

插图·中文导读英文版



The Man in a Case

装在套子里的人

[俄] 契诃夫 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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内 容 简 介

本书精选了俄国著名作家契诃夫的短篇小说10篇，其是包括《装在套子里的人》《大学生》《牵小狗的女人》《苦恼》和《套在脖子上的安娜》等世界短篇小说文学宝库中的经典名篇。这些短篇小说被翻译成各种文字，影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者，并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通等。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为文学读本，这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者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，在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了让读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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前言

契诃夫，全名安东·巴甫洛维奇·契诃夫（Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, 1860—1904），19世纪俄国著名小说家、戏剧家、批判现实主义作家，与莫泊桑、欧·亨利并称为世界三大短篇小说之王。

1860年1月29日，契诃夫出生在俄罗斯罗斯托夫省塔甘罗格市的一个破落的小商人家庭。1879年，契诃夫进入莫斯科医科大学学习；1884年大学毕业，之后在兹威尼哥罗德等地行医，广泛接触平民并了解了他们的生活，这为他日后的文学创作积累了大量素材。契诃夫自1880年开始文学创作。他写了大量短篇小说，同时还创作了多部剧本。他的早期作品多是短篇小说，如《胖子和瘦子》《小公务员之死》《苦恼》和《凡卡》等，主要都是表现小人物的不幸和软弱、劳动人民的悲惨生活和小市民的庸俗；而《变色龙》和《普里希别叶夫中士》则揭露了维护专制暴政的奴才及其专横跋扈的丑恶嘴脸，揭示出黑暗时代的反动精神特征。契诃夫后期的创作主要转向戏剧，主要作品有《伊凡诺夫》《海鸥》《万尼亚舅舅》《三姊妹》《樱桃园》，这些作品反映了俄国1905年大革命前夕的社会状态，大都取材于中等阶级的小人物。其剧作含有浓郁的抒情意味和丰富的潜台词，令人回味无穷。1904年7月15日，契诃夫因肺炎逝世。



契诃夫在俄国文学史乃至世界文学史上都占有非常重要的地位。列夫·托尔斯泰称他是一个“无与伦比的艺术大师”。他的小说短小精悍、情节生动、笔调幽默、语言明快、寓意深刻。他善于从日常生活中发现具有典型意义的人和事，通过幽默可笑的情节进行艺术概括，塑造出完整的典型形象，以此来反映当时的俄国社会。一个多世纪以来，他的作品已被翻译成世界上一百多种文字出版，至今畅销不衰。契诃夫在我国也是影响最大的外国作家之一，鲁迅、赵景深、郑振铎等许多文学大家都曾翻译过他的作品；经典名篇《凡卡》《变色龙》《装在套子里的人》等在我国家喻户晓，并入选学生课本；教育部最新颁布的《普通高中语文课程标准》将其短篇小说指定为学生必读作品。

本书精选了契诃夫的短篇小说 10 篇，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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了让读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。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。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。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。



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装在套子里的人

The Man in a Case



一天晚上，在米罗诺希茨科村里，兽医伊凡诺维奇和中学教师伯尔金在村长家的板棚里留宿过夜。闲聊时，伯尔金谈到了他们城里两个月前刚去世的一个人。他名叫别里科夫，是伯尔金的同事，希腊语教师，人称“装在套子里的人”。之所以这么称呼他，是因为他给人的感觉就像要做一个套子把自己包围起来，与世隔绝一样。他把自己穿得严严实实，即便在阳光灿烂的日子，也要穿上暖和的棉衣，带上雨具；而他的一切用品都要套个套子使用；为人处世更是保持距离、谨小慎微甚至神经过敏，稍有偏离章程的事，他就认为会闹出乱子来。他古怪孤僻的性格使得他声名在外。

