

90年代英语系列丛书
世界文学名著系列

了不起的盖茨比

The Great Gatsby

外语教学与研究出版社

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

注

九十年 教学
英语系列丛书

注释 孙建华

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THE GREAT GATSBY

F. Scott Fitzgerald

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“九十年代英语系列丛书”

出版前言

送您一轮风车,朋友!不是为了怀旧——

九十年代,跨入下世纪的最后一级台阶,新世纪的风迎面吹来。这轮风车——新世纪风的信使,将在您手中变幻成一轮轮多彩的旋律,为您的征程增添情趣;它乘风飞旋——热烈,执着,顽强,或许能为您的跋涉增添鼓舞和力量。

是故,我们这套系列丛书以风车为标记。

在国内英语界名家指导下,经过全面调查、深入研究以确定书目,由北京外国语学院等院校一批中青年专家学者进行编撰或译注,采用全新的编排设计、全新的风格,力求内容的实用和装潢的精美。我们把这套大型英语丛书作为跨世纪的礼物奉献给读者。

近代学者王国维先生说,作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼,也许您“衣带渐宽”,“为伊消得人憔悴”,……我们的目的是要设计一个多彩多姿的英语天地,通过大量阅读和实践,帮助您发展兴趣,开拓视野,改进方法,提高信心,比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信,这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

本丛书首批出版五大系列:

第一辑:世界文学名著系列 (原版注释本)

选入这一辑的都是世界上享有盛誉的英美文学名著(已选入我社出版的“学生英语文库”者除外),并附有汉语注释,初步确定为30种。以后还计划适当选入一些最有声望的世界文学名著(如:法国文学和俄苏文学中)的英译本。

第二辑:世界畅销书系列 (原版注释本)

我们从当代风靡世界的英语文学著作中选拔其佼佼者,并附有详细的注释。使读者在学习和熟悉当代英语的同时了解欧美的社会、风习、生活、事业、爱情等。

第三辑:实用英语系列 (英汉对照本)

包括书信英语、报刊英语、电话电报电传英语等一系列培养英语交际能力和指导性、方法性的实用图书。

第四辑:娱乐英语系列 (英汉对照本)

这一辑包括幽默英语、奇闻趣事、锦言妙语、名歌金曲等等。它将开阔您的视野,丰富您的话题,装点您的言谈,赋予您九十年代不可或缺的素质和风度。

第五辑:中学英语读物系列 (英汉对照本)

本系列面向英语初学者,尤其是广大中学生和自学者;题材多样,语言简明、规范,循序渐进。它包括小说、散文、童话、寓言、冒险故事等,其中不乏广为传诵的世界文学宝库中的名篇。我们希望它成为有志于掌握英语的初学者的良师益友。

我们还将陆续推出第六辑、第七辑、第八辑……

这套丛书希望能得到读者的喜爱,并诚恳希望读者提出宝贵意见。

《九十年代英语系列丛书》
编辑委员会

内容介绍

小说讲叙者尼克(书中的“我”)是一个漂泊者的形象,总是怀着寻找精神归宿的情怀。他从中西部故乡来到纽约。在他住所旁边正是本书主人公杰·盖茨比的豪华宅第。这里每晚都在举行盛大的宴会。尼克和盖茨比相识,从此进入了奢华的富人圈子。故事就这样开始了。

尼克对盖茨比充满探究的兴趣。探究的结果是:尼克了解到盖茨比内心深处有一段不了之情。

年轻时的盖茨比并不富有,但他是一个少尉军官。他爱上了一位叫黛茜的姑娘,黛茜对他也情有所钟。后来第一次世界大战爆发,盖茨比被调往欧洲。似是偶然却也是必然,黛茜因此和他分手,转而与一个叫汤姆的富有男子结了婚。盖茨比痛苦万分,他坚信是金钱让黛茜背叛了心灵的贞洁,于是立志要成为富翁。多年以后,盖茨比终于成功了。他便在黛茜府邸的对面建造起了一幢大厦,把它当作一种富贵的标志,同时也是向黛茜发出的无声招唤。盖茨比挥金如土,彻夜笙箫,一心想引起黛茜的注意,以挽回失去的爱情。

