

浓咖啡双语经典



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Honore de Balzac

【法】巴尔扎克 著

配电影光盘



双盘装



中国对外翻译出版公司

浓咖啡双语经典丛书

# 高老头

OLD GORIOT

*Honore de Balzac*

[法] 巴尔扎克 著

柳建营 译



中国对外翻译出版公司

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**图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据**

高老头/(法) 巴尔扎克 (Balzac, H.) 著; 柳建营译.  
—北京: 中国对外翻译出版公司, 2005.1  
(浓咖啡双语经典系列)  
ISBN 7-5001-1320-X  
I. 高... II. ①巴... ②柳... III. 英语 对照读物,  
小说-英、汉 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2004) 第 134785 号

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出版发行 / 中国对外翻译出版公司

地 址 / 北京市西城区车公庄大街甲 4 号物华大厦六层

电 话 / (010) 68002481 68002482

邮 编 / 100044

传 真 / (010) 68002480

E-mail: ctpc@public.bta.net.cn

http://www.ctpc.com.cn

策划编辑 / 铁 钧 责任编辑 / 黄又林

责任校对 / 刘 梅 排 版 / 大汉方圆图文设计制作中心

印 刷 /

经 销 / 新华书店北京发行所

规 格 / 787×1092 毫米 1/24

印 张 / 7.25

版 次 / 2005 年 1 月第一版

印 次 / 2005 年 1 月第二次

印 数 / 5001-10000 册

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ISBN 7-5001-1320-X/H·416 定价: 18.00 元



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## 读“浓咖啡” 双语经典

我们正面临着一个各种各样的思维方式和价值取向杂陈并存的众声喧哗的时代，我们需要塑造属于我们自己的时代的经典之作。殊不知，经典之所以成为经典，是历经了一个漫长而艰辛的过程，如同大浪淘沙。在一个相对短促的时期内，我们检验经典的成效自然大打折扣。因此，拥抱经典，无疑是我们获取有益人生经验的捷径！

“浓咖啡”双语经典丛书，将引领你与文学经典亲密接触。不知不觉间，你将沉浸在阅读的欢娱中爱不释手。在体味经典淡雅、隽永的芳香之时，你芜杂的心绪能得到最妥帖的慰藉。沉思移时，你将感谢大师们所馈赠的多汁、味美的精神食粮。面对当下物欲横流、日益喧嚣的世界，借助经典的辉光，你将会以从容的姿态寻找到最适合你的生存方式。

“浓咖啡”对原著进行必要的“节录”“浓缩”，既不失原著的主旨，又体现出巨著的精髓。同时配上经典影视光盘，并对名著中人物的不同汉译名称统一加注，使您在快节奏的今天，能在短时间内品味经典，体味人生。

让文学经典伴随我们漫漫人生路！

让我们在经典中沉醉，在经典中沉静，在经典中明心见性！

编者



## 《高老头》简介

《高老头》(OLD GORIOT) 是十九世纪法国批判现实主义作家巴尔扎克 (Honore De Balzac, 1799—1850) 的代表作。

小说以一八一九年底到一八二〇年初为时代背景，以伏盖太太的公寓和鲍赛昂夫人的沙龙为舞台；通过退休面条商高里奥老头被他所钟爱的两个进入上流社会的亲生女儿榨干钱财后遗弃，最后穷死在伏盖公寓的阁楼里的悲剧；通过没落贵族子弟，满怀野心的青年拉斯蒂涅从内地到巴黎投靠表姐鲍赛昂夫人，在往上爬的过程中的见闻和经历，真实地勾画出了复辟王朝时期法国社会的一幅缩影，再现了金钱主宰一切的时代风貌。



...

And you, too, will do the like; you who with this book in your white hand will sink back among the cushions of your armchair, and say to yourself, 'Perhaps this may amuse me. 'You will read the story of Father Goriot's secret woes<sup>①</sup>, and, dining thereafter with an unspoiled appetite, will lay the blame of your insensibility upon the writer, and accuse him of exaggeration, of writing romances. Ah! once for all, this drama is neither a fiction nor a romance! ALL IS TRUE, -so true, that every one can discern the elements of the tragedy in his own house, perhaps in his own heart.

The lodging-house is Mme. Vauquer's own property. It is still standing in the lower end of the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genieve, just where the road slopes so sharply down to the Rue de l'Arbalete, that wheeled traffic seldom passes that way, because it is so stony and steep.

