

企鹅文学经典



英语简易读物

3

别了,亲爱的

Farewell, My Lovely

雷蒙德·钱德勒 著

RAYMOND CHANDLER



319.4

L079

外语出版社 ● FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

别了,亲爱的:英文/(英)钱德勒著.

北京:外文出版社,1996

ISBN 7-119-01822-1

I. 别… II. 钱… III. ①侦探小说-英国-当代-英语

②英语-语言读物 IV. I 1561.4②/H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(95)第18615号

英国企鹅出版集团授权外文出版社

在中国独家出版发行英文版

企鹅文学经典

英语简易读物

(阶梯三)

别了,亲爱的

雷蒙德·钱德勒 著

责任编辑:余军

外文出版社出版

(中国北京百万庄路24号)

邮政编码100037

煤炭工业出版社印刷厂印刷

1996年(32开)第一版

(英)

ISBN 7-119-01822-1/I·396(外)

著作权合同登记图字01-96-0334

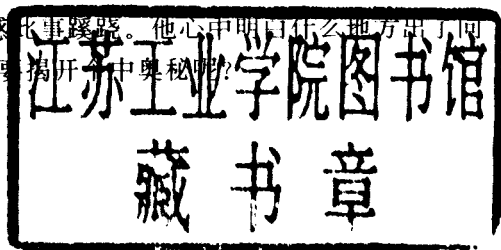
定价:3.40元

别了,亲爱的

Farewell, My Lovely

私人侦探菲利普·马洛又遇上了麻烦。他目击了一场杀人案,知道凶手是谁,然而警方却无意找出杀手。

马洛倍感此事蹊跷。他心中明白什么地方出了问题,但他是否要揭开个中奥秘呢?



外文出版社

Farewell, My Lovely

RAYMOND CHANDLER

Level 3

Retold by Derek Strange

Series Editor: Derek Strange



FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

PENGUIN ENGLISH

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA

Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia

Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2

Penguin Books(NZ)Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

Farewell, My Lovely was first published in 1940 by Hamish Hamilton

This adaptation by Penguin Books in 1991

Text copyright © Derek Strange, 1991

Illustrations copyright © Richard Johnson, 1991

All rights reserved

The moral right of the adapter and illustrator has been asserted

Published by arrangement with the Penguin Group

27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Reprinted in the People's Republic of China

by the Foreign Languages Press 1996

24 Baiwanzhuang Road, Beijing 100037, China

Except in the United States of America,
this book is sold subject to the condition
that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise,
be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated
without the publisher's prior consent in any form of
binding or cover other than that in which it is
published and without a similar condition
including this condition being imposed
on the subsequent purchaser

ISBN 7 - 119 - 01822 - 1

Not for sale outside the People's Republic of China

Farewell, My Lovely

CHAPTER ONE

It was a warm day, almost the end of March. I was over on Main Street, looking up at the sign of a second floor nightclub called Florian's. There was a man near me looking up at the sign too, his eyes dreamy and a little shiny with tears, as if he was thinking of other people, other times he'd known there. He was a big man, but not much taller than six and a half feet and not much wider than a bus. His hands hung at his sides; in one of them was a forgotten cigar, smoking between his enormous fingers.

Passers-by were looking at him. He was interesting to look at, too, with his old gangster hat, worn, wool jacket with little white footballs on it for buttons, a brown shirt, yellow tie, grey trousers and snakeskin shoes with white bits over the toes. A bright yellow handkerchief, the same colour as his tie, was stuck in the top pocket of his jacket. Main Street isn't the quietest dressed street in the world, but even there you couldn't miss him. He was like a spider on a bowl of pink ice-cream.

He stood completely still, then slowly smiled and moved towards the door at the bottom of the steps up to the club. He went in and the door closed behind him. A couple of seconds later, it burst open again, outwards. Something flew out fast and landed between two cars on the street. A young black man in a purple suit, with a little white flower in his buttonhole, stood up slowly, making a sad sound like a lonely cat, shook himself and walked painfully away down the street.

Silence. Traffic started again. It was none of my business at all, so I walked over to the door to take a look inside. A hand as big as an armchair reached out of the darkness of the door and took hold of my shoulder, squeezing hard. The hand picked me up and pulled me in through the door, up a step or

two. A large face looked at me and a quiet voice said: 'Blacks in here now, huh? Just threw one out. You see me throw him out?'

He let go of my shoulder. It wasn't broken but I couldn't feel my arm. I kept quiet; there was talking and laughter from upstairs. The voice went on quietly and angrily: 'Velma used to work here. My little Velma. Haven't seen her for eight years. And now this is a black place, huh?' He took hold of my shoulder again, wanting an answer.

