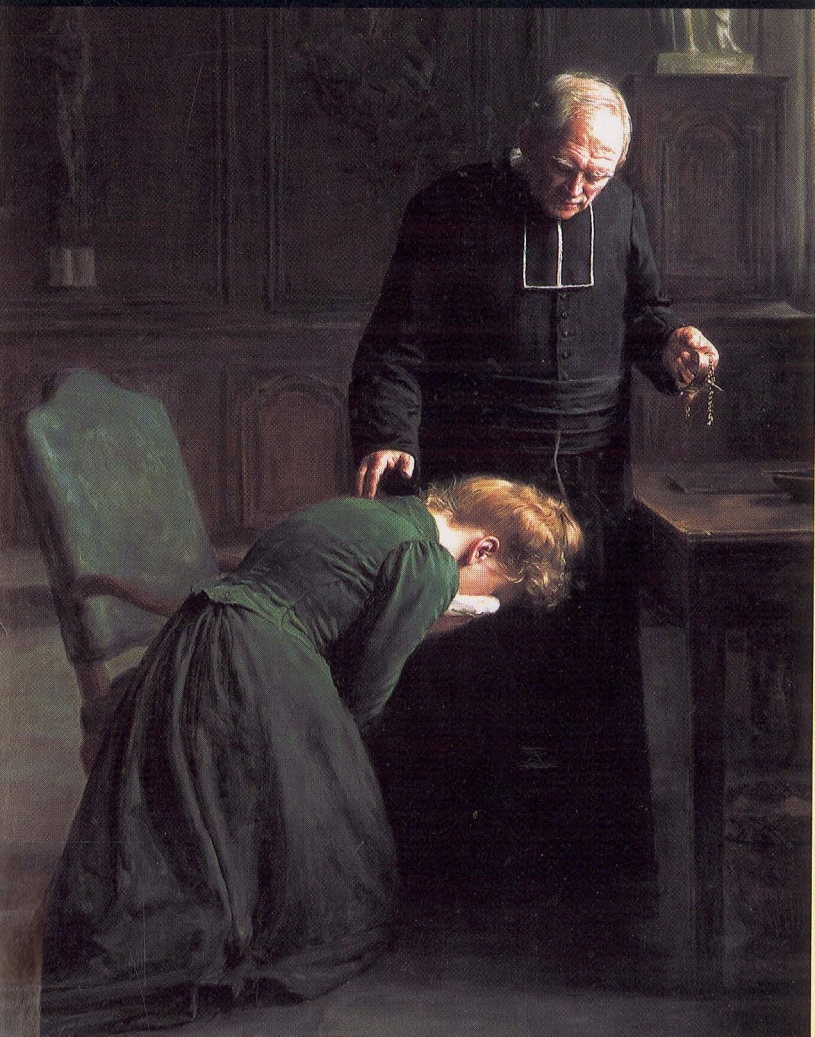


PENGUIN  CLASSICS

STENDHAL

THE RED AND THE BLACK



STENDHAL

The Red and the Black

*Translated with an Introduction
and Notes by* ROGER GARD



PENGUIN BOOKS
PUSTAKA PERDANA



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CONTENTS

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF HENRI MARIE BEYLE [STENDHAL]	vii
INTRODUCTION	xi
SELECTED FURTHER READING	xxvi
NOTES ON THE TEXT <i>and</i> TRANSLATION	xxvii
THE RED AND THE BLACK	i
APPENDIX A: <i>Stendhal's Epigraphs and Quotations</i>	533
APPENDIX B: <i>French Currency and Distances in the 1820s</i>	534
NOTES	537

INTRODUCTION

IN 1830

In October 1829, when he first had the idea for 'Julien', the tale that became *The Red and the Black*, Henri Beyle had lived near the centre of events in moving, even heroic, times. He was a man of his world. He had been a young officer in Napoleon Bonaparte's campaigns in Italy, and had later taken on considerable, though not very glamorous, administrative responsibility under the Empire, as well as pursuing literary work of many colours and kinds – plays that were never staged, the publication of heavily plagiarized musical and art criticism, books on travel and works of introspection. He had courageously participated in the atrocious retreat of Napoleon's Grande Armée from Moscow in 1812, as well as being the author of a most clever but obscure novel, *Armançe* (1827).¹

