



惊悚悬疑系列

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



剧院魅影

[法] 加斯通·勒鲁 / 著

“剧院魅影”一个出生于贵族家庭的“象人”，面具是他来到这个世界以后穿的第一件衣裳。

而他深深地陷入爱的漩涡，无法自拔。一场场血腥恐怖的杀戮只为在厚厚的披风下掩饰自己的面容，在舞台上与他心中的爱人上演这幕绝唱。

一个意味深长的吻，如同天上的造物主的光辉，照亮了封闭的心灵。

最终他留下披风和面具，独自消失在昏暗的地下迷宫里……




中国宇航出版社

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前言

寓阅读快感于悬念中

著名作家、旅居英伦多年、曾任英国国家广播公司制作人的董桥认为读英文侦探小说好处多。董桥说：“学英文有三苦，不在洋人环境长大学洋文学不进骨髓是一苦；死命默记文法语法是二苦；性情内向不喜结交洋人无从多说多练是三苦。而通过原汁原味的侦探小说便可化解这些苦处，苦中寻乐寻的自然还是虚构天地的洋人百态。柴米油盐固然要学，亲疏爱恨人情世故也要懂得掌握分寸。小说多得不得了，读饱了感同自家经历，陌生的语言渐渐不太陌生，洋文洋话慢慢有了生活气息，不再学究。”

惊悚悬疑小说是西方通俗文学的一种体裁，与哥特式小说、犯罪小说等同属惊险神秘小说的范畴。惊悚悬疑小说以悬念为驱动力，引起读者阅读兴趣，注重阅读快感，满足读者好奇心。表面看起来，读者是为了搞清楚故事的结局来进行阅读，但实际上惊悚悬疑小说的精华，是让读者享受等待结局或探询结局的过程，结局悬挂在最后，只是起到一个“勾引”的作用。惊悚悬疑小说通常塑造具有惊人推理及判断智力的人物，根据一系列的线索，解开各种悬念，侦破犯罪的疑案。它的结构、情节、人物甚至环境都有一定的格局和程式。由于传统惊悚悬疑小说中的破案大多采取推理方式，所以也有人称它为推理小说。

惊悚悬疑小说产生约 200 年来,备受全球读者青睐,在文学史上闪耀着独特的光辉。时至今日,惊悚悬疑小说在西方仍然十分流行。据统计,惊悚悬疑小说在欧美的图书销售量占到图书总数的 15% 到 25%,其独特的通俗文学功能其他类型的文学作品不能替代的。

图书市场上,旨在提高英文阅读能力的读物很多,如情感美文,励志演讲,诗歌小说,电影剧本等等;但各种版本的英汉对照读物所编选的内容大同小异,往往令读者无所适从,难以选择。

我们这次推出的“惊悚悬疑系列”英文读物,意在为读者提供另一种学习方式:通过阅读经典的、原汁原味的、未经删节修改的惊悚悬疑小说英文原著,不经意间,使英文水平大为提高。作为外语学习者,如果你能坚持读几本英文侦探小说,相信你的英文阅读水平便在轻松惬意中进步,进入到英文阅读的“无隔”境界。

作为本系列丛书的第一批读物,我们为读者精心编选出五部,都是英文惊悚悬疑的代表之作。

《黑猫》是美国作家埃德加·爱伦·坡(Edgar Allan Poe)的短篇小说精选集。埃德加·爱伦·坡被认为是西方侦探悬疑小说的鼻祖、科幻小说先驱之一、恐怖小说大师、短篇哥特式小说的巅峰作家、象征主义先驱,影响了包括儒勒·凡尔纳和柯南·道尔在内的很多作家。他既具有卓越的想象力,也擅长缜密的逻辑推理;他推崇美,又钟情于对恐怖和死亡的凝视。他的作品具有瑰丽、诡秘和梦幻般的格调。他首创了侦探悬疑小说的模式,对惊悚悬疑小说的发展产生了重大影响,

福尔摩斯侦探故事堪称流行最广泛、历久不衰、具有世界影响的侦探悬疑小说的代表作。柯南·道尔在《血字的研究》(1887)里,第一次塑造了福尔摩斯(Sherlock Holmes)这个颖悟无比的业余侦探形

象。此后,他在《四签名》(1889)、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》(1902)、《恐怖谷》(1915)和许多短篇小说里,全部以福尔摩斯为主角,以华生作陪衬,解开了各种疑难的罪案。福尔摩斯成了一个比他的作者更著名的世界性文学人物。

《羊腿与谋杀》是从世界级惊悚悬疑小说大师的精品中选取的最具有代表性作品的合集。欧·亨利、海明威、马克·吐温、史蒂文森、比尔斯等的最经典的悬疑作品,风格各异的短篇,情节扣人心弦,作品精彩纷呈,大师们的经典之作华丽毕现!

