

# 伟大的盖茨比

THE GREAT GATSBY

中英对照全译本

世界图书出版公司

# 伟大的盖茨比

THE GREAT GATSBY

美国文学卷

中英对照全译本

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会

主任：黎小说 高民芳 杜毅

本册委员：郝佳庆 张雪

世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

**图书在版编目(CIP)数据**

伟大的盖茨比：中英对照全译本/（美）菲茨杰拉德（Fitzgerald, F. S.）著；盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会译.—上海：上海世界图书出版公司，2010.4  
ISBN 978-7-5100-1861-9

I. 伟… II. ①菲… ②盛… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物②长篇小说—美国—近代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2010)第 034058 号

## 伟大的盖茨比

[美]弗·司各特·菲茨杰拉德 著  
盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

---

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

上海市广中路 88 号

邮政编码 200083

北京中科印刷有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题，请与印刷厂联系

（质检科电话：010-84897777）

各地新华书店经销

---

开本：880×1230 1/32 印张：9 字数：270 000

2010 年 4 月第 1 版 2010 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 978-7-5100-1861-9/H·976

定价：14.80 元

<http://www.wpcsh.com.cn>

<http://www.wpcsh.com>

## 前 言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。

# Contents

## 目 录

Chapter 1 第一章.....	1
Chapter 2 第二章.....	35
Chapter 3 第三章.....	60
Chapter 4 第四章.....	94
Chapter 5 第五章.....	126
Chapter 6 第六章.....	151
Chapter 7 第七章.....	175
Chapter 8 第八章.....	229
Chapter 9 第九章.....	255



## Chapter 1

### 第一章

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

“Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone,” he told me, “just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.”

He didn't say any more but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being

在我还很小的时候，父亲曾经给我一些语重心长的教导，那些话语我到今天都还铭记于心。

他说：“当你想批评别人时，只要记住，你所拥有的优势并非是世界上所有的人都拥有的。”

他没再继续说下去。但是，我和父亲总是有一种特定的交流方式，而且我知道他的话还有更深层的意思。时间久了，我便更倾向于对一些人持保留意见。这个习惯让很多奇怪的人愿意和我敞开心扉，同时我也成了受害者，不得不听那些人不厌其烦地唠叨。当正常人身上出现这样的习惯时，那些心理不正常的人便会很快察觉并缠上你。正因如此，我在大学期间被十分不公平地扣上了“政客”的帽子，因为我知道那些缺乏管教的无名小卒的秘密伤心往事。绝大多数都不是我

a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought – frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon – for the intimate revelations of young men or at least the terms in which they express them are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with

向他们打听来的——每当我从一些很肯定的迹象意识到别人要向我倾诉隐私时，我便常常假装在睡觉，或是装作心事重重的样子，又或是摆出一副不怀好意的轻浮态度。因为年轻人的倾诉，或者至少是那些用来表达内心感受的语言，往往都带有剽窃性，而且很明显地，他们会有所隐瞒。对他们持保留意见是出于无限的希望。我现在还有点害怕自己会错过什么，如果我忘了基本的道德观念从人出生的那一刻起就是分配不公的这一点（这是父亲曾经带着一种优越感向我暗示过的，而我现在同样也带着一种优越感不断重复着）。

在夸耀过我的宽容之后，我不得不承认我的宽容也是有限度的。一个人的举止也许是建立在坚固的岩石上面，或是建立在一片潮湿的沼泽中，然而，当过了某个特定的一点之后，我就不会在乎它究竟建立在什么上了。去年秋天，当我从东部回来时，我想要全世界的人都穿上军装，并且希望所有人在道德观念上都永远保持一种立正姿势的严肃状态。我不想再

privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction – Gatsby who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the “creative temperament” – it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No – Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this

