



Cyrano de Bergerac

Edmond Rostand , Gertrude Hall (Translator) , Peter Connor (Introduction)

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

Cyrano de Bergerac

Edmond Rostand , Gertrude Hall (Translator) , Peter Connor (Introduction)

Cyrano de Bergerac Edmond Rostand , Gertrude Hall (Translator) , Peter Connor (Introduction)
Cyrano de Bergerac, by **Edmond Rostand**, is part of the *Barnes & Noble Classics* series, which offers quality editions at affordable prices to the student and the general reader, including new scholarship, thoughtful design, and pages of carefully crafted extras. Here are some of the remarkable features of *Barnes & Noble Classics*:

New introductions commissioned from today's top writers and scholars

Biographies of the authors

Chronologies of contemporary historical, biographical, and cultural events

Footnotes and endnotes

Selective discussions of imitations, parodies, poems, books, plays, paintings, operas, statuary, and films inspired by the work

Comments by other famous authors

Study questions to challenge the reader's viewpoints and expectations

Bibliographies for further reading

Indices & Glossaries, when appropriate

All editions are beautifully designed and are printed to superior specifications; some include illustrations of historical interest. *Barnes & Noble Classics* pulls together a constellation of influences—biographical, historical, and literary—to enrich each reader's understanding of these enduring works.

One of the most beloved heroes of the stage, Cyrano de Bergerac is a magnificent wit who, despite his many gifts, feels that no woman can ever love him because of his enormous nose. He adores the beautiful Roxanne but, lacking courage, decides instead to help the tongue-tied but winsome Christian woo the fair lady by providing him with flowery sentiments and soulful poetry. Roxanne is smitten—but is it Christian she loves or Cyrano?

A triumph from the moment of its 1897 premiere, *Cyrano de Bergerac* has become one of the most frequently produced plays in the world. Its perennial popularity is a tribute to the universal appeal of its themes and characters.

Peter Connor is Associate Professor of French and comparative literature at Barnard College, Columbia University. He is the author of *Georges Bataille and the Mysticism of Sin* (Johns Hopkins University Press, 2000).

Cyrano de Bergerac Details

Date : Published February 11th 2004 by Barnes Noble Classics (first published 1897)

ISBN : 9781593080754

Author : Edmond Rostand , Gertrude Hall (Translator) , Peter Connor (Introduction)

Format : Paperback 224 pages

Genre : Classics, Plays, Fiction, Drama, Cultural, France, Romance

 [Download Cyrano de Bergerac ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Cyrano de Bergerac ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Cyrano de Bergerac Edmond Rostand , Gertrude Hall (Translator) , Peter Connor (Introduction)

From Reader Review Cyrano de Bergerac for online ebook

Evi * says

E' una storia d'amore e di nasi.

Le storie di nasi abbondano in letteratura c'è il naso di Gogol, c'è quello lungo e ligneo di Pinocchio, c'è quello di Moscarda nel pirandelliano *Uno nessuno centomila* che un giorno si guarda allo specchio e comincia a non riconoscersi più e va in crisi identitaria.

All'ampiezza del naso si attribuiscono difformi significati: alcuni fisiologi dicono che ad un naso lungo corrispondono profondità di spirito, spiccato acume e tutta una serie di buone qualità morali e caratteriali (Dante?!), tanto da dire che non può esserci un grand'uomo senza un grande naso, ma... sarà.

Vero è che se si osservano i ritratti d'epoca gli eroi hanno sempre un naso proporzionato alla loro gloria e anche tra gli animali l'elefante, dalla proboscide proverbiale, è noto per avere una prodigiosa intelligenza, sorvolo sull'associazione pruriginosa tra dimensioni del naso e dimensioni di altro perché non credo che ciò corrisponda al vero, secondo la mia esperienza, ma io chennesò... e potrei anche sbagliarmi.