《剧院魅影》是加斯通·勒鲁从1909年到1910年在报纸上连载发表的,后来以书的形式印刷出版。小说受到各国读者的广泛欢迎,多次被搬上银幕或舞台。1986年改编的歌剧,成为百老汇历史上演出时间最长的剧目。这是一个浪漫离奇、充满悬念的故事,随着情节的跌宕起伏,读者的心或者悬在空中,或者获得强烈的心理共鸣。

《吸血僵尸惊情四百年》,讲述了一个惊世浪漫的爱情故事,展现了高贵优雅的嗜血幽灵对神权的质疑、对永生的渴望、对超灵异能力的膜拜、对爱情的追求,堪称悬疑与恐怖小说的精华之作。读者翻开任何一页,惊心动魄、不可思议的情感便会萦绕在你的脑海。

我们推出这套“惊悚悬疑系列”英语读物,要强调的是其对于学习英语的实用性,是为读者的语言学习提供能产生兴趣的系列材料,而不是让读者仅仅将其作为普通的英语文学作品来读。相比其他英文读物,本丛书选编的作品可读性更强,更能使读者产生阅读的兴趣和学习的信心:完美的构思,精彩的逻辑推理,引人入胜的刺激情节,使读者以紧张的心理状态,带着疑惑和推测,跟随故事的发展,享受一次次惊心动魄的破案之旅,让你的英语阅读欲罢不能。原汁原味的原著,更深入英语的真实和本质;惊悚悬疑题材的原著,又更能使

读者在轻松快乐阅读之后,收获一份特别的感悟。

相信读者在读完“惊悚悬疑系列”后,会为自己英语水平的进步而惊喜不已呢!

编者

2009 年 12 月

“魅影”的魅力

《剧院魅影》的女主人公克里斯蒂娜幼年丧母，随父亲到处游历演出。她父亲是闻名遐迩的婚礼小提琴手，曾给她讲过一个“音乐天使”的故事。后来，在弥留之际，小提琴手告诉女儿自己会把音乐天使送给她。后来得到父亲朋友的帮助，克里斯蒂娜去了音乐学院学习，最终在巴黎歌剧院找到了一份工作。不久，剧院有个声音开始对她唱歌，跟她讲话。她猜想可能就是父亲派来的音乐天使。这个声音承认自己就是音乐天使，并说愿意教给她“一点儿天籁之声”。

这个声音就是本书的男主人公“魅影”埃里克。他面貌奇丑，犹如魔鬼；但他是个音乐天才。在建造这座剧院时，他偷偷在地下室造了一个家，多年来一直向剧院的老板勒索钱财。

有天晚上，克里斯蒂娜在庆祝剧院经理退休的庆典上演出并大获成功。此时，她童年时的好友拉乌尔听出是她的声音，多年来珍藏在心里的那份爱迅速激活。演出后，早已暗中爱上克里斯蒂娜的埃里克把她带到了地下室的家中。但是就在两周后，克里斯蒂娜求他给自己自由。他同意了，但是条件是必须戴上他的戒指，并且要忠实于他。

一边是帮助过自己的“音乐天使”，一边是幼时青梅竹马的玩伴，克里斯蒂娜犹豫不决，无法选择。她告诉了拉乌尔埃里克带她去地下室的事。拉乌尔答应第二天带她逃走。但是出于同情，她决定再为埃里克演唱最后一次。不曾想，他们的秘密对话被埃里克偷听到了。演出《浮士德》的那天晚上，埃里克绑架了克里斯蒂娜，威胁她要么嫁给他，要么他就要毁掉剧院。后来，拉乌尔带人来救她，结果进入了一间酷刑室。为了保全拉乌尔及同来的那个波斯人，也为了拯救剧院里的其他人，克里斯蒂娜同意嫁给“魅影”，并吻了他。

