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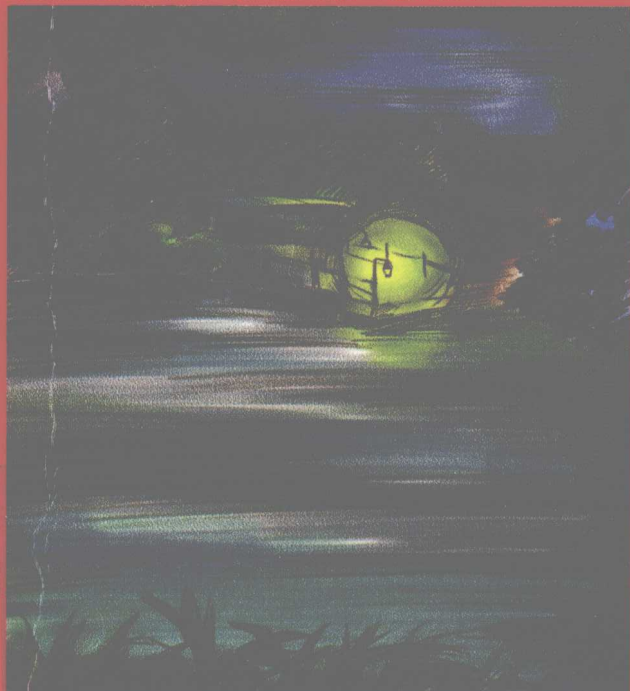
*The Great Gatsby*

# 了不起的盖茨比

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

原著 F. 斯科特·费兹杰拉德

盖茨比很富有，但他的钱财从何而来？盖茨比爱戴西，但他的爱是否真实？他是战斗英雄？是匪徒？还是一位现代骑士？



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# The Great Gatsby

## 了不起的盖茨比

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F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Adapted by Mary Hume

Series Editor: Dr Colin Swarbridge

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注释 刘思运



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为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家,也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

2002年11月

## 简 介

费兹杰拉德是一位美国浪漫主义作家。他的故事描写了美国富有阶层的爱情以及他们对爱情的追求。由于他将笔墨用于“爵士时代”的富有阶层，当时的评论界并没有认真对待他的作品。因为在20世纪二三十年代大部分美国作家都着力描写那时的社会和经济困难。

费兹杰拉德在最初不受重视的另一个原因是他的一些杂志写短篇小说。而且从某种程度上说费兹杰拉德和他小说中的主人公过着同样的生活：他曾在普林斯顿就读，但未完成学业；他曾在部队服役，但那时他将大部分时间用于写他的第一部小说（《天堂的另一边》，出版于1920年）；他娶了亚拉巴马州法官的漂亮女儿，并带着她游遍了美国和欧洲时髦的旅游胜地。

费兹杰拉德出生在美国中西部明尼苏达州的圣保罗，他的家庭并不富有。虽然他写的是那些衣冠楚楚、坐豪华轿车、住华丽房子的有钱人，但他并不赞赏和同情这些人。他笔下的主人公没有道德追求，故事也总是以不幸结束。

《了不起的盖茨比》被认为是费兹杰拉德最优秀的一部作品（虽然也有人认为他英年早逝而未完成的《最后的一个巨头》是最优秀的作品）。这是关于一个



名叫杰伊·盖茨比的年轻人的故事。杰伊早年的心上人戴西嫁给了富有而生活放荡的汤姆·布坎南。为了给戴西留下深刻的印象并重新赢得戴西,杰伊用不道德的手段积累了大量财富。他举行盛大的聚会,向戴西展示他华丽的府邸,但始终没能赢得戴西的心。悲剧就在此时发生,所有美好的梦想都化为泡沫。

在阅读中我们不难发现,费兹杰拉德在故事中以盖茨比的邻居尼克的身份出现。他虽然时不时地批评着整个疯狂而诗意的场景,但语气中不乏悲惋之情。我们也可以这样说,费兹杰拉德自己的生活也是始于浪漫终于悲剧。他已不仅仅是故事的旁观者了。作为小说中的一个人物,费兹杰拉德在参与整个故事发展的同时,以最诚恳的口吻向我们娓娓道来。

