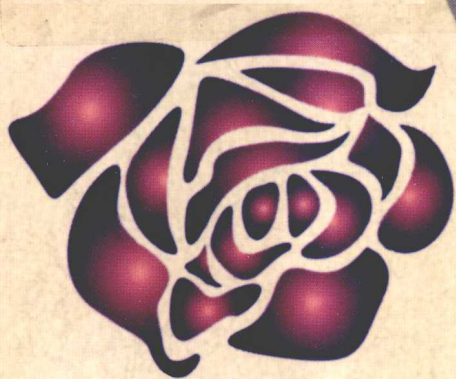


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桃之夭夭

最纯洁、最真挚的爱情  
献给情人最美的礼物



*Carmen*

卡 门

【法】普罗斯佩·梅里美  
Prosper Mérimée

费 解 译



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作 者 [法] 普罗斯佩·梅里美 Prosper Mérimée

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# 序

两千五百多年前，遥远而神秘的东方土地上，一个美丽的姑娘收拾好自己的行装，准备出发。看着自己成长的地方，到处都留下点点滴滴成长的记忆。突然心里弥漫着一种说不出的怅惘，从此之后，这里再也不是属于她的地方了。而且她在这一瞬间明白了一个道理，那就是——这里从来就没有属于过她，因为今天她才真正要回归到属于自己的家园。前半生就是为了这一天的到来，这一天到来之际，自己的生活才真正开始。

那天，是她一生中最美好最灿烂最绚丽的一天，阳光明媚，爱抚的光芒洒遍每一个角落。放眼望去，满眼都是灼灼的桃花，开得那样的热情而又热烈，好像她的命运与这桃花有着某种默契。耳畔传来了悠扬的歌声：“桃之夭夭，灼灼其华。之子于归，宜其室家。”

她终于找到了自己的归宿，阳光下，一切都是那么美丽，充满了色彩的生机。所以，没有人愿意去想，桃花开到最艳丽的时候，等待着它们的将会是什么。没有人肯承认，桃花的艳丽是一个姿态优雅的谏语，阳光背后隐藏着它的忧郁。所以，古今中外美丽的神话传说最后总是用千篇一律的一句话收尾——从此，他们过上了幸福的生活。总之，花开花落，一时的繁华过后，等待着收获的人儿，期待着沉甸甸的果实，饱满而甜蜜。就像《诗经·桃夭》中的那个女孩子，春华秋实，回到了属于自己的家。从此，日复一日，年复一年，时光流逝，爱情的基调却就这样固着了一般，新翻的曲子永远在这个调子上婉转流动，始终无法摆脱它的纠缠。

然而，我们也许是习惯了在美丽虚幻中麻痹自己，不想去面对桃之夭夭过后还可能出现的其他情形，比如雨打桃花、落红满地，比如华而不实、有花无果，甚至有始无终、始乱终弃，那些悲悲凄凄的惨状，有谁愿意面对？何况还有更加令人痛心疾首惨不忍闻的故事。现实中受够了痛苦的人，怎么会愿意在别人故事里再去揭开刚刚复原的伤口。所以，无数人面桃花相映红的故事在流传着，鲜艳欲滴的花儿旁边播出的是满心欢喜的爱情剧，戏里戏外的人都在快乐地欢笑中忘掉了悲与愁。



可是，在遥远的西方却有着完全不同的爱情故事。在那里，故事里的花是断了根、剪了枝、打了包、带了修饰的，故事里的人却是真真实实的存在。人生无常，命运多蹇，该是什么就是什么，没有粉饰没有遮掩。本来，爱情就难得看到一个圆圆满满的收梢，何必非要让它粉墨登场呢？

于是，一幕幕的悲剧开始上演……

虽然真实与虚幻没有严格的界限，但爱情的果子一定不会只有一种，酸、甜、苦、辣，五味俱陈，而它之所以让人心驰神往，就在于着了魔的人正处于期待中。桃之夭夭给予人的是启示，表明爱情都有那浓艳耀眼的一刻；同时它也有暗示，群芳过后必然是狼藉残红，谁也无法遮住爱情的无奈和凄凉。

这次，我们选取国外多篇著名爱情小说，汇编成《罗密欧与朱丽叶·奥赛罗》《卡门·高龙巴》《红字》《曼依》《傲慢与偏见》《呼啸山庄》《麦琪的礼物》《了不起的盖茨比》《魔沼》《野姑娘黛茜·密勒》十种，并做成英汉对照版，以期使读者在阅读一篇篇震撼人心的爱情故事的同时，也能潜移默化地提高自己的英文水平。

