

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】



The Selected Short Stories of Balzac - The Red Inn

巴尔扎克短篇小说精选 ——红房子旅馆

[法] 巴尔扎克 著
王子瑄 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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内 容 简 介

本书精选了法国著名作家巴尔扎克的七篇短篇小说,其中包括《红房子旅馆》《长寿药水》《不为人知的杰作》和《恐怖时期的一段插曲》等公认的短篇小说经典名篇。它们被翻译成各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通片等。

无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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奥诺雷·德·巴尔扎克（Honoré de Balzac，1799—1850），19 世纪享誉世界的法国著名作家。

1799 年 5 月 20 日，巴尔扎克出生于法国都兰地区图尔市的一个中产阶级家庭。1813 年中学毕业后，巴尔扎克按父亲的意愿进入巴黎大学法学院学习，但他对法律并不感兴趣，在此期间他旁听了很多文学院的课程。同时，他还进修数学、物理、化学、生物等自然科学课程。接受这些文学课程和自然科学课程的教育对巴尔扎克创作风格的形成产生了非常重要的作用。大学毕业后，他拒绝父母为他选择的受人尊敬的法律职业，而立志要做文学家。但是他的第一部作品——五幕诗体悲剧《克伦威尔》在发表后却没有收到预期的效果，它是一部不受欢迎的作品。尔后他与人合作从事滑稽小说和神怪小说的创作，曾一度弃文从商和经营企业，出版名著丛书等，但均以失败告终。商业和企业上的失败使他债台高筑，拖累终身，但也为他日后创作打下了坚实的生活基础。

1829 年，他发表了长篇小说《朱安党人》，这部取材于现实生活的作品为他带来了巨大声誉。1831 年，他出版了《驴皮记》，该作品更使他声名大震，并从此确立了他在法国文坛的地位。巴尔扎克一生共创作 96 部长、中、短篇小说和随笔，总命名为《人间喜剧》，共写了两千四百多个人物，是人类文学史上罕见的文学丰碑，被称为法国社会的“百科全书”。1850 年 8 月 18 日，巴尔扎克终因劳累过度与世长辞。在他的追思会上，文学大师雨果站在巴黎的蒙蒙细雨中，面对成千上万哀悼者慷慨激昂地评价道：“在最伟大的人物中间，巴尔扎克是名列前茅者；在最优秀的人物中间，巴尔扎克是佼佼者。”一个多世纪以来，他的作品传遍了全世界，受到世界各地一代又一代读者的欢迎；他对世界文学的发展和人类进步产生了巨大的影响。马克思、恩格斯称赞他是“超群的小说家”、“现实主义大师”。巴尔扎克以自己的创作在世界文学史上树立起不朽的丰碑。



作为《人间喜剧》的重要组成部分，巴尔扎克的短篇小说在世界文坛也影响广泛，同样深受中国读者的喜爱。基于以上原因，我们决定精选、编译巴尔扎克篇小说中的经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

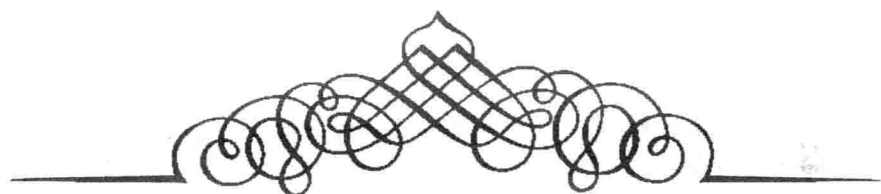
作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王子瑄编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、熊红华、熊建国、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵玲、张玉瑶、付建平。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

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1. 不为人知的杰作

The Unknown Masterpiece



一六一二年年末一个清冷的早晨，一位衣衫单薄的年轻人徘徊在画家波布斯¹的家门前，他身材瘦弱，但是眼睛里却闪现出对艺术渴求的光芒，他几次想要敲开画家的大门，但是却又惴惴不安地在门口徘徊。年轻人将这次拜访波布斯看得十分重要，他的激情需要大师的肯定，他的勇敢需要大师来赞扬，他带着初生牛犊一般的自信来到了艺术的神圣殿堂。就在年轻人踌躇的时候，一位衣着奇特但是目光坚毅的老人也来到了波布斯的家门前，他有着艺术家的气质，他那突出的脑

