

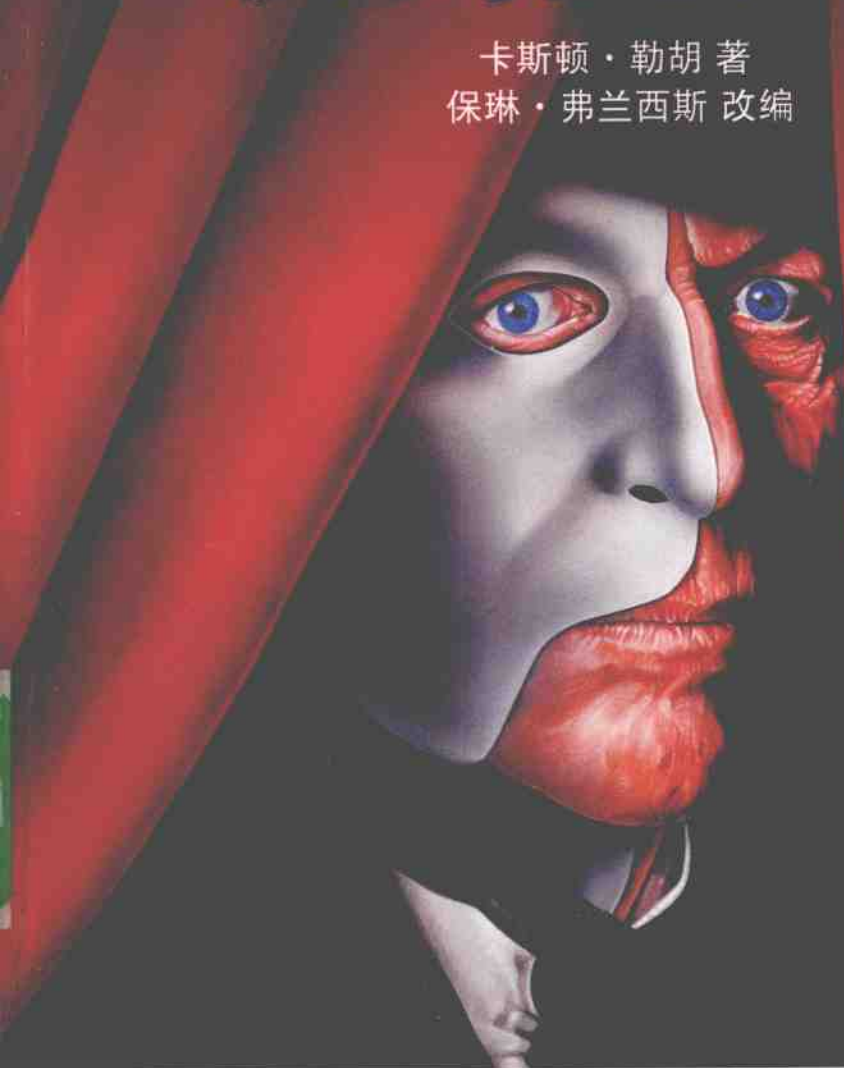
外国文学名著快听快读系列(英汉对照)



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THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA 歌剧院幽灵

卡斯頓·勒胡 著
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



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THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

歌剧院幽灵

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Introduction

Gaston Leroux was born in 1868 in Paris, France, into a very wealthy family. After studying law, he inherited a million francs — and he spent it all very quickly! So he had to work for a living. Leroux started to write for a newspaper in Paris. By the age of thirty, he was a full-time writer of mystery and detective novels.

Gaston Leroux became well known in 1907 for *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, a novel that introduced a teenage crime reporter. Two years later, he wrote *The Phantom of the Opera*, his best-known book today.

The Phantom of the Opera is spine chilling and full of drama, just like a real opera. The phantom of the title — which frightens everyone with his deformed face — lives beneath the Paris Opera House where he becomes obsessed with a young singer, called Christine Daaé. As he enchants her more and more with his music, she begins to wonder whether he really is a phantom. The building that Leroux described actually exists — and it does have enormous cellars with an underground lake.

Many films have been made of this story. In 1987, Andrew Lloyd Webber produced *The Phantom of the Opera* as a musical.

Gaston Leroux died in 1927 at the age of forty-nine.