Beyle had been a dandy in Paris with no regular income; he had had a short career as a merchant: he was shortly to be appointed French consul in Civitavecchia, a small town just north of Rome. His life abounded with new starts, erotic escapades, friendships, aspirations and dissatisfactions. He had talked a lot and posed a lot. He would quite frequently fall in love, though in a curiously shy yet worldly way, about which he wrote a now famous treatise, *De l'amour* (1822). One gains the impression that people did not know quite how to take him, that he was perceived as a character, a wit and a thinker, that he was distinguished, but it was hard to say quite how. He loved using pseudonyms, of which Stendhal is one, but Louis-Alexandre-César Bombet was another. He was a funny man. He wore a toupee. He travelled a lot, was unmarried, not well off, had lived much in

Italy — he loved the country so well that he wanted *Arrigo Beyle, Milanese* to be carved on his tombstone.² At forty-six, which was considered much nearer to old age than it would be today, he was not quite a failure, but, in spite of all his varied experience and his intermittently fierce ambition, he had never shown anything that one could properly call a great success, let alone a display of startling genius.

Now, in about a year, in 1829—30, he produced *Le Rouge et le noir* (*The Red and the Black*), which, as well as being so obviously a thrilling double love story, pulsating with the energy of youth seen through the eye of experience, is one of the greatest European novels, and one of the most fervently admired.

The immediate germ of the book appears to have been its author's recollection of the sad story, in a *Gazette* of 1827, of Antoine Berthet, a handsome young peasant who had become tutor to a middle-class family. This and other little contemporary scandals involving murder and runaway heiresses, duels and the interpenetration of classes, fermented in Stendhal's imagination. As the twin subtitles of the novel ('Chronicle of 1830' and 'Chronicle of the XIXth Century') indicate, a larger aim was to draw on his long experience for a more general portrait of the manners and morals — the soul, really — of France at that time.

As the reader realizes from almost the first page, this is not a comforting portrait. It is satirical and sharp, even when locally affectionate; lively, but also a picture of corruption, grossness, illiberality and deceit in municipality, Church and state. A portrait of inauthenticity, of a tottering reactionary monarchy being undermined from above and below, profoundly shocked by and quailing from the titanic shadows of Napoleon and the Revolution, and riddled with fear, ennui, greed and short-term self-interest.

Even the liberals in opposition are part of the mess. In the very months the book was being produced — probably just before Stendhal was writing the thirteenth chapter of the second book — they rose and the Bourbons fell in the risings of July 1830, to be replaced by a *juste milieu*, the bourgeois monarchy of Louis-Philippe, not, to our distant political eyes, very much different or better.

No wonder that *The Red and the Black*, with its brusque style and bold accounts of moral transgression, was not very enthusiastically received when it was published. But good stories outlast particular sets of facts. Nowadays Stendhal's dramatization of 1830 through the strangely exemplary, rocketing career of the beautiful young peasant Julien Sorel seems not in the least gloomy or disaffecting – in contrast to a later book concerned with an in some ways comparable career, Flaubert's *L'Éducation sentimentale* (1869). Julien's tale is touching and engaging, romantic as much as cynical, and eventually sublime. History is only its medium.³

The picture of French Restoration society, though fascinating in itself, is not, of course, what readers go to the book for, any more than they read Jane Austen's *Persuasion* primarily for its devastating portrait of Regency Bath.

In art – as opposed to anecdote – there is a mysterious kind of suspense which survives pre-knowledge of the plot. There cannot be many theatre-goers who do not have at least some idea of what will happen in *Macbeth* – yet it is still exciting, awe-inspiring. (And if a work is unknown, a familiarity with the conventions of the genre will often guide the audience to a sense of what is likely to happen.

Yet there is also the legitimate – and important – suspense of the real first time, the privilege and excitement, not to be forgone, of not knowing what will happen next. Stendhal himself wrote of the urge to stay up all night with a novel. He also regarded revealing the plot in advance as theft; it is obviously so, and therefore: A WARNING:

First-time readers are advised to stop here.

– and perhaps return when the novel is finished. This is not the kind of book in which you need to be instructed before you read it.

