

<<红与黑>>

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前言

1827年，司汤达利用《司法公报》上登载的一个家庭教师杀害女主人的刑事案件作素材，创作一部长篇小说，原名《于连》，1830年5月，在校印期间，改名为富有象征意义的《红与黑》。这是欧洲第一部杰出的批判现实主义代表作。

诚如高尔基所言：“司汤达凭着自己的才能，把极为平常的刑事罪行提高到对十九世纪初期资产阶级社会制度进行历史和哲学研究的程度。

”小说标题的“红”是指红色的军服；“黑”则指代教士的黑教服，它代表当时以教会为代表的反动的黑暗势力。

小说的副标题为《1830年纪事》。

司汤达在论《红与黑》的文章里表明，他要“认真地描写十九世纪最初三十年压在法国人民头上的历届政府所带来的社会风气”。

《红与黑》主要描写于连·索黑尔野心勃勃的短促一生。

作品以于连的遭遇为情节线索，从惟利是图的外省小城到省会贝尚松、首都巴黎，从阴森可怖的神学院到黑幕重重的保皇党集团，从爱情生活、宗教活动到秘密的政治会议，鲜明生动地勾勒出一幅查理十世统治下的社会生活画面。

首先，《红与黑》深刻揭露了1830年7月革命前夕尖锐、复杂的社会矛盾和阶级矛盾。

在查理十世的统治下，恶浊腐败的政治气氛笼罩着法国。

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内容概要

于连·索黑尔出身于一个农民家庭。

他身体瘦弱，富有才干，野心勃勃。

于连意识到，只有通过教会才能跻身于上流社会。

他由于精通拉丁语《圣经》被聘为维立埃市市长德·瑞那孩子的家庭教师；在此期间他成为德·瑞那夫人的情人。

由于恋情败露，他被迫离开维立埃市去省城贝尚松神学院学习神学。

后又经彼拉神甫的推荐去侯爵府做德·拉·木尔侯爵的秘书，并成了侯爵女儿玛蒂尔德的情人。

正当他准备与侯爵女儿结构，梦想政治上飞黄腾达之时，市长夫人的告密信让这一切都化为泡影。

绝望最后被送上了断头台，结束了他短暂的一生。

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作者简介

司汤达是法国19世纪杰出的批判现实主义家，他的著名小说《红与黑》，以其进步的思想倾向，以及对当时社会阶级关系的深刻描写，和对典型性格的出色的刻画，在全世界享有盛名。

1783年1月23日，司汤达生于法国格勒诺布勒城的一个资产阶级家庭。
他的本名叫亨利·贝尔。

章节摘录

From the moment he had opened the anonymous letter, M. de Renal's life had been quite ghastly. He had not been so agitated since a duel he had almost fought in 1816, and, to do him justice, at that time the prospect of being shot had made him less wretched. He examined the letter from all angles: Isn't this a woman's handwriting? he said to himself. In that case, what woman wrote it? He ran through all the women he knew in Verrières without being able to fix his suspicions on any one of them. Might a man have dictated the letter? What man? The same uncertainty again; he was envied and no doubt hated by the majority of men he knew. I must consult my wife, he said to himself through force of habit, getting up from the chair in which he was slumped. He was hardly up before he exclaimed: 'God Almighty!' and banged his head with his fists. She's the one I've got to be specially wary of: she's my enemy at this moment. And from sheer anger, tears welled up in his eyes. As a just reward for the emotional barrenness which is a matter of practical wisdom in the provinces, the two men M. de Renal feared most at that moment were his two most intimate friends. After these two, I've got maybe ten friends, and he ran through them, reckoning as he did so how much solace he might hope to derive from each of them. 'All of them! All of them!' he exclaimed in rage, 'I will get the greatest of enjoyment from my frightful misadventure.' He was lucky enough to be, he believed, much envied, and with good cause too. In addition to his splendid house in town, which the King of France had just honoured in perpetuity by sleeping there, he had done up his chateau in Vervey very nicely indeed. The facade was painted white and the windows were fitted with beautiful green shutters. He took a moment's comfort from the thought of this magnificence. The fact is that this chateau could be seen from three or four leagues away, to the great detriment of all the neighbouring country houses or so-called chateaux, which had been left the humble grey colour that weathering had produced. M. de Renal could count on the tears and pity of one of his friends, the churchwarden of the parish; but he was an idiot who shed tears over anything. This, however, was his only recourse. 'What wretchedness can be compared with mine!' he exclaimed in rage. 'What isolation!' Can it be, wondered this man who was genuinely to be pitied, can it be possible that I haven't a friend to turn to for advice in my misfortune? For I'm losing my reason, I can feel it! Ah! Falcoz! Ah! Ducros! he exclaimed bitterly. These were the names of two childhood friends whom he had estranged by his haughty behaviour in 1814. They were not noble, and you unfeeling creature! won't your heart show you a way to tell me that you love me before you set off for this walk? Whatever may happen, you can be sure of one thing: I shan't go on living for a single day after our final separation. Ah! unworthy mother! These last two words I've just written are completely empty, dear Julien. They don't affect me at all; I can only think of you at this moment, I only wrote them so as not to be blamed by you. Now that I see myself on the brink of losing you, what's the point of hiding anything? Yes, let my soul appear black as hell to you, but let me not lie to the man I adore! I've been only too guilty of deception already in my life. There now, I forgive you if you don't love me any more. I haven't any time to reread my letter. It seems to me a small price to pay with my life for the days of happiness I've just spent in your arms. You know they will cost me more than that. JULIEN derived a childish pleasure from piecing words together for an hour on end. As he was leaving his room he ran into his pupils and their mother; she took the letter so straightforwardly and courageously that he was terrified by her calm. 'Has the gum dried enough?' she asked him. Is this the woman who was driven so wild by remorse? he thought. What are her plans at this moment? He was too proud to ask her; but she struck him as more attractive than perhaps ever before. 'If this goes wrong,' she added with the same composure, 'everything will be taken away from me. Bury this cache somewhere in the mountains; it may be my only resource one day.' She handed him a small red Morocco case, filled with gold and a few diamonds. 'Off you go now,' she said to him. She kissed the children, the youngest one twice. Julien stood there motionless. She walked away from him swiftly and without looking at him. He had wished to alter the equal footing which had marked their relations since childhood. One of them, Falcoz, an intelligent, warm-hearted man who was a paper merchant in Verrières, had bought a printing press in the main town of the département, and had started up a newspaper. The Congregation had determined to ruin him: his newspaper had been condemned and his printer's licence withdrawn. In these sad circumstances he had