引 言

卡斯頓·勒胡 1868 年生于法国巴黎的一个富裕家庭。上学期间学习法律，之后，他继承了 100 万法郎，但很快他就把所继承的财产挥霍殆尽，不得不靠工作维持生计，于是开始为巴黎的一家报纸撰稿。30 岁时，他已经专职写作神秘小说和侦探小说。

1907 年，卡斯頓·勒胡发表了小说《黄色房间之谜》，一举成名。小说讲述了一位报道青少年犯罪的记者。两年后，他又发表了最著名的作品《歌剧院幽灵》。

《歌剧院幽灵》就像一部真正的歌剧，令人毛骨悚然，充满戏剧性。小说中的幽灵住在巴黎歌剧院的下面，面貌丑陋，人人害怕。他深深地爱上了年轻的歌唱家克里斯蒂娜·达埃，并一步步地用音乐迷惑她。慢慢地，克里斯蒂娜开始怀疑他是否真的是一个幽灵。勒胡所描述的建筑物在现实中的确存在，也确实有很多地下室和一个地下湖。

这个故事多次被改编为电影。1987 年，安德鲁·洛伊·韦伯曾把它改编成音乐剧。

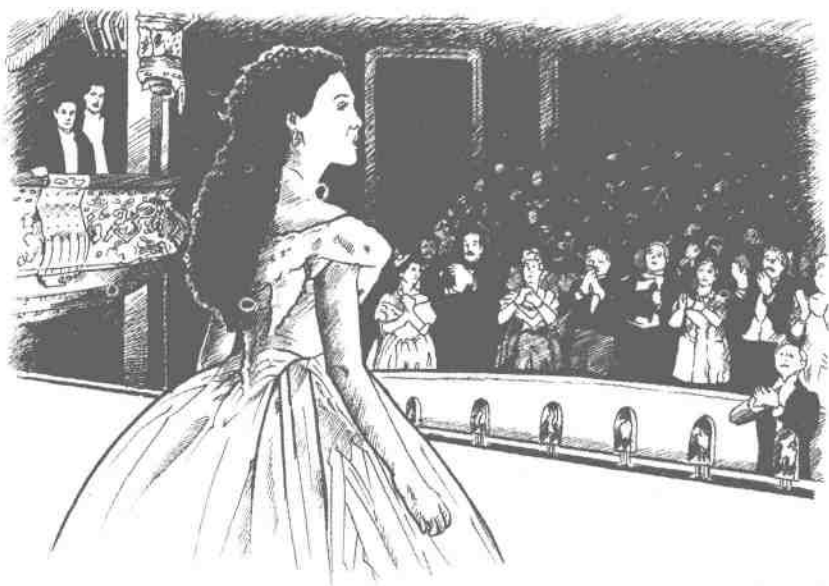
卡斯頓·勒胡死于 1927 年，年仅 49 岁。

CHAPTER ONE

A New Singer

A new singer had just given a wonderful performance at the Paris Opera House. Her name was Christine Daaé. At the last minute, she had replaced Carlotta, who was ill, as Margarita in an opera called Faust. Nobody had ever heard a voice like hers. The audience went mad with delight and clapped until Christine was carried from the stage weeping and fainting.

In his box overlooking the stage, the Count de Chagny applauded loudly, too. He was a handsome man of forty-one and the head of one of the most distinguished families in France. His younger brother Raoul sat next to him, his face pale with surprise.



"I wonder if Christine will remember me?" Raoul thought. "We used to play on the beach together when we were children. I must go back-stage to meet her."

As he made his way to Christine Daaé's dressing room, Raoul passed some of the ballet dancers in the narrow corridors. They were talking about a phantom which had been haunting the Opera House for some time; how he seemed to appear from nowhere in the shape of a gentleman wearing a black evening suit — and how he vanished as soon as he was seen.

Joseph Buquet, a scene-shifter, had met him once on the staircase leading to the cellars. "His skin is yellow and so tightly stretched over his bones that it looks like the face of a dead person," he told everybody afterwards. "His eyes are so deep that they look like two big black holes. His nose is small and he hardly has any hair. Ugh!"

Now Raoul de Chagny entered Christine Daaé's dressing room just as she was opening her eyes. "Monsieur," she whispered. "Who are you?"

Raoul kissed her hand. "Don't you remember?" he asked. "I am the little boy who went into the sea to rescue your scarf when the wind blew it away. I should like to speak to you in private, Mademoiselle Christine."

"No," she replied. "Go away! I wish to be alone."

Raoul waited impatiently outside her door. To his surprise, he heard a man's voice coming from the dressing room. "Christine, you must love me!" he said. And Christine's trembling voice replied, "How can you talk like that, when I sing only for you! Tonight I gave you my soul."

Raoul heard no more. He crept into a dark corner, his heart beating wildly, and waited for the man to leave. He knew that he

loved Christine Daaé and he hated that man inside her room.