STENDHAL'S MANNER

I

But, having read, one may desire to analyse, to think more about the mental set that drives the book and is at the core of Stendhal's vision of the world – and therefore his narrative method. His plain-seeming prose has, after all, been the subject of critical and scholarly commentary on an almost industrial scale (see, for only a few examples, the list of Selected Further Reading). Here a few details may suggest and affirm the ever fresh and vigorous nature of his genius.

We very often hear of Stendhal's *irony*; as with Jane Austen (whose work was probably unknown to him, but who has been called his severer elder sister) that quality has become part of a possibly formidable image.

Irony is not easy to define in the abstract, and I am not concerned to define it; but one of its features – as in *dramatic irony* – is that some thing (a person, an action, a sequence, a thought, etc.) is seen, at once or in quick succession, in more than a single way. Such a way of seeing, and presenting, is indeed central to the way *The Red and the Black* is told. What at first might look like a plain authorial tale, enlivened by free indirect speech, soliloquy and dialogue, is actually a tissue of intermingled angles and points of view. And the reader very soon acquires – and quite without stress – the sense that none of these viewpoints is automatically or authoritatively right, to be taken as flat and final, but that they achieve their truth in relation to each other and to likelihood. Perhaps that is why Stendhal's characters seem so free from authorial over-determination, the book so airy and light.

To take a famous passage (quoted at some length to retain a sense of the rhythm and flow) Julien, starting out in life, is on his way to the de Rênal household for the first time:

... This was the young man of nineteen – but so seemingly frail that one would have taken him for no more than seventeen – who, carrying his little parcel under his arm, entered the magnificent church of Verrières.

He found it sombre and solitary. To mark a festival, all the church windows had been covered with crimson cloth. The sun's rays shone through to produce a dim light, most pious and imposing. Julien shivered. Alone in the church, he established himself in the pew that had the finest appearance. It bore the arms of M. de Rênal.

On the prayer desk Julien noticed a fragment of printed paper, spread out as though to be read. He directed his eyes towards it and saw:

Details of the execution and the last moments of Louis Jenrel, executed at Besançon, on the . . .

The paper was torn off. On the other side could be seen the first words of a line, which were: *The first step.*

— Who could have put this paper here? said Julien. Poor devil, he added with a sigh, his name ends like mine . . . and he crumpled the paper.

Leaving, Julien thought he saw blood next to the holy water stoup — it was holy water that had been spilled: the refraction from the red blinds covering the windows gave it the appearance of blood.

Eventually Julien was ashamed of his secret terror.

— Am I a coward! he said to himself, *To arms!*

This phrase, so often repeated in the Surgeon-major's accounts of battles, represented the heroic for Julien. He raised himself up and walked rapidly towards M. de Rênal's house.

In spite of these fine resolves, from the moment he saw it twenty paces away, he was seized with an overpowering timidity. The iron grille was open; to him it seemed magnificent; and it was up to him to enter in. [I. 5]

Now this passage is often cited partly because, in *The Red and the Black*, coming to a place — to the Rênal house, the seminary, the Hôtel de La Mole — is a *motif*, a marker of Julien's progress, and partly because it contains unusual things: the proleptic menace in the red-blinded church, the near-anagram and *the first step*. These are elements in a web of delicate symbolic overtones that are purposefully touched on from time to time in what only seems to be a casually factual narrative — the controlled suggestiveness of light and colour, for example, of freedom and enclosure, of the heights of mountains and high-level lodgings, and of distance.

But in other respects the narrative texture is, particularly in its deft briskness, quite typical: first, we are given the character from above and outside, as it were, a sight of what the world's impression might have been (only *seventeen!*); then Julien's general response to the look of the church, his shiver and defiant choice of pew; then the strange voice of the paper, Julien's puzzlement, question and fright; then fresh defiance and resolution; then more sensitive doubts — then onward. What *happens* in the fiction is interwoven with the perceptions and feelings of a resolute but fearful boy, cheering himself up with the revolutionary and Napoleonic battlecry and mistaking bourgeois solidity for magnificence. However:

. . . Julien was not the only person whose feelings were disturbed by his arrival at the house. Mme de Rênal's great sensitivity was upset by the idea of this stranger who, by the nature of his duties, would find himself constantly coming between her children and herself. She was used to having her sons sleep in her room. That morning, many tears had been shed as she saw their little beds being carried to the apartment destined for the tutor. In vain she had asked her husband that the bed of little Stanislas-Xavier, the youngest, be brought back to her room.

