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# 巴黎圣母院

The Hunchback of Notre Dame

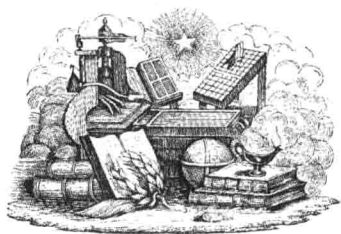


(法) 雨果 / 著  
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## 导 读

维克多·雨果(1802——1885)法国十九世纪的小说家、诗人,是当时浪漫主义文学运动的领袖。他的一生几乎跨越了整个十九世纪,随着法国历史的进程,他在诗歌、戏剧、小说、文艺理论等方面进行了大量创作,并产生了巨大影响。《巴黎圣母院》作于1831年,以1482年路易十一统治下的法国为背景。本书的主人公,是一位丑陋的独眼敲钟人——卡西莫多,他深深地爱上了能歌善舞的吉普赛姑娘——爱斯美拉达,还为她将有恩于他的养父置于死地,自己则心甘情愿地躺在她的尸体旁,殉情而死。这在十五世纪,在那座庄严而又神圣的巴黎圣母院里,竟会发生这种事情,可见,作者要以此为号角,吹响积极的浪漫主义文学的进行曲。

在本书中,相貌美丽而心地善良的吉普赛姑娘爱斯美拉达,在巴黎圣母院前面的广场上跳舞时,引起了巴黎圣母院副主教克洛德·弗洛罗的注意,并勾起了他那罪恶的畸形淫欲,便与自己的养子,丑陋的敲钟人卡西莫多一起,劫持了爱斯美拉达,不料在途中竟被御前侍卫——腓比斯救出,爱斯美拉达从此便被他那英俊的外表所打动,并深深地爱上了他。实际上,腓比斯·夏多佩是个无情无义,只知道到处寻欢作乐,十分轻浮和浅薄的家伙。而那位可怜的卡西莫多却代人受过,成为牺牲品,被绑在耻辱柱上,置于烈日下忍受鞭刑。在他口渴难耐,大声喊着要水喝之际,却遭到众人的嘲笑,善良的爱斯美拉达却不计前嫌,给了他水喝。从此,卡西莫多便有所心动。

巴黎圣母院的副主教——克洛德·弗洛罗,仇恨吉普赛姑娘对夏多佩情有独钟,在意外地得知她们之间的约会时,便乔装打扮,乘机刺杀夏多佩,并嫁祸于她,爱斯美拉达因此被诬为女巫,在法庭上,她被刑讯逼供,在受刑不过之际,屈打成招,法庭最终以巫术和杀人的罪名把她处以绞刑。在刑场上,卡西莫多奋不顾身地将姑娘带进巴黎圣母院里避难。而副主教得知此事后,乘机再施淫威,在吉普赛姑娘的面前,他彻底剥去了自己虔信上帝

的伪装,痛苦地表达了他那在宗教教义的压制下难以抑制的畸形情欲。在再次遭到拒绝后,便下定决心,要将美丽的吉普赛姑娘置于死地,卡西莫多在得知真相后,在愤怒之际将自己的养父——克洛德·弗洛罗推下高墙,让他摔死在圣母院前面的广场上,自己则拥着吉普赛姑娘的尸体死去了。

《巴黎圣母院》的故事情节中,始终充满了美与丑、善与恶的冲突,并在这种冲突中来批判当时的封建专制与教会牧师克洛德·弗洛罗的虚伪嘴脸。

译 者

二〇一一年六月

## BOOK ONE

## I

## THE GREAT HALL

JUST three hundred and forty-eight years, six months, and nineteen days ago today Parisians woke to the sound of all the bells pealing out within the triple precinct of City, University, and Town.

The sixth of January 1482 is not, however, a day commemorated by history. There was nothing very special about the event which thus launched the bells and the people of Paris into movement from early in the morning. It was not an attack by Picards or Burgundians, not a procession of relics, not a student revolt in the Laas vineyard, not 'our aforesaid most dread sovereign Lord the King' making his entry, not even the fine spectacle of men and women being hanged for robbery at the Palais de Justice in Paris. Nor was it the arrival of some embassy, a frequent occurrence in the fifteenth century, all bedizened and plumed. It was hardly two days since the last cavalcade of that kind, the Flemish embassy sent to conclude the marriage of the Dauphin and Marguerite of Flanders, had entered Paris, much to the annoyance of the Cardinal de Bourbon, who, to please the King, had had to put on a welcoming smile for this rustic bunch of Flemish burgomasters and treat them, in his Hôtel de Bourbon, to 'a very fine morality,

## 第一卷

## —

## 大厅

距巴黎老城(也译作城岛,是巴黎最早居民点,原来是塞纳河中的一个小岛,巴黎圣母院也就在这个地方——译者注)、大学城和新城这三个城区里的居民,一大早便被万钟齐鸣的响声所惊醒的那一天,离现在已经有三百四十八年六个月零十九天了。