At last, Christine came out, but she did not see Raoul. When she had gone, he went into her dressing room. The gaslight had been turned out. He stood there in complete darkness.

“Why are you hiding?” Raoul called out, striking a match. “If you don’t answer, you are a coward!”

The match lit up the room — but it was empty.

Raoul waited for ten minutes. Then he decided to leave. As he went through the door, an icy blast struck him in the face. He walked through the corridors for some time, not knowing where he was going. Suddenly, near the bottom of a staircase, he had to make way for a group of men carrying a stretcher. The person on it was covered with a white sheet.

“Who is that?” he asked.

“Joseph Buquet,” one of the men answered. “He was found dead behind the scenery in the third cellar.”



第一章 一位新歌星

在巴黎歌剧院，一位新歌星的演唱精彩极了，她的名字叫克里斯蒂娜·达埃。她是在最后时刻，临时顶替生病的卡洛塔，在歌剧《浮士德》中出演玛格丽塔这个角色的。从来没有人听过像她那么美妙的嗓音，全场观众欣喜若狂，掌声经久不息。克里斯蒂娜热泪盈眶，晕倒在舞台上，不得不被人抬了下去。

德·夏尼伯爵坐在包厢里俯瞰着舞台，也使劲地鼓掌。他年仅41岁，英俊潇洒，是法国最负盛名的一家名门望族的领袖。他的弟弟拉乌尔坐在他旁边，满脸惊讶，面色苍白。

“不知道克里斯蒂娜还能不能记得我？”拉乌尔想，“小时候，我们曾经在沙滩上一起玩耍。我必须到后台去见她。”

他起身向克里斯蒂娜·达埃的化妆间走去。在狭窄的过道处，拉乌尔挤过一群芭蕾舞演员。她们正在谈论这段时间一直出没于歌剧院的幽灵：他身穿黑色晚礼服，以男子的形状神出鬼没——忽而出现，转瞬又消失，来无影去无踪。

道具布景师约瑟夫·比盖曾经在通往地下室的楼梯上遇到过这个幽灵。“他的脸色蜡黄，皮肤紧贴在骨头上，简直像个死人。”从那以后，他对每个人都这样说，“双眼深陷，像两个黑洞。鼻子很小，几乎没有头发。呃！”

拉乌尔·德·夏尼来到克里斯蒂娜·达埃的化妆间的时候，她刚刚苏醒。“先生，”她有气无力地问，“你是谁呀？”

拉乌尔亲吻她的手。“难道你不记得我了吗？”他说，“当年，风把你的围巾刮走，那个跳入海中，为你捞回围巾的男孩，就是我呀。克里斯蒂娜小姐，我要和你单独谈话。”

“不，”她回答，“你走开！我想自己待一会儿。”

拉乌尔耐心地等候在门外。令他惊讶的是，他听到化妆间里传出一个男人的声音。“克里斯蒂娜，你必须爱我！”那个声音说。克里斯蒂娜声音颤抖地回答：“我只为你一人歌唱，你怎么能这样对我说话！今晚，我把灵魂交给了你。”

之后，拉乌尔再也没听见任何声音。他蹑手蹑脚地躲到一个黑暗的角落，心狂跳着，等那个男人离开。他知道自己深爱着克里斯蒂娜。他恨在她房间里的那个男人。

终于，克里斯蒂娜出来了，但是她没有注意到拉乌尔。等克里斯蒂娜离开后，拉乌尔进入化妆间。这时，煤气灯已经熄灭，屋内漆黑一片。

“你为什么要躲起来？”拉乌尔划着一根火柴，大声喊，“你若不回答，就是懦夫！”

火光照亮了整个房间——但是屋内空无一人。

拉乌尔等了10分钟后，决定离开。经过门边时，一阵冷风嗖地刮过他的脸。他在走廊上走着，不知道自己要去哪里。突然，在楼梯口处，拉乌尔碰到几个人抬着一副担架，不得不给他们让路。担架上的人用白色的床单盖着。

“那是谁？”他问。

“约瑟夫·比盖。”其中一个人回答，“他被发现死在地下室三层的布景后面。”

CHAPTER TWO

The Angel of Music

Christine Daaé did not continue her triumph at the Opera House. After that evening, she refused to sing again. She seemed afraid of her new success.

Raoul wrote to her many times, asking to meet her. At last, she sent him this note:

Monsieur,

I have not forgotten you, the little boy who rescued my scarf. Tomorrow is the anniversary of the death of my poor father, whom you knew. He is buried in Perros and I am going there to visit his grave.