普罗斯佩·梅里美（1803—1870）是法国现实主义作家、中短篇小说大师、剧作家、历史学家。他生于巴黎的一个中产阶级家庭，母亲是画家，因此他天生就具有浪漫主义的气质。他本来在学校攻读法律，但兴趣却在希腊语、西班牙语、英语、俄语和这些语种的文学上，同时，他还努力学习关于历史、考古、神秘主义和怪异事物等方面的知识。波旁王朝复辟时，梅里美开始进行文学创作。作品主要有中篇小说《马铁奥·法尔哥尼》、《塔芒戈》等，以及历史学和考古学的著作，如《论罗马历史》、《论社会战争》等，在学术上提出了不少有价值的创见。而代表作《卡门》更使他闻名遐迩，成为最受喜爱的法国小说家之一。

《卡门》是梅里美经过长达十五年的生活、知识和艺术积累精心构思出来的经典作品。一百年前，剧作家亨利·麦牙克和吕多维克·阿来维把小说《卡门》改编成了四幕歌剧，著名作曲家乔治·比才为其作曲。梅里美因此而声名大噪，“卡门”这一人物也成为西方文学史上一个具有特殊意义的典型形象。

梅里美曾在小说《伊勒的维纳斯》中写道：“强力，哪怕体现在邪恶的欲望中，也总能引起我们的惊叹和不由自主的欣赏。”那种所谓的强力、那种“邪恶”的美，正是梅里美的偏爱。

在《卡门》中，原始的强力与邪恶之美达成了完美的结合。卡门本应该是爱情故事的核心，她的美是那种风情万种的美，她的情是似水般的柔情，围绕着她的身

份各异的男子，个个都为她神魂颠倒。然而，卡门对爱情进行了无情的嘲弄。

美色和她的巫术、狡诈一样是她的武器。她不顾一切地要挣脱任何束缚：她宣称，宁可把整个城市烧掉，也不愿去坐一天牢。与一起工作的女工一言不合，就挥刀在对方脸上划一个十字。而这并不是全部，我们接下去会看到，小说的女主人公完全是一个爱情的游戏者，她的温柔多情简直是一味爱情毒药，几乎可以杀伤进入她眼中的任何一个人，可是她的心不会专注地放在任何一个人身上。无论是自己的罗姆还是唐何塞，也无论是此后出现的斗牛士还是船长等人物，在卡门眼中都只是某一阶段的需要。尽管她打着不自由毋宁死的旗帜，死在那个一心要完全占有自己的唐何塞刀下，但她的爱实在泛滥到了没有止境，所以她的爱实际上并没有真正开始过。这真是一种令痴情人恐惧的爱情。

在《高龙巴》中，爱情只是充当了一种道具，在一个惊心动魄的复仇故事中，爱情变得微不足道。高龙巴是一个充满了活力和野性的姑娘。因为与巴里契尼家族有世仇，当父亲被暗杀后，她立刻将复仇的矛头指向了律师出身、有权有势的村长巴里契尼父子。作为女子，她无法直接向仇人挑战，便期待着在军队服役的哥哥回来后为父报仇。由于受到文明的教育和熏陶，奥索早已对家族复仇这种游戏的合法性产生了怀疑，认为家乡的这种风俗是野蛮的陋习，并不愿意以这种方式来解决问題。但高龙巴精心策划，巧计安排，让哥哥奥索不得不在她安排的复仇之路上走下去，并最终实现了她的复仇计划，报了杀父之仇。

书中有一段奥索的爱情插曲，他在被迫退役返回家乡的途中，认识了英国军官托马斯·内维尔上校及其女儿莉迪亚小姐，并与莉迪亚相爱。可是在高龙巴的复仇计划下，这种爱情只能走一走过场。

从以上两部小说看来，梅里美确实很欣赏那些充满了野性的人，异域是这些人生存的最好场所，卢那卡尔斯基在分析他的这种偏好时指出：“如果说他喜欢描写凶狠的男男女女，如果说他醉心于作奸犯科的事情，如果说他不顾道德的话，那么这首先是为了用他的优越感做鞭子，从远处去抽打心怀偏见的庸庸碌碌的俗流；他了解近在他身边的俗流，由中上层阶级代表构成的俗流。”

卢卡尔斯基可谓是梅里美的知音。

侯长生

2009年3月于长安大学

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Carmen

*Classical Gems*

# 卡 门

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英汉对照 · 桃之天天





## CHAPTER I

I had always suspected the geographical authorities did not know what they were talking about when they located the battlefield of Munda<sup>①</sup> in the county of the Bastuli-Poeni<sup>②</sup>, close to the modern Monda<sup>③</sup>, some two leagues<sup>④</sup> north of Marbella<sup>⑤</sup>.