...

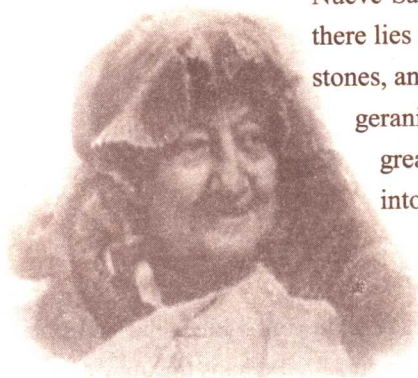
The front of the lodging-house is at right angles to the road, and looks out upon a little garden, so that you see the side of the house in section, as it were, from the Rue

① woe [wou] 灾难





高老头  
OLD GORIOT



Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve. Beneath the wall of the house front there lies a channel, a fathom<sup>①</sup> wide, paved with cobblestones, and beside it runs a graveled walk bordered by geraniums<sup>②</sup> and oleanders<sup>③</sup> and pomegranates<sup>④</sup> set in great blue and white glazed earthenware pots. Access into the graveled walk is afforded by a door, above which the words MAISON VAUQUER may be read, and beneath, in rather smaller letters, 'Lodgings for both sexes, etc. '

...

At the time when this story begins, the lodging-house contained seven inmates<sup>⑤</sup>. The best rooms in the house were on the first story, Mme. Vauquer herself occupying the least important, while the rest were let to a Mme. Couture, the widow<sup>⑥</sup> of a commissary<sup>⑦</sup>-general in the service of the Republic. With her lived Victorine Taillefer, a schoolgirl, to whom she filled the place of mother. These two ladies paid eighteen hundred francs a year.

The two sets of rooms on the second floor were respectively occupied by an old man

① fathom ['fæðəm] 英寻

② geranium [dʒi'reinjəm] 天竺葵

③ oleander [ˌouli'ændə] 夹竹桃

④ pomegranate [pɒm'grænit] 石榴树

⑤ inmate ['inmeɪt] 同住者

⑥ widow ['widəʊ] 寡妇

⑦ commissary ['kɒmisəri] 军需官



named Poirot and a man of forty or thereabouts, the wearer of a black wig<sup>①</sup> and dyed whiskers, who gave out that he was a retired merchant, and was addressed as M. Vautrin. Two of the four rooms on the third floor were also let-one to an elderly spinster, a Mlle. Michonneau, and the other to a retired manufacturer of vermicelli, Italian paste and starch, who allowed the others to address him as 'Father Goriot.' The remaining rooms were allotted<sup>②</sup> to various birds of passage, to impecunious<sup>③</sup> students, who like 'Father Goriot' and Mlle. Michonneau, could only muster forty-five francs a month to pay for their board and lodging. Mme. Vauquer had little desire for lodgers of this sort; they ate too much bread, and she only took them in default of better.

At that time one of the rooms was tenanted by a law student, a young man from the neighborhood of Angouleme, one of a large family who pinched<sup>④</sup> and starved themselves to spare twelve hundred francs a year for him. Misfortune had accustomed Eugene de Rastignac, for that was his name, to work. He belonged to the number of young men who know as children that their parents' hopes are centered on them, and deliberately prepare themselves for a great career, subordinating their studies from the first to this end, carefully watching the indications of the course of events, calculating the probable turn that affairs will take, that they may be the first to profit by them. But for his observant curiosity, and the skill with which he managed to introduce himself into the salons of Paris, this story would not have been colored by the tones of truth which it certainly owes

---

① wig [wig] 假发

② allot [ə'lɒt] 分配

③ impecunious [im'pikju:niəs] 贫穷的, 没钱的

④ pinch [pintʃ] 节省





to him, for they are entirely due to his penetrating sagacity<sup>①</sup> and desire to fathom the mysteries of an appalling condition of things, which was concealed as carefully by the victim as by those who had brought it to pass.

Above the third story there was a garret<sup>②</sup> where the linen was hung to dry, and a couple of attics. Christophe, the man-of-all-work, slept in one, and Sylvie, the stout cook, in the other.

...

Eugene de Rastignac was a thoroughly southern type; he had a fair complexion<sup>③</sup>, blue eyes, black hair. In his figure, manner, and his whole bearing it was easy to see that he had either come of a noble family, or that, from his earliest childhood, he had been gently bred. If he was careful of his wardrobe, only taking last year's clothes into daily wear, still upon occasion he could issue forth as a young man of fashion. Ordinarily he wore a shabby coat and waistcoat, the limp black cravat<sup>④</sup>, untidily knotted, that students affect, trousers that matched the rest of his costume<sup>⑤</sup>, and boots that had been resoled.