tried writing to M. de Renal for the first time in ten years. The mayor of Verrières thought it his duty to reply like an ancient Roman: 'If the king's minister did me the honour of consulting me, I should say to him: "Do not scruple to ruin all provincial printers, and turn printing into a monopoly like tobacco."' This letter to a close friend was admired by the whole of Verrières at the time, and M. de Renal was now appalled to recall its terms. Who could have told me that with my rank, my fortune, and my decorations, I should need him one day? Tossed by fits of anger such as these, now directed against himself, now against everything round about him, he spent a terrible night; but fortunately he did not think to spy on his wife. I'm used to Louise, he said to himself, she's familiar with all my business; even supposing I were free to marry tomorrow, I shouldn't find anyone to replace her. At that point he went along with the idea that his wife was innocent, this view of matters did not impose on him the need to show any force of character, and suited him much better; what a common occurrence it is, anyway, to see women slandered! 'What the devil!' he exclaimed suddenly, striding fitfully up and down. Am I to put up with her mocking me with her lover as if I were a nobody, or a vagabond? Must the whole of Verrières laugh me to scorn for turning a blind eye? Just think what they said about Charmier! (He was one of the neighbourhood's notorious cuckolds.) When his name is mentioned, doesn't a smile pass over everyone's lips? He's a good barrister, but who on earth ever talks of his oratorical skills? 'Ah! Charmier!' they say, 'Bernard's Charmier': that's what they call him-by the name of the man who's the cause of his shame. Thank heavens, thought M. de Renal at other moments, I haven't got a daughter, and the way I'm going to punish their mother won't prejudice the establishment of my children; I can surprise that little peasant with my wife, and kill them both; in that case, the tragic side of the adventure will perhaps remove the ridicule from it, This idea appealed to him; he pursued it in every detail. The penal system is on my side, and whatever happens, our Congregation and my friends on the jury will save me. He examined his hunting knife which was exceedingly sharp; but the thought of blood frightened him. I can thrash this impertinent tutor and drive him from the house; but what a furore in Verrières and even throughout the département! After Falcoz's newspaper had been banned, when its editor-in-chief came out of prison, I helped to ensure that he lost his job worth six hundred francs. They say this scribbler is daring to show his face again in Besangon, he can offer me up cleverly to public ridicule, and in such a way that it will be impossible to take him to court. Take him to court! . . . The impertinent fellow will find innumerable ways of insinuating that he has told the truth. A gentleman who maintains his station as I do is hated by all plebeians. I shall get into those frightful Paris newspapers; oh heavens! what a calamity! To see the ancient name of Renal plunged into the mire of ridicule. . . If ever I travel I shall have to change my name. What! give up this name which is my glory and my strength. What depths of misfortune! If I don't kill my wife, but instead drive her from the house in ignominy, she has her aunt in Besangon who will hand over her fortune to her directly. My wife will go and live in Paris with Julien; Verrières will come to hear of it, and once again I'll be taken for a dupe. At this point the unhappy man noticed from the dimness of his lamp that day was beginning to break. He went out into the garden for a breath of fresh air. At that moment he was almost resolved not to create a scandal, chiefly on the grounds that a scandal would thoroughly delight his friends in Verrières. The walk in the garden calmed him down a little. 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I shan't deprive myself of my wife, she's too useful to me.' He pictured with horror what his house would be like without his wife; the only female relative he had was the Marquise de R- , who was old, weak in the head and spiteful. A very sensible idea occurred to him, but to carry it out would have required strength of character far in excess of what little the poor man possessed. If I keep my wife, he said, I know myself, one day when I get impatient with her I'll reproach her with her infidelity. She's proud, we'll quarrel, and all this will happen before she has inherited her aunt's money. How I shall be mocked then! My wife loves her children, everything will revert to them in the end. But I shall be the laughing-stock of Verrières. What! they'll say, he didn't even manage to get his revenge on his wife! Wouldn't it be better to stick to suspicions and not try to prove anything? In that case I tie my hands, and can't reproach her with anything subsequently. A moment later M. de Renal was seized again by wounded vanity and laboriously recalled all the ploys quoted in the billiard room of the Casino or Noble Circle of Verrières when someone with the gift of the gab interrupts the pool to have a joke at the expense of a cuckolded husband. How cruel these jibes seemed to him now! God! Why is my wife not dead! then I'd be impervious to