但就是这样一位人物，有一次差一点儿结了婚。学校新来了一位史地教员，名叫科瓦连柯，他的胞妹瓦琳卡也随同而来。在校长的命名日聚餐会上，开朗活泼、能歌善舞的瓦琳卡在那些老气横秋的教师中间犹如一阵春风拂过，把在场所有的人都迷住了，包括别里科夫在内。别里科夫还主动坐到她面前微笑着与她交谈。二人的谈话很是投机，使得在场的女士们几乎不约而同地有了一个想法：为他们做媒。此后的日子里，全校的女士们都活跃起来，为他们二



别里科夫总是穿得严严实实

人约会创造各种机会，比如去戏院看戏、举办游艺晚会等。在各位热心观众的诱导下，一段时间过后，双方彼此都有了好感，别里科夫还把瓦琳卡的照片放到了自己的书架上。但是，对于这桩婚事，别里科夫依然犹豫和拖延着。他考虑到：瓦琳卡和她哥哥性格张扬，恐怕成婚后会有麻烦。同时，科瓦连柯对别里科夫的印象也很不好，不仅说他是告密者，还给他取了个外号叫“名副其实的蜘蛛”。


事情如果就这样进行，说不定这桩婚事也就平淡无奇地成了。但接连发生的几件事情不仅引起了轩然大波，甚至还要了别里科夫的命。

一个好事者画了一幅别里科夫和瓦琳卡牵手散步的漫画，当然，画上的别里科夫照例穿着雨鞋，打着雨伞。全城学校的教师们人手一份，连别里科夫本人也收到了。此事正搞得他郁闷不已时，另一件事则更让他的心情雪上加霜。一天，学校组织全体师生郊游，路上他看到科瓦连柯和他妹妹两人一前一后骑着自行车兴高采烈地经过。对他来说，妇女骑自行车是很不成体统的行为，所以这件事令他惊讶不已，并且极度不能容忍。他好像受到打击一样连郊游也没去就回家了。

第二天傍晚，他脸色很差地来到了科瓦连柯家。首先，他向科瓦连柯解释了那幅漫画的事情，说自己是正派人，并没有做出什么不好的事情。之后他又提到科瓦连柯和他妹妹骑自行车上街的事情，向他表达了自己认为这种行为不妥的看法。此时，一直沉默的科瓦连柯按捺不住心中的怒火，冲别里科夫大吼了起来，并叫他滚远些。别里科夫哪里见过这样粗鲁的人，惊慌失措地穿上大衣就要夺门而逃，还边走边说为了避免别人曲解，要把他们今日的谈话内容向校长如实汇报。这一下更加激怒了科瓦连柯，一把抓住别里科

夫的衣领猛地一推，他便连滚带爬地滚下了楼梯，但他爬起来居然安然无恙。就在此时，别里科夫最不愿看到的一幕发生了：瓦琳卡从外面回来，看到别里科夫皱巴巴的大衣，脚上还套了一双雨鞋，样子十分狼狈，便哈哈大笑，笑声响彻了整个屋子。就是这一串大笑，给了别里科夫致命的打击。

回家以后，他便卧床不起，好像受了巨大的刺激，一直蒙着被子一声不吭。一个月后，别里科夫就死了。参加他的葬礼归来，大家沉重的面色之下暗暗隐藏着一种愉悦的心情，就好像童年时背着大人趁机享受的那种完全的自由。然而，不到一周，生活又回复到了原来的样子，依然严酷、沉闷、无序。别里科夫被埋葬了，但是像他这样的装在套子里的人还有很多很多，正是他们这些人令世界变得了无生趣。

 T the furthest end of the village of Mironositskoe some belated sportsmen lodged for the night in the elder Prokofy's barn. There were two of them, the veterinary surgeon Ivan Ivanovitch and the schoolmaster Burkin. Ivan Ivanovitch had a rather strange double-barrelled surname— Tchimsha-Himalaisky—which did not suit him at all, and he was called simply Ivan Ivanovitch all over the province. He lived at a stud-farm near the town, and had come out shooting now to get a breath of fresh air. Burkin, the high-school teacher, stayed every summer at Count P—'s, and had been thoroughly at home in this district for years.

