

SELECTED STORIES OF F.S. FITZGERALD

英汉对照 ● 英美文学精品

菲

爵士乐时代的代言人
茨杰拉德短篇小说选

吴 楠 译

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爵士乐时代的代言人

菲茨杰拉德

菲茨杰拉德(F · Scott · Fitzgerald, 1896-1940)出生于明尼苏达州的圣保罗市。他的父亲是早期移民马里兰州的爱尔兰名门之后;母亲出身豪富,祖辈是1850年大饥荒时逃往美国的爱尔兰移民,靠自我奋斗发财致富。家庭的原因造成菲茨杰拉德性格中某种自卑的倾向,同时他对财富产生了非常矛盾的态度,这在他以后的作品中都有所反映。

1913年,菲茨杰拉德进入了普林斯顿大学。在校期间,他在课外活动中大显身手:参加了当时学校的三角形俱乐部,期间为之写了许多戏剧作品。他还发表了许多短篇小说及诗歌。但是菲茨杰拉德在学习上漫不经心,时常考试不及格。1917年大学四年级时他终于辍学离校,以一名陆军少尉的身份参加了军队。这时美国已经向德国宣战,并且正准备向法国战场派遣部队。菲茨杰拉德本希望能在第一次世界大战的欧洲战场上尝试一下年轻军人富有刺激性的生活,然而未能如愿以偿。在一次乡村俱乐部的舞会上他结识并爱上了一位亚拉巴马州法官的女儿、交际花泽尔达·塞尔。菲茨杰拉德于1919年退伍后来到纽约寻找发迹的机遇。起初他在事业上进展缓慢,泽尔达因此解除了婚约。1920年他的《人间天堂》(This Side of Paradise)出版。这部标志着爵士乐时代到来的小说不仅使年轻的作者获得了金钱和声誉,还为他赢得了新娘泽尔达。

菲茨杰拉德和他的妻子泽尔达成为20年代反抗上流社会传统以及原则的代表人物。一位传记家曾写道,他们俩“犹如马提尼中的杜松子酒和苦艾酒相互完善,互为补充,使对方在与顽固乏味的

传统的斗争中变得更加有力。”菲茨杰拉德和泽尔达同他小说中的男女主人公一样过着奢侈放纵、豪放不羁的生活。1920年菲茨杰拉德发表了他的第一本短篇小说集《新潮女郎们和哲学家们》(Flappers and Philosophers)。两年后的1922年,他的第二本小说《漂亮的入地狱者》问世了。同年他又出版了他的第二本短篇小说集《爵士乐时代的故事》(Tales of the Jazz Age)。

1924年菲茨杰拉德和妻子泽尔达一同去了欧洲,一呆就是两年。在那里,他们结识了厄内斯特·海明威、歌楚德·斯泰因以及其他许多住在欧洲美国人。后来菲茨杰拉德同他们一起形成了“迷惘的一代”的作家创作群体(The Lost Generation)。1925年在巴黎时,菲茨杰拉德完成了他的代表作《了不起的盖茨比》(The Great Gatsby)。这本小说成为他最优秀、最成功的作品。杰·盖茨比战后改头换面,靠做不法生意发了大财,而他所做的这一切仅仅是为了赢回他当初因为贫穷而失去的姑娘苔西。盖茨比的一片痴情并没有得到任何回报。最后冤死他人枪下。

《了不起的盖茨比》以后,菲茨杰拉德出版了短篇小说集《所有悲伤的年轻人》(1926),其中收集了他的一些最好的短篇小说。此后的两年,菲茨杰拉德疏于笔耕。1926年底,菲茨杰拉德夫妇回到美国。1929年他开始为好莱坞写电影脚本。这时菲茨杰拉德的家庭生活出现了危机。泽尔达开始从事写作,菲茨杰拉德对此耿耿于怀,认为她抢了他的创作素材。1930年泽尔达因精神病住进了医院,1948年死于医院的一场大火。