尼克深为盖茨比的痴情所感动,便去拜访久不联系的远房表妹黛茜,向她转达盖茨比的心意。黛茜始而矜持,继而做作,最后卖弄风情,在与盖茨比相会中时

时有意挑逗。盖茨比昏昏然听她随意摆布，并且天真地以为那段不了情有了如愿的结局。然而真正的悲剧却在此时悄悄启幕了。

黛茜已不是旧日的黛茜了，尽管盖茨比仍然善良纯真。黛茜不过将她俩目前的这种暧昧关系，仅仅当做一种刺激，就如同她高速驱车的游乐一样。尼克终于有所察觉，但为时已晚。黛茜驾驶着盖茨比的汽车撞死了她丈夫的情妇，她将罪责推给盖茨比，并哄骗他去甘愿承担。而盖茨比到死都没有发现黛茜脸上嘲弄的微笑。

人们在为盖茨比举行葬礼，黛茜和她丈夫此时却正在旅行的路上。不了情终于有了了结。尼克目睹了人类现实的虚情寡义，深感厌恶，于是怀着一种悲剧的心情，重新漂泊，黯然回到故乡。他生命的轨迹划了一个圆，空虚而无意义。

这部书对于中国当代的读者有着现实的意义。种种迹象表明：时下我们周围也正骚动着美国 20 世纪 20 年代曾经时髦过的观念，即：极端个人主义的享乐思潮。似乎少有别的什么能比这种思潮更具有煽动力了，它催发着浮华、虚荣、毫无责任感的利己行为，催发着人类的一切私念，让它们象毒草一样滋生在社会生活中。而菲茨杰拉德便如采菇人，将五颜六色的野菌熬制成这本小说，里面充满着高级的繁华，绅士的派头，上层的享受及它背后的自私、冷酷和恶行。也许，这正是当代有些“田舍郎”所梦幻着的生活和实际品格，甚而至于当代某些人们正在经历着的生活及已经铸成的品格。如此看来，这部书有着极大的现实意义。正是菲茨杰拉德用文学的手段从林林总总的毒菌中提炼出

一种纯正的精神，为人心不古的世界开出一副药剂，同时也背着这世界发出一声叹息。

作者介绍

斯格特·菲茨杰拉德，美国作家，1896年生于明尼苏达州。他的父亲是家具商，运气不济，在菲茨杰拉德出生后不久破产，这造成了菲茨杰拉德幼时生活的穷困。但他母亲方面却有贵族血统，且这方面的亲戚大都富贵。父系、母系双方的差异，给菲茨杰拉德以自卑和幻想的性格。

他少年时的梦想是入贵族学校普林斯顿大学读书，这愿望后来得以实现。但求学期间，“富人中的穷人”身份给了他极大的心理压力。也许就是这个原因，他在文学方面求发展，竟获得了一些成就；却也因此，耽误了功课，他只得主动退学。

第一次世界大战中，他自愿从军。服役期间，在阿拉巴马州邂逅了一位法官的女儿姗尔达·赛瑞小姐。但由于经济原因无力娶她。1920年，出版了描写20年代青年道德风尚的小说《人间天堂》，一举成名，并如愿以偿，得以和姗尔达结婚。婚后，沉湎于游乐和酗酒，过着放荡不羁的生活。同时内心充满迷惘和恐惧。这种心情在《漂亮的冤家》(1922)中有所反映。作者于1924年迁居法国。1925年发表小说《了不起的盖茨比》。这是他最杰出的作品，也是当代最深刻的一部美国小说。他的妻子在30年代就患上精神病。这给他很大的打

击。他的狂饮也摧残着他的精神和肉体，生活极为不幸。因此他的创作有停顿的倾向。1940年他告别了浮华空虚的人世，年仅44岁。

他的作品还有《夜色温柔》(1934)，但销路不好。晚年曾在好莱坞从事电影剧本创作。1939年开始《最后的一个巨头》的创作，未竟而逝。

CHAPTER I

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 any one," 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 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, pre-occupation, 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 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 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 to-day.

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 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 weatherbeaten 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 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 Mæcenæus 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 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 enor-

mous 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 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 de 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 eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, 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 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 anticlimax. 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 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