

世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

John Galsworthy

THE FORSYTE SAGA(3)

福尔赛世家(三)



世界图书出版公司

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孙 宏 评注

THE FORSYTE SAGA (3)

TO LET 出租

[英] John Galsworthy

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作者简介

约翰·高尔斯华绥(*John Galsworthy*, 1867—1933), 英国小说家、戏剧家, 是 20 世纪最杰出的现实主义作家之一。他于 1867 年 8 月 14 日出生在英格兰东南部萨里郡的金斯敦山一个富裕的资产阶级家庭, 父亲是伦敦的律师。他曾就学于哈罗中学, 后入牛津大学攻读法律, 1890 年获得律师营业执照, 但不久即放弃律师工作而从事文学创作。

高尔斯华绥早年曾游历世界各地, 远至澳大利亚。有一次他乘一艘英国商船渡海, 在旅途中结识了特奥多·约瑟夫·康拉德·科尔泽尼奥夫斯基; 这位波兰籍船长鼓励他不懈地努力, 完成自己的第一部作品。这位船长日后成为英国小说家, 以约瑟夫·康拉德(*Joseph Conrad*, 1857—1924) 这一笔名享誉文坛。

高尔斯华绥堂兄的妻子因婚姻不幸福而感到苦恼, 渐渐和高尔斯华绥情投意合, 数年后她与前夫离婚, 并于 1905 年和高尔斯华绥结婚。这一段经历曲折跌宕, 日后反映在由《有产者》(*The Man of Property*) 等小说组成的三部曲《福尔赛世家》中。

高尔斯华绥于 1897 年发表处女作《天涯海角》(*From the Four Winds*), 最初使用的是笔名约翰·辛约翰(*John Sinjohn*)。他的早期作品多受俄国作家屠格涅夫的影响。1904 年他发表长篇小说《岛国的法利赛人》(*The Island Pharisees*) 时才开始使用本名, 并引起读者的关注。又经过数年的探索与实践, 他于 1906 年完成了长篇小说《有产者》, 赢得了英国一流作家的声誉。高尔斯华绥是一位名符其实的多产作家, 在 20 余年的创作生涯中, 他几乎每年都完成一部小说和一个剧本。

高尔斯华绥的小说主要描写英国上层资产阶级的生活。他

的戏剧虽然也常常以这一社会阶层为主题,但更多地涉及在经济地位和社会生活上饱受压迫的人们,对他们充满同情,为他们申张社会正义。虽然高尔斯华绥试图在富人和穷人、有权有势的上层社会和任人摆布的普通百姓之间寻求某种平衡,但他的思想感情总是倾向于受压迫者。

高尔斯华绥小说的代表作是一个连续性长篇小说系列《福尔赛家史》(*The Forsyte Chronicles*),其中包括三组三部曲。第一个三部曲是《福尔赛世家》(*The Forsyte Saga*, 1922),由《有产者》、《进退维谷》(*In Chancery*, 1920)和《出租》(*To Let*, 1921)组成;第二个三部曲是《现代喜剧》(*A Modern Comedy*, 1929)由《白猿》(*The White Monkey*, 1924)、《银匙》(*The Silver Spoon*, 1926)和《天鹅曲》(*Swan Song*, 1928)组成;第三个三部曲是《尾声》(*End of the Chapter*, 1934),在高尔斯华绥去世以后出版,由《女侍》(*Maid in Waiting*, 1931)、《开花的原野》(*Flowering Wilderness*, 1932)和《大河彼岸》(*Over the River*, 1933)组成。这一系列小说规模恢弘,它们以19世纪后期和20世纪初期的英国社会为背景,集中描写了福尔赛家族几代人的喜怒哀乐和这个典型的英国资产阶级家族的盛衰荣辱,通过他们在金钱与爱情、婚姻与家庭等各个方面错综复杂的利害关系和层出不穷的感情纠葛,揭露了他们的道德观念和思想意识,说明资产阶级聚敛物质财富的本能和人性以及人的价值是格格不入的。

除了包括《福尔赛世家》在内的十来部连续性家史小说,高尔斯华绥还著有长篇小说《庄园》(*The Country House*, 1907)、《友爱》(*The Patrician*, 1911)、《弗里兰一家》(*The Freelanders*, 1911)和《黑色的花》(*The Dark Flower*, 1913),以及短篇小说集《大篷车》(*Caravan*, 1925)。

