

【插图 · 中文导读英文版】



The Red and the Black

红与黑

下

[法] 司汤达 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

《红与黑》是世界上最具有影响的经典小说之一，是欧洲批判现实主义文学的奠基作。小说紧紧围绕主人公于连个人奋斗与最终失败的经历这一主线，展示了19世纪30年代法国社会的广阔图景，反映了当时法国社会各阶层的真实面貌。于连是小业主的儿子，年轻英俊、精明能干，从小就希望借助个人奋斗跻身上流社会。在市长家当家庭教师时，他与市长夫人勾搭成奸，事情败露后被迫离开，进了神学院。经神学院院长推荐，于连到巴黎给拉莫尔侯爵当私人秘书，并很快得到侯爵的赏识和重用，且赢得了侯爵女儿的芳心。正当踌躇满志之时，他实际上已陷入了贵族阶级和教会设下的圈套。在教会的策划下，市长夫人被逼写了一封告密信揭发他。于连气愤之极，开枪击伤了市长夫人，最后他被判处死刑上了断头台。成为统治阶层阴谋的牺牲品。

该书自出版以来，已被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被改编成舞台剧和电影。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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司汤达（Stendhal，1783—1842），本名亨利·贝尔，是19世纪上半叶法国最杰出的批判现实主义作家，被誉为“现代小说之父”。

1783年1月23日，司汤达出生在法国的格勒诺布尔市。他早年丧母，父亲是一位有地位的律师，信仰宗教，思想保守。他的外祖父是一名医生，思想特别开放，是卢梭和伏尔泰的信徒，拥护共和派，这对他日后的思想影响很大。司汤达少年时期经常住在外祖父家，在那里阅读了大量的名作。1799年，他参加了拿破仑的军队。1814年，拿破仑垮台，波旁王朝复辟，司汤达不得不离开巴黎，侨居意大利的米兰。在米兰，他对意大利的爱国主义人士抱以极大的同情，与争取民族解放的人士来往密切。1821年意大利革命失败，他被意大利当局驱逐出境。直到1834年，他被派任为法国驻教皇辖下的奇维塔韦基亚城的领事，才再度回到意大利。

司汤达从1817年开始发表作品。其处女作是在意大利完成的，名为《意大利绘画史》。之后，他以司汤达这个笔名发表了游记《罗马、那不勒斯和佛罗伦萨》；1827年出版了《阿尔芒斯》；1829年发表了著名的短篇小说《瓦尼娜·瓦尼尼》；1830年出版了《红与黑》。除此之外，他还出版了《意大利遗事》和《巴马修道院》。

在司汤达的所有作品中，《红与黑》是他的代表作。《红与黑》是下层社会的战歌，它的旋律是个人奋斗，它的基调是进攻。它讲述的是一个下层青年为改变地位、获取成功而不惜一切手段，与社会抗争的故事。小说以其进步的思想倾向、对当时社会阶级关系的深刻描写以及对典型人物性格的出色刻画，在全世界享有盛名。该书出版近200年来，已被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被改编成电视剧、舞台剧和电影，是世界公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国，《红与黑》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一，同时也是最早传入中国的西欧经典名著之一。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《红与黑》，



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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了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、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、周丽萍、曹隼、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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Book Two

**She is not pretty, she is not wearing
rouge.**

SAINT-BEUVE

第一章 乡村乐趣

Chapter 1 Country Pleasures



于连来到客店，正好驿车到了。车上有两个空位，和他一起上车的圣吉罗认出车上的人叫法尔科兹。圣吉罗以为法尔科兹在罗纳河畔的河谷里定居，可法尔科兹说他正在逃亡，因为他在罗纳河畔买了一块地，打算每年捐出二三百法郎给穷人。但人们想要他把钱捐给宗教团体，于是，招来了一些麻烦事：鱼塘里的鱼被人用石灰毒死了；人们都欺负他，连靠他周济的木匠也来敲他的竹杠。为了找个靠山和打赢官司，他参加了自由党，但选举时要他投某人的票，他不想这样做，便闯下了大祸。自由党也和他作对了，他打算损失五万法郎出售别墅。

这时，于连注意听了，他听出这个拿破仑分子法尔科兹是德·雷纳小时的朋友，而后来翻脸不认他了，当圣吉罗说拿破仑时，法尔科兹却不让他说下去。于连插话，举出了德·雷纳先生的例子，法尔科兹告诉他，德·雷纳先生不想任人鱼肉，便把自己变成了锋利的刀，他让华勒诺和马斯隆等人上了台，这政治上的黑暗让于连感到很吃惊。