I said yes, it was, but my voice sounded broken and weak. He lifted me up a few more steps and I tried to shake myself free. I wasn't wearing a gun, but the big man could probably just take it away from me and eat it, so it wouldn't have helped.

'Go up and see,' I said, trying to keep the pain out of my voice.

He let go of me again, and looked at me with his sad, grey eyes. 'Yeah. Good idea. Let's you and me go on up and have a drink or two.'

'They won't serve you. I told you it's for blacks only up there,' I said, but he didn't seem to hear me.

'Haven't seen Velma in eight years. Eight long years since we said goodbye, and she hasn't written for six. Don't know why. She used to work here. Let's go on up now, huh?'

So we went up the stairs to the club. He let me walk, but my shoulder still hurt and the back of my neck was wet.



The talking and laughter stopped dead when we walked in. The silence was cold and heavy, like a stone. Eyes looked at us, heads turned. A big, thick-necked black, with a flattened face, slowly stood up straight near the bar, getting ready to throw us out. He came towards us. My big friend waited for him silently and didn't move when the black put his hand on the front of my friend's brown shirt and said: 'No whites in here, brother. Sorry. This place's for blacks only.'



'No whites in here, brother. Sorry. This place's for blacks only.'

'Where's Velma?' That's all he said.

The big black man nearly laughed. 'Velma? No Velma here, white boy. She's not in the business any more, maybe.'

'Velma used to work here,' the big man said. He spoke as if he was dreaming. 'And take your dirty hand off my shirt.'

That annoyed the black. People didn't speak like that to him, not in his job, throwing drunks out of the club. He took his hand off the shirt and then suddenly pulled back his arm and hit the big man hard on the side of the face. He was very good at hitting people hard, but this time it was a mistake. The big man didn't even move. He just stood there. Then he shook himself and took the black man by the throat. He picked him up with one hand, turned him in the air, put his other enormous hand against the black man's back and threw him right across the room. He went over a table and landed with a crash against the wall. The whole room shook. The black man didn't move – he just lay there in the corner.

The big man turned to me. 'Some **guys**,' he said, 'are stupid. Now let's get that drink.'

We went over to the bar. In ones and twos, like shadows, the other customers were moving towards the door, getting out of there fast.

'Beer,' the big man said to the white-eyed barman. 'What's yours?'

'Beer,' I said. We had beers. I turned and looked at the room. It was empty now, except for the big black man moving painfully out of the corner on his hands and knees, suddenly old and out of a job. The big man turned and looked too, but didn't seem to see him.

'You know where my Velma is?' he asked the barman. 'Beautiful redhead, she was. Sometimes sang here, too. We were going to get married when they sent me away'

'Sent you away?' I asked. Stupid question.

'Where d'you think I've been these last eight years?' He

looked quite pleased with himself. 'Prison. Malloy's my name. Moose Malloy. The Great Bend bank job – that was me. On my own, too. Forty thousand dollars.'

'You spending it now?' I asked, just trying to be polite.

He looked at me sharply. I was lucky – just at that moment, there was a noise behind us. It was the big, hurt black man going through another door at the other end of the room.

'Where does that door go to?' Moose Malloy asked the frightened barman.

'Boss's office, sir.'

'Maybe the boss knows where my little Velma is,' said Malloy, and crossed the room to the door. It was locked but he shook it open with one hand, went through and shut it behind him. There was silence for a minute or two. I drank my beer and the barman watched me.

Then suddenly, there was a short, hard sound from behind the door. The barman froze, mouth open, eyes white in the dark. I started moving towards the door, but it opened with a **bang** before I got there. Moose Malloy came through and stopped dead, a strange smile on his face. He was holding a gun.

He came across to the bar. 'Your boss didn't know where Velma is either. Tried to tell me – with this.' He waved the gun at us wildly. Then he started towards the door and we heard his steps going down fast to the street.

I went through the other door, to the boss's office. The big black man wasn't there any more, but the boss was. He was in a tall chair behind a desk, with his head bent right back over the back of the chair and his nose pointing up at the ceiling. His neck was broken. It had been a bad idea to pull that gun out when he was talking to Moose Malloy. There was a telephone on the desk, so I called the police. By the time they arrived, the barman had gone and I had the whole place to myself.

CHAPTER TWO

A detective named Nulty took the **investigation**. I went with him to the 77th Street police station and we talked in a small, uncomfortable room which smelled of cheap cigars. Nulty's shirt was old and his jacket was worn. He looked poor enough to be honest, but he didn't look as if he'd be able to face Moose Malloy and win.