高尔斯华绥在戏剧创作方面也很有建树,曾一度作为与肖伯纳并驾齐驱的剧作家而在戏剧界和文学界备受瞩目。他受易

卜生的影响较大，剧作以社会问题剧为主，有《银匣》(*The Silver Box*, 1906)、《斗争》(*Strife*, 1909)、《正义》(*Justice*, 1910)、《鸽子》(*The Pigeon*, 1912)、《皮肤游戏》(*The Skin Game*, 1920)和《屋顶》(*The Roof*, 1929)等。

1932年瑞典文学院授予高尔斯华绥诺贝尔文学奖，以表彰“其描述的卓越艺术——这种艺术在《福尔赛世家》中达到高峰”。高尔斯华绥1933年逝世后，他的文学声誉久盛不衰。1969年《福尔赛世家》三部曲被改编成电视连续剧，在BBC播出，其制作规模之大，受欢迎的程度之高在电视节目中堪称世界之最。这套电视剧在每星期日晚间播出，连续播出26周，当时连牧师都不得不把教会做礼拜的时间重新调整，以免教徒们错过这个节目，电视连续剧《福尔赛世家》的收看率之高由此可见一斑。嗣后，这套节目在世界各地播出时，其轰动效应毫不亚于在国内播出时，使人们对这套家史小说三部曲的热情倍增，出版社又把《福尔赛世家》原著重印了数次，以飨读者；有关《福尔赛世家》的论文和论著也连篇累牍地发表了。

内容简介

高尔斯华绥的《福尔赛世家》(1922)三部曲由《有产者》、《进退维谷》和《出租》组成。这三部长篇小说以19世纪后期和20世纪初期的英国社会为背景,描写了福尔赛家族几代人的生活,反映了英国资产阶级的盛衰史。《出租》是《福尔赛世家》的第三部。这部小说的情节与三部曲的第二部《进退维谷》相隔20年之久。乔恩和芙蕾均已长大成人。蒙塔古·达蒂已经去世,其子瓦尔已携妻霍丽从南非返回英国,在萨塞克斯郡一处农庄居住,以驯养赛马为生。20年来,索姆斯和艾琳一直不曾相遇。一天索姆斯在画廊失落一块手绢,迈克尔·蒙特拾起来交给他。索姆斯因一时兴致,邀请蒙特到家里观赏他的藏画。后来才知道这位年青人是名门之后,一位第九世从男爵的继承人。

同一天下午索姆斯看见艾琳和他的儿子乔恩。从未谋面的乔恩和芙蕾在一家糖果店邂逅。芙蕾刚听父亲说过掉了手绢而结识蒙特的经过,便灵机一动,如法炮制,装出失落手绢的样子,引乔恩把手绢送还给她。索姆斯想去阻止,但为时已晚。他和艾琳都感到十分尴尬,只好佯装互不相识,而小一辈从他们的窘迫表情中却觉察出几分端倪。

一向任性的芙蕾对乔恩一见钟情,步步紧追。此时乔里恩已身患心脏病,他和艾琳察觉到这一形势,感到事态严重。乔恩立志务农,来到瓦尔家参观考察那一带的农场,芙蕾也不约而同地来到瓦尔和霍丽家里度周末。主人夫妇尽力隐瞒他们父母之间从前的那段不愉快的往事,本意在于希望这两个年轻人能摒弃上一辈的前嫌而和睦相处。岂料,乔恩和芙蕾竟以这次重聚为契机而双双坠入了爱河。两人沉浸在初恋的兴奋之中,乐不知返,引起了双方家长的忧虑和不安。为了使这对热恋中的

少年男女之间的激情冷却下来，乔里恩与妻子商定，由艾琳携乔恩出国旅行。一对恋人依依惜别，期待着早日重聚。他们对两家之间积怨的起因只有些模糊的了解。但后来安内特的情夫普罗芳把实情告诉了芙蕾，她的姑母威妮弗雷德也给她讲了她父亲和乔恩的母亲那段不愉快的婚姻。与此同时，蒙特在索姆斯的默许之下对芙蕾大献殷勤，但姑娘对这位从男爵之子的追求不予理睬。她已心有所属，决心嫁给乔恩。在这期间索姆斯听说妻子与普罗芳之间的艳情，安内特对此承认不讳，但允诺不会闹出一场丑闻。