埃里克一辈子没有被人亲吻过，甚至包括自己的妈妈。这一吻犹如电击，惊醒了埃里克。埃里克最后能否放走克里斯蒂娜？自己的结局又会怎样呢？就请读者在本书中寻找答案吧。

这部小说是法国作家加斯通·勒鲁(1868 - 1927)从1909年到1910年在报纸上连载发表的，后来以书的形式印刷出版。小说多次被搬上银幕或者剧院舞台。其中，以1925年改编的电影和1986年改

编的歌剧最为著名。该剧是百老汇历史上演出时间最长的剧目。

这个“魅影”故事为什么如此有魅力呢？

首先，这是一个浪漫离奇、充满悬念的故事。读者会经不住问：面貌狰狞的幽灵还有权利追求爱情吗？美丽的克里斯蒂娜会倾心于他吗？面对如此凶残的对手，拉乌尔还能锲而不舍吗？不言而喻，这都是一场善与恶、美与丑的斗争，随着故事情节的跌宕起伏，读者的心也会时时悬在半空中，从而使故事的情节充满了张力。

由于心灵的扭曲，“魅影”干尽了坏事。可是后来他爱上了克里斯蒂娜，便成了一个有血有肉的普通人，笼罩在他身上的恐怖色彩也慢慢褪去。“魅影”也是个渴望爱与被爱的凡人。如果说他的恐怖和凶残曾经让人憎恶和战栗，让人对克里斯蒂娜和拉乌尔产生同情和担心，那么当一切豁然开朗、三角恋的角逐成为人们关注的焦点时，“魅影”一瞬之间便成了这场竞争的弱者，他的不幸、孤独和脆弱唤起人们强烈的同情。“魅影”能赢得这场爱情战争吗？或许正是这种对弱者的怜悯，让无数观众对幽灵十分着迷。

最重要的情节当属克里斯蒂娜给埃里克的那一吻。这一吻体现的是，克里斯蒂娜对心上人拉乌尔的真爱，对其他可能蒙受灾难的人的一种大爱，也蕴含着她对埃里克一片痴情的些许被动认可；而对于埃里克，正是这一吻导致了他灵魂的蜕变。本质上，他主动放弃克里斯蒂娜并非他爱情的幻灭。相反，这一吻让他感受到了爱情的美好，他激动之余匍匐在克里斯蒂娜的脚下亲吻，痛哭流涕，泪流满面。在他心里，也许他已经得到了那本来永远都不会属于他的爱情。在此，他完成了从兽性到人性的转变。爱情的力量是无穷的，杀人不眨眼的幽灵都被感化。这一吻让他领悟，真爱并不是占有，而是成全。

此刻，读者不禁获得强烈的心理共鸣，对这一人鬼之恋唏嘘不已，甚至为他掬一捧同情的泪。吻的那一瞬间，无比短暂，却灿烂得足以永恒。

本书历久弥香，魅力非凡。语言简单明了，比较适合英语学习者阅读。大量阅读是英语学习实现跨越的不二法门。其实，当您陶醉在扣人心弦的故事中，忘记是在读英语的时候，您的英语很可能已经非常棒了！衷心希望本书把您带入这样一种境界！

岳玉庆

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Prologue

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THIS
SINGULAR WORK
INFORMS THE READER HOW HE ACQUIRED
THE CERTAINTY THAT THE OPERA
GHOST REALLY EXISTED

The Opera ghost really existed. He was not, as was long believed, a creature of the imagination of the artists, the superstition of the managers, or a product of the absurd and impressionable brains of the young ladies of the ballet, their mothers, the box-keepers, the cloak-room attendants or the concierge. Yes, he existed in flesh and blood, although he assumed the complete appearance of a real phantom; that is to say, of a spectral shade.

