

Victor Hugo
〔法〕维克多·雨果 著

巴黎圣母院

The Hunchback of Notre-Dame

浓咖啡
双语经典



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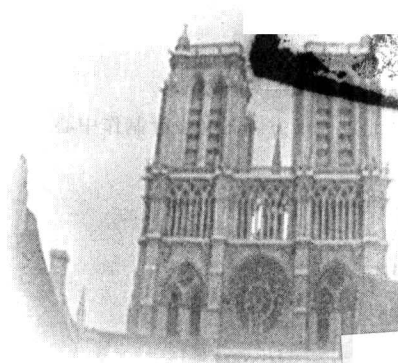
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郝真 译



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读“浓咖啡”双语经典

介绍《圣经》

我们正面临着一个各种各样的思维方式和价值取向杂陈并存的众声喧哗的时代，我们需要塑造属于我们自己的时代的经典之作。殊不知，经典之所以成为经典，是历经了一个漫长而艰辛的过程，如同大浪淘沙。在一个相对短促的时期内，我们检验经典的成效自然大打折扣。因此，拥抱经典，无疑是我们获取有益人生经验的捷径！

“浓咖啡”双语经典丛书，将引领你与文学经典亲密接触。不知不觉间，你将沉浸在阅读的欢娱中爱不释手。在体味经典淡雅、隽永的芳香之时，你芜杂的心绪能得到最妥帖的慰藉。沉思移时，你将感谢大师们所馈赠的多汁、味美的精神食粮。面对当下物欲横流、日益喧嚣的世界，借助经典的辉光，你将会以从容的姿态寻找到最适合你的生存方式。

“浓咖啡”对原著进行必要的“节录”“浓缩”，既不失原著的主旨，又体现出巨著的精髓。同时配上经典影视光盘，并对名著中人物的不同汉译名称统一加注，使您在快节奏的今天，能在短时间内品味经典，体味人生。

让文学经典伴随我们漫漫人生路！

让我们在经典中沉醉，在经典中沉静，在经典中明心见性！

编者



《巴黎圣母院》简介

维克多·雨果（Victor Hugo，1802年—1885年）是法国浪漫主义文学运动的领袖。《巴黎圣母院》是其代表作品之一。

本书以一四八二年路易十一统治下的法国为背景，以吉普赛姑娘拉·爱斯美拉达与年轻英俊的卫队长、道貌岸然的副主教以及畸形、丑陋的敲钟人之间的关系为主线，热情讴歌了吉普赛姑娘与敲钟人高贵的人性，深刻鞭挞了卫队长与副主教的虚伪与卑下。

本书对巴黎圣母院及巴黎的评述非常精彩，充分展示了作者的浪漫主义美学观。



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CHAPTER 1



巴
黎
圣
母
院

The 6th of January, 1482, was, a day of which history has not preserved any record. There was nothing worthy of note in the event which so early set in motion the bells and the citizens of Paris.

What set in motion all the population of Paris on the 6th of January was the double solemnity, united from time immemorial, of the Epiphany and the Festival of Fools. On that day there was to be an exhibition of fireworks in the Place de Greve, a May-tree planted at the chapel of Braque, and a mystery performed at the Palace of Justice.

That morning, therefore, all the houses and shops remained shut, and crowds of citizens of both sexes were to be seen wending their way toward one of the three places specified above.

...

It was not till the great clock of the palace had struck the hour of twelve that the performance was to begin—a late hour, to be sure, for a theatrical representation, but it had been found necessary to suit it to the convenience of the ambassadors.

12em'baesoda
大使

...

At this moment the clock struck



twelve.

...

The crowd clapped their hands. "The mystery!" they repeated, "and send Flanders to all the devils!"

"The morality immediately! repeated the populace; this instant! or the sack and the cord for the comedians and the cardian!"

...