随着30年代美国经济大萧条的冲击以及爵士乐时代高潮的跌落,人们对菲茨杰拉德的作品兴趣也大大减退。然而菲茨杰拉德并没有因此停止写作。1935年他发表了最后一部短篇小说集《熄灯鼓与起床号》(Taps at Reveille),其中包括他最为感人肺腑的一篇故事《重访巴比伦》。这篇短篇小说在1940年被拍成了电视。1937年他开始靠给好莱坞写电影脚本为生。好莱坞的经历为他提供了《最后一个巨头》(The Last Tycoon)的素材。但他未能完成这部小说,便于1940年死于心脏病突发,享年44岁。

菲茨杰拉德被誉为“爵士乐时代的代言人”和“爵士乐时代的优秀编年史家”。他是美国20世纪20年代最具代表性的作家。

菲茨杰拉德生活的时代不仅是一个幻想破灭和寻欢作乐的时代，而且也是一个思想异常活跃的时代。菲茨杰拉德的经历与同时代作家不尽相同，在许多方面他更接近那一代的普通青年。他的梦想在那时青年人当中是非常普遍的。所不同的是他在追求这些梦想的同时，能用冷静的眼光和客观的态度去分析这一切，并加以批判和讽刺。金钱和爱情是贯穿菲茨杰拉德小说的主题。他对有钱人的态度是矛盾而复杂的，他憎恨他们粗俗却充满优越感，怨恨他们依仗有钱为所欲为，他了解金钱对爱情、人性的毒害。尽管如此，菲茨杰拉德仍然渴望能分享大资产阶级所拥有的一切。

这次我们选出了七篇菲茨杰拉德的短篇小说，它们分别选自他不同时期的不同作品集中。其中几篇与作者的经历有着惊人的相似之处，同时作者对金钱、爱情、人生等主题进行了深刻的思考和淋漓尽致的展现。希望通过这几篇小说，能让读者达到管中窥豹，见其一斑的效果。

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约翰带着父母殷切的希望从南方的故乡小镇来到北方新英格兰求学发展。在学校里他和富家子弟珀西成了好朋友。珀西十分神秘，从不向任何人甚至约翰提起他的家人和家中的情况。一个暑假，他邀请约翰去他蒙大拿的家中做客，这极大地满足了约翰的好奇心。展现在约翰眼前的是一片幽美的山谷，一座华丽的城堡，一块如里茨酒店般大的钻石。在这里约翰享受了极为奢华的生活，经历了人生美好的时刻。然而前面等待他的却是幻灭，隐藏在钻石背后的幻灭……

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“明智之举”

乔治收到未婚妻琼葵儿的来信，其中流露出的对他们未来的动摇让他深感不安。乔治不顾一切，辞掉了纽约的工作，赶回田纳西州琼葵儿的家，企图挽回局面。然而琼葵儿终因乔治事业无成，一贫如洗而做出了“明智之举”——放弃了他们之间的婚约。乔治在极度痛苦中离开了美国来到秘鲁。在这里他开拓了自己的事业，一跃成为前途无量的青年。当他衣锦还乡时，心中依旧深爱着琼葵儿，然而失去的那份婚约却再也无法挽回。

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巴斯尔热爱戏剧创作。他和学校的同学一起排演了他的剧本《被捉住的影子》。排练过程中，巴斯尔受到重重阻力。先是学生

家长的阻挠干涉，接着是男主角的突然退出，随之女主角也要放弃。巴斯尔不得已做了一件他认为是有生以来做过的最坏的事，这才挽留住了女主角。巴斯尔经过种种艰辛困苦，终于将他的作品展现于观众面前。演出受到了好评，然而茫然与恐惧却袭上巴斯尔的心头。