Christine Daaé

Why had she written to him? Did she want him to follow her? Raoul dressed quickly and hurried to the railway station. On the long train journey to Perros, a town on the north coast of France, he thought about Christine all the time. He knew that he was in love with her.

Christine Daaé came from Sweden. Her father was a poor peasant, but he played the violin better than anybody else. One day, as he was playing at a fair — and Christine was singing — a Professor Valerius heard them. It was he who brought them both to France and paid for Christine's musical education. Like Raoul, they spent each summer by the sea in Perros.

As a young boy, Raoul loved listening to the stories that

Christine's father knew so well.

"Every great musician receives a visit from the Angel of Music, at least once in his or her life," he used to tell them. "No one ever sees the Angel, but they remember its voice all their lives." He looked at Christine. "When I am in heaven, child, I shall send him to you."

Three years later, the old man had died.

In Perros, Raoul found Christine at the inn. She showed no surprise when he appeared.

"So you have come," she said quietly. "I knew that you would."

"Yes," Raoul replied. "You must realise that I love you, Christine, and I cannot live without you."

Christine blushed and turned away her head. "Me?" she asked. "You are dreaming, my friend." Then she burst out laughing. "Perhaps I was wrong to write to you," she said, "but seeing you at the Opera House reminded me of happy times long past."

"Do not laugh at me, Christine," Raoul said. "Why do you treat me in this way?"

Christine did not reply.

"I think I know the answer," Raoul said. "There was a man in your dressing room that evening, someone to whom you said, 'I sing only for you!' And he said, 'Christine, you must love me!'"

At these words, Christine turned pale. She staggered and seemed on the point of fainting. Two tears trickled down her cheeks. Then she ran to her room. Raoul did not know what to do. At last, he decided to visit her father's grave, too. As he stood there, Christine came to join him.

"Listen, Raoul," she said. "I am going to tell you something very serious. Do you remember the legend of the Angel of Music?"

"Of course I do," Raoul replied. "Your father first told it to me here in Perros."

"The Angel of Music has visited me," Christine said.

“I have no doubt of it,” he replied. “No human being can sing as you sang the other evening. It was a miracle. No professor could teach you. Yes, you have heard the Angel of Music, Christine.”

“He comes to my dressing-room,” she said. “That is where I hear him. That is where you heard him.”

Raoul laughed. “I think that somebody is playing a joke on you, Christine.”

Christine gave a cry and ran from him. Raoul did not see her again until that evening — at half past eleven he saw her leave her room and go downstairs. He followed her to the churchyard.

“I want her to turn round to see me,” he thought, “but she does not seem to hear me, although my footsteps are noisy on the hard snow.”

Christine knelt down by her father's grave and prayed. As the church clock struck midnight, she looked up at the sky and stretched out her arms. Raoul heard the sound of violin music, music that her father had played to them as children. Then she got up and walked away.

As Raoul turned to follow her again, he saw a shadow gliding into the church door. He caught hold of the edge of its cloak. Just then, the moon shone through the window above the altar. The shadow turned round. Raoul saw a man with a face partly covered by a mask. He shuddered as its eyes looked straight at him.

He felt as if he were face to face with the devil!



第二章

音乐天使

克里斯蒂娜·达埃在歌剧院的成功并未延续下去。那晚之后，她谢绝再唱，好像对自己的成功非常惧怕。

拉乌尔给她写了好几封信，要求和她见面。最后，她写了一张便条给他：

先生：

我没有忘记你，没有忘记那个下海为我捞起围巾的男孩。明天是我可怜的父亲祭日。你是认识我父亲的。他被埋葬在佩鲁镇，我要去他的墓地。

克里斯蒂娜·达埃

她为什么要写这封信？是不是想让自己跟着去？拉乌尔赶紧换好衣服，匆匆地赶到火车站。佩鲁镇是法国北海岸的一个小城镇。在去佩鲁镇的火车上，拉乌尔想着克里斯蒂娜，浮想联翩。他知道自己深爱着克里斯蒂娜。

克里斯蒂娜·达埃来自瑞典，父亲是个贫民，但小提琴拉得极棒。一天，他在集市上演奏，克里斯蒂娜为他伴唱。瓦雷里教授听到父女俩的演唱后，就把他们带到了法国，并为克里斯蒂娜交学费，让她接受音乐教育。像拉乌尔一样，他们每年都在佩鲁镇的海边度夏。

