

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】



Fathers and Children

父与子

[俄] 屠格涅夫 著
王真静霖 等 编译

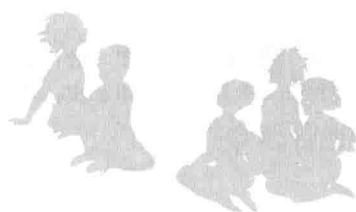
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内 容 简 介

《父与子》是屠格涅夫最伟大的作品之一，是其创作生涯的巅峰之作。小说塑造了自由主义贵族代表基尔沙诺夫的“老朽”和知识分子巴扎罗夫的“新生代”，通过父辈与子辈观念冲突彰显了人性的光辉，反映了代表不同社会阶级力量的“父与子”的关系。除“父与子”两代人之间，小说还反映了平民与贵族两个阶级之间的观念冲突，肯定了知识分子在社会变革中的主导作用，揭露了贵族的无能与空虚。该作品问世之后在当时俄国社会引起了激烈的争论。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。

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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言语、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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，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。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更



好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王真静霖编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、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。



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第一章

Chapter 1



在 1859 年 5 月 20 日那天，一位四十出头的绅士正站在一家客店的台阶前，和听差说话。

他叫做尼可拉，拥有一片有两百农奴的上好田产。按照他自己的说法，他将田地分给农民，创办了所谓的“农庄”。他是一位将军的儿子，后来爱上了他的旧房东的女儿，在结婚后就搬到了乡下，不久，生了一个叫做阿尔卡迪的儿子。这对年轻夫妇的日子过得非常平静、快乐，几乎没有分开过，直到妻子十年后过世。尼可拉差点受不了这个打击，在相当长时间内过着疏懒的生活，之后才对田地改革重新燃起兴趣。

1855 年，尼可拉将儿子送进大学，父子俩一起在彼得堡度过了三个冬天。但第四年的时候，他有事不能前往彼得堡，所以我们看到，他此时正在等待他儿子的归来。

“老爷，一定是他们来啦！”听差突然叫道。

尼可拉跳起来，顺着公路望去：一辆四轮敞篷车出现了，车里出现了一张熟悉的亲爱的脸庞。

“阿尔卡迪！”尼可拉挥动着双手，跑上前去……不一会儿，他的双唇便贴在了一位年轻大学学士晒黑了的脸颊上了。

*W*ell, Piotr, not in sight yet?' was the question asked on May the 20th, 1859, by a gentleman of a little over forty, in a dusty coat and checked trousers, who came out without his hat on to the low steps of the posting station at S—. He was addressing his servant, a chubby young fellow, with whitish down on his chin, and little, lack-lustre eyes.

The servant, in whom everything—the turquoise ring in his ear, the streaky hair plastered with grease, and the civility of his movements—indicated a man of the new, improved generation, glanced with an air of indulgence along the road, and made answer:

'No, sir; not in sight.'

'Not in sight?' repeated his master.

'No, sir,' responded the man a second time.

His master sighed, and sat down on a little bench. We will introduce him to the reader while he sits, his feet tucked under him, gazing thoughtfully round.

His name was Nikolai Petrovitch Kirsanov. He had, twelve miles from the posting station, a fine property of two hundred souls, or, as he expressed it—since he had arranged the division of his land with the peasants, and started 'a farm'—of nearly five thousand acres. His father, a general in the army, who served in 1812, a coarse, half-educated, but not ill-natured man, a typical Russian, had been in harness all his life, first in command of a brigade, and then of a division, and lived constantly in the provinces, where, by virtue of his rank, he played a fairly important part. Nikolai Petrovitch was born in the south of Russia like his elder brother, Pavel, of whom more hereafter. He was educated at home till he was fourteen, surrounded by cheap tutors, free-and-easy but toadying adjutants, and all the usual regimental and staff set. His mother, one of the Kolyazin family, as a girl called Agathe, but as a general's wife Agathokleya Kuzminishna Kirsanov, was one of those military ladies who take their full share of the duties and dignities of office. She wore

