



了不起的盖茨比



THE GREAT GATSBY

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald

[美] 弗朗西斯·斯科特·菲茨杰拉德◎著

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Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her;

If you can bounce high, bounce for her too.

Till she cry

“Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover, I must have you!”

—THOMAS PARKE D'INVILLIERS

那就戴上那顶金帽子，如果能使她心动的话；

如果你能跳，跳得很高，那也为她高高跳吧。

跳到她大喊：“爱人，戴金帽子高跳的爱人哪，

我要的就是你啊。”

——托马斯·帕克·汀佛里尔

✦

CHAPTER 1
第一章

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 anyone," 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, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some

父亲曾在我尚且年幼、少不更事的时候给过我一个忠告，时至今日它仍在我脑海反复回荡。

“每当你想要评判别人的时候，”他告诉我，“你要记得，这世界上不是所有人都有像你这般的有利条件。”

虽然父亲没有再说什么，但我听懂了他的言外之意，因为我们一直是以这样含蓄的方式交流。于是，我便习惯对所有的判断都有所保留，这个脾性招致很多怪人向我敞开心扉，也让我遭受了很多无聊无趣。这习性要是出现在常人身上，那些不正常的人便很快会察觉出来并趋之若鹜。所以，在大学的时候我曾很冤枉地被诽谤是个小政客，因为我知晓了一些放浪无名之辈的伤心秘事。大多数的倾诉者都是不请自来的，而当我从些许确定无误的征兆发现心事将要呼之欲出的时候，我通常会假装睡觉、佯装很忙或者轻佻地敷衍了事。因为年轻人的私密心事，或

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 deficiencies 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 reg-

者说至少是他们表达的言辞一般都是照搬他人并且有着很明显的隐瞒。保留评判是无尽的希望。现在我仍然会担心错过什么,如果我忘了父亲曾经自命不凡的暗示,我便又自命不凡地重述一次:气度予人,生而不均。

吹嘘完了我这般的容忍之后,我得承认容忍是有限度的。品行可能立于磐石之上,也可以陷于沼泽之内,可一旦过了某个界点,我管它是建立在什么之上呢。去年秋天,我从东部回来,一心想着全世界都能道德规正地像穿上军装立正站好一样。我不再想要那纵情享受窥视人心的荣耀了。唯独盖茨比——本书的主人公——被除去在外。盖茨比代表一切我所真心鄙夷的东西。如果说人格是一系列接连不断的成功姿态的话,那么盖茨比确实很了不起,他对于人生际遇有着敏锐的洞察,就像一台能够侦测到万里之外地震的精密仪器一样。这种敏感能力并不是美其名为“开拓性气质”的多愁善感,而是一种寻求希望的卓绝天赋,一种对于浪漫的敏捷向往。

ister 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 today.

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

这都是我所认识的人身上所没有的，以后也不大可能遇见。不——盖茨比本人到头来倒是无可厚非的；使我对人们短暂的悲哀和片刻的欢欣暂时丧失兴趣的，却是那些吞噬盖茨比心灵的东西，是在他的幻梦消逝后跟踪而来的恶浊的灰尘。

在这个中西部城市，我们家族三代以来皆是声名显赫，家境殷实。卡罗威一家也算是世家大族，据说可追溯至苏格兰的巴克卢公爵一脉，可我们家族的实际创建者则是我祖父的哥哥。他于1851年来到这里，花钱找人替他参加了内战，而他开始做五金生意，这买卖现在传到了我父亲手上。

我从未见过这位伯祖父，但据说我长得和他很像，挂在父亲办公室的那幅硬汉画像可以很好地证明这一点。1915年我从耶鲁大学毕业，刚好和我父亲相隔了四分之一世纪。不久我就参加了晚来的条顿民族大迁徙，即众所周知的第一次世界大战。

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 which sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather beaten 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.

我十分享受反击，以至于退伍回来之后便觉得无聊无趣。中西部地区不再是温暖的世界中心，现在似乎变成了荒凉的世界边缘。于是我决定去往东部学着做证券生意。我所认识的人都做着证券生意，所以我认为多我一个也无所谓。我所有的叔伯阿姨反复商讨，好像他们正要为我选定一个预备学校一样，最终才表情严肃而疑虑地说道：“那……好吧。”父亲答应赞助我一年的开销，随后几度耽误，到了1922年春天我才来到东部，心想着永居此地。

在城市里找套房子住是很切合实际的，但那时季节温暖，并且我刚离开有着宽阔草坪和怡人树林的住处，因此，当办公室内有个年轻人提议和我在近郊合租一套房子，我觉得好极了。他找到一套饱受风雨侵蚀的木房子，月租是八十美元，可就要搬进去住的时候，公司把他调去了华盛顿，我只好一个人搬到了市郊。我有一条狗——至少在它跑掉之前我还养了它一些时日——一辆老道奇汽车，还有一个芬兰女佣，她收拾屋子，做做早餐，在电炉子旁小声嘟囔着芬兰的格言。

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 Maecenas 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.”