...

Such a gathering contained, as might have been expected, the elements out of which a complete society might be constructed. And, as in a school, as in the world itself, there was among the eighteen men and women who met round the dinner table a poor creature,

---

① sagacity [sə'gæsiti] 敏锐

② garret ['gærət] 阁楼

③ complexion [kəm'plekʃən] 皮肤

④ cravat [krə'væt] 领带

⑤ costume [kɒs'tju:m] 服装



despised by all the others, condemned to be the butt of all their jokes. At the beginning of Eugene de Rastignac's second twelvemonth, this figure suddenly started out into bold relief against the background of human forms and faces among which the law student was yet to live for another two years to come. This laughing-stock was the retired vermicelli-merchant, Father Goriot, upon whose face a painter, like the historian, would have concentrated all the light in his picture.

...

In the year 1813, at the age of sixty-nine or thereabouts, 'Father Goriot' had sold his business and retired to Mme. Vauquer's boarding house. When he first came there he had taken the rooms now occupied by Mme. Couture; he had paid twelve hundred francs a year like a man to whom five louis more or less was a mere trifle. For him Mme. Vauquer had made various improvements in the three rooms destined<sup>①</sup> for his use, in consideration of a certain sum paid in advance, so it was said, for the miserable furniture, that is to say, for some yellow cotton curtains, a few chairs of stained wood covered with Utrecht velvet, several wretched colored prints in frames, and wall papers that a little suburban tavern would have disdained. Possibly it was the careless generosity with which Father



---

① destine for 指定



高 老 头  
OLD GORIOT

Goriot allowed himself to be overreached at this period of his life (they called him Monsieur Goriot very respectfully then) that gave Mme. Vauquer the meanest opinion of his business abilities; she looked on him as an imbecile<sup>①</sup> where money was concerned.

Goriot had brought with him a considerable wardrobe, the gorgeous outfit of a retired tradesman who denies himself nothing.

...

Finally, Mme. Vauquer's magpie's<sup>②</sup> eye had discovered and read certain entries in the list of shareholders in the funds, and, after a rough calculation, was disposed to credit Goriot (worthy man) with something like ten thousand francs a year. From that day forward Mme. Vauquer (nee de Conflans), who, as a matter of fact, had seen forty-eight summers, though she would only own to thirty-nine of them-Mme. Vauquer had her own ideas.

...

For three months from that day Mme. Veuve Vauquer availed<sup>③</sup> herself of the services of M. Goriot's coiffeur<sup>④</sup>, and went to some expense over her toilette<sup>⑤</sup>, expense justifiable on the ground that she owed it to herself and her establishment to pay some attention to appearances when such highly-respectable persons honored her house with their presence. She expended no small amount of ingenuity<sup>⑥</sup> in a sort of weeding process

① imbecile [ˈimbisi:l] 愚笨的

② magpie [ˈmæɡpai] 喜鹊

③ avail [əˈveil] 有助于 avail oneself of 利用

④ coiffeur [kwɑːˈfjuə] [法] 男理发师

⑤ toilette [twɑːˈlet] 梳妆, 打扮

⑥ ingenuity [ˌɪndʒiˈnjuːiti] 足智多谋





of her lodgers, announcing her intention of receiving henceforward<sup>①</sup> none but people who were in every way select. If a stranger presented himself, she let him know that M. Goriot, one of the best known and most highly-respected merchants in Paris, had singled out her boarding-house for a residence. She drew up a prospectus headed MAISON VAUQUER, in which it was asserted that hers was 'one of the oldest and most highly recommended boarding-houses in the Latin Quarter.'

...