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部队驻扎在南方军营时，“我”结识了艾莉·卢卡这位美丽的南方姑娘。她同军队中许多军官约会，周旋于这些北方男人之间，她还和其中几位关系不同寻常。“这是一个年轻人与战争的时代，一个爱情泛滥的时代”。“我”作为旁观者，注视着这一切，却不知不觉地也深爱上了艾莉。当“我”意识到这一点时，已是“我”退伍若干年了。“我”又回到南方想再找回艾莉，找回逝去的青春，然而一切都一去不复返了。“再过一个月艾莉也要走了，南方对于我来说再没什么可留恋的了”。

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查理回到巴黎，想从大姨子玛瑞恩那里要回女儿奥娜瑞尔。然而他曾在巴黎的放荡挥霍以及他对妻子海伦的死所应承担的不可推卸的责任使得玛瑞恩迟迟不肯将奥娜瑞尔交还给他。已经悔过的查理忍受了玛瑞恩的种种指责与嘲讽，终于获得了玛瑞恩的丈夫林肯的同情与支持。就在玛瑞恩终于答应几天以后将女儿送还给他的时候，两位不速之客的到来毁灭了查理的希望。

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年轻的护士小姐对于酗酒病人——一位经历了战争的漫画家，束手无策。她原想放弃对这位病人的护理，然而在前辈不怕艰难困苦的精神的鼓励下，她又坚持了下去。不过，最终她意识到事

实上她根本无法给他任何建设性的帮助。病人死去了。她不知道战争究竟给他带来了什么，而他又是怎样沦落到如此地步。

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金太太大病初愈，医生允许她同丈夫外出旅行。金先生在来接金太太的路上出了车祸，生命垂危。医生害怕神经脆弱的金太太经不起这样的打击，旧病复发，没敢告诉她实情。事情就这样耽搁了。金太太每天穿戴着同那天一样的衣服和帽子，到医院的大厅里等待金先生的到来。日复一日，年复一年，金太太真的疯了。

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The Diamond as Big as the Ritz

I

John T. Unger came from a family that had been well known in Hades — a small town on the Mississippi River — for several generations. John's father had held the amateur golf championship through many a heated contest; Mrs. Unger was known "from hot-box to hot-bed," as the local phrase went, for her political addresses; and young John T. Unger, who had just turned sixteen, had danced all the latest dances from New York before he put on long trousers. And now, for a certain time, he was to be away from home. That respect for a New England education which is the bane of all provincial places, which drains them yearly of their most promising young men, had seized upon his parents. Nothing would suit them but that he should go to St. Midas' School near Boston — Hades was too small to hold their darling and gifted son.

Now in Hades — as you know if you ever have been there — the names of the more fashionable preparatory schools and colleges mean very little. The inhabitants have been so long out of the world that, though they make a show of keeping up to date in dress and manners and literature, they depend to a great extent on hearsay, and a function that in Hades would be considered elaborate would doubtless be hailed by a Chicago beef-princess as "perhaps a little tacky."

John T. Unger was on the eve of departure. Mrs. Unger, with maternal fatuity, packed his trunks full of linen suits and electric fans, and Mr. Unger presented his son with an asbestos pocket-book stuffed with money.

"Remember, you are always welcome here," he said. "You can be sure, boy, that we'll keep the home fires burning."

"I know," answered John huskily.

一颗里茨饭店那么大的钻石

—

哈德斯是密西西比河上的一个小镇，约翰·T·昂格尔出生在这个小镇中一户世代都颇有名望的人家里。约翰的父亲曾多次在竞争激烈的业余高尔夫球比赛中获得冠军；而昂格尔太太则如当地话“从火车的过热轴承箱到温室”所形容的那样，由于她精彩的政治演说而家喻户晓；刚满16岁的小约翰·T·昂格尔却已在换上长裤之前就跳来自纽约的所有时髦舞蹈。现在小约翰就要离开家一些日子了。在许多诸如哈德斯这样的小地方，人们对新英格兰那里的教育都怀着无限的崇尚，而事实上这种崇尚却正是他们的祸根，每年它都攫走了他们当中最优秀的青年。此时约翰的父母也正为这种崇尚所困扰。哈德斯这弹丸之地越来越束缚他们这亲爱的天才儿子的发展。他们非送约翰去波士顿附近的圣·米达斯学校读书不可。