继续以一种猎奇的心理去窥视人们的内心。只有盖茨比——将名字赋予这本书的那个人——在我这种反应的范围以外——盖茨比，这个人代表我所鄙视、不屑的一切事物。如果一个人的品格是一连串的成功姿态，那么在他的身上可以感受到一种异样的华美——一种对生活的未来与希望具有极高的敏感性，他就像是一台复杂的仪器，可以记录发生在几万英里外的地震。这种反应和那种被冠以“创造性性格”的松弛的敏感性完全不同——它是一种与众不同的天赋，它充满了希望，它也是一种意愿，充满了浪漫色彩，是我从来没在别人身上发现过，也不太可能会发现的意愿。不——盖茨比本身从始至终还算是好的，是那些侵蚀着盖茨比的东西，那些在他梦醒后随之而来的灵魂的尘埃，使我暂时不再对人们失败的悲伤和短暂的欢愉感兴趣。

在这座位于中西部的城市里，我家连续3代人都是城里的风云人物。



middle-western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on today.

I never saw this great-uncle but I'm supposed to look like him - with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in Father's office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm center of the world the middle-west now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe - so I decided to go east and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my

卡罗威家族算是个大家族，家族里流传着这样一种说法，说我们是巴克勒奇公爵的子孙，然而事实上，创建我们这一支的是我祖父的哥哥。1851年他来到这个地方，花钱捐了个替身代他参加南北战争，而他从那时起便开始做五金批发的买卖，直到现在，我父亲还在继续经营着这项生意。

我从来没有见过这位伯祖父，但据说我和他长得很像，尤其从那幅挂在父亲办公室里的画像来看，我们都有一张冷酷的脸。1915年，我从纽黑文大学毕业，恰好是我父亲毕业后的第二十五年，没过多久，我参加了那场迟来的条顿民族大迁徙，历史上称为世界大战。我享受着反攻的快感，回到家后却变得焦躁不安。中西部不再是世界温暖的中心，现在看起来更像是宇宙边缘的荒芜地带——于是我决定离开这里，到东部去学习投资债券生意。我认识的每个人都做债券，所以我想再多我一个单身汉也没什么问题。我的叔叔阿姨们不断商量着这件事，就像是在为我挑选学前班学校一样认真，最后他们郑重而犹豫地对我说：“嗯……按你说的做吧。”父

aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep-school for me and finally said, "Why - ye-es" with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year and after various delays I came east, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city but it was a warm season and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog, at least I had him for a few days until he ran away, and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

"How do you get to West Egg

亲同意资助我一年，接着又耽搁了一阵子，我便踏上了向东的旅程，在那个1922年的春天，我本以为自己再也不会回来了。

在城里找一间公寓是眼下最实际的事了，但是那时气候已经转暖，而和我刚离开的农村不同，这里没有宽阔的草坪和可以乘凉的大树，因此当办公室里的一个年轻人向我提议在郊区和他合租一套房子时，我感觉好极了。他找到了一间被风雨侵蚀了的木板房，每月租80美元。然而就在我们要搬去之前，他被公司调到了华盛顿，我只好一人搬去那里。我有一条狗——至少在它跑走之前我拥有过它几天，我还有一辆旧道吉汽车和一个芬兰女佣，为我铺床，准备早饭。她总是一边在电炉上做饭，一边自言自语地小声说着芬兰话。

开始的几天，我一个人总觉得很孤单，直到有一天早上，一个比我来得更晚的人挡住了我的去路。

"怎么去西艾格村？"他无助地

village?" he asked helplessly.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood.

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees – just as things grow in fast movies – I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read for one thing and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Maecenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college – one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the “Yale News” – and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become

问。

我告诉了他。而当我继续向前走的时候，我觉得自己不再孤单了。因为此时的我成了一名向导、开路人，一个原始移民。他在不经意间赋予了我在这个地方的自由。

在灿烂的阳光照射下，树木好像一下子变得枝繁叶茂，就像快进电影里一样，我的心中又树立起那个熟悉的信念，生活在这个夏天重新开始了。

有太多的书需要去读，同样，也有太多的养分需要从周围的新鲜空气中汲取。我买来十几本金融、债券和投资证券方面的书，它们被摆在书架上，鲜艳的红色封面和烫金的字体使它们看起来好像刚刚印出来的纸币一样，正做好准备要告诉我只有迈达斯、摩根和米塞纳斯才知道的秘密。除了这些书，我还有更高的志向，就是读一些其他的书。在大学期间，我还是比较文艺的——有一年我给《耶鲁新闻》写了一系列严肃的社论——而现在，我打算把这些东西重新作为我生活的一部分，我自己也要重新成为一个“全才”，或者说是浅尝辄止的专家。“如果只通过一扇窗户去看人生的话，那么它将成功得多。”这句话



again that most limited of all specialists, the “well-rounded man.” This isn’t just an epigram – life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all.