Feminine delicacy was pushed to an excess in Mme de Rênal. She evoked for herself the most disagreeable image of a gross and ill-kempt being, empowered to scold her children solely because he knew Latin, a barbarous language for the sake of which her sons were to be chastised. [I. 5]

Here a statement of Mme de Rênal's mood and sensitivity flows into a quick flashback to that morning's painful but somehow pleasing little scene, which in its turn introduces the confident authorial appeal to commonly agreed values that '[f]eminine delicacy was pushed to an excess in Mme de Rênal' — and most of the rest modulates in and out of her mind. Again, a casually omniscient narrator is in play with character, scene and opinion.

II

Having seen Edmund Kean play *Othello* in London, Stendhal is said to have wondered at the way in which the great actor seemed to be discovering his words as he went along. But he himself is rather like that as a writer. And, as with an intermittent syncopation in music, or a dotted rhythm, the emphasis, even on re-reading, is often not quite where you would expect, the reader's attention is always kept fresh and alert. Sometimes, as in a famous sentence a few pages on from the passage just quoted, the shift of views is almost instantaneous: 'The children adored him: he did not care for them; his mind was elsewhere' (I. 7).

But Stendhal is not, I think, a Shakespearian writer.⁴ Perhaps in spite of his own critical leanings, as expressed in two pamphlets on *Racine and Shakespeare* (1823 and 1825), Stendhal — unlike later novelists such as George Eliot, who pause to evoke and explore psychological states through metaphor — relies on a confident eighteenth-century vocabulary of the psyche, a vocabulary of entities such as *âme, esprit, amour, transport*, or the condition of being *hors de [lui]* (beside oneself), etc., which exist somewhere between the very specific and the abstract, and which appear to be backed by an inherited confidence in their correspondence to the real. They are deployed with dazzling skill and sometimes give the impression of a strength derived from their usage reaching right back to the seventeenth century in France.⁵ It is this that allows those sweeping *aperçus* and generalizations about the psyche that we may think of as characteristically French. Yet in Stendhal they always seem fresh, always new, always free — as though they were just being written. Mme de Rênal's *délicatesse de femme* (above) is a small instance. Elaborated pieces of wisdom such as, 'Love generated in the mind is doubtless more intelligent than true love, but it has only flashes of enthusiasm; . . . far from scattering the thoughts it is constructed by the power of thought alone . . .' (II. 19) are only larger and grander manifestations of the same impulse.

A danger in this swift and often paradoxical style might be a degeneration into what Turgenev, writing to Tolstoy about Dostoevsky, called 'backward cliché . . . an easy method of seeming original' whereby *man meets lion—blenches—runs*, is automatically turned into *man meets lion—flushes—advances*. But in *The Red and the Black* the pressure for fluent thought and exact expression, as opposed to mere verbal dexterity, is so powerful that this does not happen. Stendhal's demands on his prose are more like those of another great Russian, Pushkin — 'ideas and more ideas, without which brilliant expressions avail nothing'.

Valued highly by Julien and M. de La Mole and Mathilde is the spiritual and moral superiority of the spontaneous, the unexpected (the *imprévu*) — contrasting with a virtual horror of the predictable. In consonance with this, unexpected turns — which are nevertheless, as I say, the reverse of mere paradox because they create meaning rather than complicate it — are characteristic of the best Stendhalian manner. There is a famous moment in his later, unfinished, novel *Lucien Leuwen*, when the heroine, suddenly feeling jealous of a potential rival, studies her face in the mirror, finds it ugly and loves Lucien even more for the good taste she thinks he displays in loving her rival; but by then readers will have come almost to expect the drastic psychological beauty of such moments.

As these examples show, one of the great secrets of reading *The Red and the Black* intelligently — of course, this is true of many novels — is to be alert always to the questions 'Where does this come from?' 'Who is speaking?' 'Whom does this point of view serve?' The questions sound simple; they may often turn out to be hard to answer; but the secret is to be continuously aware that they are pertinent.