然而,在一四八二年的一月六日,在历史上对这一天也没有什么记载。大清早就发生巴黎全城群钟齐鸣、万民轰动的事情,也没有什么值得特别注意的地方。既不是毕加尔人(当时英吉利海峡中的一个省份——译者注)或者勃艮第人(当时的法国国王的一个公爵领地——译者注)所发动的一次进攻,不是抬着圣物的游行,不是拉斯葡萄酒园(大学城最早的名字——译者注)学生暴动,也不是“我们可敬可畏的国王陛下”进城,甚至也不会是在巴黎司法宫对男女抢劫犯实施绞刑的那种精彩场面,更不会是在十五世纪经常见到的身着异服,插着羽毛的外国使者到来。最近一支这样的队伍,也就是仅在两天前,佛兰德(欧洲的一个旧国家,现在已分属荷兰、比利时、法国——译者注)使臣们来到巴黎,奉命为法国王太子和佛兰德的公主玛格丽特缔结婚约。这让波旁红衣主教伤透了脑筋,但为了让国王高兴,欢迎他们时也不得不对这群俗里俗气的佛兰德的市长们拿出一副



satire, and farce', while torrential rain soaked the magnificent tapestries hung at his door.

What, in the words of Jean de Troyes, 'excited all the people of Paris' on 6 January was the twofold celebration, combined since time immemorial, of the Feast of the Epiphany and the Feast of Fools.

That day there was to be a bonfire on the Place de Grève, a maypole set up at the chapel of Braque, and a mystery play at the Palais de Justice. The news had been publicly proclaimed with trumpet calls at all the crossroads by the Provost's men, in their handsome tunics of purple camlet, with big white crosses on the front.

From early morning the crowd of townfolk, men and women, had begun to come in from all directions, leaving houses and shops closed up, making their way towards one of the three appointed places. Everyone had made a choice, some for the bonfire, some for the maypole, some for the mystery. It must be said, in praise of the age-old good sense of curious Parisians, that the majority of this crowd was making for the bonfire, which came very seasonably, or the mystery, to be performed in the sheltered and enclosed Great Hall of the Palais, and that, by common consent, the curious left the poor maypole, with its scanty garlands, to shiver all alone under the January sky in the cemetery of the chapel of Braque.

The flood of people was particularly dense

笑脸,并在下着倾盆大雨的时候,还在自己的波旁公馆中请他们观赏一场“极其精彩的寓意剧、滑稽剧和闹剧”,悬挂在公馆门前的那些华丽的帷幔也都淋湿了。

在一月六日那一天,用约翰·德·特洛瓦(十五世纪的一个史学家——译者注)的说法,“使巴黎全城的市民激动不已”的日子,是自古以来就合并在一起的两个庆贺节日,即主显节和狂人节。

这一天,按习惯将在河岸广场(也就是现在的巴黎市政广场——译者注)放焰火,在布拉克小教堂竖起五朔节花柱(一种用彩带和花束扎成的木柱,当时每到五月节,少男少女便围着跳舞——译者注),在司法宫演出宗教剧(中世纪时代的一种表示对神敬奉的戏剧——译者注)的前一天晚上,穿着漂亮的紫地红色毛料制服,胸前缀着两个白色十字的市政官员们,就在十字街头,在喇叭上通知过了。

从早晨开始,成群的男女市民们不管是住家还是店铺,都关门上锁,从四面八方涌向指定的三个地方。人人心中都做好了选择,有些人要去看焰火,有些人想看竖起的五朔节花柱,还有一些人想观看宗教剧。应该说明的是,自古以来那些很有见识的巴黎人,实在是值得称赞,大部分民众都想去看正合时节的焰火;或者去看宗教剧,因为是在有屋顶并且紧闭着的司法宫大厅里演出,那些好奇的人们,全都把那棵可怜的五朔节花柱给冷落了,让那棵花朵不多的树,可怜兮兮地在一月的天空中,孤零零地站在布拉克小教堂的墓地上发抖。

在通往司法宫的那些大街上,人

in the roads leading to the Palais de Justice, because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors, who had arrived two days earlier, intended to be present at the performance of the mystery play and the election of the Pope of Fools, which was also to take place in the Great Hall.