He picked up my business card from the table and read it.

'Philip Marlowe, Private Investigator. One of those guys, huh? So what were you doing while this Moose Malloy was breaking the black guy's neck?'

'I was in the bar. And he hadn't promised me he was going to break anybody's neck.'

'OK, funny guy. Just tell me the story straight.' Nulty didn't like my jokes.

So I told him about Moose Malloy: the size of the man, what he was wearing, why he was there and what happened in that nightclub bar. 'But I don't think he went in there to kill anybody,' I finished. 'Not dressed like that. He just went there to try to find his girl, this Velma who used to work at Florian's when it was still a white place.'

The phone rang on his desk. He picked it up and listened, wrote something on a piece of paper and put it down again.

'That was Information. They've got all the details on Malloy, and a photo.'

'I think you should start looking for the girl. Malloy's going to be looking for her, so if you find her, you'll find him. Try Velma, Nulty, that's my advice.'

'You try her,' he said.

I laughed and started for the door.

'Hey, wait a minute, Marlowe.' I stopped and looked back at him. 'I mean, if you're not too busy, maybe you've got time to have a look for the girl. I'd remember your help, too.'

You Pls always need a friend down here among us boys, and I wouldn't forget it. Not ever.'

It was true. I wasn't at all busy. I hadn't had any real business for about a month. Even this job would make a change from doing nothing. No money in it, but a friend inside the police station might be useful one day.

That's how, when I'd eaten some lunch and bought a bottle of good **whisky**, I found myself driving north again on Main Street, following an idea that was playing around in my head.



Florian's was closed, of course. I parked round the corner and went into a small hotel that was on the opposite side of the street from the club. A man with a very old tie, pinned in the middle with a large green stone, was sleeping peacefully behind the desk. He opened one eye and saw the bottle of good whisky standing on the counter right in front of his nose. He was suddenly awake. He studied the bottle carefully and he studied me. He looked satisfied.

'You want information, brother, you've come to the right place with the right kind of bottle.' He took two small glasses out from under his desk, filled them both and drank one straight down.

'Yes, sir. Certainly is the correct bottle.' He refilled his glass. 'Now, how can I be of help to you, brother? There's not a hole in the road round here that I don't know by its first name.'

I told him what had happened at Florian's that morning. He looked at me without much surprise and just shook his head.

'What happened to the guy who owned Florian's about six or eight years ago?' I asked him.

'Mike Florian? Dead, brother. Went to meet Our Maker five, maybe six years ago. Drank a bit too much, they said. Left a wife named Jessie.'

'What happened to her?'

'Don't rightly know, brother. Try the phone book.'

Clever guy, that. Why hadn't I thought of the phone book? He pushed the book across the desk to me and I looked. There was a Jessie Florian who lived at 1644 West 54th Place. I wrote down the address, shook hands with the man behind the desk, put the bottle back in the pocket of my jacket and went out to my car. Finding Malloy looked so easy now. Too easy.

CHAPTER THREE

1644 West 54th Place was a dry-looking brown house with some dry-looking brown grass in front of it. Some half-washed clothes hung stiffly on a line to one side of the house. The bell didn't work so I knocked. A fat woman with a red face came to the door, blowing her nose. Her hair was grey and lifeless.

'~~Mr.~~ Jessie Florian? Wife of Mike Florian?' I asked.

Her eyes opened in surprise. 'Why?' she asked. 'Mike's been dead five years now. Who d'you say you were?'

'I'm a detective,' I said. 'I'd like some information.'

She stared at me for a long minute, then pulled the door open and turned back into the house. The front room was untidy and dirty. The only good piece of furniture was a handsome radio, playing dance music quietly in one corner. It looked new.

The woman sat down and I did too. I sat on an empty whisky bottle in the back corner of the chair. I wasn't too comfortable sitting on an empty bottle, so I pulled it out and put it on the floor by my chair.

'I'm trying to find a redhead, used to work at your husband's place over on Main Street,' I said. 'Singer, named



'Mrs Jessie Florian? Wife of Mike Florian?'

Velma. I don't know her last name. I thought you might be able to help me.'

I brought out my nearly-full bottle of whisky and put it on the arm of my chair. Her eyes fixed immediately on the bottle in a greedy stare. I was right – a little whisky was going to help me again here. She got up, went out to the kitchen and came back with two dirty glasses. I poured her enough whisky to make her fly. She took it hungrily and put it down her throat like medicine. I poured her another. Her eyes were brighter already.

'Man, this stuff dies painlessly with me,' she said. 'Now, let me think. A redhead, you say? Yeah. Maybe I can help you. I've got an idea.'