Like all narrow natures, Mme. Vauquer was wont to confine her attention to events, and did not go very deeply into the causes that brought them about; she likewise preferred to throw the blame of her own mistakes on other people, so she chose to consider that the honest vermicelli maker was responsible for her misfortune. It had opened her eyes, so she said, with regard to him. As soon as she saw that her blandishments<sup>②</sup> were in vain, and that her outlay<sup>③</sup> on her toilette was money thrown away, she was not slow to discover the reason of his indifference. It became plain to her at once that there was some other attraction, to use her own expression. In short, it was evident that the hope she had so fondly cherished was a baseless delusion<sup>④</sup>, and that she would 'never make anything out of that man yonder, 'in the Countess' forcible phrase. The Countess seemed to have been a judge of character. Mme. Vauquer's aversion<sup>⑤</sup> was naturally more energetic than her

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① henceforward [hens'fɔrwəd] 从今以后

② blandishment ['blændɪsmənt] 奉承, 讨好

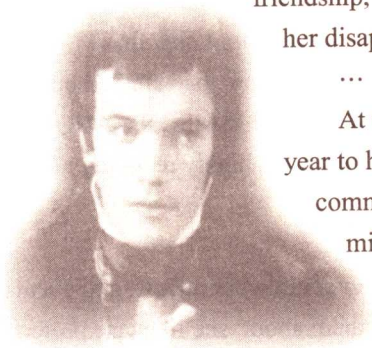
③ outlay [aʊt'lei] 支出

④ delusion [di'luzən] 错觉

⑤ aversion [ə'veɪʃən] 厌恶, 反感



高老头  
OLD GORIOT



friendship, for her hatred was not in proportion to her love, but to her disappointed expectations.

...

At that time Goriot was paying twelve hundred francs a year to his landlady, and Mme. Vauquer saw nothing out of the common in the fact that a rich man had four or five mistresses; nay, she thought it very knowing of him to pass them off as his daughters. She was not at all inclined to draw a hard-and-fast line, or to take umbrage<sup>①</sup> at his sending for them to the Maison

Vauquer; yet, inasmuch as these visits explained her boarder's indifference to her, she went so far (at the end of the second year) as to speak of him as an 'ugly old wretch. 'When at length her boarder declined to nine hundred francs a year, she asked him very insolently what he took her house to be, after meeting one of these ladies on the stairs. Father Goriot answered that the lady was his eldest daughter.

'So you have two or three dozen daughters, have you?' said Mme. Vauquer sharply.

'I have only two,' her boarder answered meekly, like a ruined man who is broken in to all the cruel usage of misfortune.

Towards the end of the third year Father Goriot reduced his expenses still further; he went up to the third story, and now paid forty-five francs a month. He did without snuff<sup>②</sup>, told his hairdresser that he no longer required his services, and gave up wearing powder...

① umbrage [ˈʌmbrɪdʒ] 生气

② snuff [snʌf] 鼻烟



In the fourth year of his residence in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve he was no longer like his former self. The hale vermicelli manufacturer, sixty-two years of age, who had looked scarce forty, the stout, comfortable, prosperous tradesman, with an almost bucolic<sup>①</sup> air, and such a brisk demeanor that it did you good to look at him; the man with something boyish in his smile, had suddenly sunk into his dotage<sup>②</sup>, and had become a feeble, vacillating septuagenarian<sup>③</sup>. The keen, bright blue eyes had grown dull, and faded to a steel-gray color; the red inflamed rims looked as though they had shed tears of blood.

...

Eugene de Rastignac had just returned to Paris in a state of mind not unknown to young men who are conscious of unusual powers, and to those whose faculties are so stimulated by a difficult position, that for the time being they rise above the ordinary level.

Rastignac's first year of study for the preliminary examinations in law had left him free to see the sights of Paris and to enjoy some of its amusements. A student has not much time on his hands if he sets himself to learn the repertory of every theatre, and to study the ins and outs of the labyrinth<sup>④</sup> of Paris. To know its customs; to learn the language, and become familiar with the amusements of the capital, he must explore its recesses, good and bad, follow the studies that please him best, and form some idea of the treasures contained in galleries and museums.

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① bucolic [bjʊːˈkɒlɪk] 田园生活的

② dotage [ˈdɔʊtɪdʒ] 衰老

③ septuagenari-an [ˌseptjuədʒˈneəriən] 七十至七十九岁的人

④ labyrinth [ˈlæbərɪnθ] 迷宫





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At this stage of his career a student grows eager and excited about all sorts of follies<sup>①</sup> that seem to him to be of immense importance. He has his hero, his great man, a professor at the College de France, paid to talk down to the level of his audience. He adjusts his cravat, and strikes various attitudes for the benefit of the women in the first galleries at the Opera-Comique. As he passes through all these successive initiations, and breaks out of his sheath, the horizons of life widen around him, and at length he grasps the plan of society with the different human strata of which it is composed.