When I began to ransack the archives of the National Academy of Music I was at once struck by the surprising coincidences between the phenomena ascribed to the "ghost" and the most extraordinary and fantastic tragedy that ever excited the Paris upper classes; and I soon conceived the idea that this tragedy might reasonably be explained by the phenomena in question. The events do not date more than thirty years back; and it would not be difficult to find at the present day, in the foyer of the ballet, old men of the highest respectability, men upon whose word one could absolutely rely, who would remember as though they happened yesterday the mysterious and dramatic conditions that attended the kidnapping of Christine Daaé, the disappearance of the Vicomte de Chagny and the death of his elder brother, Count Philippe, whose body was found on the bank of the lake that exists in the lower cellars of the Opera on the Rue-Scribe side. But none of

those witnesses had until that day thought that there was any reason for connecting the more or less legendary figure of the Opera ghost with that terrible story.

The truth was slow to enter my mind, puzzled by an inquiry that at every moment was complicated by events which, at first sight, might be looked upon as superhuman; and more than once I was within an ace of abandoning a task in which I was exhausting myself in the hopeless pursuit of a vain image. At last, I received the proof that my presentiments had not deceived me, and I was rewarded for all my efforts on the day when I acquired the certainty that the Opera ghost was more than a mere shade.

On that day, I had spent long hours over *The Memoirs of a Manager*, the light and frivolous work of the too-skeptical Moncharmin, who, during his term at the Opera, understood nothing of the mysterious behavior of the ghost and who was making all the fun of it that he could at the very moment when he became the first victim of the curious financial operation that went on inside the "magic envelope."

I had just left the library in despair, when I met the delightful acting-manager of our National Academy, who stood chatting on a landing with a lively and well-groomed little old man, to whom he introduced me gaily. The acting-manager knew all about my investigations and how eagerly and unsuccessfully I had been trying to discover the whereabouts of the examining magistrate in the famous Chagny case, M. Faure. Nobody knew what had become of him, alive or dead; and here he was back from Canada, where he had spent fifteen years, and the first thing he had done, on his return to Paris, was to come to the secretarial offices at the Opera and ask for a free seat. The little old man was M. Faure himself.

We spent a good part of the evening together and he told me the whole Chagny case as he had understood it at the time. He was bound to conclude in favor of the madness of the viscount and the accidental death of the elder brother, for lack of evidence to the contrary; but he

was nevertheless persuaded that a terrible tragedy had taken place between the two brothers in connection with Christine Daaé. He could not tell me what became of Christine or the viscount. When I mentioned the ghost, he only laughed. He, too, had been told of the curious manifestations that seemed to point to the existence of an abnormal being, residing in one of the most mysterious corners of the Opera, and he knew the story of the envelope; but he had never seen anything in it worthy of his attention as magistrate in charge of the Chagny case, and it was as much as he had done to listen to the evidence of a witness who appeared of his own accord and declared that he had often met the ghost. This witness was none other than the man whom all Paris called the "Persian" and who was well-known to every subscriber to the Opera. The magistrate took him for a visionary.

I was immensely interested by this story of the Persian. I wanted, if there were still time, to find this valuable and eccentric witness. My luck began to improve and I discovered him in his little flat in the Rue de Rivoli, where he had lived ever since and where he died five months after my visit. I was at first inclined to be suspicious; but when the Persian had told me, with child-like candor, all that he knew about the ghost and had handed me the proofs of the ghost's existence—including the strange correspondence of Christine Daaé—to do as I pleased with, I was no longer able to doubt. No, the ghost was not a myth!

I have, I know, been told that this correspondence may have been forged from first to last by a man whose imagination had certainly been fed on the most seductive tales; but fortunately I discovered some of Christine's writing outside the famous bundle of letters, and, on a comparison between the two, all my doubts were removed. I also went into the past history of the Persian and found that he was an upright man, incapable of inventing a story that might have defeated the ends of justice.

This, moreover, was the opinion of the more serious people who, at one time or other, were mixed up in the Chagny case, who were friends of the Chagny family, to whom I showed all my documents and

set forth all my inferences. In this connection, I should like to print a few lines which I received from General D—:

SIR:

I can not urge you too strongly to publish the results of your inquiry. I remember perfectly that, a few weeks before the disappearance of that great singer, Christine Daaé, and the tragedy which threw the whole of the Faubourg Saint-Germain into mourning, there was a great deal of talk, in the foyer of the ballet, on the subject of the "ghost;" and I believe that it only ceased to be discussed in consequence of the later affair that excited us all so greatly. But, if it be possible—as, after hearing you, I believe—to explain the tragedy through the ghost, then I beg you, sir, to talk to us about the ghost again. Mysterious though the ghost may at first appear, he will always be more easily explained than the dismal story in which malevolent people have tried to picture two brothers killing each other who had worshiped each other all their lives.

