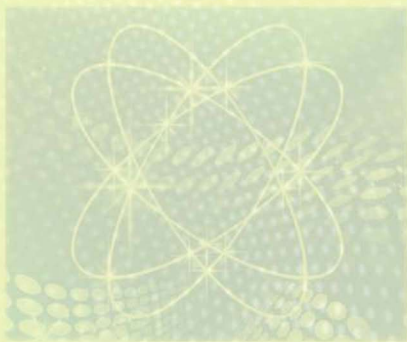


追忆似水年华

Swann's Way - Remembrance
of Things Past Vol

(法) 普鲁斯特著



辽宁人民出版社



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SWANN'S WAY
Remembrance of
Things Past
by Marcel Proust

Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff



Liaoning People's Publishing House, China

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

追忆似水年华 = Swann's Way - Remembrance of Things Past Vol. I by Marcel Proust: 英文/ (法) 普鲁斯特著; 蒙克利夫英译. —沈阳: 辽宁人民出版社, 2016.1

(最经典英语文库)

ISBN 978-7-205-08453-0

I. ①追… II. ①普… ②蒙… III. ①英语—语言读物
②长篇小说—法国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2015) 第283812号

出版发行: 辽宁人民出版社

地址: 沈阳市和平区十一纬路25号 邮编: 110003

电话: 024-23284321 (邮 购) 024-23284324 (发行部)

传真: 024-23284191 (发行部) 024-23284304 (办公室)

<http://www.lnpph.com.cn>

印 刷: 辽宁奥美雅印刷有限公司

幅面尺寸: 105mm × 175mm

印 张: 12.125

出版时间: 2016年1月第1版

印刷时间: 2016年1月第1次印刷

责任编辑: 张 放

封面设计: 琥珀视觉

责任校对: 吉 拉

书 号: ISBN 978-7-205-08453-0

定 价: 31.00元

Marcel Proust

Valentin Louis Georges Eugène Marcel Proust (10 July 1871-18 November 1922) was a French novelist, critic, and essayist best known for his monumental novel *À la recherche du temps perdu* (*In Search of Lost Time*; earlier translated as *Remembrance of Things Past*), published in seven parts between 1913 and 1927. He is considered by many to be one of the greatest authors of all time.

Is This Book for You?

逝去的永远是最好的？

——“最经典英语文库”第五辑之
《追忆似水年华》导读

常文文

马歇尔·普鲁斯特 (1871—1922)原名叫Valentin Louis Georges Eugène Marcel Proust, 汉译大概为“瓦伦廷·路易斯·乔治·尤金·马歇尔·普鲁斯特”，不过，人们一般都只称他为马歇尔·普鲁斯特。他是法国人，因为写出了这本《追忆似水年华》而一跃成为法国最有名的小说家。同时，他也是文学评论家、散文作家。《追忆似水年华》于1913年到1927年陆续出版。现在马歇尔·普鲁斯特被公认为20世纪最伟大的作家之一。

马歇尔·普鲁斯特从小多病，最缠身的病痛就是严重的哮喘。因此，他不能做剧烈的运动，只能缓缓地挪动步伐。17岁时，他在当地上学，随即因为哮喘病太过严重而不得不休学。虽然没有在学校完成学业，但他的家人一直帮助他在家里完成了应该完成的全部学业。他在文学创作方面，很早就展示出了某种天才特征。

后来，他的身体变得强壮了一些，他居然还应征

入伍，当了一年的兵。这一年的当兵生活后来也成为了他的这本名著《追忆似水年华》里的重要章节。后来，他看上了一个上层社会里的大人物的未婚妻。这注定是一段不可能有任何结果的恋情，但他却沉湎其中，不能自拔。

作者是一个有着典型恋母情结的人。当1905年他母亲去世时，他精神上几近崩溃。母亲给他留下了一笔丰厚的遗产。这令他可以吃穿无忧地生活下去。但很遗憾，他的哮喘病情却益发加重起来。后来三年间，他基本上就是在家中的寝室里度过的。他没日没夜地修改着这部《追忆似水年华》。1922年，哮喘病情更加重，51岁就离开了人世。