According to my own surmise, founded on the text of the anonymous author of the *Bel-lum Hispaniense*, and on certain information culled from the excellent library owned by the Duke of Ossuna<sup>⑥</sup>, I believed the site of the memorable struggle in which Caesar played double or quits, once and for all, with the champions of the Republic<sup>⑦</sup>, should be sought in the neighbourhood of Montilla.

Happening to be in Andalusia during the autumn of 1830, I made a somewhat lengthy excursion, with the object of clearing up certain doubts which still oppressed me. A paper which I shall shortly publish will, I trust, remove any hesitation that may still exist in the minds of all honest archaeologists. But before that dissertation of mine finally settles the geographical problem on the solution of which the whole of learned Europe hangs, I desire to relate a little tale. It will do no prejudice to the interesting question of the correct locality of Monda.

I had hired a guide and a couple of horses at Cordova<sup>⑧</sup>, and had started on my way with no luggage save a few shirts, and Caesar's Commentaries. As I wandered, one day, across the higher lands of the Cachena plain, worn with fatigue, parched with thirst, scorched by a burning sun, cursing Caesar and Pompey's sons alike, most heartily, my eye lighted, at

① 门达,古西班牙城市名。公元前45年,恺撒率兵与庞贝的儿子在此激战。

② 巴斯图里一波尼,古西班牙的一个省。腓尼基的巴斯图里部落曾定居于此。

③ 蒙达,位于今西班牙马拉加城西南。

④ 里格,旧时的长度单位,每里格约为4.8公里。

⑤ 马尔贝拉,西班牙南部的一个城市。

⑥ 奥苏那公爵(1579—1624),西班牙政治家,曾收藏了大量古希腊、古罗马以及当时欧洲作家的著作珍本及手稿,死后其藏书大部分保存在布宜诺斯艾利斯市立图书馆。

⑦ 战争开始时,地形对恺撒极为不利,但恺撒拼死作战,终于获胜。

⑧ 科尔多瓦,西班牙城市。

## 第一章

地理学家们认为门达古战场位于巴斯图里一波尼地区，临近现在的蒙达，坐落在马尔贝拉以北大约两里格的地方。我总是怀疑他们不知道自己在说什么。

根据无名氏所著的《西班牙战争》和奥苏那公爵珍藏书籍中的一些信息进行推断，我相信这一值得纪念的地点应当在蒙蒂勒附近，恺撒曾在此与共和国的战士们决一死战。

1830 年秋天，我正好在安达鲁西亚，为了弄清楚这些困扰我的问题，我做了一次长途旅行。我相信，不久后发表的论文就能将那些认死理的考古学家们心中的疑云一扫而光。不过，在我的论文为欧洲学者们那些悬而未决的地理问题做出最终解答前，我想先讲述一个小故事，它不会对蒙达的正确位置所在这一有趣的问题产生什么影响。

我在科尔多瓦雇了一个向导和两匹马，随身只带了几件衬衣和一本恺撒的《回忆录》，开始了我的旅程。一天，我在加塞那平原的高地上漫游，疲累不堪，在骄阳下口渴难耐，心里狠狠地诅咒着恺撒和庞贝的儿子们。突然，我的眼前一亮，在我



some distance from the path I was following, on a little stretch of green sward dotted with reeds and rushes. That betokened the neighbourhood of some spring, and, indeed, as I drew nearer I perceived that what had looked like sward was a marsh, into which a stream, which seemed to issue from a narrow gorge between two high spurs of the Sierra di Cabra, ran and disappeared.

If I rode up that stream, I argued, I was likely to find cooler water, fewer leeches and frogs, and mayhap a little shade among the rocks.

At the mouth of the gorge, my horse neighed, and another horse, invisible to me, neighed back. Before I had advanced a hundred paces, the gorge suddenly widened, and I beheld a sort of natural amphitheatre, thoroughly shaded by the steep cliffs that lay all around it. It was impossible to imagine any more delightful halting place for a traveller. At the foot of the precipitous rocks, the stream bubbled upward and fell into a little basin, lined with sand that was as white as snow. Five or six splendid evergreen oaks, sheltered from the wind, and cooled by the spring, grew beside the pool, and shaded it with their thick foliage. And round about it a close and glossy turf offered the wanderer a better bed than he could have found in any hostelry for ten leagues round.