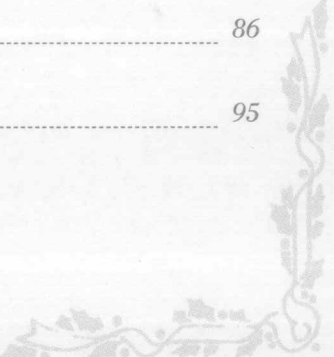
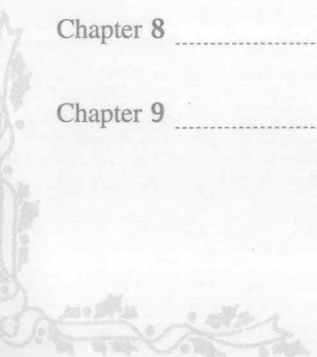


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## Chapter 1

**WHEN** I was younger and more vulnerable<sup>1</sup>, my father gave me some advice that I've been thinking about ever since.

'Whenever you feel like criticising<sup>2</sup> anyone,' he told me, 'just remember that not everyone has had the advantages you've had.'

He didn't say any more, but we've always talked a lot to each other, far more than most fathers and sons, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. Consequently, I'm inclined to reserve<sup>3</sup> all judgements. This habit has helped me to understand many strange people, and also made me the victim of some terrible bores<sup>4</sup>. People used to recognise this quality in me. At college, wild, unknown men told me their secret griefs. I never asked them to do so. When you reserve judgement, you are in a state of unending hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something about people — not seeing the whole.

And, after boasting of my tolerance in this way,

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1 vulnerable: 脆弱的, 易受责难的    2 criticise: 评价    3 reserve: 保留    4 bore: 令人讨厌的人

I have to admit that it does stop at a certain point. Someone may have had a hard childhood, but there are things I won't forgive. When I came back from the East last autumn, I was tired of easy living. I wanted people to be good and well-behaved; and no more glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was excluded from my reaction; Gatsby, who represented everything I despised. There was something glorious about him, some extraordinary sensitivity to the promises of life. It was this extraordinary gift for hope — a romantic openness that I have never found in any other person, and which I don't think I shall ever find again.

My family have been important, wealthy people in this Middle Western city of America for three generations. I graduated from New Haven University in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father. A little later I took part in the Great War<sup>1</sup>. I enjoyed myself so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the lonely edge of the universe. So I decided to go East and learn about business — stocks and shares<sup>2</sup>. Everyone I knew was in this business. Father agreed to finance me for a year and so I came East, permanently, I thought, in the spring of nineteen twenty-two.

I found a house with a friend, a shabby<sup>3</sup> card-

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1 Great War: 第一次世界大战(1914—1918)    2 stocks and shares: 股票    3 shabby: 简陋的



board house at eighty dollars a month. A Finnish woman 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 a man, newer to the district than I was, stopped me on the road.

‘How do you get to West Egg village?’ he asked me.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a path-finder. Unknowingly, this man had given to me the freedom of the neighbourhood. And so with the sunshine, and the leaves growing fast on the trees, I had the familiar feeling that life was beginning all over again that summer.

By chance, I rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender island that lies thirty kilometres east of New York City. There, two pieces of land, shaped just like huge eggs, and separated by a bay<sup>1</sup>, stretch out into the waters of Long Island Sound<sup>2</sup>. I lived at West Egg, the less fashionable of the two. My house was at the very tip of the egg. It was only fifty metres from the sea, and squeezed between two huge mansions. The one on my right was absolutely enormous. It was an imitation of some building in France, with a tower on one side, and a marble swimming pool, and more than a hundred hectares of lawn and garden. It be-