纵观普鲁斯特这一生，给他影响最大的作家有以下一些人。他曾花多年时间阅读爱默生和约翰·拉斯金的作品。他甚至准备将约翰·拉斯金的作品翻译成法语，但由于他英语水平实在糟糕，于是，只好放弃这一念头。另外给他的思想造成巨大影响的人有圣西门、蒙田、司汤达、福楼拜、乔治·爱略特、陀思妥耶夫斯基和列夫·托尔斯泰。

《追忆似水年华》是一本七卷本的长篇小说，原法语版小说总页码超过3000页，其中人物超过2000个。德国著名童话作家格林先生称普鲁斯特为“20世纪最伟大的小说家”；毛姆则称颂这部小说为“迄今为止最伟大的小说作品”。普鲁斯特在逝世前，一直忙于修改自己的作品，临到终了，也没有完成对整部作品的审校工作。后三卷则是作者死后发表的。

普鲁斯特在开始创作这部作品时，一直没有拿定主意，是写成小说形式的东西，抑或某种讨论文章的形式，来阐释他的哲学兴趣。最终，他还是决定以小说形

式出现。因此，我们经常可以在小说里读到一些听上去很有哲学味道的词汇，如，“时间本质”“记忆力量”等。作者也在小说里讨论了柏格森的时间与空间的理论等问题。

柏格森认为，时间不必是一条线性图，也不必非得是如钟表一样的东西，更不必是一成不变的每个时刻的罗列。相反，柏格森认为，所谓“时间”，不过就是某些不同的时刻和经验“堆在一起的流”，这一堆流与另一堆流不能截然分开罢了。而这种理论，正是普鲁斯特创作本作品的根本出发点。

音乐，在作者眼中看来，也与时间相类似，也是各种音符的“流”。因此，当本书主人公听到有人演奏某段著名的奏鸣曲时，他想到的是自己刚刚热恋时的美好时光。在《追忆似水年华》作品中，作者强调的是用记忆力重塑过去的好时光，并同时提出警告说，逃离到过去之中，将永远不会真正抚慰现下的伤痛。

英译本则由著名翻译家斯各特·蒙克利夫先生执笔（C. K. Scott Moncrieff），全书以*Remembrance of Things Past*为名字出版英译本。斯各特先生还没有完成最后一卷的英译，也告别了人世。最后一卷则由其他译者翻译。后来，有些译者则将本书英译为*In Search of Lost Time*。但“最经典英语文库”还是采用了人们公认的最经典英译本拿来给中国读者分享，因为，这一版本是最好的。

General Preface

Millions of Chinese are learning English to acquire knowledge and skills for communication in a world where English has become the primary language for international discourse. Yet not many learners have come to realize that the command of the English language also enables them to have an easy access to the world literary classics such as Shakespeare's plays, Shelley's poems, mark Twain's novels and Nietzsche's works which are an important part of liberal-arts education. The most important goals of universities are not vocational, that is, not merely the giving of knowledge and the training of skills.

In a broad sense, education aims at broadening young people's mental horizon, cultivating virtues and shaping their character. Lincoln, Mao Zedong and many other great leaders and personages of distinction declared how they drew immense inspiration and strength from literary works. As a matter of fact, many of them had aspired to become writers in their young age. Alexander the Great (356-323 B.C.) is said to take along with him two things, waking or sleeping: a book and a dagger, and the book is Iliad, a literary classic, by Homer. He would put these two much treasured things under his pillow when he went to bed.

Today, we face an unprecedented complex and changing world. To cope with this rapid changing world requires not only communication skills, but also adequate knowledge of cultures other than our own home culture. Among the most important developments in present-day global culture is the ever increasing cultural exchanges and understanding between different nations and peoples. And one of the best ways to know foreign cultures is to read their literary works, particularly their literary classics, the soul of a country's culture. They also give you the best language and the feeling of sublimity.