It was no easy matter that day to gain admission to the Great Hall, though at the time it was reputed to be the largest enclosed and covered space in the world. (It is true that Sauval had not yet measured the great hall of the castle at Montargis.) To onlookers watching from their windows the Place du Palais, blocked with people, presented the appearance of a vast sea into which a dozen streets, like so many river mouths, continually disgorged fresh streams of heads. The waves of this human flood, constantly spreading, broke against the corners of houses projecting here and there like headlands into the irregular basin formed by the Place. In the centre of the tall, Gothic facade of the Palais was the grand staircase; up and down it flowed continuously a double stream, breaking on the central flight of steps, and then spreading out in broad waves over its two lateral flights. This grand staircase, as I say, poured ceaselessly into the Place like a cascade into a lake. The shouts of laughter, the tramping of these thousands of feet, set up a great noise and clamour. Now and then this noise and clamour grew louder, the current driving the whole crowd towards the grand staircase ebbed, broke into turbulence and eddies. It was an archer thumping somebody, or the horse of one of the provost-sergeants kicking out to restore order—an admirable tradition bequeathed by the Provost's men to the constabulary, by the constabulary to the mounted police, and by

们特别拥挤,因为人们都知道,两天前到达巴黎的佛兰德的大使们,也准备观看宗教剧的演出,以及也在那个大厅里将要举行的愚人教皇的选举。

那一天,要想挤进大厅可不是一件容易的事,尽管司法宫大厅在当时,还被誉爲世上最大的有屋顶的大厅(实际上,索瓦尔当时还没有对孟达尔行宫的大厅进行测量)。挤在窗口处的旁观者向外面一望,只见司法宫的广场上挤满了人群,在通向广场的十二条大街上,好象流向辽阔大海的那些河流的入口似的,连续不断地涌进一股股汹涌的人流。形状不规则的广场如同一个水盆,而四周这儿那儿突起的屋角,就象一个个海岬似的,那人流的浪涛,一阵阵汹涌地冲击着那些岬角。在那座哥特式豪华宫殿下面的中央,有一道很高的楼梯,两股人流在那里不停地上上下下,人流在中间的楼梯底下散开后,又形成波澜壮阔的波浪向两侧的斜坡扩散。正象我所形容的那样,那道大楼梯就象一道不停地泻入湖泊的小瀑布,不断向宫殿中注入活水。呼喊声、笑声、成千上万只脚的踏地声,汇成巨大的响声。这种声响,这种喧闹,随着涌向中央大楼梯的人流的倒退、骚动和旋转,变得更大了。原来是一名弓箭手在出面干涉,或是一名市政府的军警骑着马冲出来,拼命维持秩序。这种令人称赞的传统,由市政府传令给城防司令部,由城防司令部传给警察总局,再从警察总局传给今天的巴黎警察分局。





the mounted police to our modern Paris gendarmerie.

At doors, windows, skylights, on the roofs, swarmed thousands of citizens, with good, solid, honest faces, just looking at the Palais, looking at the throng, and perfectly satisfied to do so, for plenty of people in Paris are quite content with the spectacle of spectators, and curiosity is easily aroused by a wall behind which something is going on.

If it could be given to us, men of 1830, to mingle in thought with these fifteenth-century Parisians and join them as they go, tugged, jostled, shoved into this immense hall in the Palais, so cramped on that 6 January 1482, the spectacle would not prove to be without interest or appeal, and everything around us would be so old as to strike us as a novelty.

With the reader's permission we shall try to recreate in imagination the impression he would have shared with us as he crossed the threshold of the Great Hall amid this throng of people dressed in surcoat, tunic, and kirtle.

First of all we feel a buzzing in our ears, our eyes are dazzled. Above our heads a double ogive vault, panelled with wooden carvings, painted sky-blue, sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lys, beneath our feet a marble pavement with alternate slabs of black and white. A few paces away stands an enormous pillar, then another and another, seven pillars in all down the length of the hall, supporting in the middle of its width the springing of the double vaults. Round the first four pillars stand traders' stalls, sparkling with glass and tinsel; round the last three are set oaken benches, worn smooth and polished by the

在各家的门口上、窗户上、天窗上、屋顶上,都密集着成千上万张市民那善良、可靠、朴实的面孔,望着司法宫,望着这拥挤的人群,也就因此而满足了,因为直到今天,巴黎的许多人还满足于看那些由观众所形成的场面,再说,在那一堵墙的背后正在发生着什么事,这也很容易唤起我们的好奇心。

假如我们这些生活在一八三〇年的人,能在脑海中混迹于十五世纪的巴黎人中间,与他们推推挤挤地,跌跌撞撞地挤进司法宫那个宽大无比的大厅中去——在一四八二年一月六日的这一天,却显得是那么狭小,就不会觉得这种景象没有趣味,没有吸引力了,并且还会认为我们周围的事物是如此古老,反而会感到十分新鲜。