Penso al naso di Giorgio Gaber che effettivamente fu uomo di grande fascino nonostante la suo imponente appendice, il naso di Cyrano è però un naso magistrato e di forma unica che ricorda molto il naso collodiano, lui ne è in fondo ma, amaramente, orgoglioso, tuttavia è così intelligente che riesce ad ironizzare sul suo difetto e ci dice, con grande spasso per il lettore che: quel naso lo precede ovunque di un quarto d'ora, che sul suo naso potrebbe passeggiarvi una mosca, che è come una grande penisola, che pende a tal punto da sbilanciare il suo corpo in avanti, che il fumo del tabacco non può uscirvi come da un camino senza che la vicina gridi all'incendio, o ancora che nessun altro vento può fargli venire il raffreddore tranne il maestrale, ed è pure adatto per appenderci il cappello e quando sanguigna è come se il Mar Rosso cominciasse a dilagare...

Un naso che lo distingue, lo caratterizza ma altresì gli preclude ogni possibilità di amore, perché a volte non si guarda ad un palmo dal proprio naso o da quello altrui.

Un naso la cui vastità è pari alla sua abilità di parlare d'amore.

Cyrano è un uomo saggio, poeta e musicista, ma spavaldo sul campo di battaglia, intrepido e la sua indole fumina gli procura sempre schiere di nemici che affronta con colpi mirati di fioretto « À la fin de l'envoi, je touche!>> dietro la sua scorza rude e giocosa nasconde un cuore di burro, romantico che ricama e inanella meravigliose rime d'amore mai stucchevoli né svenevoli.

Si sacrificherà per amicizia e presterà la sua capacità di poetare versi all'amico Christian che è tanto bello fisicamente quanto insipido e banale, *Je serait ton esprit tu sera ma beauté* il quale si servirà delle lettere d'amore scritte apposta per lui da Cyrano:

CYRANO,

Il reprend la plume.

Eh bien ! écrivons-là,

Cette lettre d'amour qu'en moi-même j'ai faite

Et refaite cent fois, de sorte qu'elle est prête,

Et que mettant mon âme à côté du papier,

Je n'ai tout simplement qu'à la recopier

CIRANO:

(Riprende la penna). E va bene! Scriviamola questa lettera d'amore che ho già scritto e riscritto cento volte dentro di me, che è già pronta, così pronta che se metto l'anima mia vicino al foglio non mi resta che

copiare

per conquistare la bella Roxane che Cyrano dipinge mirabilmente come:

Un danger

*Mortel sans le vouloir, exquis sans y songer,
Un piège de nature, une rose muscade
Dans laquelle l'amour se tient en embuscade !
Qui connaît son sourire a connu le parfait.
Elle fait de la grâce avec rien, elle fait
Tenir tout le divin dans un geste quelconque,
Et tu ne saurais pas, Vénus, monter en conque,
Ni toi, Diane, marcher dans les grands bois fleuris,
Comme elle monte en chaise et marche dans Paris !...*

*Un pericolo mortale senza volerlo, dolcissimo senza saperlo -
una trappola della natura, una rosa moscata nei cui petali l'amore
tende agguati! Chi conosce il suo sorriso ha conosciuto la perfezione.
Riesce a fare della grazia con un niente, a trasfondere il senso del
divino nel più insignificante dei suoi gesti. Venere non saprebbe
scivolare in una vasca né Diana camminare attraverso i grandi boschi
fioriti allo stesso modo in cui lei si siede su una sedia o passeggia
per Parigi*

Ma l'amore come l'acqua nascosta dietro un muro seppur soffocato per anni, troverà le sue strade per manifestarsi e riappropriarsi di ciò che gli è dovuto, ahimè anche se troppo tardi.

CYRANO

*Un baiser, mais à tout prendre, qu'est-ce ?
Un serment fait d'un peu plus près, une promesse
Plus précise, un aveu qui veut se confirmer,
Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer ;
C'est un secret qui prend la bouche pour oreille,
Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille,
Une communication ayant un goût de fleur,
Une façon d'un peu se respirer le cœur,
Et d'un peu se goûter, au bord des lèvres, l'âme !*

*Un bacio - ma che cos'è poi un bacio? Un giuramento un po' più
da vicino, una promessa più precisa, una confessione che cerca una
conferma, un punto rosa sulla i di «ti amo», un segreto soffiato in
bocca invece che all'orecchio, un frammento d'eternità che ronza come
l'ali d'un'ape, una comunione che sa di fiore, un modo di respirarsi
il cuore e di scambiarsi sulle labbra il sapore dell'anima!*

Sentimenti, ironia, comicità, imprese militari, provocazioni, verità nascoste, finzioni si alternano nei cinque atti di questa commedia teatrale, popolare ed eroica, in versi, che alla prima rappresentazione a Parigi, nel 1898, ebbe un trionfo inaspettato e a cui dieci giorni dopo assistette anche il Presidente della Repubblica Feliz Faure.