Liaoning People's Publishing House is to be congratulated for its foresight and courage in making a new series of world literary classics available to the reading public. It is hoped that people with an adequate command of the English language will read them, like them and keep them as their lifetime companions.

I am convinced that the series will make an important contribution to the literary education of the young people in china. At a time when the whole country is emphasizing "spiritual civilization", it is certainly a very timely venture to put out the series of literary classics for literary and cultural education.

Zhang Zhongzai

Professor

Beijing Foreign Studies University

July, 2013 Beijing

总序

经典名著的语言无疑是最凝练、最优美、最有审美价值的。雪莱的那句“如冬已来临，春天还会远吗？”让多少陷于绝望的人重新燃起希望之火，鼓起勇气，迎接严冬过后的春天。徐志摩一句“悄悄的我走了，正如我悄悄的来；我挥一挥衣袖，不带走一片云彩”又让多少人陶醉。尼采的那句“上帝死了”，又给多少人以振聋发聩的启迪作用。

读经典名著，尤其阅读原汁原味作品，可以怡情养性，增长知识，加添才干，丰富情感，开阔视野。所谓“经典”，其实就是作者所属的那个民族的文化积淀，是那个民族的灵魂缩影。英国戏剧泰斗莎士比亚的《哈姆雷特》和《麦克白》等、“意大利语言之父”的但丁的《神曲》之《地狱篇》《炼狱篇》及《天堂篇》、爱尔兰世界一流作家詹姆斯·乔伊斯的《尤利西斯》及《一个艺术家的肖像》等、美国风趣而笔法超一流的著名小说家马克·吐温的《哈克历险记》以及《汤姆索亚历险记》等，德国著名哲学家尼采的《查拉图斯特拉如是说》及《快乐的科学》等等，都为塑造自己民族的文化积淀，做出了永恒的贡献，也同时向世界展示了他们所属的民族的优美剪影。

很多著名领袖如林肯、毛泽东等伟大人物，也都曾从经典名著中汲取力量，甚至获得治国理念。耶鲁大学教授查尔斯·希尔曾在题为《经典与治国理念》的文章，阐述了读书与治国之间的绝妙关系。他这样写道：“在几乎所有经典名著中，都可以找到让人叹为观止、深藏其中的治国艺术原则。”

经典名著，不仅仅有治国理念，更具提升读者审美情趣的功能。世界上不同时代、不同地域的优秀经典作品，都存在一个共同属性：歌颂赞美人间的真善美，揭露抨击世间的假恶丑。

读欧美自但丁以来的经典名著，你会看到，西方无论是在漫长的黑暗时期，抑或进入现代进程时期，总有经典作品问世，对世间的负面，进行冷峻的批判。与此同时，也有更多的大家作品问世，热情讴歌人间的真诚与善良，使读者不由自主地沉浸于经典作品的审美情感之中。

英语经典名著，显然是除了汉语经典名著以外，人类整个进程中至关重要的文化遗产的一部分。从历史上看，英语是全世界经典阅读作品中，使用得最广泛的国际性语言。这一事实，没有产生根本性变化。本世纪相当长一段时间，这一事实也似乎不会发生任何变化。而要更深入地了解并切身感受英语经典名著的风采，阅读原汁原味的英语经典作品的过程，显然是必不可少的。