假如读者同意的话,我们就请他试着想象他与我们一起,夹杂在穿着短上衣、半截衫、短袄的嘈杂的人群中,走进大厅时会产生什么样的印象。

首先,我们就会感到耳朵里一片轰鸣,眼睛里一片昏花。我们头顶上是双层的尖形拱顶,镶嵌着木雕,涂着天蓝色的彩绘,饰有金色的百合花纹;我们脚下是一条黑白相间的大理石地面。离我们几步远的地方有一根巨大的柱子,一根,又一根,再来一根;大厅纵向总共竖着七根大柱子,支撑着双层拱顶落在正中的起拱点。前四根柱子的周围摆着几家货摊,出售着闪光的玻璃器皿片和金属饰片;后面的三根大柱的四周,摆放着早由诉讼人的短裤以及代理人的长袍磨光了的几条橡木板凳。大厅四周,沿

breeches of litigants and the robes of lawyers. All round the hall, along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, is an endless range of statues of every king of France since Pharamond; the do-nothing kings, arms slack and eyes downcast; the valorous warrior kings, head and hands raised boldly up to heaven. Then, in the tall pointed windows, stained glass of countless hues; at the spacious arches leading to the hall, finely carved and splendid doors; and the whole, vaults, pillars, walls, window frames, panelling, doors, statues, all covered from top to bottom with splendid gold and blue illumination, already slightly faded by the time we are looking at it, and almost completely hidden beneath dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549 when Du Breul still admired it as tradition demanded.

Now imagine this vast oblong hall, lit by the wan light of a January day, invaded by a motley, noisy crowd drifting round the walls and swirling round the pillars, and you will already have a vague idea of the whole scene which we shall try to depict in more precise and curious detail.

It is certain that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henri IV there would have been no documents from Ravaillac's trial to be deposited in the registry of the Palais de Justice; no accomplices with an interest in making the said documents disappear; hence no arsonists obliged, for want of any better method, to burn down the registry in order to burn the documents and to burn down the Palais de Justice in order to burn the registry; in short, therefore, no great fire in 1618. The old Palais would still be standing with its old Great Hall; I could say to the reader 'Go and

着高高的外墙壁,门与门之间,窗与窗之间,以及柱子与柱子之间,摆放着从法哈蒙德以来的法国历代帝王的雕像;其中有双臂下悬,眼睛低垂的游手好闲者;有昂首挺胸,双手高高的指向天空的英武好斗者。然后,在一些尖拱形的窗子上,装着各种颜色的玻璃窗叶;宽大的出入口处,都装着精雕细刻的华美门扉。这一切,包括拱顶、柱子、墙壁、窗格、护板、门扉、雕像,从上到下,都涂满了雅致的蓝色或金黄色;我们所看到的那些,已经随着时间的流逝而略显暗淡了。到了公元一五四九年,尽管德·普勒尔根据传统还对它大加赞美,其实那时已遭尘封和蛛网的埋没,全然不见当年那种灿烂的颜色了。

现在,想象一下这座长方形的宽广大厅,在一月份暗淡阳光的照射下,拥进一大群衣着五颜六色、吵吵闹闹的人流,沿着墙瞎逛,绕着柱子转悠,这样,你就会对我们将要进一步描述那些有趣细节的整体场面有个模糊的印象了。

实际上,如果不是拉瓦伊阿克(在一六一〇年五月十四日行刺的一个狂人刺客——译者注)刺杀亨利四世,就不会有存放在司法宫档案室里的拉瓦伊阿克案件的卷宗,也没有他的同谋犯由于自身的利害关系,非要把这个案子的卷宗毁掉;因而也不会有别无良策的纵火犯,为了能烧毁卷宗,只有纵火焚烧了档案室,也不会为了把档案室烧毁,才不得不放火烧毁司法宫。总而言之,也不会因此就有一六一八年的那场大火。那么,古老的司法宫以及古老的大厅也会依



see it', and we should both be spared the trouble, I of composing, he of reading, any detailed description of it. Which proves a new truth: great events have incalculable consequences.

It is true that Ravailiac may quite possibly have had no accomplices, and then that his accomplices, if perchance he had any, had nothing to do with the fire of 1618. There are two other, quite plausible explanations for it. First, the great fiery star, a foot wide and a cubit high, which fell, as everyone knows, from the sky on to the Palais, after midnight on 7 March. Secondly Théophile's quatrain:

Certes ce fut un triste jeu,  
Quand No. Paris Dame Justice,

Pour avoir mangé trop d'épice,

Se mit tout le palais en feu.

Whatever one may think of this triple explanation, political, physical, poetical, for the conflagration of the Palais de Justice in 1618, the one unfortunately certain fact is the conflagration. Very little remains today, thanks to that catastrophe, and above all thanks to the different and successive restorations, which finished off what had been spared of that first residence of the kings of France, of that palace older than the Louvre, already so old in the time of Philippe le Bel that a search was made for traces of the magnificent buildings put up by King Robert and described by Helgaldus. Almost everything has disappeared. What has become of the bedroom in the chancellery where St Louis 'consummated his marriage'? The

然屹立,我也可以告诉读者:“自己去看看吧!”于是,我们都省掉这么多麻烦。对于这些细节的描述,我也省得写了,您也就不需要阅读了。这也证明了一条真理:对于重大的事件必有不可估量的后果。

