct; one would think there would be no difficulty in catching a likeness. It’s not as easy as one would think though. It’s like a treasure in a fairy-tale — you can’t get hold of it. Have you ever noticed how she listens? There’s not a single feature different, but the whole expression of the eyes is constantly changing, and with that the whole face changes. What is a sculptor — and a poor one too — to do with such a face? She’s a wonderful creature — a strange creature,’ he added after a brief pause.

‘Yes; she is a wonderful girl,’ Bersenyev repeated after him.

‘And she the daughter of Nikolai Artemyevitch Stahov! And after that people talk about blood, about stock! The amusing part of it is that she really is his daughter, like him, as well as like her mother, Anna Vassilyevna. I respect

Anna Vassilyevna from the depths of my heart, she's been awfully good to me; but she's no better than a hen. Where did Elena get that soul of hers? Who kindled that fire in her? There's another problem for you, philosopher!'

But as before, the 'philosopher' made no reply. Bersenyev did not in general err on the side of talkativeness, and when he did speak, he expressed himself awkwardly, with hesitation, and unnecessary gesticulation. And at this time a kind of special stillness had fallen on his soul, a stillness akin to lassitude and melancholy. He had not long come from town after prolonged hard work, which had absorbed him for many hours every day. The inactivity, the softness and purity of the air, the consciousness of having attained his object, the whimsical and careless talk of his friend, and the image — so suddenly called up — of one dear to him, all these impressions different — yet at the same time in a way akin — were mingled in him into a single vague emotion, which at once soothed and excited him, and robbed him of his power. He was a very highly strung young man.

It was cool and peaceful under the lime-tree; the flies and bees seemed to hum more softly as they flitted within its circle of shade. The fresh fine grass, of purest emerald green, without a tinge of gold, did not quiver, the tall flower stalks stood motionless, as though enchanted. On the lower twigs of the lime-tree the little bunches of yellow flowers hung still as death. At every breath a sweet fragrance made its way to the very depths of the lungs, and eagerly the lungs inhaled it. Beyond the river in the distance, right up to the horizon, all was bright and glowing. At times a slight breeze passed over, breaking up the landscape and intensifying the brightness; a sunlit vapour hung over the fields. No sound came from the birds; they do not sing in the heat of noonday; but the grasshoppers were chirping everywhere, and it was pleasant as they sat in the cool and quietness, to hear that hot, eager sound of life; it disposed to slumber and inclined the heart to reveries.

'Have you noticed,' began Bersenyev, eking out his words with gesticulations, 'what a strange feeling nature produces in us? Everything in nature is so complete, so defined, I mean to say, so content with itself, and we

understand that and admire it, and at the same time, in me at least, it always excites a kind of restlessness, a kind of uneasiness, even melancholy. What is the meaning of it? Is it that in the face of nature we are more vividly conscious of all our incompleteness, our indefiniteness, or have we little of that content with which nature is satisfied, but something else — I mean to say, what we need, nature has not?’

‘H’m,’ replied Shubin, ‘I’ll tell you, Andrei Petrovitch, what all that comes from. You describe the sensations of a solitary man, who is not living but only looking on in ecstasy. Why look on? Live, yourself, and you will be all right. However much you knock at nature’s door, she will never answer you in comprehensible words, because she is dumb. She will utter a musical sound, or a moan, like a harp string, but don’t expect a song from her. A living heart, now — that will give you your answer — especially a woman’s heart. So, my dear fellow, I advise you to get yourself some one to share your heart, and all your distressing sensations will vanish at once. “That’s what we need,” as you say. This agitation, and melancholy, all that, you know, is simply a hunger of a kind. Give the stomach some real food, and everything will be right directly. Take your place in the landscape, live in the body, my dear boy. And after all, what is nature? what’s the use of it? Only hear the word, love — what an intense, glowing sound it has! Nature — what a cold, pedantic expression. And so’ (Shubin began humming), ‘my greetings to Marya Petrovna! or rather,’ he added, ‘not Marya Petrovna, but it’s all the same! *Voo me compreny.*’

Bersenyev got up and stood with his chin leaning on his clasped hands. ‘What is there to laugh at?’ he said, without looking at his companion, ‘why should you scoff? Yes, you are right: love is a grand word, a grand feeling. . . . But what sort of love do you mean?’

Shubin too, got up. ‘What sort? What you like, so long as it’s there. I will confess to you that I don’t believe in the existence of different kinds of love. If you are in love —’

‘With your whole heart,’ put in Bersenyev.

‘Well, of course, that’s an understood thing; the heart’s not an apple; you

can't divide it. If you're in love, you're justified. And I wasn't thinking of scoffing. My heart's as soft at this moment as if it had been melted. . . . I only wanted to explain why nature has the effect on us you spoke of. It's because she arouses in us a need for love, and is not capable of satisfying it. Nature is gently driving us to other living embraces, but we don't understand, and expect something from nature herself. Ah, Andrei, Andrei, this sun, this sky is beautiful, everything around us is beautiful, still you are sad; but if, at this instant, you were holding the hand of a woman you loved, if that hand and the whole woman were yours, if you were even seeing with her eyes, feeling not your own isolated emotion, but her emotion — nature would not make you melancholy or restless then, and you would not be observing nature's beauty; nature herself would be full of joy and praise; she would be re-echoing your hymn, because then you would have given her — dumb nature — speech!

Shubin leaped on to his feet and walked twice up and down, but Bersenyeve bent his head, and his face was overcast by a faint flush.

'I don't altogether agree with you,' he began: 'nature does not always urge us . . . towards love.' (He could not at once pronounce the word.) 'Nature threatens us, too; she reminds us of dreadful . . . yes, insoluble mysteries. Is she not destined to swallow us up, is she not swallowing us up unceasingly? She holds life and death as well; and death speaks in her as loudly as life.'

'In love, too, there is both life and death,' interposed Shubin.

'And then,' Bersenyeve went on: 'when I, for example, stand in the spring in the forest, in a green glade, when I can fancy the romantic notes of Oberon's fairy horn' (Bersenyeve was a little ashamed when he had spoken these words)—'is that, too —'

'The thirst for love, the thirst for happiness, nothing more!' broke in Shubin. 'I, too, know those notes, I know the languor and the expectation which come upon the soul in the forest's shade, in its deep recesses, or at evening in the open fields when the sun sets and the river mist rises behind the bushes. But forest, and river, and fields, and sky, every cloud and every blade of grass sets me expecting, hoping for happiness, I feel the approach, I hear the