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1 bay: 海湾    2 Long Island Sound: 长岛海峡(在美国的康涅狄格州与长岛之间)

longed to a man called Gatsby, so people told me. My own house was unattractive, but I had a view of the water, and of part of my neighbour's lawn. I was also living next to millionaires — all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the bay, the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the beach. The history of that summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with Tom Buchanan and his wife Daisy. She was my second cousin and I'd known Tom in college. Tom was an excellent sportsman. At college he had been one of the best football players they had ever had. His family were enormously wealthy. Why Tom and Daisy came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there — wherever people played polo<sup>1</sup> and were rich together. This move East was permanent, Daisy said on the telephone to me, but I didn't believe it. I felt that Tom would drift on forever, seeking that perfect football game he had once played.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening, I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I hardly knew at all. Their house was even more luxurious<sup>2</sup> than I expected. The lawn started at the beach and ran towards the front door for four hundred metres. When I got to the house, there was Tom Buchanan in riding clothes, standing with his legs apart by the front door.

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1 polo: 马球    2 luxurious: 奢华的



He had changed since his college days. Now he was a strong, straw-haired man of thirty, with a rather hard mouth and a superior manner. Two shining arrogant<sup>1</sup> eyes dominated his face. He looked as if he were always leaning aggressively forward. The riding clothes could not hide the enormous power of that body. You could see great muscles shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a powerful body — a cruel body. His harsh speaking voice added to this impression of a difficult man. There was a bit of contempt<sup>2</sup> in it, even towards people he liked — and there were men at college who had hated the man. But, although we were never good friends, I always felt he approved of me. In some hard, slightly sad way of his own, he wanted me to like him.

We talked for a few minutes, there in the sun. 'I've got a nice place here,' he said, his eyes flashing about. 'We'll go inside.'

We walked into a bright rosy-coloured room. Sitting on an enormous sofa were two young women, both dressed in white. The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was lying on the sofa, with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it. If she saw me out of the corner of her eye, she gave no hint of it.

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise. She leaned slightly forward. Then she laughed, an absurd<sup>3</sup>, charming laugh, and I laughed too, and

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1 arrogant: 傲慢的, 自大的      2 contempt: 轻视, 轻蔑

3 absurd: 荒唐的, 可笑的

came forward into the room.

‘I’m p-paralysed<sup>1</sup> with happiness,’ she said.

Daisy laughed again, as if she had said something very funny. She held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She murmured that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker (I’ve heard it said that Daisy’s murmur was only to make people lean towards her). Miss Baker nodded at me, and then she quickly tipped her head back again. She was obviously worried that the object she was balancing on her chin might fall.

I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, attractive voice. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth. But there was excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget. There was a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a little while ago and that there were gay, exciting things about to happen soon. I told her how I had stopped in Chicago for a day on my way East and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

‘Do they miss me?’ she cried happily.

‘Desperately.’

Then she added: ‘You ought to see the baby.’

‘I’d like to.’

‘She’s asleep. She’s three years old. Haven’t

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1 paralysed: 这里是“动不了”的意思





you seen her?’

‘Never.’

‘Well, you ought to see her. She’s . . . ’

Tom Buchanan, who had been walking restlessly about the room, stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder. ‘What are you doing, Nick?’ he asked.

‘I’m in stocks and shares.’

‘Who with?’

I told him.

‘Never heard of them,’ he remarked decisively.

This annoyed me. ‘You will,’ I answered shortly. ‘You will if you stay in the East.’

‘Oh, I’ll stay in the East, don’t you worry,’ he said, glancing at Daisy and then back at me. ‘I’d be an idiot to live anywhere else.’

At this point, Miss Baker said, ‘Absolutely!’ with such suddenness that I jumped. It was the first word she had spoken since I came into the room. Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned<sup>1</sup> and stood up. ‘I’m stiff,’ she complained. ‘I’ve been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember.’

‘Don’t look at me,’ Daisy replied. ‘I’ve been trying to get you to New York all afternoon.’

I looked at Miss Baker. I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender girl, and held herself very straight. Her grey eyes looked back at me with polite curiosity out of a charming, discontented face. I thought that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

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<sup>1</sup> yawn: 打呵欠