乔恩在国外日夜思念芙蕾，归心似箭，终于以身体不适为藉口，与母亲一起提前回国了。芙蕾和恋人重逢后，为了得到他，不顾一切地引诱乔恩与自己发生关系，以便仓促结婚，造成既成事实。但乔恩一向循规蹈矩，芙蕾未能得手。在苦闷之中，乔恩又来到姐姐霍丽家，但姐姐却认为芙蕾继承了她父亲强烈的占有欲，霍丽劝弟弟切勿再与芙蕾来往。此时乔里恩也意识不能再对往事讳莫如深了，于是他给儿子写了封信，把索姆斯和艾琳的那段不愉快的婚姻和盘托出。乔恩读了父亲的肺腑之言，意识到自己确实不应与芙蕾结合。不日，乔里恩心脏发作，溘然长逝。乔恩经过一番痛苦的思想斗争之后，写信给芙蕾，提出他们应该分手。但芙蕾却不肯就此罢休。她搬出父亲去向艾琳求情。然而事与愿违，乔恩见母亲在索姆斯面前的痛苦表情，更坚定了他不违父亲遗命的决心，终于拒绝了芙蕾。芙蕾意识到败局已定，便在绝望之中匆匆嫁给了一直在追求她的蒙特。此时乔恩已离开英国，艾琳也决定出租罗宾山住宅，到美国去和儿子团聚。

蒂莫西是福尔赛家老一辈当中硕果仅存的一员，他去世的时候，索姆斯意识到福尔赛时代已经结束。这个家族的生活方式就像是一所空荡荡的房子，只等着出租了。他感到孤独而衰老。

FORSYTE FAMILY TREE

b. 1741, JOLYON FORSYTE (Farmer, of Hays, Dencombe, Dorset), d. 1812.
m. Julia Hayter, 1768.

b. 1770, Jolyon (Builder), d. 1850.
"Superior Dosses"
m. 1798, Ann Pierce, daughter of Country Solicitor.

Edgar.
(In Jute.)

Nicholas.
(Mayor of Bosport)

Julia.
m. Nightingale.

Roger.
(Merchant Service.)

(1) (2) (3) (4) *

b. 1799, Ann, d. 1886.
"Aunt Ann."

b. 1806, Jolyon, d. 1892.
"Old Jolyon."
(Tea Merchant "Forsyte and Treffry," Chairman of Companies.)

m. 1846, Edith Moor, d. 1874,
daughter of Barrister.

b. 1847, Jolyon, d. 1920.
"Young Jolyon."
(Underwriter and Artist.)

Wood; and Robin Hill.
m. 1880(2), Heloise Hilbert,
d. 1894. (Austro-English.)

m. 1868 (1), Frances Criscon.
d. 1880. Daughter of Colonel.

b. 1869, June.
(Engaged to Philip Bonney, never married.)

b. 1879, Jolly.
d. in Transvaal, 1900.

b. 1881, Hally.
m. 1900, Val Durtie.

m. 1901(3), Irene,
daughter of Professor Heron and divorced wife of Soames Forsyte.

m. 1883(1), Irene,
daughter of Professor Heron,
b. 1863, divorced 1900.

b. 1855, Soames, d. 1926.
(Solicitor and Connoisseur.)

Montpelier Square; and Maplethorpe.
m. 1901(2), Annette,
b. 1880, daughter of Mme. Lamotte.