gorgeous caps and rustling silk dresses; in church she was the first to advance to the cross; she talked a great deal in a loud voice, let her children kiss her hand in the morning, and gave them her blessing at night—in fact, she got everything out of life she could. Nikolai Petrovitch, as a general's son—though so far from being distinguished by courage that he even deserved to be called 'a funk'—was intended, like his brother Pavel, to enter the army; but he broke his leg on the very day when the news of his commission came, and, after being two months in bed, retained a slight limp to the end of his days. His father gave him up as a bad job, and let him go into the civil service. He took him to Petersburg directly he was eighteen, and placed him in the university. His brother happened about the same time to be made an officer in the Guards. The young men started living together in one set of rooms, under the remote supervision of a cousin on their mother's side, Ilya Kolyazin, an official of high rank. Their father returned to his division and his wife, and only rarely sent his sons large sheets of grey paper, scrawled over in a bold clerkly hand. At the bottom of these sheets stood in letters, enclosed carefully in scroll-work, the words, 'Piotr Kirsanov, General-Major.' In 1835 Nikolai Petrovitch left the university, a graduate, and in the same year General Kirsanov was put on to the retired list after an unsuccessful review, and came to Petersburg with his wife to live. He was about to take a house in the Tavrichesky Gardens, and had joined the English club, but he died suddenly of an apoplectic fit. Agathokleya Kuzminishna soon followed him; she could not accustom herself to a dull life in the capital; she was consumed by the ennui of existence away from the regiment. Meanwhile Nikolai Petrovitch had already, in his parents' lifetime and to their no slight chagrin, had time to fall in love with the daughter of his landlord, a petty official, Prepolovensky. She was a pretty and, as it is called, 'advanced' girl; she used to read the serious articles in the 'Science' column of the journals. He married her directly the term of mourning was over; and leaving the civil service in which his father had by favour procured him a post, was perfectly blissful with his Masha, first in a country villa near the Lyesny Institute, afterwards in town in a pretty little flat with a clean staircase and a

draughty drawing-room, and then in the country, where he settled finally, and where in a short time a son, Arkady, was born to him. The young couple lived very happily and peacefully; they were scarcely ever apart; they read together, sang and played duets together on the piano; she tended her flowers and looked after the poultry-yard; he sometimes went hunting, and busied himself with the estate, while Arkady grew and grew in the same happy and peaceful way. Ten years passed like a dream. In 1847 Kirsanov's wife died. He almost succumbed to this blow; in a few weeks his hair was grey; he was getting ready to go abroad, if possible to distract his mind ... but then came the year 1848. He returned unwillingly to the country, and, after a rather prolonged period of inactivity, began to take an interest in improvements in the management of his land. In 1855 he brought his son to the university; he spent three winters with him in Petersburg, hardly going out anywhere, and trying to make acquaintance with Arkady's young companions. The last winter he had not been able to go, and here we have him in the May of 1859, already quite grey, stoutish, and rather bent, waiting for his son, who had just taken his degree, as once he had taken it himself.

The servant, from a feeling of propriety, and perhaps, too, not anxious to remain under the master's eye, had gone to the gate, and was smoking a pipe. Nikolai Petrovitch bent his head, and began staring at the crumbling steps; a big mottled fowl walked sedately towards him, treading firmly with its great yellow legs; a muddy cat gave him an unfriendly look, twisting herself coyly round the railing. The sun was scorching; from the half-dark passage of the posting station came an odour of hot rye-bread. Nikolai Petrovitch fell to dreaming. 'My son ... a graduate ... Arkasha ...' were the ideas that continually came round again and again in his head; he tried to think of something else, and again the same thoughts returned. He remembered his dead wife.... 'She did not live to see it!' he murmured sadly. A plump, dark-blue pigeon flew into the road, and hurriedly went to drink in a puddle near the well. Nikolai Petrovitch began looking at it, but his ear had already caught the sound of approaching wheels.

'It sounds as if they're coming sir,' announced the servant, popping in

from the gateway.

Nikolai Petrovitch jumped up, and bent his eyes on the road. A carriage appeared with three posting-horses harnessed abreast; in the carriage he caught a glimpse of the blue band of a student's cap, the familiar outline of a dear face.

'Arkasha! Arkasha!' cried Kirsanov, and he ran waving his hands.... A few instants later, his lips were pressed to the beardless, dusty, sunburnt-cheek of the youthful graduate.

第二章

Chapter 2



和阿尔卡迪一同到来的，还有他的好朋友巴扎罗夫。巴扎罗夫长着瘦长脸，宽阔的前额，脸上带着微笑，显得富有生气和自信心。他的声音懒洋洋的，但是非常响亮。

“我希望你在我们这儿不至于感到无聊。”尼可拉紧紧地握住对方的手，说道。

巴扎罗夫的薄嘴唇动了一动，但是并没有回答，只是举了举帽子。

“那么，阿尔卡迪，”尼可拉又对儿子说，“我们现在就回家吧？我的车上只有两个座位，不知道

你的朋友……”

“他会坐四轮敞篷车的，”阿尔卡迪低声说，“请你不要和他讲礼节，他很了不起，非常朴素……”

“好吧，来吧！伙计们！”尼可拉冲着车夫们喊道，“一会儿大家都有伏特加喝！”

不一会儿，车就套好了。于是，两辆马车飞驰着跑走了。

‘*L*et me shake myself first, daddy,’ said Arkady, in a voice tired from travelling, but boyish and clear as a bell, as he gaily responded to his father’s caresses; ‘I am covering you with dust.’