They did not sleep. Ivan Ivanovitch, a tall, lean old fellow with

long moustaches, was sitting outside the door, smoking a pipe in the moonlight. Burkin was lying within on the hay, and could not be seen in the darkness.

They were telling each other all sorts of stories. Among other things, they spoke of the fact that the elder's wife, Mavra, a healthy and by no means stupid woman, had never been beyond her native village, had never seen a town nor a railway in her life, and had spent the last ten years sitting behind the stove, and only at night going out into the street.

“What is there wonderful in that!” said Burkin. “There are plenty of people in the world, solitary by temperament, who try to retreat into their shell like a hermit crab or a snail. Perhaps it is an instance of atavism, a return to the period when the ancestor of man was not yet a social animal and lived alone in his den, or perhaps it is only one of the diversities of human character—who knows? I am not a natural science man, and it is not my business to settle such questions; I only mean to say that people like Mavra are not uncommon. There is no need to look far; two months ago a man called Byelikov, a colleague of mine, the Greek master, died in our town. You have heard of him, no doubt. He was remarkable for always wearing galoshes and a warm wadded coat, and carrying an umbrella even in the very finest weather. And his umbrella was in a case, and his watch was in a case made of grey chamois leather, and when he took out his penknife to sharpen his pencil, his penknife,

too, was in a little case; and his face seemed to be in a case too, because he always hid it in his turned up collar. He wore dark spectacles and flannel vests, stuffed up his ears with cotton-wool, and when he got into a cab always told the driver to put up the hood. In short, the man displayed a constant and insurmountable impulse to wrap himself in a covering, to make himself, so to speak, a case which would isolate him and protect him from external influences. Reality irritated him, frightened him, kept him in continual agitation, and, perhaps to justify his timidity, his aversion for the actual, he always praised the past and what had never existed; and even the classical languages which he taught were in reality for him galoshes and umbrellas in which he sheltered himself from real life.

“Oh, how sonorous, how beautiful is the Greek language!’ he would say, with a sugary expression; and as though to prove his words he would screw up his eyes and, raising his finger, would pronounce ‘Anthropos!’

“And Byelikov tried to hide his thoughts also in a case. The only things that were clear to his mind were government circulars and newspaper articles in which something was forbidden. When some proclamation prohibited the boys from going out in the streets after nine o’clock in the evening, or some article declared carnal love unlawful, it was to his mind clear and definite; it was forbidden, and that was enough. For him there was always a doubtful element, something vague and not fully expressed, in any sanction or

permission. When a dramatic club or a reading-room or a teashop was licensed in the town, he would shake his head and say softly: 'It is all right, of course; it is all very nice, but I hope it won't lead to anything!'

"Every sort of breach of order, deviation or departure from rule, depressed him, though one would have thought it was no business of his. If one of his colleagues was late for church or if rumours reached him of some prank of the high-school boys, or one of the mistresses was seen late in the evening in the company of an officer, he was much disturbed, and said he hoped that nothing would come of it. At the teachers' meetings he simply oppressed us with his caution, his circumspection, and his characteristic reflection on the ill-behaviour of the young people in both male and female high-schools, the uproar in the classes. Oh, he hoped it would not reach the ears of the authorities; oh, he hoped nothing would come of it; and he thought it would be a very good thing if Petrov were expelled from the second class and Yegorov from the fourth. And, do you know, by his sighs, his despondency, his black spectacles on his pale little face, a little face like a pole-cat's, you know, he crushed us all, and we gave way, reduced Petrov's and Yegorov's marks for conduct, kept them in, and in the end expelled them both. He had a strange habit of visiting our lodgings. He would come to a teacher's, would sit down, and remain silent, as though he were carefully inspecting something. He would sit like this in silence for