去过哈德斯的人都知道，如今那些更加时髦的预科学校和大学的名字对于那里的人们再不像以前那么重要了。尽管他们在穿着、举止、文学阅读等方面都显得跟得上潮流，但哈德斯的居民们已同这个世界隔离得太久，他们对世界的了解很大程度上仅依赖于道听途说。在哈德斯可能被看作是一次豪华盛会的，到了芝加哥一个牛肉公主眼里无疑只会被说成是“未免寒俭了点儿。”

在约翰·T·昂格尔离家的前夜，昂格尔太太带着作母亲的傻劲儿，在他的行囊里塞满了亚麻衬衫和电扇。昂格尔先生则送给约翰一个塞满钞票的石棉夹子。

“记住，孩子，在这里你永远是受欢迎的，”昂格尔先生说，“你完全可以相信我们会让家中的炉火一直烧旺。”

“知道了。”约翰粗着嗓子回答道。

"Don't forget who you are and where you come from," continued his father proudly, "and you can do nothing to harm you. You are an Unger — from Hades."

So the old man and the young shook hands and John walked away with tears streaming from his eyes. Ten minutes later he had passed outside the city limits, and he stopped to glance back for the last time. Over the gates the old-fashioned Victorian motto seemed strangely attractive to him. His father had tried time and time again to have it changed to something with a little more push and verve about it, such as "Hades — Your Opportunity," or else a plain "Welcome" sign set over a hearty handshake pricked out in electric lights. The old motto was a little depressing, Mr. Unger had thought — but now

So John took his look and then set his face resolutely toward his destination. And, as he turned away, the lights of Hades against the sky seemed full of a warm and passionate beauty.

St. Midas' School is half an hour from Boston in a Rolls-Pierce motor-car. The actual distance will never be known, for no one, except John T. Unger, had ever arrived there save in a Rolls-Pierce and probably no one ever will again. St. Midas' is the most expensive and the most exclusive boys' preparatory school in the world.

John's first two years there passed pleasantly. The fathers of all the boys were money-kings and John spent his summers visiting at fashionable resorts. While he was very fond of all the boys he visited, their fathers struck him as being much of a piece, and in his boyish way he often wondered at their exceeding sameness. When he told them where his home was they would ask jovially, "Pretty hot down there?" and John would muster a faint smile and answer, "It certainly is." His response would have been heartier had they not all made this joke — at best varying it with, "Is it hot enough for you down there?" which he hated just as much.

In the middle of his second year at school, a quiet, handsome boy named Percy Washington had been put in John's form. The newcomer was pleasant in his manner and exceedingly well dressed even for St. Midas', but for some reason he kept aloof from the other boys. The only person with whom he was intimate was John T. Unger, but even to John he was entirely uncommunicative concerning his home or his family. That he was wealthy went without saying, but beyond a few such deductions John knew little of his friend, so it promised rich confectionery for his curiosity when Percy

“别忘了你是谁，你从哪里来，”约翰的父亲骄傲地接着说，“不要做任何伤害自己的事情，你是昂格尔家族的一员——哈德斯的昂格尔。”

于是父子二人握手告别。约翰泪涟涟地走远了。10分钟后约翰越过了小城的边境。他最后一次驻足回望。大门上高悬的老派维多利亚式的题词此时对约翰有着一种奇特的吸引力。约翰的父亲好几次想把这个题词改得更有力度更有激情，例如“哈德斯——你的机遇”，或者在用电彩灯打照出来的一个热情的握手之上竖一块简简单单写着“欢迎”字样的招牌。这句老格言显然有些让人沮丧，昂格尔先生曾想过——但是现在……