ridicule. Why am I not a widower! I'd go and spend six months in Paris in the best circles. After this moment of happiness conjured up by the idea of widowhood, his imagination returned to the means of ascertaining the truth. Should he emerge at midnight, after everyone had gone to bed, to spread a thin layer of bran in front of the door to Julien's room? Next morning at dawn he would see the footprints. 'But that method's no good,' he cried out in a sudden fit of rage, that sly minx Elisa would notice, and the household would soon know that I'm jealous. In another story told at the Casino, a husband had ascertained his misfortune by sealing up the doors to his wife's and the gallant's bedrooms by means of a little wax and two strands of hair. After so many hours of uncertainty, this method of shedding light on his fate seemed to him to be decidedly the best, and he was thinking of using it when, at a bend in one of the paths, he met this wife whom he would have liked to see dead. She was coming back from the village. She had gone to hear Mass in the church at Vergy. A tradition of most dubious reliability in the eyes of the cold man of reason, but one she believed in, has it that the little church used today was the chapel of the chateau belonging to the squire of Vergy. This idea obsessed Mme de Renal for the whole of the time she was intending to spend praying in this church. She had a constant image of her husband killing Julien while out hunting, as if by accident, and then making her eat his heart in the everung. My fate, she told herself, depends on what he's going to think when he listens to what I have to say. After this fateful quarter of an hour, I may not find another opportunity to speak to him. He isn't a man of sense, controlled by reason. Otherwise I could use my feeble reasoning powers to foresee what he's going to do or say. He will decide our common fate, he has the power to do it. But that fate depends on my cunning, my skill in guiding the thoughts of this unpredictable mind turned blind by anger and prevented from seeing half of what's going on. God Almighty! I need talent, I need a cool head, where do I get them from? She regained her calm as if by magic on entering the garden and seeing her husband from a distance. His rumpled hair and clothes signaled that he had not slept. She handed him a letter with the seal broken but refolded. He did not open it but stared at his wife with wild eyes. 'This is an abomination', she said to him, 'that was handed to me as I was passing round the back of the solicitor's garden, by a disreputable looking man claiming to be acquainted with you and to owe you a debt of gratitude. I demand one thing of you: that you send this Mr Julien off packing back to his family, right away.' Mr de Renal uttered his name hastily, perhaps a little too soon, in order to be rid of the fearful prospect of having to utter it. On seeing the joy which her words produced in her husband, she was overcome with the same feeling herself. She realized from the way he was staring at her that Julien had guessed right. Instead of lamenting this genuine misfortune, she thought to herself: what a genius, what perfect intuition! And in a young man still lacking any experience! Will any doors remain closed to him later on! Alas! then his successes will make him forget me. This little act of admiration for the man she adored rid her completely of her nerves. She congratulated herself on what she had done. I haven't been unworthy of Julien, she said to herself with a sweet inner glow of pleasure. Without saying a word for fear of committing himself, M. de Renal examined the second anonymous letter composed, the reader will remember, of printed words stuck on to a sheet of blue-tinged paper. I am being mocked in any event, M. de Renal said to himself, overwhelmed with fatigue. Yet more slander to exanune, and my wife's the cause of it again! He was on the point of subjecting her to the coarsest of insults, when the prospect of the Besangon inheritance stopped him just in time. Devoured by the need to vent his destructive urge on something, he crumpled up the paper on which this second anonymous letter had been written, and began striding off; he needed to get away from his wife. A few moments later he returned to her, in a calmer frame of mind. You must take a decision and dismiss Julien,' she said to him at once, 'after all, he's only a workman's son. You can make him a small payment in compensation, and anyway he's very learned and will easily find himself another post, for instance with M. Valenod or the sub-prefect de Maugiron who both have children. In this way you won't be doing him anyharm. . . ' 'You're talking just like the silly idiot you are,' thundered M. de Renal. 'What sense can anyone expect from a woman? You never pay any attention to what is reasonable; how can you possibly know a thing? Your happy-go-lucky outlook and your laziness only give you energy for chasing after butterflies, you feeble creatures that we are unfortunate enough to have in the midst of our families! . . . ' Mme de Renal let him have his say, and it went on for a good while; he was getting shot of his anger, as the local expression goes. 'Sir,' she