The honour of discovering this fair spot did not belong to me. A man was resting there already – sleeping, no doubt – before I reached it. Roused by the neighing of the horses, he had risen to his feet and had moved over to his mount, which had been taking advantage of its master's slumbers to make a hearty feed on the grass that grew around. He was an active young fellow, of middle height, but powerful in build, and proud and sullen-looking in expression. His complexion, which may once have been fine, had been tanned by the sun till it was darker than his hair. One of his hands grasped his horse's halter. In the other he held a brass blunderbuss.

At the first blush, I confess, the blunderbuss, and the savage looks of the man who bore it, somewhat took me aback. But I had heard so much about robbers, that, never seeing any, I had ceased to believe in their existence. And further, I had seen so many honest farmers arm themselves to the teeth before they went out to market, that the sight of firearms gave me no warrant for doubting the character of any stranger. "And then," quoth I to myself, "what



脚下小径的不远处，有一片散布着芦苇与灯心草的绿地。这意味着附近有泉眼。果然，近前一看，我原以为是绿地的地方是一片沼泽。一条发源于卡布拉山脉两座险峰间峡谷中的小溪，消失于沼泽之中。

我推断，如果溯溪而上，可能找到更清冽的水，里面没有那么多水蛭和青蛙，或许还能在岩石间找到阴凉的休息处呢。

一进峡谷，我的马一声嘶鸣，另一匹看不见的马也随声应和。不足百步，峡谷豁然开朗，宛如一个天然的圆形剧场展现在我眼前，四面的峭壁将空地环绕其中。对于旅人来说，这真是再理想不过的小憩之所了。在一块陡峭的岩石脚下，溪流潺潺涌出，泻入一个小池，池中铺满雪一般洁白的沙子。五六株常青的橡树不受风吹，又有泉水滋润，挺立于小池边，浓密的枝叶遮蔽着池水。池边环绕着细密的青草，可供旅人睡眠。方圆十里格都找不出哪个旅馆能提供这么舒适的床了。

我不能夸耀是我自己发现了这个美妙的地方。一个男人已经在那里休息了——无疑，在我到来前他已经入睡。马嘶声惊醒了他，他站起来，走近自己的马，那马已经趁主人熟睡时在附近的草地上美美地饱餐了一顿。他是个健壮的年轻人，中等身材，但体格很好，看上去傲慢而阴郁，原本可能英俊的脸被太阳晒得比头发的颜色还要深。他一只手牵着马缰绳，另一只手举着一支短铳枪。

我承认，乍一看到短铳枪和那人的凶相，我有点畏缩。但是，听了那么多强盗故事，却没有亲见，我已经不再相信他们的存在了。再说，我看到太多老实巴交的农民在赶集前把自己武装到牙齿，因此，不能看到武器就怀疑陌生人的品质。“那么，”我对自己说，“他要我的衬衣和埃尔泽维尔版的恺撒《回忆录》干什么呢？”



could he do with my shirts and my Elzevir<sup>①</sup> edition of Caesar's Commentaries?" So I bestowed a friendly nod on the man with the blunderbuss, and inquired, with a smile, whether I had disturbed his nap. Without any answer, he looked me over from head to foot. Then, as if the scrutiny had satisfied him, he looked as closely at my guide, who was just coming up. I saw the guide turn pale, and pull up with an air of evident alarm. "An unlucky meeting!" thought I to myself. But prudence instantly counselled me not to let any symptom of anxiety escape me. So I dismounted. I told the guide to take off the horses' bridles, and kneeling down beside the spring, I laved my head and hands and then drank a long draught, lying flat on my belly, like Gideon's soldiers<sup>②</sup>.

Meanwhile, I watched the stranger, and my own guide. This last seemed to come forward unwillingly. But the other did not appear to have any evil designs upon us. For he had turned his horse loose, and the blunderbuss, which he had been holding horizontally, was now dropped earthward.

Not thinking it necessary to take offence at the scant attention paid me, I stretched myself full length upon the grass, and calmly asked the owner of the blunderbuss whether he had a light about him. At the same time I pulled out my cigar-case. The stranger, still without opening his lips, took out his flint, and lost no time in getting me a light. He was evidently growing tamer, for he sat down opposite to me, though he still grasped his weapon. When I had lighted my cigar, I chose out the best I had left, and asked him whether he smoked.

