

<<装在套子里的人>>

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内容概要

《装在套子里的人（插图·中文导读英文版）》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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作者简介

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。

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书籍目录

装在套子里的人
约内奇
卡西坦卡
苦恼
牵小狗的女人
忧伤
大学生
美女
玩笑
套在脖子上的安娜

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章节摘录

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 tea-shop 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 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 Shchedrin, yet this little chap, who always went about with galoshes and an umbrella, had the whole high-school under his thumb for

<<装在套子里的人>>

fifteenlong years! High-school , indeed-he had the whole town under lusthumb! 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 playcards in his presence.Under the infiuence of people like Byelikov we have got into the way of being afraid of everything in our townfor 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."

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