他发誓：如果教士们建立了共和国来迫害贵族，他一定保护德·雷纳夫人的几个孩子。此时，车子进了卢梭街驿站，他坐上了一辆双轮马车去马尔美宗。第三天晚上，他见到了彼拉尔神甫。彼拉尔神甫冰冷地告诉他应该怎样在德·拉莫尔家生活和工作；还说如果干不下去，可以再回神学院；如果侯爵高兴，他以后的收入每年可达八千法郎。当神甫说到有人给于连钱要看侯爵的信时，于连回答不行。神甫感到奇怪，他要求于连每星期去一次神学院，还要求他在侯爵那里少开口，不知道的事情不要谈。



于连拒绝了那人的要求

神甫告诉于连侯爵家里有一个女儿和一个十九岁的儿子。侯爵的儿子虽是公子哥，可在西班牙打过仗。于连认为侯爵年轻的儿子德·拉莫尔伯爵一定看不上他，伯爵会和他开玩笑，但神甫表示以后会为他出主意的。侯爵夫人个子高高、满头金发，她父亲是老公爵肖尔纳，她的客厅有不少王公贵族，她会把于连看作教士，是她灵魂得救的奴仆。神甫又告诉于连，是德·拉莫尔侯爵心血来潮提拔了他，有许多比他有本事的神甫都还在艰难度日。神甫说自己只有五百二十法郎，而侯爵的一句话使他获得了一个在富有地区的神甫职位，他的收入将非常乐观。他还告诉于连，如果待不下去，就去做他的助理司铎，他们平分堂区的收入。

这时，车子到了德·拉莫尔府，于连感到这建筑真气派，但并不美。

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam!

HORACE

‘The gentleman is waiting, surely, for the mail-coach for Paris?’ he was asked by the landlord of an inn at which he stopped to break his fast.

‘Today or tomorrow, it is all the same to me,’ said Julien.

The coach arrived while he was feigning indifference. There were two places vacant.

‘What! It is you, my poor Falcoz,’ said the traveler, who had come from the direction of Geneva to him who now entered the coach with Julien.

‘I thought you had settled in the neighbourhood of Lyons,’ said Falcoz, ‘in a charming valley by the Rhone.’

‘Settled, indeed! I am running away.’

‘What! Running away? You, Saint-Giraud! With that honest face of yours, have you committed a crime?’ said Falcoz, with a laugh.

‘Upon my soul, not far off it. I am running away from the abominable life one leads in the country. I love the shade of the woods and the quiet of the fields, as you know; you have often accused me of being romantic. The one thing I never wished to hear mentioned was politics, and politics pursue me everywhere.’

‘But to what party do you belong?’

‘To none, and that is what has been fatal to me. These are all my politics: I enjoy music, and painting; a good book is an event in my life; I shall soon be four and forty. How many years have I to live? Fifteen, twenty, thirty, perhaps, at the most. Very well; I hold that in thirty years from now, our Ministers will be a little more able, but otherwise just as good fellows as we have today. The history of England serves as a mirror to show me our future. There will always be a King who seeks to extend his prerogative; the ambition to enter Parliament, the glory and the hundreds of thousands of francs amassed by Mirabeau will always keep our wealthy provincials awake at night: they will call that being Liberal and loving the people. The desire to become a Peer or a Gentleman in Waiting will always possess the Ultras. On board the Ship of State, everyone will wish to be at the helm, for the post is well paid. Will there never be a little corner anywhere for the mere passenger?’

‘Why, of course, and a very pleasant one, too, for a man of your peaceful nature. Is it the last election that is driving you from your district?’

‘My trouble dates from farther back. I was, four years ago, forty years old, and had five hundred thousand francs, I am four years older now, and have probably fifty thousand less, which I shall lose by the sale of my place, Monfleury, by the Rhone, a superb position.

‘In Paris, I was tired of that perpetual play-acting, to which one is driven by what you call nineteenth-century civilisation. I felt a longing for human fellowship and simplicity. I bought a piece of land in the mountains by the Rhone, the most beautiful spot in the world.