‘Never mind, never mind,’ repeated Nikolai Petrovitch, smiling tenderly, and twice he struck the collar of his son’s cloak and his own greatcoat with his hand. ‘Let me have a look at you; let me have a look at you,’ he added, moving back from him, but immediately he went with hurried steps towards the yard of the station, calling, ‘This way, this way; and horses at once.’

Nikolai Petrovitch seemed far more excited than his son; he seemed a little confused, a little timid. Arkady stopped him.

‘Daddy,’ he said, ‘let me introduce you to my great friend, Bazarov, about whom I have so often written to you. He has been so good as to promise to stay with us.’

Nikolai Petrovitch went back quickly, and going up to a tall man in a long, loose, rough coat with tassels, who had only just got out of the carriage, he warmly pressed the ungloved red hand, which the latter did not at once hold out to him.

‘I am heartily glad,’ he began, ‘and very grateful for your kind intention of visiting us.... Let me know your name, and your father’s.’

‘Yevgeny Vassilyev,’ answered Bazarov, in a lazy but manly voice; and turning back the collar of his rough coat, he showed Nikolai Petrovitch his whole face. It was long and lean, with a broad forehead, a nose flat at the base and sharper at the end, large greenish eyes, and drooping whiskers of a sandy colour; it was lighted up by a tranquil smile, and showed self-confidence and intelligence.

‘I hope, dear Yevgeny Vassilyitch, you won’t be dull with us,’ continued Nikolai Petrovitch.

Bazarov’s thin lips moved just perceptibly, though he made no reply, but merely took off his cap. His long, thick hair did not hide the prominent bumps on his head.

‘Then, Arkady,’ Nikolai Petrovitch began again, turning to his son, ‘shall the horses be put to at once? or would you like to rest?’

‘We will rest at home, daddy; tell them to harness the horses.’

‘At once, at once,’ his father assented. ‘Hey, Piotr, do you hear? Get things

ready, my good boy; look sharp.'

Piotr, who as a modernised servant had not kissed the young master's hand, but only bowed to him from a distance, again vanished through the gateway.

'I came here with the carriage, but there are three horses for your coach too,' said Nikolai Petrovitch fussily, while Arkady drank some water from an iron dipper brought him by the woman in charge of the station, and Bazarov began smoking a pipe and went up to the driver, who was taking out the horses; 'there are only two seats in the carriage, and I don't know how your friend' ...

'He will go in the coach,' interposed Arkady in an undertone. 'You must not stand on ceremony with him, please. He's a splendid fellow, so simple—you will see.'

Nikolai Petrovitch's coachman brought the horses round.

'Come, hurry up, bushy beard!' said Bazarov, addressing the driver.

'Do you hear, Mityuha,' put in another driver, standing by with his hands thrust behind him into the opening of his sheepskin coat, 'what the gentleman called you? It's a bushy beard you are too.'

Mityuha only gave a jog to his hat and pulled the reins off the heated shaft-horse.

'Look sharp, look sharp, lads, lend a hand,' cried Nikolai Petrovitch; 'there'll be something to drink our health with!'

In a few minutes the horses were harnessed; the father and son were installed in the carriage; Piotr climbed up on to the box; Bazarov jumped into the coach, and nestled his head down into the leather cushion; and both the vehicles rolled away.

第三章

Chapter 3



“你终于做了大学学士，回家来了。”尼可拉一会儿拍拍阿尔卡迪的肩膀，一会儿拍拍阿尔卡迪的膝盖，又说，“终于回来了。”

“伯父呢？他身体好吗？”阿尔卡迪问。

“很好，他本来想和我一起来的，可是又改变了主意。”

“对了，爸爸，请你好好对待巴扎罗夫，他明年要去考医生。”

“啊，还是念医科的。”尼可拉叫道。他不吱声了，看到前面有几辆载着农夫的马车经过，又说，“今年农民们给我找了不少麻烦，他们不肯出力，还被鼓动着捣乱。你现在在对田地的事情有兴趣吗？”

这回，轮到阿尔卡迪回避父亲的问题了。他开始和尼可拉谈起家里的人们，尼可拉显得有些不安：

“我想说，你在玛利因诺几乎找不到什么改变……可是有一件事……我应该事先和你说明。当然你也有权利责备我。那个……那个姑娘……我想你已经听说了。”

“菲涅奇卡吗？”阿尔卡迪随口问。

尼可拉红了脸：“请不要大声提到她的名字……是的，她现在和我住在一块儿了。当然，这是可以改变的……”

“呵，爸爸，为什么要改变呢？得啦！”阿尔卡迪温存地笑了笑，心里