门、顶端翘起的鼻尖还有那有魔力的绿色的瞳仁都散发出别样的魅力。

年轻人随着老人走进了波布斯的家中，他看到了光线在画布上跳跃起舞，闻到了在空气中蒸发升腾的颜料与油脂的味道。老人似乎和波布斯是旧相识，并且波布斯似乎对老人颇为敬重，他拿出自己的一幅女人的肖像请老人欣赏。这幅在年轻人看来精美绝伦的画像却遭到了老人的批评，他认为这幅画只画出了人物精确的外形，但是却没有画出人物的灵魂，这一定是画家对着石膏人体，按照解剖学的知识，煞费苦心地调整好光线的明暗对比而产生的杰作。但是这幅画却让人看不到生命的力量，那女人雪白的肌肤下隐藏着令人气闷的窒息，而真正的杰作则会让你感受到血脉的跳动。这幅画在素描与彩绘之间徘徊，试图做到将严谨与奔放融汇在一起，但是这种尝试反而使画风变得似是而非。老人强调着艺术的真谛——艺术

¹ Porbus: 波布斯，比利时画家，后成为亨利四世的宫廷画家



一个年轻人在门口徘徊



的本源并不在于分毫不差地模仿，而在于重现自然的美感，艺术家不是工匠而是诗人。有时候过分的真实反而会流于庸俗，只在乎部分的精确会失去整体的和谐，艺术是要经历时间的沉淀才能酿出的好酒。年轻人忍不住插嘴说了自己的见解，这也引起了老人与波布斯的兴趣。这位叫做尼古拉·普散的年轻人被要求画上几笔，他的功底得到了两位前辈的赞扬。不过老人认为这些还不够，他拿起调色盘与画笔在画布上涂抹着，那女人的衣角在画家的手下开始轻轻地飞扬，那雪白的肌肤下隐藏着生命的红晕。当老人画完最后一笔时，普散与波布斯都愣愣地站在那里，直到老人邀请他们到自己家做客，他们才回过神来。这位老人就是意大利画家弗朗霍费²，他的一幅珍藏的画作《美丽的诺瓦赛女人》据说是登峰造极的杰作，但是他从不将它拿出来示人，十几年来他总是不断地对它进行着修改。弗朗霍费想要创造出最美丽的情影，但是他总是能够发现需要改进的地方，他时不时地添上一笔阴影，时不时地勾勒出一丝轮廓。他近乎疯狂地想要寻找一个白璧无瑕的模特，他愿意献上自己一生的财富去临摹一位人间的维纳斯，但是这个愿望似乎很难实现。

普散回到了家中，在家里一位叫做吉莱特的妙龄女郎正等待着他的归来，吉莱特有着天使一般的容颜与心灵，她默默地守护着与这位年轻画家的爱情。普散看到自己的情人迎风而立的姿态简直要痴了，他向吉莱特请求给弗朗霍费当一次模特，这样自己就能够观摩那幅名画，就能够在绘画技艺上前进一大步。吉莱特陷入了痛苦的深渊，一方面她认为普散的决定是对爱情的背弃，另一方面她却不忍心看着自己的爱人失去这次难得的机会，最终还是同意了普散的请求。当弗朗霍费看到吉莱特时，他终于同意让普散与波布斯共同欣赏自己的那幅《美丽的诺瓦赛女人》，这是他的珍宝，这是他妻子美丽的胴体，这是他相恋十年来的精神寄托。当那层神秘的帷幕终于被揭开的时候，两个观摩者惊呆了——这是一幅杂乱无章的色彩的涂抹，那一道道线条与色块堆积在陈年的画布上，而在这片画布的最下方是一双美轮美奂的玉足，也只有它能让人们领略到这幅画最原始的美感。弗朗霍费为了追求完美却最终将所有的不完美都掩盖住了，他的每一次修改都在画上留下不可磨灭的痕迹，最终这幅画面上就什么都没有了。弗朗霍费听了朋友们的评价就如发疯一般，他不愿意相信自己十年的心血最终却回归原点。第二天，弗朗霍费死了，在死之前他将自己的作品一幅

² Frenhofer: 弗朗霍费，意大利色彩派画家

幅都化为了灰烬。

I GILLETTE

*O*n a cold December morning in the year 1612, a young man, whose clothing was somewhat of the thinnest, was walking to and fro before a gateway in the Rue des Grands-Augustins in Paris. He went up and down the street before this house with the irresolution of a gallant who dares not venture into the presence of the mistress whom he loves for the first time, easy of access though she may be; but after a sufficiently long interval of hesitation, he at last crossed the threshold and inquired of an old woman, who was sweeping out a large room on the ground floor, whether Master Porbus was within. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the young man went slowly up the staircase, like a gentleman but newly come to court, and doubtful as to his reception by the king. He came to a stand once more on the landing at the head of the stairs, and again he hesitated before raising his hand to the grotesque knocker on the door of the studio, where doubtless the painter was at work—Master Porbus, sometime painter in ordinary to Henri IV till Mary de' Medici took Rubens into favor.