小时候，拉乌尔喜欢听克里斯蒂娜的父亲讲他熟知的故事。

“每一个音乐家，一生中至少有一次，音乐天使会来拜访他（她）。”克里斯蒂娜的父亲曾经这样告诉他们，“没有人见过天使，但他们一生都会记住天使的声音。”他看看克里斯蒂娜，“孩子，等我进了天堂，我会派音乐天使来看望你。”

3年后，老人离开了人世。

到达佩鲁镇后，拉乌尔在小旅店里找到了克里斯蒂娜。见到拉乌尔，克里斯蒂娜没有丝毫惊讶。

“你来了。”她平静地说，“我知道你会来的。”

“是的，”拉乌尔回答，“你应该知道，克里斯蒂娜，我爱你，没有你我无法生活。”

克里斯蒂娜满脸通红，转过头去。“爱我？”她说，“你在做梦吧，朋友。”她大笑起来。“也许我不应该写信给你。”她说，“但是，在歌剧院看到你让我想起很多过去美好的时光。”

“不要嘲笑我，克里斯蒂娜。”拉乌尔继续说，“你为什么要对我这样？”克里斯蒂娜没有回答。

“我想我应该知道答案。”拉乌尔说，“那天晚上在你的化妆间里有一

个男人。我听到你对他说：‘我只为你歌唱！’他对你说：‘克里斯蒂娜，你必须爱我！’”

一听到这，克里斯蒂娜的脸变得煞白，身子摇摇晃晃，眼看就要晕倒，两行泪水顺着她的面颊流下来。她跑回自己的房间。拉乌尔不知所措。最后，他决定自己也去拜访克里斯蒂娜父亲的坟墓。正当拉乌尔站在坟墓前的时候，克里斯蒂娜走了过来。

“拉乌尔，听我说，”她说，“我要告诉你一件非常重要的事情。你还记得音乐天使的传说吗？”

“当然记得！”拉乌尔回答，“你父亲第一次告诉我的时候，就在这佩鲁镇。”

“音乐天使来拜访我了。”克里斯蒂娜说。

“我对此并不怀疑。”他答道，“你那天晚上唱得无人能比，简直就是奇迹。没有任何教授能教你唱得那么好的。是的，克里斯蒂娜，你肯定听到了音乐天使的歌唱。”

“他来到我的化妆间。”她说，“我在化妆间里听到了他的声音。你那天听到的声音就是音乐天使的声音。”

拉乌尔哈哈大笑。“克里斯蒂娜，我想，是有人在和你开玩笑。”

克里斯蒂娜哭着从他身旁跑开了。那天晚上，拉乌尔再也没见到她——直到11点半，他看见克里斯蒂娜离开房间，走下楼去。拉乌尔一路跟随她来到墓地。

“我多么想她能回头看到我！”他想，“可是，虽然我的脚步踩在积雪上面嘎吱作响，她好像对我毫无察觉。”

克里斯蒂娜跪在父亲的墓前，不停地祷告。这时，教堂的钟声敲响午夜12点，她抬头仰望天空，双臂举起。拉乌尔听见了小提琴的音乐声，正是她父亲小时候给他们拉的曲子。然后，克里斯蒂娜起身，走开了。

拉乌尔又跟了上去。忽然，他看到一个黑影一闪，进了教堂门口。他迅速上前抓住黑影的大衣角。就在这时，月亮穿过窗户照在祭坛上。黑影转过身来，拉乌尔看到一张戴着一半面具的男人的脸。他双眼直盯着拉乌尔，令拉乌尔毛骨悚然。

拉乌尔感觉自己好像迎面碰上了魔鬼。

CHAPTER THREE

Box Five

There were new managers at the Opera House, a Monsieur Richard and a Monsieur Moncharmin. They were delighted with their new jobs, so delighted that they forgot all about the rumours of a phantom — until the day they received a letter from him.

“Dear Managers,” they read, “I have arrived at the Opera recently to find my box — Box Five — sold to somebody else. The previous managers were always kind to me. If you wish to live in peace, do not take away my box.

The Phantom of the Opera”

“This joke is not very funny,” they said. “We shall sell tickets as usual to the public tonight for Box Five.”

The following day, reports reached them of the rowdiness in Box Five during the performance, so noisy that the police had to be called. The managers sent for Madame Girya, who looked after the box.

“What happened last night?” Monsieur Richard demanded.

“The phantom was annoyed because you let his box!” she explained. “The managers before you never believed in him either, until he sent them tumbling down the stairs when they sat in his box. Since then, they have always reserved it for him.”

“Have you ever seen the phantom, Madame?” Monsieur Moncharmin asked.