"Yes, senor," he replied. These were the first words I had heard him speak, and I noticed that he did not pronounce the letter "s" in the Andalusian fashion, whence I concluded he was a traveller, like myself, though, maybe, somewhat less of an archaeologist.

"You'll find this a fairly good one," said I, holding out a real Havana regalia.

He bowed his head slightly, lighted his cigar at mine, thanked me with another nod, and began to smoke with a most lively appearance of enjoyment.

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① 埃尔泽维尔, 16—17 世纪时荷兰著名的出版商。

② 基甸的士兵,《圣经》记载,上帝让以色列统帅基甸在出征攻打米甸人前考验自己的士兵:让他们喝潮水。那些趴在地上舔水喝的人,上帝认为不是好士兵,命令基甸放他们回家;有 300 名战士用手捧着水喝,上帝就让这个队伍战胜了敌人。

因此，我对那持枪人友好地点点头，又微笑着问他，我是否打扰了他的休息。他没有回答，只是从头到脚打量着我。审查过关，他又盯着刚走过来的我的向导。我看到向导脸色苍白地停住了脚，显然十分害怕。“糟了！”我心想。但我立刻决定不动声色。于是我下了马，吩咐向导解开马笼头，又跪在泉边洗了洗头 and 手，然后像基甸的士兵一样，长喝一气，填饱了肚子。

这时，我看着陌生人和我的向导。向导很不情愿地走上来，但那人却似乎对我们不再有敌意。因为他松开了马，原来平端在手里的短铳枪的枪口也垂了下来。

我觉得无需为别人不注意我而恼怒，便平躺在草地上，拿出雪茄盒，平静地问那持枪人有没有火。那陌生人还是没有说话，只是很快取出火石为我点着了火。他现在显然已经和善多了，虽然还拿着武器，但他已经坐到了我对面。点着烟后，我在剩下的雪茄里挑了一支最好的，问他抽不抽烟。

“抽的，先生。”他回答。这是我听他说的第一句话。我注意到，他发的“s”的音并不像安达鲁西亚人那样，因此我断定他和我一样，也是个旅客，不过，他和我不同，我是个考古学家。

“这个相当不错。”我说着，递给他一支真正的哈瓦那雪茄。

他对我微微点点头，就着我的雪茄点着了烟，又对我点头致谢，然后享受地抽了起来。



“Ah!” he exclaimed, as he blew his first puff of smoke slowly out of his ears and nostrils. “What a time it is since I’ve had a smoke!”

In Spain the giving and accepting of a cigar establishes bonds of hospitality similar to those founded in Eastern countries on the partaking of bread and salt. My friend turned out more talkative than I had hoped. However, though he claimed to belong to the partido of Montilla, he seemed very ill-informed about the country. He did not know the name of the delightful valley in which we were sitting, he could not tell me the names of any of the neighbouring villages, and when I inquired whether he had not noticed any broken-down walls, broad-rimmed tiles, or carved stones in the vicinity, he confessed he had never paid any heed to such matters. On the other hand, he showed himself an expert in horse-flesh, found fault with my mount – not a difficult affair – and gave me a pedigree of his own, which had come from the famous stud at Cordova. It was a splendid creature, indeed, so tough, according to its owner’s claim, that it had once covered thirty leagues in one day, either at the gallop or at full trot the whole time. In the midst of his story the stranger pulled up short, as if startled and sorry he had said so much. “The fact is I was in a great hurry to get to Cordova,” he went on, somewhat embarrassed. “I had to petition the judges about a lawsuit.” As he spoke, he looked at my guide Antonio, who had dropped his eyes.

The spring and the cool shade were so delightful that I bethought me of certain slices of an excellent ham, which my friends at Montilla had packed into my guide’s wallet. I bade him produce them, and invited the stranger to share our impromptu lunch. If he had not smoked for a long time, he certainly struck me as having fasted for eight-and-forty hours at the very least. He ate like a starving wolf, and I thought to myself that my appearance must really have been quite providential for the poor fellow. Meanwhile my guide ate but little, drank still less, and spoke never a word, although in the earlier part of our journey he had proved himself a most unrivalled chatterer. He seemed ill at ease in the presence of our guest, and a sort of mutual distrust, the cause of which I could not exactly fathom, seemed to be between them.

The last crumbs of bread and scraps of ham had disappeared. We had each smoked our second cigar; I told the guide to bridle the horses, and was just about to take leave of my new friend, when he inquired where I was going to spend the night.