当然,拉瓦伊阿克也有可能并没有同谋犯;其次,即使他有,他的同谋也很可能与一六一八年的那场火灾没有任何关系。对那场大火的起因这儿就有另外两种合乎情理的解释,第一种是:有颗炽热的星星,有一尺宽,一肘高,这是众所周知的,在三月七日后半夜从天而降,落到司法宫上面。第二种解释有泰奥费尔的四句诗为证:

的确,是场悲惨的游戏,

在巴黎的正义女神(在法文中,法院这个单词也有正义宫的意思,所以在这里说法院是正义女神的宫殿——译者注),

吃了太多的辣椒(为双关用语,还有一种贪污受贿的意思——译者注),  
就把她的宫殿放火烧掉。

无论人们如何想象在一六一八年,司法宫所引起的那场大火的原因,政治的、自然的、诗的三种解释,火灾总是不幸地发生了,这是一个千真万确的事实。由于这场灾难,特别由于把那些幸存着的东西也毁掉的接连的几次修复,时至今日,这座法国最初的王宫,这座年代久远的卢浮宫,它在美男子菲利浦时代就已经很老了,引得人们到里面去寻找被埃卡迪斯所描述的那座由罗伯尔国王建造的那些华丽建筑物的遗迹,几乎所有的一切都消失殆尽了。当初,圣路易曾经在里面举行婚礼的枢密院现在变成什么样子了?他“穿着羽纱束腰外衣、无袖粗呢外衣,再罩上长外套,脚登黑色皮绊鞋,与儒安维尔一

garden where he dispensed justice, 'wearing a camlet tunic, a sleeveless linseywoolsey surcoat, with a black sendal cloak on top, reclining on carpets with Joinville'? Where is the Emperor Sigismond's room? That of Charles IV? Of John Lackland? Where is the staircase from which Charles VI promulgated his Edict of Mercy? The slab on which Marcel, in the Dauphin's presence, murdered Robert de Clermont and the maréchal de Champagne? The wicket where the bulls of the anti-pope Benedict were torn up, and from whence those who had brought them set out again, mockingly decked in cope and mitre, to make *amende honorable* right through Paris? And the Great Hall, with its gilding, its azure colouring, pointed arches, statues, pillars, the immense vault fretted with carvings? And the Gilded Chamber? And the stone lion standing at the door, head down and tail between his legs, like the lions of Solomon's throne, in the humbly submissive posture befitting strength before justice? And the fine doors? And stained-glass windows? And the chased ironwork which made Biscornette lose heart? And the delicate joinery of Du Hancy? What have the years, what have men done to these marvels? What have they given us in place of it all, all that Gaulish history, all that Gothic art? The heavy surbased arches of Monsieur de Brosse, the clumsy architect of the Portail Saint-Gervais so much for art; and as for history, we have the garrulous memories of the great pillar, still echoing with the Patrus gossip.

It is not very much—let us return to the real Great Hall of the real old Palais.

起卧在地毯上”，审理案件的那座御花园现在在什么地方？西吉斯蒙皇帝的寝宫现在又在什么地方呢？查理四世的呢？还有没有封地的约翰的呢？哪里是查理六世颁布赦令的楼梯？马塞尔当着太子的面，杀死了罗泊尔·德·克莱蒙和香帕尼元帅的那块石板，现在又在哪儿呢？把伪教皇贝内迪克的训谕给撕碎的小门，他的那些传谕的使者，也从这儿被带出去，加以丑化，身披袈裟，头戴法冠，在巴黎城的大街小巷游行示众，这道小门现在又在何处呢？还有那座被装饰得金碧辉煌的大厅、尖拱窗户、雕像、大柱，以及饰满雕刻图案的宽阔拱顶，这一切现在又都在什么地方呢？还有那装饰得金光灿烂的卧室？那个守在门口的石狮子，低着头，夹着尾巴，就像所罗门座前的那个狮子一样；表现出一副暴力屈从于公理的温顺的样子，这个石狮子现在又会在什么地方呢？还有那一扇扇精致的门扉？那一扇扇绚丽的彩色玻璃窗？哪儿是比斯科内特望而生畏的房门上的镂花铁包皮？哪还有德·昂锡制造的精致木器？随着时光的流逝，人事更替，这些稀世珍宝最终落了个什么样的下场呢？人类用什么来取代这一切，取代整个高卢的历史，取代这所有的哥特艺术，当时的人们给我们留下的都是些什么呢？代替艺术的，只是德·普罗斯大人在圣热尔韦门建造的那种笨重扁圆的穹顶建筑物；在历史方面，我们也只是听到对粗壮柱子的喋喋不休的回忆，至今，巴特吕之流所说的废话还在耳边回响。

这并没有什么。还是让我们再回到古老司法宫的这间真实的大厅里去吧。



One end of this gigantic parallelogram contained the famous marble table, so long, broad, and thick, according to the old registers, in a style to whet Gargantua's appetite, that never had there been seen 'such a slab of marble anywhere in the world'. The other end contained the chapel where Louis XI had had himself sculptured kneeling before the Virgin, and to which he had transferred, heedless of the two niches left empty in the row of royal statues, those of Charlemagne and St Louis, two saints who, he supposed, must enjoy much favour in heaven as kings of France. This chapel, still new, its construction dating from barely six years before, was all conceived with that delightful taste for delicate architecture, wonderful sculpture, precise and deeply incised tracery which in France marks the end of the Gothic age and survives until about the middle of the sixteenth century in the magical fantasies of the Renaissance. The little open-work rose-window pierced over the door way was in particular a masterpiece of lightness and grace it looked like a star woven from lace.