A band of instruments, high and low, in the interior of the theatre, began to play; the tapestry was raised, and forth came four persons, bepainted and bedecked with various colours, who climbed the rude stage-ladder, and, on reaching the upper platform, drew up in a row before the audience, to whom they paid the usual tribute of a low obeisance. The symphony^① ceased, and the mystery commenced.

The performers, having been liberally repaid for their obeisances with applause, began, amid solemn silence on the part of the audience, a prologue, which we gladly spare the reader.

...

All this was really exceedingly fine; but yet, among the whole concourse upon whom the four allegorical personages were pouring, as if in emulation of each other, torrents of metaphors, there was not a more attentive ear, a more vehemently throbbing heart, wilder-looking eye, a more outstretched neck, than the eye, the ear, the neck, and the heart of the author, of the poet, of the worthy Pierre Gringoire. And he was completely absorbed in that kind of ecstatic contemplation with which an author sees his ideas drop one by one

① symphony ['simfəni] 交响乐, 交响曲



from the lips of the actor, a mind the
silence of a vast assembly.

The door of the platform,
which had remained unseasonably
closed, was still more
unseasonably thrown open, and
the sonorous voice of the usher
abruptly announced, "His Eminence
Monseigneur the Cardinal de

Bourbon!"

Poor Gringoire!

What he had reason to apprehend was but too soon realized. The entry of his
Eminence^① upset the auditory. All heads turned mechanically toward the platform. Not
another word was to be heard. "The Cardinal! the Cardinal!" The unlucky prologue was cut
short a second time.

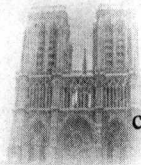
...

From the moment that the Cardinal entered Gringoire had not ceased to bestir
himself for the salvation of his prologue. At first he enjoined the actors, who were in a
state of suspense, to proceed and to raise their voices; then, perceiving that nobody
listened to them, he ordered them to stop;

All at once, what should Master Coppenole the hosier do, but rise from his seat? and
Gringoire stood aghast to hear him, amid the breathless attention of the spectators,

① eminence [ˈemɪnəns] n. 高地, 显赫, 卓越





commence this abominable harangue:

"Gentlemen burgesses and yeomen of Paris, I know not, by the Rood, what we are about here. someone promised me that I should see the Festival of Fools and the election of Pope. We have our Pope of Fools at Ghent too, and, by the Rood, in this respect we are not behind your famous city. But the way we do is this—we collect a crowd, such as there is here; then every one that likes puts his head in turn through a hole, and grins at the others, and he who makes the ugliest face is chosen Pope by acclamation—that's it.

In the twinkling of an eye everything was ready for carrying the idea of Coppenole into effect.

The grimaces began.

Imagine a series of visages successively presenting every geometric figure, from the triangle to the trapezium—from the cone to the polyhedron.

The Pope of Fools was elected. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" cried the people on all sides.

It was, a red countenance of miraculous ugliness which at this moment shone forth from the circular aperture. After all the faces, pentagonal, hexagonal and heteroclite, that had followed each other at this window, without realizing the idea of the grotesque^① which the crowd had set up in their frantic imaginations, it required nothing short of the sublimely monstrous grimace which had just dazzled the multitude to obtain their suffrages. Master Coppenole himself applauded; Clopin Trouillefou, who had been a

① grotesque [grəu'tesk] *a.* 奇怪的, 可笑的 *n.* 怪异





candidate—and God knows what intensity of ugliness his features could attain—confessed himself conquered. Imagine, if you can.

The acclamation was unanimous: the crowd rushed to the chapel. The lucky Pope of Fools was brought out in triumph, and it was not till then that surprise and admiration were at their height: what had been mistaken for a grimace was his natural visage; indeed, it might be said that his whole person was but one grimace. His prodigious head was covered with red bristles; between his shoulders rose an enormous hump, which was counterbalanced by a protuberance in front; his thighs and legs were so strangely put together that they touched at no one point but the knees, and seen in front, resembled two sickles joined at the handles; his feet were immense, his hands monstrous; but, with all this deformity, there was a formidable air of strength, agility, and courage, constituting a singular exception to the eternal rule, which ordains that force, as well as beauty, shall result from harmony. He looked like a giant who had been broken in pieces and ill soldered together.