Edmond Rostand il suo autore, da un giorno all'altro divenne un eroe nazionale, degno della massima decorazione della Legione d'onore.

Simona Bartolotta says

Rossana: Amavo un sol essere e due volte lo perdo!

Di certo, iniziando a leggere il *Cyrano* non mi aspettavo chissà cosa. E' stato appagante scoprire che anche se le mie aspettative fossero state alle stelle non sarei rimasta comunque delusa.

Il motivo è semplice: quest'opera non può deludere. Cattura sin da subito con i suoi brillanti dialoghi, di modo che anche chi non è proprio avvezzo al teatro si immerga talmente nella vicenda da assuefarsi subito allo stile. Per non parlare del protagonista, uno dei protagonisti più grandiosi in cui mi sia mai imbattuta. Ora, il mio primo istinto è quello di consigliarlo a tutti. Ma c'è un altro istinto (che a dirla tutta mi fa sentire una egoista prepotente) che cerca di prendere il sopravvento, affilando gli artigli alla gelosia che ho per i miei libri preferiti. La loro lettura (mi dice l'Istinto) è mio esclusivo appannaggio e chiunque li voglia leggere/li stia leggendo non li apprezzerà mai quanto ho fatto io, né si affezionerà allo stesso modo ai personaggi, né comprenderà allo stesso modo ciò che l'autore voleva trasmettere.

Quindi, fate ciò che volete. Se volete leggerlo, fate pure. Solamente, vi prego, trattatelo bene.

Manny says

One of the all-time great over-the-top romances - everyone knows the story, and it's been adapted a million times. How they could have given it a happy ending in Steve Martin's "Roxanne" is beyond me. The Depardieu movie is the one to see, of course.

Debbie Zapata says

Ah, Cyrano. You never disappoint me. How many times have I read your story? How many times have I laughed, cheered, cried and sighed over you? Too many to count, and there will be many more in the future. You are my hero.

But did you know you were a real person? Wait, that sounds silly. Of course *you* knew that, but how did it slip my own mind? Maybe other times when I read the introductory note to Edmond Rostand's wonderful play about you, this phrase never took hold in my little pea brain: **The character of Cyrano was real.**

But this time it did. I googled you and sure enough, there you were, bigger than life. And you were a writer yourself! Knowing that helped me understand better than ever the scene with De Guiche outside Roxane's house. You know the one, where you fell from the moon in order to distract him long enough for....well, you and Rostand and I know why, but I cannot say because other people who have not read the play yet could be reading this someday and I would hate to spoil anything for them. Anyway, De Guiche tells you that you should write a book about your trip to the moon and you say you will. I am about to read that book now, Cyrano. I look forward to your own words, even though they will not be in the form of love letters.

I understand that Rostand romanticized your life when he wrote his play, but I would like to believe that he captured your panache perfectly. And I loved how he had you meet D'Artagnan in Act One! I thought it was a brilliant touch, even though it was only a handshake and a few words from him to you. Brilliant because as

you know, D'Artagnan himself was a real person, and you probably did meet him at some point or at the very least knew about him.

You took your real voyage to the moon in 1655, only 36 years old. So young to die, even for those years, don't you think? But you were here, you made your mark in the world. And thanks in part to Rostand and his play, you will be remembered forever. I hope you are happy there on your moonbeam, and can still catch golden stars in your cloak.

Marquise says

What an entertaining and very funny swashbuckler this was! With such a lovable hero with a big nose and a bigger heart, whose wit is as ready and sharp as his rapier. Cyrano is going to make you laugh, think and feel sad with his rhymes (which, by the way, the English translation doesn't do full justice), whilst the heroine is a bit too vapid for him.

I do wish the ending hadn't been like it was, but I appreciate why it had to go down like that and how it fits Cyrano's character and shows his immense worth as a human being, so in hindsight it doesn't make me feel as sorry as immediately after the last act ends.

Oh, and of course, my headcanon for Cyrano is and never will be none other than Gérard Depardieu...