约翰收回了目光，然后毅然决然地扭头朝向目的地的方向，就在他转身的霎间，哈德斯的万家灯火在夜空的衬托下正散发着无限迷人的温馨、动人的美。

要去圣·米达斯学校，从波士顿坐罗尔斯—皮埃尔斯牌轿车只需半个小时就到了。除了约翰·T·昂格尔以外，其他在这儿读书的孩子过去和将来都是坐着罗尔斯—皮埃尔斯上学的，没人会像他那样。圣·米达斯是世界上最昂贵、最排外的一所男子预科学校。

约翰在那儿的头两年过得非常愉快。那里所有男孩子的父亲都是大富翁，所以暑假时约翰经常被邀请去那些时髦的度假胜地。他非常喜欢那些邀请他一起过暑假的伙伴们，但他们的父亲给他的印象却都如出一辙，他经常为他们超乎寻常的相似而孩子气地感到惊叹。每当约翰告诉他们他的家在哈德斯时，这些富翁总会乐呵呵地半开玩笑地问道，“那儿是不是很热？”于是约翰勉强地挤出一个微笑，回答说，“当然很热。”要不是他们都开这样的玩笑，约翰的回答也许会更自然而坦诚些——这玩笑顶多会变成“你是不是觉着那里非常热？”对于这样的问题约翰同样痛恨。

约翰在校的第二年中，班上来了一位名叫珀西·华盛顿的新同学。这位新同学彬彬有礼，穿着考究，即便在圣·米达斯这样的学校也是不多见的。但不知为什么他总是不太合群。约翰·T·昂格尔是他唯一的朋友。但是即便对约翰他也从来不及他的家乡或他的家庭。珀西非常富有，这不用说了，可是除了诸如此类的一些推断外，约翰几乎对珀西一

invited him to spend the summer at his home "in the West." He accepted, without hesitation.

It was only when they were in the train that Percy became, for the first time, rather communicative. One day while they were eating lunch in the dining-car and discussing the imperfect characters of several of the boys at school, Percy suddenly changed his tone and made an abrupt remark.

"My father," he said, "is by far the richest man in the world."

"Oh," said John, politely. He could think of no answer to make to this confidence. He considered "That's very nice," but it sounded hollow and was on the point of saying, "Really?" but refrained since it would seem to question Percy's statement. And such an astounding statement could scarcely be questioned.

"By far the richest," repeated Percy.

"I was reading in the *World Almanac*," began John, "that there was one man in America with an income of over five million a year and four men with incomes of over three million a year, and —"

"Oh, they're nothing," Percy's mouth was a half-moon of scorn. "Catch-penny capitalists, financial small-fry, petty merchants and money-lenders. My father could buy them out and not know he'd done it."

"But how does he —"

"Why haven't they put down *his* income tax? Because he doesn't pay any. At least he pays a little one — but he doesn't pay any on his *real* income."

"He must be very rich," said John simply. "I'm glad. I like very rich people."

"The richer a fella is, the better I like him." There was a look of passionate frankness upon his dark face. "I visited the Schnlitzer-Murphys last Easter. Vivian Schnlitzer-Murphy had rubies as big as hen's eggs, and sapphires that were like globes with lights inside them —"

"I love jewels," agreed Percy enthusiastically. "Of course I wouldn't want any one at school to know about it, but I've got quite a collection myself. I used to collect them instead of stamps."

"And diamonds," continued John eagerly. "The Schnlitzer-Murphys had diamonds as big as walnuts —"

"That's nothing." Percy had leaned forward and dropped his voice to a low whisper. "That's nothing at all. My father has a diamond bigger than the Ritz-Carlton Hotel."