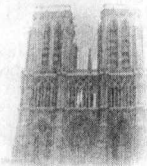
"It is Quasimodo the bell-ringer! It is Quasimodo the hunchback of Notre-Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the bandy-legged! Hurrah! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the bandy-legged! Hurrah! hurrah!" The poor devil, it seems, had plenty of surnames to choose among.

"Let pregnant^① women take care of themselves!" cried the scholars. The women actually covered their faces.

"Oh, the ugly ape!" cried one.

"And as mischievous as ugly," said another.

① pregnant [ˈpregnənt] a. 怀孕的



"Tis the devil himself!" exclaimed a third.

"Deaf!" cried the hosier, with a Flemish horse-laugh. "By the Rood! he is an accomplished Pope!"

"A devil of a fellow!" sighed Rohin Poussepain, aching all over from the effects of his fall. "He appears—he is hunch-backed. He walks—he is bandy-legged. He looks at you—he is one-eyed. You talk to him—he is deaf! And what use does this Polyphemus^① make of his tongue, I wonder?"

...

The roaring and ragged procession then moved off, to pass, according to custom, through the galleries in the interior of the palace, before it paraded the streets and public places of the Cite.

...

① polyphemus (希神) 波里非娜斯 (独眼巨人)



第一章

一四八二年一月六日那一天在历史上并没有留下任何记载。即使是那一大早就使全体巴黎市民骚动不安的事件，也不值得记上一笔。

一月六日，这是使所有的巴黎市民骚动的一天，这是一个既庆祝主显节，又庆祝愚人节的双重神圣的日子。在远古，这两个节日就在同一天了。在那天，格雷沃广场有烟火展；布拉格小教堂要种上五月树，司法宫要上演神秘剧。

因此，在那天一大早，所有的家门和店铺都关闭了，男女市民们从四面八方涌向这上述三个特定的地点。

.....

神秘剧一直要等到司法宫的大钟敲响12点的时候才开始演出。对一场戏的开放时间而言，这确实是晚了一点，但是，就使者们的便利而言，这又是必要的。

.....

正在此时，正午的钟声敲响了。

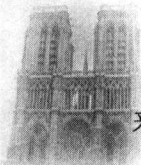
.....

人们拍起手来。“演神秘剧，”人们喊道，“让弗朗德勒的使者们见鬼去吧！”

“立刻开演道德剧！”人们一遍一遍地喊道，“马上开演！否则，我们就要杀人啦，绞死那些喜剧演员和主教！”

.....

这时，从戏台里传出了一阵高低起伏的音乐声。帷幕被拉起来了，从里面跳出来四个身上涂着不同颜色的人，他们爬上那粗糙的梯子，走到了舞台上；在观众们的面前排成了一行，像往常一样，他们深深鞠躬行礼。于是，交响乐停了下



来，神秘剧的演出开始了。

演员们在得到观众为他们鞠躬而回报的慷慨掌声后，开始在一片庄严的沉寂中演出。这是序幕，我们很乐意让读者自己去想象它的情形。

.....

早大 所有一切都极其美妙。但是，在所有听着那四个好像在相互竞赛的角色隐喻般的对白的观众中间，没有谁的耳朵能够比这出神秘剧的作者，诗人皮埃尔·甘果瓦更加专心的了，也没有谁比他的心跳得更激烈，比他的脖子伸得更长了。他已经完完全全地沉醉了。他沉浸在那种作者看见他的构思，从演员中，逐一传递给了一大群静默的观众中去时的那种狂喜的沉思之中了。

戏台的那扇一直毫无道理地关着的大门，在这时突然更加毫无道理地被打开了；领路人突然响亮地说：“波旁红衣主教大人莅临！”

可怜的甘果瓦！

他有理由担心的事却过早地发生了。主教的出现使观众骚动起来。所有的脑袋都机械地向台上看去。除了每个人口里的“红衣主教！”“红衣主教”，再也听不见别的了。不幸的序幕再次中断。

.....