... whose superb performance in the film of the same name was what tipped me off as to the existence of Rostand's play and is, for a change, one of the extremely rare adaptations that don't elicit complaints from me about mishandling of the source material. I got lucky, for when I finally got to read this play, it turned out one of the best I've read this year.

Patrick says

I read this book in 1994, and it changed the way I thought about stories.

Up until that point in my life, the vast majority of the books I'd read were fantasy and science fiction. Many of them were good books. Many, in retrospect, were not.

Then I read Cyrano De Bergerac. For the first half of the play I was amazed at the character, I was stunned by the language. I was utterly captivated by the story.

The second half of the book broke my heart. Then it broke my heart again. I cried for hours. I decided if I ever wrote a fantasy novel, I wanted it to be as good as this. I wanted my characters to be as good as this.

A couple months later, I started writing *The Name of the Wind*.

Over the years, I've read many translations of the original and seen many different movies and stage productions. In my opinion, the Brian Hooker translation is the best of these, head and shoulders above the rest.

The problem is this, the play was originally written in French, which is a relatively pure language, linguistically speaking. Because of the way it's structured, French rhymes very naturally.

English, on the other hand, is a total mutt of a language. It's as pure as a rabid dog. We're linguistically Germanic at our roots, but that's like saying a terrier used to be a wolf. Modern English is a rich, delicious gumbo full of Latin, Old Norse, French... and well... pretty much whatever we found laying around the kitchen that we wanted to throw into the pot.

(BTW, what you see up in the previous paragraph is the very definition of a mixed metaphor. Just so you know....)

Modern English doesn't rhyme naturally. You really have to stretch to fit it into into couplets. And unless this is done *masterfully* what you're doing ends up sounding arty and pretentious, or like Dr. Seuss to the English speaking ear. And those are best-case scenarios.

Brian Hooker was a proper poet, and he realized that the rhyme was secondary. He knew the most important thing was that Cyrano speak with eloquence, wit, and beauty in his language. So that's what he focuses on. There's a little rhyming, but just a little. Just when it works.

The result is lovely, and at no point do you ever feel like you're reading a kid's book or an Elizabethan sonnet. Cyrano sounds like a fucking badass.

So yeah. It's the best. If you're going to read one piece of drama before you die, read this.

Gabrielle says

Updated review with notes on a few available English translations.

This is the most beautiful and most heartbreaking love story ever. I have watched the movie with Gérard Depardieu in the title role a million times, I have seen stage performances of it. It never fails to make me laugh and turn me into a sobbing mess by the last line.

Cyrano is the best swordsman of Paris; he is also the city's greatest poet. He is as grand in deeds as he is in words, refuses prestige and the limelight, preferring to keep to himself with his poems and the regiment he leads for company. He also feels doomed to be forever alone because he has a really, really big nose: he has loved his lovely cousin Roxane from afar for years, but has never dared to declare himself for fear that she will find his appearance ridiculous.

Roxane is beautiful, elegant and witty, but she is shallow: she is in love with the Baron Christian de Neuville, who is handsome, but lacks the eloquence to woo her the way she wants to be wooed. So Cyrano hatches a plan: he will write Roxane beautiful poetry, expressing the passionate feelings he harbours for her, and Christian will deliver the love notes and reap the rewards.

The speeches in this play are breathtaking with spirit, humour and wit. The original French version (I have never read a translation) has an almost musical rhythm to every line. The characters are larger than life, passionate and deeply human: all three main characters are absolutely bad-asses in their own way.

This play is a pure delight, to be read and re-read again and again and I cannot recommend it enough.

Thoughts about a few English translations. Feel free to skip.

French is my first language so when a book is originally written in French, I read the original. Having read a few books both in English and in French (namely Du Maurier and Kerouac, of all things), I am all too aware of how easily you can lose subtle things in the translation process and how that can often result in reading a book that simply doesn't carry the same flavor as the original. "Cyrano" was written in alexandrine verses, which is probably a terrifying prospect for any translator, especially if you want to keep the tone intact. This is a play about love, passion, sacrifice and strong characters: if the translator can't carry those things in his version, it just doesn't work. So out of curiosity and stubbornness, I combed bookstores for not one but THREE different English translations of my favorite play to try and figure out which one comes closest to Rostand's original words. Bear in mind that I have read and seen "Cyrano" a hundred time and basically know most of it by heart.