In the middle of the hall, opposite the great door a tribune of gold brocade had been set up against the wall, with its own entrance contrived through a window in the passage leading to the Gilded Chamber; this was for the Flemish envoys and other important persons invited to the performance of the mystery play.

According to custom the mystery was to be performed actually on the marble table. It had been prepared to that end early that morning; its rich slab of marble, scored by the heels of the law clerks, bore a frame of scaffolding of a

在这座呈平行四边形的宽广大厅中,一头放着一张闻名于世的大理石桌子,按照古老的地籍册中所说的那样,它是如此地长,如此地宽,如此地厚,借用足以让卡岗蒂亚(这是拉伯特的《巨人传》的一个主角,以其食量太大而闻名于世,故此,对于这么一个大块,一定会有一种垂涎欲滴的感觉——译者注)垂涎欲滴的说法,“在世上的任何地方也没有见过这样庞大的大理石块”;另一头就是那座小教堂,里面安放着路易十一让人塑造的一座自己在圣母面前跪着的雕像,还把他认为可以得到上天无比信任的法国的圣人,两位国君,即查理大帝和圣路易的塑像也让人搬到小教堂中放着,却没有顾忌到大厅里,在那一长串历代君王的塑像中留下了两个空墙洞。这座小教堂建成才不过六年,还是崭新的,完全能够称得上是建筑学中的精品,雕刻奇妙,精美的镂空,这一切所表现出的那种妩媚的风格;正是我国哥特时代末期的特征,并向后延续到十六世纪中叶,表现为文艺复兴时代优美的想象。门廊上面镂空的菊花小窗,纤秀而优雅,可以称得上是一件优美的杰作,看上去就象一颗饰有花边的星星。

在大厅中央,正对着大门,背靠着墙搭了一座铺着织金缎的看台,它的专用入口就是那间装饰精美的卧室的一个窗户。这是专为佛兰德的使者们和其他应邀而来的重要人物观看宗教剧的演出而搭起来的。

按照惯例,宗教剧应当在那张大理石桌面上表演。一大早便把那张桌子布置好了。那厚敦敦的桌面,早被司法宫的职员们的鞋跟划得都是一道一道痕迹,搭着一个相当高的木

considerable height, the upper surface of which, visible from every part of the hall, was to serve as the stage, while the inside, screened by tapestries, was to be used as a dressing room for the actors. A ladder, artlessly placed outside, afforded communication between stage and dressing room, and its steep rungs had to serve for exits as well as entrances. No character so unexpected, no twist of plot, no dramatic suspense but had to climb this ladder. Innocent and venerable infancy of art and stage machinery!

Four sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais, whose duty was to stand guard over all popular entertainments, whether holidays or executions, stood at the four corners of the marble table.

The play was not due to commence until the last stroke of twelve came from the great clock in the Palais. That was certainly late for a theatrical performance, but the time had to be set to suit the ambassadors.

Now all this multitude had been waiting since morning. A good number of these honest spectators had been shivering since daybreak in front of the great steps of the Palais; some even claimed to have spent the night lying in the great doorway to be sure of entering first. The crowd grew denser all the time, and like water overflowing its level, began rising up the walls, surging round the pillars, spilling over the entablatures, cornices, window ledges, over all the architectural projections, all the protrusions of the sculptures. So discomfort, impatience, boredom, the liberated feeling of a day devoted to licence and folly, the quarrels continually breaking out over too sharp a nudge or a kick from a hobnailed boot, the tedium of a long wait, all this well before the hour appointed for

架子,上部的板面在大厅的各个角落里都能看得到,那是当作舞台用的。四周围着帷幕的地方,是做演员们的更衣室用的。一张梯子直接放在外面,作为舞台和更衣室之间的连结,演员们的上下场都从那架结实的梯子经过。不管有多么出人预料的剧情,曲折的情节,突兀的悬念,都必须借助这架梯子。这是艺术和舞台设置相结合而得到的新生儿,显得多么天真,多么可敬!