辽宁人民出版社及时并隆重推出“最经典英语文库”系列丛书，是具有远见与卓识的出版行为。我相信，这套既可供阅读，同时也具收藏价值的英语原版经

典作品系列丛书，在帮助人们了解什么才是经典作品的同时，也一定会成为广大英语爱好者、大中学生以及学生家长们的挚爱的“最经典英语文库”。

北京外国语大学英语学院
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OVERTURE

*F*or a long time I used to go to bed early. Sometimes, when I had put out my candle, my eyes would close so quickly that I had not even time to say "I'm going to sleep." And half an hour later the thought that it was time to go to sleep would awaken me; I would try to put away the book which, I imagined, was still in my hands, and to blow out the light; I had been thinking all the time, while I was asleep, of what I had just been reading, but my thoughts had run into a channel of their own, until I myself seemed actually to have become the subject of my book: a church, a quartet, the rivalry between François I and Charles V. This impression would persist for some moments after I was awake; it did not disturb my mind, but it lay like scales upon my eyes and prevented them from registering the fact that the candle was no longer burning. Then it would begin to seem unintelligible, as the thoughts of a former existence must be to a reincarnate spirit; the subject of my book would separate itself from me, leaving me free to choose whether I would form part of it or no; and at the same time my sight would return and I would be astonished to find myself in a state of darkness, pleasant and restful enough for the eyes, and even more, perhaps, for my mind, to which it appeared incomprehensible, without a cause, a matter dark indeed.

I would ask myself what o'clock it could be; I could

hear the whistling of trains, which, now nearer and now farther off, punctuating the distance like the note of a bird in a forest, shewed me in perspective the deserted countryside through which a traveller would be hurrying towards the nearest station: the path that he followed being fixed for ever in his memory by the general excitement due to being in a strange place, to doing unusual things, to the last words of conversation, to farewells exchanged beneath an unfamiliar lamp which echoed still in his ears amid the silence of the night; and to the delightful prospect of being once again at home.

I would lay my cheeks gently against the comfortable cheeks of my pillow, as plump and blooming as the cheeks of babyhood. Or I would strike a match to look at my watch. Nearly midnight. The hour when an invalid, who has been obliged to start on a journey and to sleep in a strange hotel, awakens in a moment of illness and sees with glad relief a streak of daylight shewing under his bedroom door. Oh, joy of joys! it is morning. The servants will be about in a minute: he can ring, and some one will come to look after him. The thought of being made comfortable gives him strength to endure his pain. He is certain he heard footsteps: they come nearer, and then die away. The ray of light beneath his door is extinguished. It is midnight; some one has turned out the gas; the last servant has gone to bed, and he must lie all night in agony with no one to bring him any help.

I would fall asleep, and often I would be awake again for short snatches only, just long enough to hear the regular creaking of the wainscot, or to open my eyes to settle the shifting kaleidoscope of the darkness, to savour, in an instantaneous flash of perception, the sleep which lay heavy upon the furniture, the room, the whole surroundings of which I formed but an insignificant part and whose unconsciousness I should very soon return to share. Or, perhaps, while

I was asleep I had returned without the least effort to an earlier stage in my life, now for ever outgrown; and had come under the thrall of one of my childish terrors, such as that old terror of my great-uncle's pulling my curls, which was effectually dispelled on the day—the dawn of a new era to me—on which they were finally cropped from my head. I had forgotten that event during my sleep; I remembered it again immediately I had succeeded in making myself wake up to escape my great-uncle's fingers; still, as a measure of precaution, I would bury the whole of my head in the pillow before returning to the world of dreams.

Sometimes, too, just as Eve was created from a rib of Adam, so a woman would come into existence while I was sleeping, conceived from some strain in the position of my limbs. Formed by the appetite that I was on the point of gratifying, she it was, I imagined, who offered me that gratification. My body, conscious that its own warmth was permeating hers, would strive to become one with her, and I would awake. The rest of humanity seemed very remote in comparison with this woman whose company I had left but a moment ago: my cheek was still warm with her kiss, my body bent beneath the weight of hers. If, as would sometimes happen, she had the appearance of some woman whom I had known in waking hours, I would abandon myself altogether to the sole quest of her, like people who set out on a journey to see with their own eyes some city that they have always longed to visit, and imagine that they can taste in reality what has charmed their fancy. And then, gradually, the memory of her would dissolve and vanish, until I had forgotten the maiden of my dream.

When a man is asleep, he has in a circle round him the chain of the hours, the sequence of the years, the order of the heavenly host. Instinctively, when he awakes, he looks to these, and in an instant reads off