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land. Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western Hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound. They are not perfect ovals – like the egg in the Columbus story they are both crushed flat at the contact end – but their physical resemblance must be a source of perpetual confusion to the gulls that fly overhead. To the wingless a more arresting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.

I lived at West Egg, the – well, the

并不单单是一句警句而已。

偶然地，我到了全北美最古怪的镇子，并在这儿租了一间房子。这个镇子位于一个细长而繁茂的小岛上，这个岛从纽约市向东延伸，在这里，不仅有很多自然奇观，还有两处地形怪异的地方。距离镇子 20 英里外，有两个巨大的半岛，它们的形状一模一样，看起来像两个大鸡蛋。一条小湾将它们隔开，这两座半岛一直延伸到西半球最平静温和的咸水区域——位于长岛海峡的巨大而潮湿的场院。半岛的形状并不是很规则的椭圆形——更像是哥伦布故事里的鸡蛋，其中一头因为碰撞而被压平了——但是，它们的样子足以以假乱真，误导海鸥们一次次地飞向这里。对于没有翅膀的人类来说，这两座半岛更加引人好奇的就是它们除了形状和大小相似之外，就再没有任何相似之处。

我住在西艾格，两座半岛中相对

less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard – it was a factual imitation of some Hôtel Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. Or rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eye-sore, but it was a small eye-sore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires – all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on

落后老土的一个，然而这是一个极其肤浅的标签，很难体现两座岛之间奇怪而带有凶兆的差异。我的房子位于鸡蛋的顶端，距海峡只有 50 码的距离，两座一季度就要缴纳 12000 到 15000 租金的大别墅将我的房子夹在中间。我右边的那幢别墅不论用什么标准来衡量都可以算是一个庞然大物——它就像是位于诺曼底的某个市政厅一样，房子的一边矗立着一座崭新的塔楼，塔楼顶端盖着薄薄的一层常春藤，院子里有一座用大理石砌成的游泳池，还有占地四十多亩的大草坪和花园。这座别墅是盖茨比公馆。或者说，这里住着一位姓盖茨比的有钱人，因为我和这位先生还不认识。我自己的房子简陋不堪，所幸房子很小，已经被周围人忽略，也正因此，我才可以欣赏清澈的泳池，欣赏邻居家的一部分草坪，而且我还和百万富翁挨得如此之近——所有这些待遇每个月只需要花 80 美元。

穿过小湾是上流社会的东艾格半岛，白色的宫殿在水光的映衬下熠熠生辉，而那年夏天发生的一切都要从我开车去那边和汤姆·布坎农一家吃

the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven - a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy - even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach - but now he'd left Chicago and come east in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

Why they came east I don't know. They had spent a year in France, for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people

饭的那个晚上说起。黛西是我一个远房表妹，在我的妹妹中排行第二。我和汤姆在大学期间便认识了。一战结束后不久，我曾在他芝加哥的家里住过几天。

他的丈夫汤姆，不但擅长各种体育运动，还一度是纽黑文史上最强的橄榄球运动员之一——从某种程度上说，他是全国著名的风云人物，是那些少数几个在 21 岁时就在事业上取得极大成就的精英之一，然而在到达顶峰之后，他便开始走下坡路了。他家里很有钱——在大学期间，他花钱大手大脚就常常引来别人非议，但是现在他离开芝加哥，把家搬到了东部地区，他搬家的阵势能让人惊诧到窒息。举个例子，他从森林湖弄来一大群马球马。很难想象在我的同辈中居然有人富有到能够做出这样的事。

我不清楚他们为什么搬到东部来。他们在法国住了一年，并不是为了什么原因，之后他们不停地到处游荡，但是无论到哪儿，周围的人都会

played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it - I had no sight into Daisy's heart but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking a little wistfully for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red and white Georgian Colonial mansion overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens - finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold, and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New