The young man felt deeply stirred by an emotion that must thrill the hearts of all great artists when, in the pride of their youth and their first love of art, they come into the presence of a master or stand before a masterpiece. For all human sentiments there is a time of early blossoming, a day of generous enthusiasm that gradually fades until nothing is left of happiness but a memory, and glory is known for a delusion. Of all these delicate and short-lived emotions, none so resemble love as the passion of a young artist for his art, as he is about to enter on the blissful martyrdom of his career of glory and disaster, of vague expectations and real disappointments.

Those who have missed this experience in the early days of light purses; who have not, in the dawn of their genius, stood in the presence of a master and felt the throbbing of their hearts, will always carry in their inmost souls a chord that has never been touched, and in their work an indefinable quality will be lacking, a something in the stroke of the brush, a mysterious element that we

call poetry. The swaggerers, so puffed up by self-conceit that they are confident over-soon of their success, can never be taken for men of talent save by fools. From this point of view, if youthful modesty is the measure of youthful genius, the stranger on the staircase might be allowed to have something in him; for he seemed to possess the indescribable diffidence, the early timidity that artists are bound to lose in the course of a great career, even as pretty women lose it as they make progress in the arts of coquetry. Self-distrust vanishes as triumph succeeds to triumph, and modesty is, perhaps, distrust of itself.

The poor neophyte was so overcome by the consciousness of his own presumption and insignificance, that it began to look as if he was hardly likely to penetrate into the studio of the painter, to whom we owe the wonderful portrait of Henri IV. But fate was propitious; an old man came up the staircase. From the quaint costume of this newcomer, his collar of magnificent lace, and a certain serene gravity in his bearing, the first arrival thought that this personage must be either a patron or a friend of the court painter. He stood aside therefore upon the landing to allow the visitor to pass, scrutinizing him curiously the while. Perhaps he might hope to find the good nature of an artist or to receive the good offices of an amateur not unfriendly to the arts; but besides an almost diabolical expression in the face that met his gaze, there was that indescribable something which has an irresistible attraction for artists.

Picture that face. A bald high forehead and rugged jutting brows above a small flat nose turned up at the end, as in the portraits of Socrates and Rabelais; deep lines about the mocking mouth; a short chin, carried proudly, covered with a grizzled pointed beard; sea-green eyes that age might seem to have dimmed were it not for the contrast between the iris and the surrounding mother-of-pearl tints, so that it seemed as if under the stress of anger or enthusiasm there would be a magnetic power to quell or kindle in their glances. The face was withered beyond wont by the fatigue of years, yet it seemed aged still more by the thoughts that had worn away both soul and body. There were no lashes to the deep-set eyes, and scarcely a trace of the arching lines of the eyebrows above them. Set this head on a spare and feeble frame, place it in a frame of lace wrought like an engraved silver fish-slice, imagine a heavy gold chain over the old man's black doublet, and you will have some dim idea of

this strange personage, who seemed still more fantastic in the sombre twilight of the staircase. One of Rembrandt's portraits might have stepped down from its frame to walk in an appropriate atmosphere of gloom, such as the great painter loved. The older man gave the younger a shrewd glance, and knocked thrice at the door. It was opened by a man of forty or thereabout, who seemed to be an invalid.

"Good day, Master."

Porbus bowed respectfully, and held the door open for the younger man to enter, thinking that the latter accompanied his visitor; and when he saw that the neophyte stood a while as if spellbound, feeling, as every artist-nature must feel, the fascinating influence of the first sight of a studio in which the material processes of art are revealed, Porbus troubled himself no more about this second comer.

All the light in the studio came from a window in the roof, and was concentrated upon an easel, where a canvas stood untouched as yet save for three or four outlines in chalk. The daylight scarcely reached the remoter angles and corners of the vast room; they were as dark as night, but the silver ornamented breastplate of a Reiter's corselet, that hung upon the wall, attracted a stray gleam to its dim abiding-place among the brown shadows; or a shaft of light shot across the carved and glistening surface of an antique sideboard covered with curious silver-plate, or struck out a line of glittering dots among the raised threads of the golden warp of some old brocaded curtains, where the lines of the stiff, heavy folds were broken, as the stuff had been flung carelessly down to serve as a model.