无所知。所以当珀西邀请约翰去他“西部的”家度假的时候，这对他的好奇心真不啻一顿美餐，他毫不犹豫地答应了。

他们坐上火车后，珀西这才头一回显得健谈起来。这一天，他们坐在餐车里，边吃午饭边谈起学校里一些品行不良的同学，珀西突然改变了语调，冷不防地说道：

“我父亲是迄今世界上最有钱的人。”

“噢，”约翰礼貌地说。他想不出对这句知心话该做出什么样的回答。他想说：“这很好”，可听起来显得比较空洞，而且像是说：“真的吗？”所以约翰没这么回答，以免让珀西觉着自己像在怀疑他。然而约翰相信珀西的话是真的。

“最有钱的，到目前为止，”珀西又重复了一遍。

“我在《世界年鉴》上曾读到，”约翰说，“在美国只有1个人年收入超过500万，4个人年收入超过300万，并且——”

“噢，那算不了什么。”珀西半月形的嘴充满了轻蔑与鄙视，“他们不过是一些小资本家、金融界的小虫豸、无足轻重的小商人和放债者，我父亲能轻易地把他们通通买下来。”

“那他怎样……”

“你是想问他们为什么不登记他的个人所得税？因为他根本不缴。应该说他还付了一点——但那绝对不是按照他的实际收入交的。”

“他一定非常有钱，”约翰直接了当地说，“我很高兴，我喜欢有钱人。”

“一个人越有钱，我就越喜欢他。”约翰黑黝黝的脸庞上浮现出极为热烈而坦诚的神情。“去年复活节，我拜访了施尼茨勒—墨菲一家。维维安·施尼茨勒—墨菲有好多颗鸡蛋般大小的红宝石，还有许多做成灯泡样子的蓝宝石，里头闪闪发光的——”

“我喜爱宝石，”珀西热烈地回应道。“当然，我不想让学校里的同学知道，但是我自己收集了好多。我过去一向收集宝石，而不是邮票。”

“还有钻石，”约翰急切地说下去，“施尼茨勒—墨菲家有核桃般大小的钻石——”

“这没什么了不起，”珀西朝前探了探身子，压低了声音说道，“这真

II

The Montana sunset lay between two mountains like a gigantic bruise from which dark arteries spread themselves over a poisoned sky. An immense distance under the sky crouched the village of Fish, minute, dismal, and forgotten. There were twelve men, so it was said, in the village of Fish, twelve sombre and inexplicable souls who sucked a lean milk from the almost literally bare rock upon which a mysterious populatory force had be gotten them. They had become a race apart, these twelve men of Fish, like some species developed by an early whim of nature, which on second thought had abandoned them to struggle and extermination.

Out of the blue-black bruise in the distance crept a long line of moving lights upon the desolation of the land, and the twelve men of Fish gathered like ghosts at the shanty depot to watch the passing of the seven o'clock train, the Transcontinental Express from Chicago. Six times or so a year the Transcontinental Express, through some inconceivable jurisdiction, stopped at the village of Fish, and when this occurred a figure or so would disembark, mount into a buggy that always appeared from out of the dusk, and drive off toward the bruised sunset. The observation of this pointless and preposterous phenomenon had become a sort of cult among the men of Fish. To observe, that was all; there remained in them none of the vital quality of illusion which would make them wonder or speculate, else a religion might have grown up around these mysterious visitations. But the men of Fish were beyond all religion — the barest and most savage tenets of even Christianity could gain no foothold on that barren rock — so there was no altar, no priest, no sacrifice; only each night at seven the silent concourse by the shanty depot, a congregation who lifted up a prayer of dim, anæmic wonder.

On this June night, the Great Brakeman, whom, had they deified any one, they might well have chosen as their celestial protagonist, had ordained that the seven o'clock train should leave its human (or inhuman) deposit at Fish. At two minutes after seven Percy Washington and John T. Unger disembarked, hurried past the spellbound, the agape, the fearsome eyes of the twelve men of Fish, mounted into a buggy which had obviously appeared from nowhere, and drove away.