司法官的四名法警,正站在大理石桌子的四角,无论是节日还是行刑之日,他们的责任就是警戒所有恣意行乐的人们。

戏剧等到司法官的大钟敲响十二下时才会开始。这对演戏来说,未免有些太晚,但是又必须与大使们的时间安排相符合。

现在,许多观众从早晨就开始等着。在这些诚实的观众中,相当大的一部分人在天刚亮时,就来到司法官的大楼梯前等候,冻得浑身发抖;甚至有人声称,他们为了最先进去,已经在大门口熬了一整夜。人群越来越多,就象河水泛滥似的,开始沿着墙壁攀升,围着柱子上涨,漫到柱顶盘上、屋檐上、窗台上、建筑物上的所有突起的部分,以及雕塑物上的所有隆起部分。于是,观众们感到很不自在、急躁、厌烦,况且在这个允许嘲笑、疯狂和恣意胡闹的日子里,只要谁被手肘碰了一下,或是脚被钉了掌的鞋子踩了一下,必定要引起一场争吵,还有长时间等待的烦闷,所有这一切都使得群众大为不满,更何况他



the ambassadors' arrival, lent a sour and bitter note to the clamour of this mass of people cribbed, cabined, confined, trampled, suffocated. All that could be heard were curses on the Flemings, the Provost of Merchants, Cardinal de Bourbon, the bailiff of the Palais, Madame Marguerite of Austria, the sergeants with their wands, the cold, the heat, the bad weather, the Bishop of Paris, the Pope of Fools, the pillars, the statues, this closed door, that open window, all to the great amusement of the bands of students and lackeys scattered through the mass, who stirred into all this discontent their own teasing and mischief, adding pinpricks to exacerbate the general ill humour.

Among others there was a group of these merry devils who, after smashing the glass, had boldly ensconced themselves on the entablature of a window, and thence stared and jeered outside and inside in turn at the crowd in the hall and the crowd in the Place outside. From their gestures of mimicry, their roars of laughter, the banter and jeering cries they exchanged with one another from one end of the hall to the other, it was obvious that these young clerks did not share the boredom and weariness of those present, and knew very well how to turn the sight before their eyes into an entertainment for their private pleasure which gave them patience to wait for the other.

'Upon my soul, it's you, *foannes Frolo de Molendino*,' one of them cried out to a little fair-haired devil, with a comely, mischievous face, clinging to the carved acanthus leaves of a capital. 'You are well named Jehan of the Mill; your arms and legs look like four mill-sails turning in the wind. How long have you been here?'

'By the devil's mercy,' Joannes Frolo

们被限制在这里,拥挤着,蹂躏着,都快要窒息了,在大使们预定的到来时间以前,群众的吵闹声也就变得更加尖锐,更加痛苦。只听见一片埋怨声和咒骂声,诸如佛兰德人、市长大人、波旁红衣主教、司法官法官、奥地利的玛格丽特公主、执棒的法警、冷了、热了、坏天气、巴黎主教、愚人教皇、柱子、塑像、这扇关着的门、那扇开着的窗,把所有的一切都骂了个遍。分散在人群中的那帮学生和仆人们听后很是开心,他们不时恶作剧,不断捣乱,撩起所有不满情绪,这无异于火上浇油,更增添了普遍的恶劣心情。

在这些人中,还有一伙快活的捣蛋鬼,他们砸破一扇窗子上的玻璃以后,大胆地爬到柱子顶盘上,在那里东张西望,大肆嘲弄大厅里面的观众,以及外面广场上的人群。从他们所模仿的动作,响亮地哄笑声,及与同伴们在大厅两端相互取笑的呼喊声中,显而易见的是,这些年轻的大学并不像那些在场的观众那样厌烦和疲倦,为了取乐,他们知道怎样从眼前的情景中找出一些精彩的场面,从而可以更有耐心以等待另一场戏的演出。

“冲着我的灵魂发誓,那就是你,约翰·弗洛罗·德·莫朗迪诺!”其中一个冲着金黄色头发的,长得很是标致、攀坐在一个柱头叶板上的淘气鬼喊道,“你叫磨坊的约翰,真是太好了,你那两只胳膊,和那两条腿,看起来就像四只迎风而转的风磨。你来这儿多久了?”

“鬼可怜的,”约翰·弗洛罗答



replied; 'more than four hours now, and I have every hope of having them counted against my time in purgatory. I heard the eight singing-men of the King of Sicily intone the opening verse of the seven o'clock High Mass from the Sainte-Chapelle.'

'Fine singers,' retorted the other; 'their voices are even sharper than their pointed caps! Before he endowed a mass for St John, the King should have found out whether the worthy St John enjoys Latin chanted with a Provençal accent.'

'He did it to give work to those damned singers of the King of Sicily!' screeched an old woman in the crowd below the window. 'I ask you! A thousand *livres parisis* for a mass! And paid for from the tax on salt-water fish sold in the Paris market, what's more!'

'Hold your peace, old woman,' put in a stout and stately individual holding his nose as he stood beside the fishwife; 'a mass certainly had to be endowed. Surely you didn't want the King to fall sick again?'

'Bravely spoken, Sir Gilles Lecornu, master skinner and furrier of the King's wardrobe!' cried the little student clinging to the capital.