Like any good comic satirical writer, Stendhal, even at his most dry, deep or despairing, puts the delighted reader into a state of exclusive collusion, a flattering sense that they together constitute an élite of two — or, perhaps, a meeting of the happy few. But it would be misleading to imply that this mode is limited only to the swift, often comic perception:

The pure air of the high mountains spoke to his soul of serenity, even of joy. The Mayor of Verrières was certainly still, in his eyes, the representative of all the rich and insolent people on earth; but Julien felt that the hate that had disturbed him, despite the violence of its onset, had nothing personal in it. If he should cease to see M. de Rênal, he would have forgotten him in a week or so – him, his château, his dogs, his children and all his family. I have forced him, I don't know how, to make a very great sacrifice. What! – more than fifty écus a year! – and only a moment before that I had got myself out of the greatest danger. That's two victories in one day; the second has no merit – I will have to find out why it happened. But time enough tomorrow for such tedious enquiries.

Standing upright on his great rock, Julien contemplated the sky, glowing with the August sun. Cicadas were chirruping in the countryside below the rock, and when they ceased all around him was silence. He could see twenty leagues of country spread out before his feet. From time to time, a sparrowhawk from the huge rocks above his head made itself visible, describing its vast circles in silence. Julien's eye automatically followed this bird of prey. Its calm and powerful flight impressed him – he envied that strength, he envied that isolation.

It was the destiny of Napoleon – would it one day be his? [I. 10]

Here the grander view that we are invited to share, standing right back after Julien's hotly youthful self-examinations, is that of a father.

Perhaps it is precisely because of these shifts of focus, because it is the characters who feel things and there is an all-dominant narrator, that for even largely unsympathetic characters like M. de Rênal, the Abbé de Frilair and even the mass of Julien's fellow seminarists, one may detect a less absolute scorn, and rather more understanding, than most commentators seem to feel?

MANNER AND STRUCTURE

More centrally, the shifting focus, coupled with an athletic spareness of physical description and scene-painting, is not only the manner of Stendhal's prose but is also writ large into the structure of the book.

At certain crucial points in the looping form of Julien's progression from place to place (A(Verrières)—B(Besançon)—C(Paris)—A/B), the narrative is suddenly elided, displaced or withdrawn — and always with a purpose.

When, after his desperately willed campaign to conquer the beautiful, naive and sensitive Mme de Rênal — already, even by this early stage so moving a presence for the reader, and surely one of the finest portraits of a young woman, as opposed to a girl, in literature — Julien at last forces himself to enter her bedroom, we might expect a scene of Machiavellian triumph, à la Pierre Laclos. Instead:

... Julien forgot his empty schemes and returned to playing the part natural to him: not to please so charming a woman seemed to him the greatest of misfortunes. His only response to her reproaches was to throw himself at her feet and embrace her knees. As she spoke to him with great severity, he melted into tears.

A few hours later, when Julien left Mme de Rênal's room, one could say, in the language of novels, that he had nothing left to desire. [I. 15]

The love scene itself, aside from a few references, is virtually absent, seemingly left untreated as a cliché which might obscure the real points being dramatized. The real points concern the characters' thoughts and feelings. The characteristic near paradox of 'it was precisely that which made Julien a superior being that stopped him enjoying the happiness that lay at his feet' is followed most powerfully by the religious implications for Mme de Rênal ('damned without remission' etc.). And for the reader the most resonant and vivid physical event between Julien and Mme de Rênal remains always the moment when he first grasps her hand in the garden at Vergy.

The same with the haughty and dazzling gothic dandy Mathilde. With her, as with him, and after another tense build-up, 'the language of novels' constrains their first, stringently comic, night together into a literary occasion of melodrama and farce — Julien confesses to being laden with 'All sorts of arms and pocket pistols' and Mathilde that 'I always have a supply of ropes in my room' — but also a literary occasion of the most painful kind:

After long-drawn-out doubts and hesitations, which to a superficial observer would have seemed born of a most decided hatred – so hard it is for even so strong a will to overcome the feelings of what a woman owes herself – Mathilde ended by becoming his complaisant mistress.