Plaster écorchés stood about the room; and here and there, on shelves and tables, lay fragments of classical sculpture-torsos of antique goddesses, worn smooth as though all the years of the centuries that had passed over them had been lovers' kisses. The walls were covered, from floor to ceiling, with countless sketches in charcoal, red chalk, or pen and ink. Amid the litter and confusion of color boxes, overturned stools, flasks of oil, and essences, there was just room to move so as to reach the illuminated circular space where the easel stood. The light from the window in the roof fell full upon Porbus's pale face and on the ivory-tinted forehead of his strange visitor. But in another

moment the younger man heeded nothing but a picture that had already become famous even in those stormy days of political and religious revolution, a picture that a few of the zealous worshipers, who have so often kept the sacred fire of art alive in evil days, were wont to go on pilgrimage to see. The beautiful panel represented a Saint Mary of Egypt about to pay her passage across the seas. It was a masterpiece destined for Mary de' Medici, who sold it in later years of poverty.

"I like your saint," the old man remarked, addressing Porbus. "I would give you ten golden crowns for her over and above the price the Queen is paying; but as for putting a spoke in that wheel,—the devil take it!"

"It is good then?"

"Hey! hey!" said the old man; "good, say you?—Yes and no. Your good woman is not badly done, but she is not alive. You artists fancy that when a figure is correctly drawn, and everything in its place according to the rules of anatomy, there is nothing more to be done. You make up the flesh tints beforehand on your palettes according to your formulae, and fill in the outlines with due care that one side of the face shall be darker than the other; and because you look from time to time at a naked woman who stands on the platform before you, you fondly imagine that you have copied nature, think yourselves to be painters, believe that you have wrested His secret from God. Pshaw! You may know your syntax thoroughly and make no blunders in your grammar, but it takes that and something more to make a great poet. Look at your saint, Porbus! At a first glance she is admirable; look at her again, and you see at once that she is glued to the background, and that you could not walk round her. She is a silhouette that turns but one side of her face to all beholders, a figure cut out of canvas, an image with no power to move nor change her position. I feel as if there were no air between that arm and the background, no space, no sense of distance in your canvas. The perspective is perfectly correct, the strength of the coloring is accurately diminished with the distance; but, in spite of these praiseworthy efforts, I could never bring myself to believe that the warm breath of life comes and goes in that beautiful body. It seems to me that if I laid my hand on the firm, rounded throat, it would be cold as marble to the touch. No, my friend, the blood does not flow beneath that ivory skin, the



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tide of life does not flush those delicate fibres, the purple veins that trace a network beneath the transparent amber of her brow and breast. Here the pulse seems to beat, there it is motionless, life and death are at strife in every detail; here you see a woman, there a statue, there again a corpse. Your creation is incomplete. You had only power to breathe a portion of your soul into your beloved work. The fire of Prometheus died out again and again in your hands; many a spot in your picture has not been touched by the divine flame."

"But how is it, dear master?" Porbus asked respectfully, while the young man with difficulty repressed his strong desire to beat the critic.

"Ah!" said the old man, "it is this! You have halted between two manners. You have hesitated between drawing and color, between the dogged attention to detail, the stiff precision of the German masters and the dazzling glow, the joyous exuberance of Italian painters. You have set yourself to imitate Hans Holbein and Titian, Albrecht Durer and Paul Veronese in a single picture. A magnificent ambition truly, but what has come of it? Your work has neither the severe charm of a dry execution nor the magical illusion of Italian chiaroscuro. Titian's rich golden coloring poured into Albrecht Durer's austere outlines has shattered them, like molten bronze bursting through the mold that is not strong enough to hold it. In other places the outlines have held firm, imprisoning and obscuring the magnificent, glowing flood of Venetian color. The drawing of the face is not perfect, the coloring is not perfect; traces of that unlucky indecision are to be seen everywhere. Unless you felt strong enough to fuse the two opposed manners in the fire of your own genius, you should have cast in your lot boldly with the one or the other, and so have obtained the unity which simulates one of the conditions of life itself. Your work is only true in the centres; your outlines are false, they project nothing, there is no hint of anything behind them. There is truth here," said the old man, pointing to the breast of the Saint, "and again here," he went on, indicating the rounded shoulder. "But there," once more returning to the column of the throat, "everything is false. Let us go no further into detail, you would be disheartened."

The old man sat down on a stool, and remained a while without speaking, with his face buried in his hands.