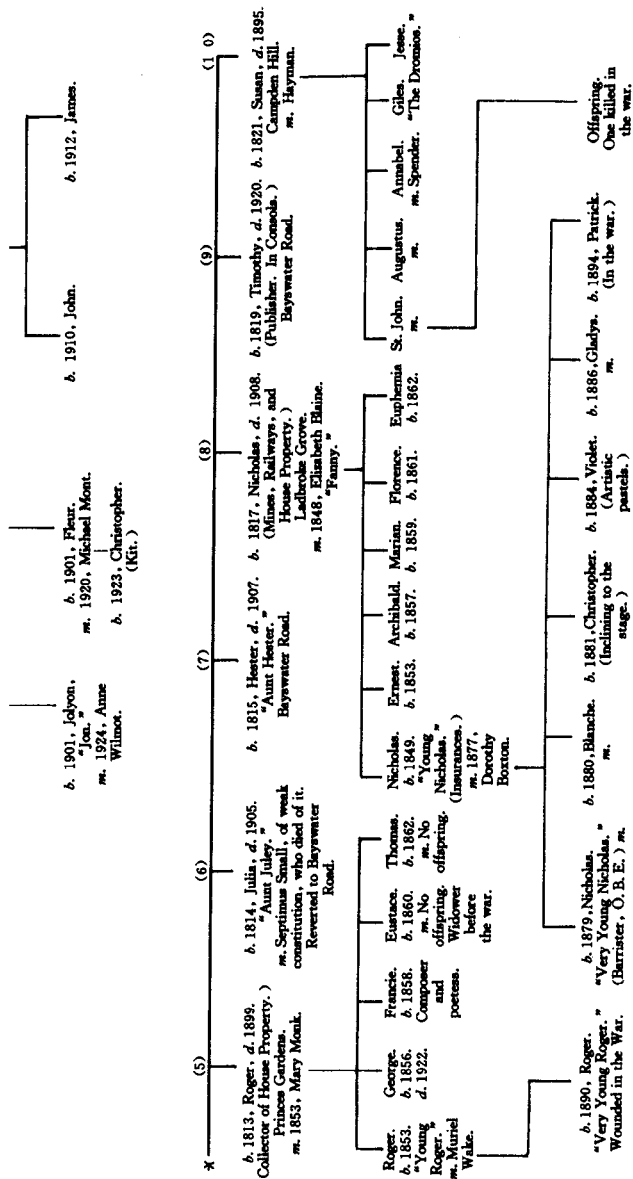
Winifred.
b. 1858,
m. 1879.
Moutague Durtie.
"Man of the world."
Green Street.

Rachel.
b. 1861.
b. 1865.
Greely.

b. 1811, Swithin, d. 1891.
(Estate and Land Agent. "Four-in-hand Forsyte.") Hyde Park Mansions.

b. 1811, James, d. 1901.
(Solicitor. Founder of firm "Forsyte, Bunsard and Forsyte.") Park Lane.
m. 1852, Emily Golding, b. 1831.
"Emily." d. 1910.

b. 1880, Val, b. 1882, Imogen, b. 1886, Maud, b. 1884. (Almost a Colonel.)
m. 1900, Hally (daughter of Young Jolyon), m. 1906, Jack Cardigan.



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PART ONE

Chapter 1

ENCOUNTER

SOAMES FORSYTE emerged from the Knightsbridge Hotel, where he was staying, in the afternoon of the 12th of May, 1920, with the intention of visiting a collection of pictures in a Gallery off Cork Street, and looking into the 'Future. He walked. Since the war, he never took a cab if he could help it. Their drivers were, in his view, an uncivil lot, though now that the war was over and supply beginning to exceed demand again, getting more civil in accordance with the custom of human nature. Still, he had not forgiven them, deeply identifying them with gloomy memories and now, dimly, like all members of their class, with revolution. The considerable anxiety he had passed through during the war, and the more considerable anxiety he had since undergone in the peace, had produced psychological consequences in a tenacious nature. He had, mentally, so frequently experienced ruin that he had ceased to believe in its material probability. Paying away four thousand a year in income and 'super tax, one could not very well be worse off! A fortune of a quarter of a million, encumbered only by a wife and one daughter, and very diversely invested, afforded substantial guarantee even against that "wildcat notion"—a levy on capital. And as to confiscation of war profits, he was entirely in favour of it, for he had none, and "serve the beggars right"! The price of pictures, moreover, had, if anything, gone up, and he had done better with his collection since the war began than ever before. Air-raids, also, had acted beneficially on a spirit congenitally cautious, and hardened a character already dogged!

To be in danger of being entirely dispersed inclined one to be less apprehensive of the more partial dispersions involved in levies and taxation, while the habit of condemning the impudence of the Germans had led naturally to condemning that of 'Labour, if not openly at least in the sanctuary of his soul.