The truth is that their raptures were somewhat *willed*. [II. 16]

This elision in the description is not a disembodiment for reasons of prudery or suchlike – or even for the Henry Jamesian reason that we feel and see most when left the freedom to imagine – but because of the implicit valuation of what is significant in experience. The focus is on the exigencies of the excruciating psychological mess these brilliant young people – lovers? – have forced upon one another.

Perhaps the most powerful of all these (numerous) emphases by displacement, however, is at the very end. Here, the concern is not love, but violent death. Events have swiftly rushed, rather in the style of an overture by Stendhal's younger contemporary Hector Berlioz, to a brilliant first, and false, climax, and seeming conclusion. All Julien's ambitions are on the point of being realized with a huge worldly success – success in the style of a novel: 'Well, after all, thought he, my romance is at an end' (II. 34). But this is not the end; the ground shifts, there is a stutter from the past – and he must overturn his world and go on to face a very different fate. It is a fine day. The reader hears no drum roll and sees no guillotine, but:

Never had that head been so poetic as at the moment it was to fall. The sweetest hours he had known in the woods at Verger long ago came crowding into his thoughts with wonderful intensity.

Everything passed off simply, appropriately, and with no affectation in his part. [II. 45]

This moving reticence needs no commentary.

JULIEN'S FATE

What the texture of the prose and its reflection in the structure of the book have in common is, of course, a kind of higher surprise. And this principle seems in a way central to Julien's fate.

Stendhal's engagement with Julien is not entirely dissimilar to that of Jane Austen with Emma — 'I am going to take a heroine whom no one but myself will much like.' The way forward in both cases has to do with a kind of instinctive generosity.

What unpromising material! — a sly, self-centred, devious, arrogant and coldly hypocritical young man, with a chip on his shoulder as big as an outcrop of the Jura. Yet his vindication (if, indeed, we do feel him vindicated — which is not always the case) is not primarily a matter of teasing out causes, and therefore excuses, and therefore compassion for an initially unprepossessing object, such as might be created in George Eliot or Tolstoy, but of coming to see that object's true nature.

Realizing this is complicated by the observation that many of the characters in *The Red and the Black*, particularly Julien, are deliberate role players rather than stable straightforward entities.⁶ And, whether consciously or not, their identities shift.

But what kind of a hypocrite is Julien, and how consistent are his roles?

One of the key elements in his development from callow and frightened adolescent to triumphant and glamorous *arriviste* does *not* shift. It seems to be a constant substratum of his nature, which flares up from time to time: the reader will have noticed that with Madame de Rênal in her bedroom for the first time Julien 'forgot his empty schemes and returned to playing the part natural to him' — and that was the reason for his success. It is one of the larger ironies of his story that, except when he is obeying the instructions of Prince Korasoff and using Madame de Fervaques as a pawn in his struggle with another great role player, the perversely exquisite romantic intellectual Mathilde, this would-be calculator and cold exploiter progresses chiefly when he is moved or when he is in a panic.

Together with his looks, intelligence and capacity for work, it tends to be what he deems his weakness that advances him, not any accomplished hypocrisy. We see that Abbé Chélan takes to a lost boy, Amanda Binet is attracted by a flustered little peasant, he first excites the interest of Abbé Pirard by collapsing on the floor, M. de La Mole's 'deaf mute' steps on his heels and falls off his horse, and so on – though, of course, the experience is nothing like so neat as so pat a listing suggests, especially in the case of the Marquis, who in a complicated way, against his cherished aristocratic blood, as it were, is creating a second and more talented son.

Julien's *faiblesse*, and his failures in his self-imposed *devoir* as Machiavel-from-the-provinces, are sometimes genuine failures; but usually the duty he fails to do is swept aside by what is unforeseen – by his drastic flashes of warmth or honesty. The creepy person he *thinks* he should be would of course be able to sanction or overlook M. Valenod's gross greed, would never quarrel with the Mayor, would abase himself successfully in front of Abbé Castanède, and so on. But Julien can't do this; with them, he fails. It is what begins to make one love him.

This characteristic forms a constant counterpoint in Julien's story, rather as in that of his creator, who confessed to himself (in *Henry Brulard* [1835]) that 'I had and still have the most aristocratic tastes. I would do anything to make the people happy but I would rather . . . spend a fortnight of each month in prison than live with petty shopkeepers.' It has two interesting corollaries, and they are linked.