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an hour or two and then go away. This he called ‘maintaining good relations with his colleagues’; and it was obvious that coming to see us and sitting there was tiresome to him, and that he came to see us simply because he considered it his duty as our colleague. We teachers were afraid of him. And even the headmaster was afraid of him. Would you believe it, our teachers were all intellectual, right-minded people, brought up on Turgenev and Shtchedrin, yet this little chap, who always went about with galoshes and an umbrella, had the whole high-school under his thumb for fifteen long years! High-school, indeed—he had the whole town under his thumb! Our ladies did not get up private theatricals on Saturdays for fear he should hear of it, and the clergy dared not eat meat or play cards in his presence. Under the influence of people like Byelikov we have got into the way of being afraid of everything in our town for the last ten or fifteen years. They are afraid to speak aloud, afraid to send letters, afraid to make acquaintances, afraid to read books, afraid to help the poor, to teach people to read and write...”

Ivan Ivanovitch cleared his throat, meaning to say something, but first lighted his pipe, gazed at the moon, and then said, with pauses: “Yes, intellectual, right minded people read Shtchedrin and Turgenev, Buckle, and all the rest of them, yet they knocked under and put up with it... that’s just how it is.”

“Byelikov lived in the same house as I did,” Burkin went on, “on the same storey, his door facing mine; we often saw each other,

and I knew how he lived when he was at home. And at home it was the same story: dressing-gown, nightcap, blinds, bolts, a perfect succession of prohibitions and restrictions of all sorts, and— ‘Oh, I hope nothing will come of it!’ Lenten fare was bad for him, yet he could not eat meat, as people might perhaps say Byelikov did not keep the fasts, and he ate freshwater fish with butter—not a Lenten dish, yet one could not say that it was meat. He did not keep a female servant for fear people might think evil of him, but had as cook an old man of sixty, called Afanasy, half-witted and given to tippling, who had once been an officer’s servant and could cook after a fashion. This Afanasy was usually standing at the door with his arms folded; with a deep sigh, he would mutter always the same thing: ‘there are plenty of them about nowadays!’

“Byelikov had a little bedroom like a box; his bed had curtains. When he went to bed he covered his head over; it was hot and stuffy; the wind battered on the closed doors; there was a droning noise in the stove and a sound of sighs from the kitchen—ominous sighs. And he felt frightened under the bed-clothes. He was afraid that something might happen, that Afanasy might murder him, that thieves might break in, and so he had troubled dreams all night, and in the morning, when we went together to the high-school, he was depressed and pale, and it was evident that the highschool full of people excited dread and aversion in his whole being, and that to walk beside me was irksome to a man of his solitary temperament.

“‘they make a great noise in our classes,’ he used to say, as though trying to find an explanation for his depression. ‘It’s beyond anything.’

“And the Greek master, this man in a case—would you believe it?—almost got married.”

Ivan Ivanovitch glanced quickly into the barn, and said: “You are joking!”

“Yes, strange as it seems, he almost got married. A new teacher of history and geography, Milhail Savvitch Kovalenko, a Little Russian, was appointed. He came, not alone, but with his sister Varinka. He was a tall, dark young man with huge hands, and one could see from his face that he had a bass voice, and, in fact, he had a voice that seemed to come out of a barrel—‘boom, boom, boom!’ And she was not so young, about thirty, but she, too, was tall, well-made, with black eyebrows and red cheeks—in fact, she was a regular sugar-plum, and so sprightly, so noisy; she was always singing Little Russian songs and laughing. For the least thing she would go off into a ringing laugh—‘Ha-ha-ha!’ We made our first thorough acquaintance with the Kovalenkos at the headmaster’s name-day party. Among the glum and intensely bored teachers who came even to the nameday party as a duty we suddenly saw a new Aphrodite risen from the waves; she walked with her arms akimbo, laughed, sang, danced. She sang with feeling ‘the Winds do Blow,’ then another song, and another, and she fascinated us all—all, even