He walked. There was, moreover, time to spare, for Fleur was to meet him at the Gallery at four o'clock, and it was as yet but half-past two. It was good for him to walk—his liver was a little constrict-

ed, and his nerves rather on edge. His wife was always out when she was in Town, and his daughter *would* flibberty-gibbet all over the place like most young women since the war. Still, he must be thankful that she had been too young to do anything in that war itself. Not, of course, that he had not supported the war from its inception, with all his soul, but between that and supporting it with the bodies of his wife and daughter, there had been a gap fixed by something old-fashioned within him which abhorred emotional extravagance. He had, for instance, strongly objected to Annette, so attractive, and in 1914 only thirty-four, going to her native France, her "*chère patrie*" as, under the stimulus of war, she had begun to call it, to nurse her "*braves poilus*", forsooth! Ruining her health and her looks! As if she were really a nurse! He had put a stopper on it. Let her do needlework for them at home, or knit! She had not gone, therefore, and had never been quite the same woman since. A bad tendency of hers to mock at him, not openly, but in continual little ways, had grown. As for Fleur, the war had resolved the vexed problem whether or not she should go to school. She was better away from her mother in her war mood, from the chance of air-raids, and the impetus to do extravagant things; so he had placed her in a seminary as far West as had seemed to him compatible with excellence, and had missed her horribly. Fleur! He had never regretted the somewhat outlandish name by which at her birth he had decided so suddenly to call her—marked concession though it had been to the French, Fleur! A pretty name—a pretty child! But restless—too restless; and wilful! Knowing her power, too, over her father! Soames often reflected on the mistake it was to dote on his daughter. To get old and dote! Sixty-five! He was getting on; but he didn't feel it, for, fortunately, perhaps, considering Annette's youth and good looks, his second marriage had turned out a cool affair. He had known but one real passion in his life—for that first wife of his—Irene. Yes, and that fellow, his cousin Jolyon, who had gone off with her, was looking very shaky, they said. No wonder, at seventy-two, after twenty years of a third marriage!

Soames paused a moment in his march to lean over the railings of 'the Row. A suitable spot for reminiscence, half-way between that house in Park Lane which had seen his birth and his parents' deaths, and the little house in Montpellier Square where thirty-five years ago he had enjoyed his first edition of matrimony. Now, after twenty years of his second edition, that old tragedy seemed to him like a previous existence—which had ended when Fleur was born in place of the

son he had hoped for. For many years he had ceased regretting, even vaguely, the son who had not been born; Fleur filled the bill in his heart. After all, she bore his name, and he was not looking forward at all to the time when she would change it. Indeed, if he ever thought of such a calamity, it was seasoned by the vague feeling that he could make her rich enough to purchase perhaps and extinguish the name of the fellow who married her—why not, since, as it seemed, women were equal to men nowadays? And Soames, secretly convinced that they were not, passed his curved hand over his face vigorously till it reached the comfort of his chin. Thanks to abstemious habits, he had not grown fat and flabby; his nose was pale and thin, his grey moustache close-clipped, his eyesight unimpaired. A slight stoop closed and corrected the expansion given to his face by the heightening of his forehead in the recession of his grey hair. Little change had Time wrought in the “warmest” of the young Forsytes, as the last of the old Forsytes—Timothy—now in his hundred and first year, would have phrased it.

The shade from the plane trees fell on his neat ‘Homburg hat; he had given up top hats—it was no use attracting attention to wealth in days like these. Plane trees! His thoughts travelled sharply to Madrid—the Easter before the war, when, having to make up his mind about that ‘Goya picture, he had taken a voyage of discovery to study the painter on his spot. The fellow had impressed him—great range, real genius! Highly as the chap ranked, he would rank even higher before they had finished with him. The second Goya craze would be greater even than the first; oh, yes! And he had bought. On that visit he had—as never before—commissioned a copy of a fresco-painting called ‘*La Vendimia*, wherein was the figure of a girl with an arm akimbo, who had reminded him of his daughter. He had it now in the Gallery at Mapledurham, and rather poor it was—you couldn’t copy Goya. He would still look at it, however, if his daughter were not there, for the sake of something irresistibly reminiscent in the light, erect balance of the figure, the width between the arching eyebrows, the eager dreaming of the dark eyes. Curious that Fleur should have dark eyes, when his own were grey—no pure Forsyte had brown eyes—and her mother’s blue! But of course her grandmother Lamotte’s eyes were dark as treacle!

He began to walk on again towards Hyde Park Corner. No greater change in all England than in the Row! Born almost within hail of it, he could remember it from 1860 on. Brought there as a