The first is that Julien's careerism never actually chooses to embrace either money or advancement. Is he really the clever calculator he pretends to himself that he is, or is he only taking often comical refuge behind one of the models or means of defence – Rousseau? Napoleon? the Church? – he can find in such a world? It is true that the lieutenant of Hussars, M. le Chevalier Julien Sorel de Vernaye – whose dizzy success the candid reader would probably admit to enjoying – does very temporarily blaze into brilliant fortune, but this is often because of his unruly instinctive capacities to feel and be generous, because someone likes or loves him, because of what he thinks of – and the narrator describes – as *faiblesse*.

Second, and accordingly, when, at the start of the long darkening climax of the book – in Julien's *peripeteia* – the letter supposed to have been written to the Marquis by Mme de Rênal confronts this chevalier with a public image of himself as an odious little Tartuffe, his world explodes. That the image is distorted, we know. But it is devastating because it is so nearly the truth; it exploits the fact that things happen to him because he is able to 'seek out and then seduce the most influential woman there', i.e. 'because someone likes or loves him'; it is the exact image of that possible other self he had set out to be, and often flatters himself he is just about to succeed in becoming. He cannot bear it. Whatever one's view of his subsequent actions,⁷ the one thing that is undisputed about his rapt and doomed flight back to Verrières is that it cannot possibly benefit him in any worldly way. As to what happens there and afterwards, there are many opinions: my own is that the flight becomes, with all its blunders and fluctuations, an increasingly clear and courageous movement to distil truth and sincerity, and a tragic integrity fought out to the very end – an unlikely and unforeseen fate for an angry 'little hypocrite', but none the less luminously true. The cynical and disaffected plebeian outsider, who has become perhaps the real flower of his generation, now turns right inward. Julien could probably escape back into the world of Valenod, but of course he will not.

What! so that's all there is to it? Stendhal's protagonists so often exclaim after experiencing one of life's major crises. And now, for Julien, what matters at all? Well, love – and affection – do. His defensive pride persists to the end; perhaps only the women, perhaps only Mme de Rênal, can become indifferent to what the world thinks. But by this time it is increasingly difficult to distinguish pride from a peculiar and touching nobility.

Finally, as to the man of forty-six, as to his celebrated predictions that he would only be understood by the Happy Few in 1860 or in 1880 or in 1935, we may rejoice with Stendhal's shade. The admirers of this novel, so little admired by contemporaries, it seems – though Goethe acknowledged it and Balzac deeply gratified its author by his championship of *The Charterhouse of Parma* (1839) – have tended to

be the leading spirits of their age. *The Red and the Black* has been read with passion by Baudelaire, Tolstoy and Nietzsche; by Proust and D. H. Lawrence and Valéry . . . And now, for many years, what would be eccentric, what would be shocking, would be not to be thrilled by Julien Sorel and his world.

ROGER GARD

NOTES

1. *but obscure novel, Armance*: Obscure not because of its manner, which is brilliantly lucid, but because the central characteristic of the hero's psyche is never revealed in the text.
2. *carved on his tombstone*: A wish eventually realized in 1892 – in Paris.
3. *only its medium*: On the subject of the difficulty of getting details right in history or biography, Stendhal later noted (in 1834) that '[the philosopher] M. de Tracy told me: there's no more truth save in the novel'.
4. *not . . . a Shakespearian writer*: Though the best account of this I have read, Chapter 3 of Geoffrey Strickland's *Stendhal: The Education of a Novelist* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1974), does not agree.
5. *seventeenth century in France*: In the Flammarion edition translated here, P.-G. Castex identifies multiple allusions to Racine buried in the text (and, of course, hard to indicate in a translation). Martin Turnell discusses this subject in *The Novel in France* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1950).
6. *rather than stable straightforward entities*: This is made perhaps even a little too explicit when, in II. 42, Julien is surprised and amused by a small voice of negation in his head.
7. *his subsequent actions*: There is a very extensive historical debate about the interpretation of the whole of the end of the book – moving, essentially, from condemnation of Julien to admiration – which is very ably discussed in Roger Pearson's *Stendhal's Violin* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1988).