A roar of laughter from all the students greeted the unfortunate name of the poor skinner-furrier of the King's wardrobe.

'Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!' said some.

'*Cornutus et hirsutus* [Horned and hairy], ' added another.

'Eh, no doubt,' went on the little demon on the capital. 'What is there to laugh at? There is his Honour Gilles Lecornu, brother of Ma,tre

道,“已经四个多小时了!但愿这四个小时能在我进炼狱涤罪的时间里扣除。我听到了西西里国王的那八名唱诗班童子们在圣小教堂唱七点钟大弥撒的前奏曲。”

“歌手真不错,”那一位反驳道,“他们的声音甚至比他们头上的帽子还要尖!但是,国王奉献给圣约翰大人弥撒曲之前,应该先问一问,圣约翰大人是否喜欢听用普罗旺斯口音唱出来的拉丁文赞美诗。”

“他制作的那个曲子,正是为了 let 西西里国王的那些可恶的唱诗班有活干!”窗子下面的人群中,有个老太婆在那里尖声喊道,“我问问你们!做一次弥撒要花费一千巴黎里弗尔(在古代的法国的一种货币单位——译者注)!这些钱都要从巴黎菜市场上卖咸水鱼那里的税收来支付呢!”

“安静些!老妇人。”站在这卖鱼婆身旁的一个严肃的胖子,捂着鼻子,接过来说,“当然有必要举行一场弥撒,你肯定不愿意让国王再次生病吧?”

“说得妙,吉尔·勒科尼先生,国王的皮货供应商师傅!”那个攀在柱子顶盘上的小个子学生喊道。

一听到皮货供应商这个不幸的名字(勒科尼有长角的意思,在法语中,就象说“戴绿帽子的”之意——译者注),所有学生们都纵声大笑起来。

“勒科尼!吉尔·勒科尼!”有些人喊道。

“有角的和多毛的!”另一个人补充道。

“嘿!这没有什么怀疑的,”柱头上的小淘气鬼又说道,“这有什么好笑的?这是尊敬的吉尔·勒科尼,是



Jacques Lecornu, provost of the King's household, son of Ma<sup>tre</sup> Mahiet Lecornu, head porter of the Bois de Vincennes, all burghers of Paris, all married from father to son!

The merriment increased. The stout furrier, without answering a word, strove to escape the eyes gazing at him from every side, but he sweated and puffed in vain; like a wedge being driven into wood, the only result of his efforts was to clamp still more tightly between his neighbours' shoulders his great apoplectic face, purple with vexation and rage.

Finally one of these neighbours, short, stout, and respectable like him, came to his aid:

'How abominable! Students talking like that to a respectable citizen! In my time they would have been thrashed with a big stick and then burned with it.'

The whole band burst out: 'Ho there! Who is singing that song? Who is that screechowl of ill omen?'

'There, I know who he is,' said one; 'he's Ma<sup>tre</sup> Andry Musnier.'

'Because he's one of the four official booksellers of the University!' said the other.

'Everything in that dump goes in fours,' cried a third; 'four nations, four faculties, four holidays, four proctors, four electors, four booksellers.'

'Well then,' Jehan Frollo put in, 'we'll have to play four kinds of merry hell with them.'

'Musnier, we'll burn your books.'

'Musnier, we'll thrash your lackey.'

'Musnier, we'll rumple your wife.'

御膳总管约翰·勒科尼公的兄弟,樊尚林苑首席守林官马伊埃·勒科尼公的儿子,一家人都是巴黎的好市民,从父到子都曾结过婚。”

大家更加高兴了。肥胖的皮货商没话可答,挣扎着想躲开四面八方向他投过来的注视;尽管弄得汗流浹背,气喘吁吁地也没有用;好象一只陷在木头里的楔子,努力挣扎的结果只会使他的大脑袋瓜在旁边人的肩膀中间夹得更紧,他又急又恼,充血的大脸涨得发紫。

最后,在他身旁的那些人中,有一个又矮又胖,与他一样可敬的人出来帮助他了。

“多么可恶啊!做学生的竟敢对一个市民这样说话!在我们那个时代,这种人早就被棍子痛打一顿,还要被烧死。”

那一帮学生便被激怒了。“噢,哈!是谁在那儿唱这种调子?是哪个丧门星?”

“哦,我认识他,那是安德里·缪斯尼埃老板。”有个人说。

“他是大学的四个正式书商之一。”另一个人说道。

“在那所旧货店里,什么都要凑成四。”第三名学生说:“四个学区、四个学院、四个节日、四个代理人(在这里指的是学区的主管领导——译者注)、四个选举人(指学区的主管以及三个学院的院长——译者注)、四个书商。”

“那么,我们就让这个可笑的四见鬼去吧!”约翰·弗洛罗插嘴道。

“缪斯尼埃,我们要把你的书统统烧掉!”

“缪斯尼埃,我们要狠揍你的伙计!”

“缪斯尼埃,我们要调戏你老