从红衣主教进来开始，甘果瓦就一直没有停止拯救他的序幕的努力。首先，他吩咐那些犹豫不决的演员们继续他们的表演，并提高了嗓门；随后，他发现没有人听他的话，他又只好阻止他们，让他们别再演下去



了。

突然，袜店老板科勃诺尔从座位上站了起来，他要干什么？甘果瓦站在专注的观众中间，恐惧地听着他发表一通令人讨厌的议论：

“巴黎的市民们、农民们！凭十字架发誓，我不知道我们在搞什么名堂！有人对我许诺说我在这里能看到愚人节和愚人王的选举。我们在格城也选过。在这方面，我们也不落后。凭十字架发誓。但我们是这样做的，就是聚集一帮人，就像这儿一样；然后每个人轮流从一个洞里伸出脑袋对人猛笑。谁笑得最难看，谁就在人们的欢呼声中当选为愚人王。”

眨眼间，实现科勃诺尔想法所需的一切都准备好了。

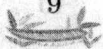
怪笑表演开始了。

请想想，一连串的面孔出现了，像是各种几何形状：从三角形的到梯形的；从圆锥形的到多面体的。

愚人王被选出来了。“万岁！万岁！万岁！”人们在四面八方嚷着。

真的，这时候，一张容光焕发、奇丑无比的怪物的面容出现在那个圆形洞口边。在所有的五角形、六角形的和多角形面孔之后，接着出现了一张观众在以他们最狂热的想象都无法想象得出的丑陋的脸。无需别的，单是这张绝妙的、怪异的丑像就已使观众目眩，博得他们的选票，连科勃诺尔老板也欢呼起来。曾是候选人的克洛宾·特瑞弗——天知道他如何把这么多丑陋集于面容的——也只好输了。请想象这样一个丑陋的人吧，要是你能想象的话。

观众们一致欢呼了起来。人们向小教堂挤去。他们把获胜的、幸运的愚人王领了出来。直到此时此刻，人们的惊讶和赞叹才达到了极点，人们误认为是丑像的竟然是他的本来面目；确实，他不妨可以这么说，整个人都是怪样。一个大脑袋上长满红头发，两肩之间隆起一个巨大的驼背，与身体正面的一个凸起物不平



衡；两条大腿和两条小腿如此奇怪地连在一起，以至于除了两个膝盖都不能并拢，从前面看，就像刀柄绞连在一起的两把镰刀。他的脚很肥大；手很可怕。但是，尽管有这些畸形，他却具有令人生畏的毅力、机警和勇气的神态，这些都构成了对力与美总是产生于和谐一致的永恒规则的奇怪的例外。他看起来像一个被打碎了并拙劣焊接起来的怪物。

“他就是敲钟人加西莫多！那个巴黎圣母院的驼背加西莫多！那个独眼龙加西莫多！那个罗圈腿加西莫多！哈哈！独眼龙加西多！罗圈腿加西莫多！”这可怜的人儿，好像有几个绰号任人挑选。

“孕妇要当心！”学生大嚷道。妇女们真的把脸捂住了。

“呵！这只丑猴子！”一个说道。

“又凶又丑。”另一个说。

“他是个魔鬼！”第三个喊道。

“聋子！”袜店老板用弗朗德勒方式笑着说，“凭十字架起誓，他是个完美的愚人王！”

“鬼东西！”罗宾·普斯旺说，他因为跌倒了全身发痛。“他看来好像是个驼背，走路时是个罗圈腿；看你时是个独眼龙；你同他讲话——他是个聋子！这个波里菲姆斯，他的舌头用来干什么呀！”

这喧闹的、衣衫褴褛的队伍开始行进。按照以往的习俗，他们首先在司法宫里的回廊里绕了一周，然后又开始到大街和十字路口游行。