Everybody recommended the Brian Hooker version, which I ended up finding a little bland, despite it being regarded as the "standard" English version. Hooker was himself a poet, and he tried to keep things as lyrical as he could, but the speeches don't read as fluidly as I had hoped.

Then I read Carol Clark's version: she provides a really interesting introduction and notes on translation (oh, Penguin Classics editions and all your scholarly extra material, how I love thee!) which digs into the various challenges of preserving the energy and spirit of the play. That version was more dynamic than the Hooker translation, but a few turns of phrases felt like snags in an otherwise smooth ride. Good, but not quite right.

I then realized that Anthony Burgess (yes, THE Anthony Burgess) had also translated "Cyrano", and adapted it for the modern stage. I hunted that version down because Burgess is a wizard with words and I just had to see how he worked with Rostand's. In his introduction, he mentions that part of the difficulty in translating this play has to do with the fundamental difference between translating a poem and translating a play, which is invariably meant to be spoken out loud and performed by actors. Sure, you have to respect the original work, but you also have to think of the actors and the audience: they need to understand what's going on, and they need to have the proper reactions. He points out that Rostand's play has many comedic elements in French, that the Hooker translation, which sticks very faithfully to the original words, doesn't convey - hence why it reads a bit dryly. Cyrano is a witty man who makes fun of his adversaries and what sounds ironic in French will not necessarily sound ironic in English; you need to shift ever so slightly to convey the right vibe.

In my opinion, Burgess' version is the best English translation, because its the one that "feels" the most like the original. The rhythm and delivery are preserved, as are the shift from funny to poignant and romantic.

Ahmed says

????? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? (????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ?? ??????)????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ??????????
??? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ??? ?????? ??????????
????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????????? ?????????? ??? ?? ??? ?????????? ?????????? ?????????? ?? ?????? ??????

Abdullah Abdulrahman says

???

Arwen56 says

Aldilà della storia d'amore, che pur gli appartiene e contribuisce a definirlo, il ritratto intenso di un uomo che ha scelto di essere solo se stesso, sia pure con tutti i limiti di una certa spavalderia e di un grande orgoglio. Ma disposto a pagarne sempre le conseguenze, con onestà e dignità. Uno "Stoner" di altri tempi, tempi in cui estrarre la spada era naturale come bere un bicchiere d'acqua. Ma comunque uno "Stoner".

Ebbene sì, devo ammetterlo, mi sono commossa anche in questo caso. Sarà l'età. ;-)

Marty Reeder says

YET ANOTHER READING, December 15, 2009

I forced my class to read this book for their reading time, which is usually reserved for personal reading time.

They loved it.

I can't think of a better endorsement. No other book I know of can get the full enthusiasm of both an English teacher and a classroom full of stratified and unique, individual students--especially when they have been forced to read the book.

Why? Because Cyrano has a universal appeal that spans generations. Because Cyrano is funny. Because his tale is adventurous. Because it is unblinkingly sincere and puts away pretenses, if even for a few, beautiful and believable moments. Because we all hope to attain the kind of love that Rostand presents in his protagonist. Why? Because *Cyrano de Bergerac* rings true in the deepest and surest sense that any literature I have ever read has ever been able to attain.

Wow. That is a pretty epic and sweeping recommendation, you might think, but it only touches on the wide range of emotions I get when I read through it. And now, as I think back on this past reading and the several readings from before it, I cannot think of any book, any piece of literature, anywhere that has a more favorable spot in my heart. No other piece of literature has the ability to make me laugh, cry, smile satisfied, or yearn tragically with as much poignant ability as this piece.

Cyrano is my hero, and, according to his inspiration, I hope to preserve my own white plume up until the very moment of my death. What a beautiful person Cyrano is; what a beautiful character Rostand has created.

Read it. Just read it and find the Cyrano in yourself, because he is there, in all of us ... that much should be as plain as, well, the nose on your face.

PREVIOUS REVIEW, 2006, 1997, others

One of the most balanced, talented pieces of literature I have ever read. Plus, I think that Edmond Rostand, besides being extremely clever and funny, has a few scenes of such startling, raw truth and emotion that I've never found an equal in other works I've read.