打马球，而且都非常有钱。尽管黛西在电话里告诉我这是他们最后一次搬家了，不过我完全不信——我猜不到黛西心里想的什么，但我总觉得汤姆永远不会安定下来，会略带伤感地为了追寻某场狂热而富有戏剧性的橄榄球比赛而继续漂泊。

于是，在一个微风习习的晚上，我开车去东艾格看望这两个我几乎不怎么了解的老朋友。他们的房子远超出我的想象，一座红白二色的乔治王殖民时期建筑风格的公馆在海湾的映衬下光彩夺目。面积有 1/4 英里的草坪从海滩一直铺到了正门，一路跨过了日晷、砖石小路和红艳似火的花园——最后，当草坪到达房子前面时，它好像是顺着奔跑的势头变成了碧绿的常春藤，继续沿着墙壁往上爬。公馆的正面是一排法式落地窗。此时窗子大敞着，在这个温暖而伴着微风的下午，夕阳照射在玻璃上，映出一片金色的光芒。而汤姆·布坎农穿着骑马装，正叉着两条腿站在正门的阳台上。

纽黑文时期之后，他的样子变得

Haven years. Now he was a sturdy, straw haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining, arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body – he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage – a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked – and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

“Now, don’t think my opinion on these matters is final,” he seemed to say, “just because I’m stronger and more of a man than you are.” We were in the same Senior Society, and while we were never intimate I always had

和以前不太一样。面前的这个男人三十多岁，体格强健，有着一头稻草色头发，待人傲慢，看起来很不好惹。一双炯炯有神的眼睛显示出主人的骄傲与自负，给人一种充满欲望，野心勃勃的感觉。连他身上那件比女式骑马装还优雅的衣服都难以掩盖那具身体里所蕴涵的巨大的能量——那双擦得锃亮的皮靴被他填得满满的，将系在上面的蕾丝带勒到了极限。当他活动肩膀时，你几乎可以透过薄薄的外套看到一大块肌肉正在转动。这具身体注入了无尽的力量，同时也充满了残忍和冷酷。

他说话的声音又粗又高，更加深了他易怒、残暴的形象。在他说话的声调里还夹带着一种训斥、不屑的语气，即使和他喜欢的人说话时也是这样，所以在纽黑文时就有很多人对他恨之入骨。

“现在，不要认为在这些问题上我的观点就是最后的决策。”他话里的意思仿佛是说，“仅仅因为我比你强壮，比你更有男子气概。”大学时，我们两个人同在一个高年级社团，然而我们的关系一向不是非常亲密，我



the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

"I've got a nice place here," he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep pungent roses and a snub-nosed motor boat that bumped the tide off shore.

"It belonged to Demaine the oil man." He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. "We'll go inside."

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rose-colored space, fragily bound into the house by French windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding cake of the ceiling - and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on

总有一种感觉，觉得他认可我，并且用他特有的方式——粗鲁、不屑的态度，希望我能喜欢他。

我们在洒满阳光的阳台上聊了一会儿。

"我住的这个地方可真不错。"他边说，眼睛边不停地来回转着。

他一只手抓着我的胳膊把我转了过来，另一只宽大的手指向眼前的风景，他挥了下手，扫过一座意式凹形花园，半英亩地娇艳芬芳的玫瑰花海，和一艘停靠在海岸边随波起伏的塌鼻汽艇。

"这里原本属于德梅因，那个做石油生意的。"他又一次把我转了过来，礼貌但略带命令口吻地说，"我们去里面吧。"

穿过一条高高的走廊，我们来到一间明亮的玫瑰色房间。房间两边的法式落地窗将这里和别墅连接起来。窗户半敞着，屋外碧绿的草地在玻璃的映衬下闪闪发光，仿佛要一直长到屋子里似的。阵阵微风吹进屋里，窗帘像一面面白色的旗帜从一边被吹向另一边，旋转着飘向天花板上结婚蛋糕似的层层装饰；之后涌向酒红色的小地毯，如轻风拂过海面一样在地毯上留下一片阴影。