Unconsciously, Eugene had served his apprenticeship before he went back to Angouleme for the long vacation after taking his degrees as bachelor of arts and bachelor of law. The illusions of childhood had vanished, so also had the ideas he brought with him from the provinces; he had returned thither<sup>②</sup> with an intelligence developed, with loftier ambitions, and saw things as they were at home in the old manor house.

...

He meant, like all great souls, that his success should be owing entirely to his merits; but his was pre-eminently a southern temperament, the execution of his plans was sure to be marred by the vertigo<sup>③</sup> that seizes on youth when youth sees itself alone in a wide sea, uncertain how to spend its energies, whither to steer its course, how to adapt its sails to the winds. At first he determined to fling himself heart and soul into his work, but he was diverted from this purpose by the need of society and connections; then he saw how great an influence women exert in social life, and suddenly made up his mind to go out into this

① folly ['fɒli] 蠢事

② thither ['θɪðə] 那里

③ vertigo ['vɜːtigou] 晕头转向

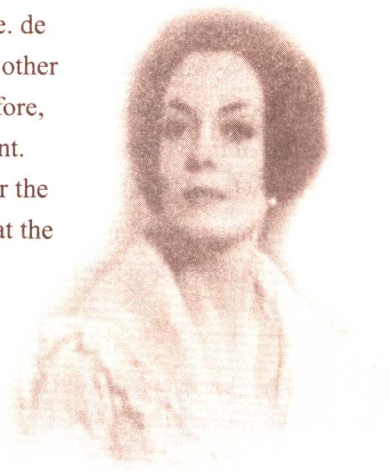


world to seek a protectress there. Surely a clever and high-spirited young man, whose wit and courage were set off to advantage by a graceful figure and the vigorous kind of beauty that readily strikes a woman's imagination, need not despair of finding a protectress. These ideas occurred to him in his country walks.

Suddenly the young man's ambition discerned in those recollections of his aunt's, which had been like nursery fairy tales to her nephews and nieces, the elements of a social success at least as important as the success which he had achieved at the Ecole de Droit. He began to ask his aunt about those relations; some of the old ties might still hold good. After much shaking of the branches of the family tree, the old lady came to the conclusion that of all persons who could be useful to her nephew among the selfish genus of rich relations, the Vicomtesse de Beauseant was the least likely to refuse. To this lady, therefore, she wrote in the old-fashioned style, recommending Eugene to her; pointing out to her nephew that if he succeeded in pleasing Mme. de Beauseant, the Vicomtesse would introduce him to other relations. A few days after his return to Paris, therefore, Rastignac sent his aunt's letter to Mme. de Beauseant. The Vicomtesse replied by an invitation to a ball for the following evening. This was the position of affairs at the Maison Vauquer at the end of November 1819.

...

Eugene sat absorbed in thought for a few moments before plunging into his law books. He had just become aware of the fact that the Vicomtesse de Beauseant was one of the





queens of fashion, that her house was thought to be the pleasantest in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. And not only so, she was, by right of her fortune, and the name she bore, one of the most conspicuous<sup>①</sup> figures in that aristocratic<sup>②</sup> world. Thanks to the aunt, thanks to Mme. de Marcillac's letter of introduction, the poor student had been kindly received in that house before he knew the extent of the favor thus shown to him. It was almost like a patent of nobility to be admitted to those gilded salons; he had appeared in the most exclusive circle in Paris, and now all doors were open for him. Eugene had been dazzled at first by the brilliant assembly, and had scarcely exchanged a few words with the Vicomtesse; he had been content to single out a goddess among this throng of Parisian divinities, one of those women who are sure to attract a young man's fancy. The Comtesse Anastasie de Restaud was tall and gracefully made; she had one of the prettiest figures in Paris.

He had contrived to write his name twice upon the list of partners upon her fan, and had snatched a few words with her during the first quadrille.

'Where shall I meet you again, Madame?' he asked abruptly, and the tones of his voice were full of the vehement<sup>③</sup> energy that women like so well.

'Oh, everywhere!' said she, 'in the Bois, at the Bouffons, in my own house.'

With the impetuosity<sup>④</sup> of his adventurous southern temper, he did all he could to cultivate an acquaintance with this lovely countess, making the best of his opportunities in

---

① conspicuous [kən'spijuəs] 惹人注目的

② aristocratic [ˌæristə'krætik] 贵族的

③ vehement [ˌviːmənt] 热烈的

④ impetuosity [imˌpetju'ɒsiti] 猛烈