Believe me, etc.

Lastly, with my bundle of papers in hand, I once more went over the ghost's vast domain, the huge building which he had made his kingdom. All that my eyes saw, all that my mind perceived, corroborated the Persian's documents precisely; and a wonderful discovery crowned my labors in a very definite fashion. It will be remembered that, later, when digging in the substructure of the Opera, before burying the phonographic records of the artist's voice, the workmen laid bare a corpse. Well, I was at once able to prove that this corpse was that of the Opera ghost. I made the acting-manager put this proof to the test with his own hand; and it is now a matter of supreme indifference to me if the papers pretend that the body was that of a victim of the Commune.

The wretches who were massacred, under the Commune, in the cellars of the Opera, were not buried on this side; I will tell where their skeletons can be found in a spot not very far from that immense crypt

which was stocked during the siege with all sorts of provisions. I came upon this track just when I was looking for the remains of the Opera ghost, which I should never have discovered but for the unheard-of chance described above.

But we will return to the corpse and what ought to be done with it. For the present, I must conclude this very necessary introduction by thanking M. Mifroid (who was the commissary of police called in for the first investigations after the disappearance of Christine Daaé), M. Rémy, the late secretary, M. Mercier, the late acting-manager, M. Gabriel, the late chorus-master, and more particularly Mme. la Baronne de Castelot-Barbezac, who was once the "little Meg" of the story (and who is not ashamed of it), the most charming star of our admirable *corps de ballet*, the eldest daughter of the worthy Mme. Giry, now deceased, who had charge of the ghost's private box. All these were of the greatest assistance to me; and, thanks to them, I shall be able to reproduce those hours of sheer love and terror, in their smallest details, before the reader's eyes.

And I should be ungrateful indeed if I omitted, while standing on the threshold of this dreadful and veracious story, to thank the present management the Opera, which has so kindly assisted me in all my inquiries, and M. Messenger in particular, together with M. Gabion, the acting-manager, and that most amiable of men, the architect intrusted with the preservation of the building, who did not hesitate to lend me the works of Charles Garnier, although he was almost sure that I would never return them to him. Lastly, I must pay a public tribute to the generosity of my friend and former collaborator, M. J. Le Croze, who allowed me to dip into his splendid theatrical library and to borrow the rarest editions of books by which he set great store.

GASTON LEROUX.

Chapter I

Is It the Ghost ?

It was the evening on which MM. Debiegne and Poligny, the managers of the Opera, were giving a last gala performance to mark their retirement. Suddenly the dressing-room of La Sorelli, one of the principal dancers, was invaded by half-a-dozen young ladies of the ballet, who had come up from the stage after “dancing” *Polyeucte*. They rushed in amid great confusion, some giving vent to forced and unnatural laughter, others to cries of terror. Sorelli, who wished to be alone for a moment to “run through” the speech which she was to make to the resigning managers, looked around angrily at the mad and tumultuous crowd. It was little Jammes—the girl with the tip-tilted nose, the forget-me-not eyes, the rose-red cheeks and the lily-white neck and shoulders—who gave the explanation in a trembling voice :

“It’s the ghost!” And she locked the door.

Sorelli’s dressing-room was fitted up with official, commonplace elegance. A pier-glass, a sofa, a dressing-table and a cupboard or two provided the necessary furniture. On the walls hung a few engravings, relics of the mother, who had known the glories of the old Opera in the Rue le Peletier; portraits of Vestris, Gardel, Dupont, Bigottini. But the room seemed a palace to the brats of the *corps de ballet*, who were lodged in common dressing-rooms where they spent their time singing, quarreling, smacking the dressers and hair-dressers and buying one another glasses of *cassis*, beer, or even *rhum*, until the call-boy’s bell rang.

Sorelli was very superstitious. She shuddered when she heard little Jammes speak of the ghost, called her a “silly little fool” and then, as she was the first to believe in ghosts in general, and the Opera ghost in particular, at once asked for details :