answered him at last, 'I speak as a woman impugned in her honour, that is to say in the most precious thing she has.' Mme de Renal remained completely unruffled throughout the whole of this painful conversation on which hung her chance of going on living under the same roof with Julien. She tried to produce ideas she thought most likely to guide the blind anger of her husband. She had been unmoved by all the insulting remarks he had addressed to her, she wasn't even listening, she was thinking about Julien at the time. Will he be pleased with me? 'This little peasant on whom we have showered kindness and even presents may be innocent,' she said at last, 'but he is none the less the pretext for the first affront I've received... Sir! when I read this abominable missive, I vowed to myself that either he or I would leave your house.' 'Do you want to cause a scandal to dishonour me and yourself too? You give rise to a lot of bad feeling in Verriares.' It's true: most people envy the prosperous state which your wise administration has secured for yourself, your family and the town... All right! I shall entreat Julien to ask you for a period of leave to go and spend a month with that timber merchant in the mountains-a worthy friend for this little workman.' 'Don't you take any kind of action,' replied M. de Renal quite calmly. 'What I insist on above all is that you should not speak to him. You would do it in anger and set him and me at loggerheads; you know how touchy the little gentleman is.' 'The young man has no sense of propriety,' went on Mme de Renal, 'he may be learned-you're the judge of that-but underneath he's not lung but a real peasant. As far as I'm concerned, I've never thought well of him since he refused to marry Elisa; it was a guaranteed fortune; and all because she sometimes pays secret visits to M. Valenod.' 'Ah!' said M. de Renal, raising his eyebrows quite excessively, 'what was that? Did Julian tell you that?' Not exactly; he has always talked to me about his calling for the sacred mirustry; but believe you me, the first calling for common people like him is to earn their bread. He led me to understand clearly enough that he was aware of these secret visits.' 'And I was quite unaware of them, / was!' exclaimed M. de Renal, full of fury once more and stressing his words. 'Ilungs happen in my house that I'm unaware of... What, was there ever anything between Elisa and Valenod?' 'Ha! That's ancient history, my dearest,' laughed Mme de Renal, 'and perhaps nothing wicked happened. It was at the time when your good friend Valenod wouldn't have been displeased if people in Verriares had thought that a little affair was developing between him and me-perfectly platonic, of course.' 'I thought as much at one time,' exclaimed M. de Renal, hitting his head furiously as he made one discovery after another, 'and you never said anything to me about it?' Was there any need to cause two friends to quarrel for the sake of a little flight of vanity from our dear Master? You name me a society woman to whom he hasn't sent some extremely witty and even flirtatious letters! 'Did he write to you by any chance?' He writes a lot.' 'Show me those letters at once, I order you to!' and M. de Renal drew himself up to a full six foot. 'I shall certainly not,' came the reply; gentle almost to the point of nonchalance, 'rii show them to you one day, when you're behaving better.' 'This very instant, by God!' shouted M. de Renal, intoxicated with anger, and yet happier than he had been for the past twelve hours. 'Do you swear to me', said Mme de Renal very gravely, 'that you will never quarrel with the master of the workhouse on the subject of these letters?' 'Quarrel or no quarrel, I can take the foundlings from him; but', he went on furiously, 'I want those letters at once; where are they?' In a drawer of my desk; but I certainly won't give you the key.' 'I'll find a way of breaking into it,' he shouted as he ran off to his wife's room. He did indeed use an iron bar to smash a valuable writing-desk in veined mahogany obtained in Paris that he often used to buff up with his coat-tail when he thought he saw some mark on it. Mme de Renal had run up the hundred and twenty steps to the top of the dovecot; she was fastening the corner of a white handkerchief to one of the iron bars of the little window. She was the happiest of women. She gazed with tears in her eyes towards the great woods on the mountain. No doubt, she said to herself, Julien is underneath one of those leafy beeches, watching out for this good-luck siWal.

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