前几日还是有些寂寞的，直到有天早上有个比我还晚来的陌生人在路上把我拦住了。

“到西卵镇怎么走呢？”他无助地问道。

告诉他后我继续走着，但不再感到寂寞。我成为了一个引导者，一个开拓者，一个当地人。他无意间授予了我附近居民一样的自主。

阳光和煦，树上的叶芽忽然间冒出来了，就像是电影中的东西迅速生长一般，我便想起了那熟悉的信念：随着夏日的到来，生命将重新开始。

首先，有太多东西要读，并且还有呼吸不完的清新鲜人的健康空气。我买来十几本关于银行信贷和证券投资的书。红色带有烫金封面的书籍立在书架上，就像铸币厂新产的钱币，昭示要揭晓只有迈达斯、摩根和梅塞纳斯才知道的金光闪亮的秘密。除此之外，我还立志读一些其他的书。我在大学时喜欢写一些东西——有一年我曾给《耶鲁学报》写过一系列严肃且浅显的社论——现在我准备重操旧业，再次成为那广泛涉猎却一知半解的“通识之才”。这并不单单是句妙语——毕竟从一个窗口望去，人生才会更加成功。

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 enormous 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 which 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

巧的是，我租的这套房子位于全北美地区最为奇异的地方。该处位于纽约正东面的细小狭长的岛上——那里除了自然奇观之外，有两个形状奇特的地方。距离城区二十英里，有着一对外形几乎一模一样如同两个硕大的鸡蛋的半岛，中间被小湾隔开，延伸至西半球最为温顺的海水处，富饶的海洋后院——长岛海湾。它们并非是完整的椭圆形形状——而是像哥伦布故事里立起的鸡蛋一样，接触碰撞之处压扁了——即便是这样，外形的相似也一定会让飞过的海鸥惊叹不已。对于没有翅膀的我们来说，更为有趣的是这两个地方除了形状大小之外，再无任何相同之处。

我住在西卵，就是两个地方中不那么时髦的一个，不过用这肤浅的标签不能够对比两个地方的离奇和凶险。我的房子坐落在鸡蛋的顶角处，距海只有五十码，左右两侧是两座大别墅，一季租金高达一万二到一万五美元。右边的那座别墅，不管用什么标准来看都很辉煌庞大——

was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some Hotel 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 eye-sore, but it was a small eye-sore, 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 anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy—even in college

简直就是诺曼底某个市政厅的翻版，别墅的一侧矗立着一座崭新的塔楼，上面爬着稀疏的常春藤，还有一个大理石游泳池和四十多英亩的草坪和花园。这是盖茨比的豪宅。或者，在我认识盖茨比之前，它更应该是一位姓盖茨比的人居住的豪宅。我的房子实在是不敢启齿了，幸而很小也没有人会在意，所以我才能欣赏海景和邻居的一部分草坪，并心生宽慰——毕竟月租总共才八十美元。

在小湾的对岸，东卵的一排白色宫殿式宅邸沿着海面闪闪发光，而那年夏天的故事是从我开车到那边与汤姆·布坎南夫妇共进晚餐的那个晚上才真正开始的。黛西是我的远房表妹，而我和汤姆在大学时就认识了，战后我还曾在他们俩芝加哥的家中待过两天。

黛西的丈夫擅长各种体育运动，曾经是耶鲁大学历史上最强壮的橄榄球边锋之一——某种程度上还是个全美闻名的人物。这样的人在二十一岁时便在一定范围内取得了相当的成就，之后的人生不免有些走下坡路了。他家中十分富裕——在大学时期便因肆意挥霍而遭人

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 the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of

指责非难——现在他从芝加哥搬到了东部，而搬家的气场也让人惊诧万分。比如，他从森林湖运来了一群用于打马球的马匹。非常难以理解在我们这一代人中，居然会有人富裕到如此程度。

我并不知道他们为什么搬到东部。他们之前先去了法国一年，也没有特定的原因，后来又不安分地东漂西逛，无论去到哪里都有人打马球，并且他们也都是有钱人。这次是定居了，黛西在电话里说道。但我不相信——虽然我不太懂黛西，但我觉得汤姆会为追忆回味往日球场上涌动的飒爽激荡，有些怅然地一直流浪下去。

于是，在和风徐徐的傍晚，我开车去看望两个几乎不甚了解的朋友。他们的府邸比我想象中的还要豪华，一座鲜明的红白相间配色乔治国王殖民风格的大宅，面临海湾。草坪从海滩开始，一直延伸到大门处，足足有四分之一英里，一路起伏越过日晷、砖道和百花欲燃的花园——最后落到屋前，仿佛由于得益于奔跑的劲头，顺势变成了沿墙上爬的绿藤蔓。屋子正前方有一扇法式落地窗，此时正在夕阳的金辉下，迎着午后的和风敞开着。

French windows, glowing now with reflected gold, and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy, straw haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining, arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage—a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked—and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

“Now, don’t think my opinion on these matters is final,” he seemed to say, “just because I’m stronger and more of a man than you are.” We were in the same Senior Society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression

汤姆·布坎南穿着一身骑装，双脚叉开，正站在前门的阳台上。

与大学时代相比，他的相貌改变了不少。如今他已经三十多岁了，身体健壮，稻草色头发，嘴角稍显狠相，姿态傲慢，五官中最突出的是炯亮的双目，永远给人一种盛气凌人的印象。即使他穿着那套像女装般华丽的骑装，也掩盖不了他强健有力的身躯——双腿套在闪闪发光的皮靴中，鞋带系得紧绷绷的。当他肩膀转动时，你能看到一大块肌肉在薄外套下面移动。这是一具强健蛮力的身躯——一具残忍的身躯。

他的声音粗大沙哑，更让人觉得暴戾。他说话的时候常带着长辈教训人的口气，即使对他喜欢的人也是如此。所以，在耶鲁的时候就有人痛恨他。

“别以为我在这些事情上说了算，”他仿佛在说，“只不过是为我比较强壮、比较有男子气概。”虽然我们俩同属于一个高年级社团，但我们的关系并不密切，我总觉得他很欣赏我，

that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

“I’ve got a nice place here,” he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep pungent roses and a snub-nosed motor boat that bumped the tide off shore.

“It belonged to Demaine the oil man.” He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. “We’ll go inside.”

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragilely bound into the house by French windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding cake of the ceiling—and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored

想让我喜欢那个带着粗鲁、不屑和怅惘的他。

在阳光和煦的阳台上，我们聊了一会儿。

“我这个地方真是不错。”他说，眼神闪烁着，不停转动。

他抓住我的一只胳膊让我转过身来，又伸出一只手指点眼前的景色，在这挥手之间，包括了一座意大利式的凹型花园，半英亩艳放的玫瑰花，还有一艘靠在岸边随浪起伏的短鼻子汽艇。

“它原来是石油大王德梅因的。”他又把我转过身来，虽然礼貌但很突然，“我们进屋吧。”

我们走过一条高走廊，来到一间宽敞明亮的玫瑰色屋子。两头是落地长窗精巧地将这间屋子嵌入到大宅里，长窗半开，在外面嫩绿的草坪映衬下，显得晶莹雪亮，外面的草似乎要长进屋内一样。一阵微风吹过屋内，这边和那边的窗帘借着风在长窗里进进出出像一面面白色的旗帜，又飘向天花板上奶油蛋糕似的装饰图案，然后又轻轻掠过酒红色的地毯，留下犹如风拂海面的阴影。

屋内唯一静止不动的是一张笨重庞大的长沙发椅，上面两个年轻女子像浮在地面上的大气球。她们身穿白衣，衣裙随风

balloon. They were both in white and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless and with her chin raised a little as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she gave no hint of it—indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in.

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise—she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression—then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

“I'm p-paralyzed with happiness.”

She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face,

飘舞，好像乘着风在屋里飘了一圈一样。我一定是站立了很久，倾听窗帘吹动的嗖嗖声和墙上—一幅画像的嘎吱声。“砰”的一声，汤姆·布坎南关上了后面的落地窗，屋内的风渐渐平定了，窗帘、地毯和两位女子也都慢慢落回地面。

两个女子之中比较年轻的那个，我没见过。她在长沙发的一头平躺着，身子一动不动，微微向上扬起着的下巴好像在上面放着什么东西，生怕它会掉下来似的。我以为她从余光中看见了我，可是她没有丝毫表示——说实话，我差点要因为我进屋里来而开口向她道歉了。

另外一个黛西。她试图起身——身子微微向前倾，脸上带着殷切——然后她轻笑一下，既滑稽又可爱。我也跟着笑了，走上前进了屋里。

“我开心得要……要死了。”

她又笑了笑，好像是说了一句相当俏皮的话。然后她握住了我的手，抬起头看着我，仿佛这

promising that there was no one in the world she wanted to see so much. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

At any rate Miss Baker's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly and then quickly tipped her head back again—the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I looked back at my cousin who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth—but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered “Listen,” a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

世界上她最乐意见到我。这是她特有的神情。她低声告诉我，那个一动不动的姑娘姓贝克。（我听说黛西轻声细语不过是让人倾身靠近她；但这不相干的批评一点也不影响她的魅力。）

总之，贝克小姐的嘴唇动了动，几乎不被察觉地向我点了点头，然后又仰起了下巴——上面放着的东西歪了一下，让她有点吃惊。道歉的话又到了嘴边。只要遇见完全我行我素的神情，总让我呆愣也让我心生敬佩。

我转过头看着黛西，她开始用她那轻柔撩人的声音向我问问题。这是一种让人情不自禁侧耳倾听的声音，仿佛她说的每句话都是一组绝唱中的音符在耳内抑扬顿挫。她的面容忧郁而美丽，五官明亮，明眸鲜唇，但令追求过她的男人难以忘记的还是动人的声音：一种曲韵般的魅力，一声喃喃的“你听”便是一种暗示，说她做了什么乐事，接下来还有什么乐事。