‘The vicar of the village and the neighbouring squires made much of me for the first six months; I had them to dine; I had left Paris, I told them, so as never to mention or to hear of politics again. You see, I subscribe to no newspaper. The fewer letters the postman brings me, the happier I am.

‘This was not what the vicar wanted; presently I was besieged with endless indiscreet requests, intrigues, and so forth. I wished to give two or three hundred francs every year to the poor, they pestered me for them on behalf of pious associations; Saint Joseph, Our Lady, and so forth. I refused: then I came in for endless insults. I was foolish enough to show annoyance. I could no longer leave the house in the morning to go and enjoy the beauty of our

mountain scenery, without meeting some bore who would interrupt my thoughts with an unpleasant reminder of my fellow men and their evil ways. In the Rogationtide processions, for instance, the chanting in which I like (it is probably a Greek melody), they no longer bless my fields, because, the vicar says, they belong to an unbeliever. A pious old peasant woman's cow dies, she says that it is because there is a pond close by which belongs to me, the unbeliever, a philosopher from Paris, and a week later I find all my fish floating on the water, poisoned with lime. I am surrounded by trickery in every form. The justice of the peace, an honest man, but afraid of losing his place, always decides against me. The peace of the fields is hell to me. As soon as they saw me abandoned by the vicar, head of the village Congregation, and not supported by the retired captain, head of the Liberals, they all fell upon me, even the mason who had been living upon me for a year, even the wheelwright, who tried to get away with cheating me when he mended my ploughs.

'In order to have some footing and to win a few at least of my lawsuits, I turned Liberal; but, as you were saying, those damned elections came, they asked me for my vote ...'

'For a stranger?'

'Not a bit of it, for a man I know only too well. I refused, a fearful imprudence! From that moment, I had the Liberals on top of me as well, my position became intolerable. I believe that if it had ever entered the vicar's head to accuse me of having murdered my servant, there would have been a score of witnesses from both parties, ready to swear that they had seen me commit the crime.'

'You wish to live in the country without ministering to your neighbours' passions, without even listening to their gossip. What a mistake!'

'I have made amends for it now. Monfleury is for sale. I shall lose fifty thousand francs, if I must, but I am overjoyed, I am leaving that hell of hypocrisy and malice. I am going to seek solitude and rustic peace in the one place in France where they exist, in a fourth-floor apartment, overlooking the Champs-Elysees. And yet I am just thinking whether I shall not begin my political career, in the Roule quarter, by presenting the blessed bread in the parish church.'

‘None of that would have happened to you under Bonaparte,’ said Falcoz, his eyes shining with anger and regret.

‘That’s all very well, but why couldn’t he keep going, your Bonaparte? Everything that I suffer from today is his doing.’

Here Julien began to listen with increased attention. He had realised from the first that the Bonapartist Falcoz was the early playmate of M. de Rênal, repudiated by him in 1816, while the philosopher Saint-Giraud must be a brother of that chief clerk in the Prefecture of —, who knew how to have municipal property knocked down to him on easy terms.

‘And all that has been your Bonaparte’s doing,’ Saint-Giraud continued: ‘An honest man, harmless if ever there was one, forty years old and with five hundred thousand francs, can’t settle down in the country and find peace there. Bonaparte’s priests and nobles drive him out again.’

‘Ah! You must not speak evil of him,’ cried Falcoz, ‘never has France stood so high in the esteem of foreign nations as during the thirteen years of his reign. In those days, everything that was done had greatness in it.’

‘Your Emperor, may the devil fly away with him,’ went on the man of four and forty, ‘was great only upon his battlefields, and when he restored our financial balance in 1801. What was the meaning of all his conduct after that? With his chamberlains and his pomp and his receptions at the Tuileries, he simply furnished a new edition of all the stuff and nonsense of the monarchy. It was a corrected edition, it might have served for a century or two. The nobles and priests preferred to return to the old edition, but they have not the iron hand that they need to bring it before the public.’

‘Listen to the old printer talking!’

‘Who is it that is turning me off my land?’ went on the printer with heat. ‘The priests, whom Napoleon brought back with his Concordat, instead of treating them as the State treats doctors, lawyers, astronomers, of regarding them merely as citizens, without inquiring into the trade by which they earn their living. Would there be these insolent gentlemen today if your Bonaparte had not created barons and counts? No, the fashion had passed. Next to the priests, it is the minor country nobles that have annoyed me most, and forced me to turn Liberal.’