



中文导读英文版

海明威作品系列



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# 流动的盛宴

[美] 海明威 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

在历史上不计其数的关于巴黎的虚构或非虚构作品中,《流动的盛宴》是最著名的作品之一,它由美国著名作家海明威编著。《流动的盛宴》所描述的是巴黎,人才荟萃,一批批献身艺术的人来到这里奋斗并在这里成名,文人沙龙、歌台舞榭,年复一年而岁岁不同,像一席流动的盛宴。20世纪20年代上半叶,海明威以记者的身份旅居巴黎,《流动的盛宴》记录了自己这段时间的工作、生活和所见所闻。作品展示了那个年代,居住和旅居巴黎的文人墨客的生动形象以及巴黎的一幅幅城市图景,这些人与这座城市融为一体。

该书自出版以来,一直受到世界各地读者的欢迎,并被译成世界上多种语言。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为优美的文学读本,本书对当代中国的读者,特别是青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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欧内斯特·海明威（Ernest Hemingway, 1899—1961），蜚声世界文坛的美国现代著名小说家，1954 年度诺贝尔文学奖获得者、“新闻体”小说的创始人。

海明威 1899 年 7 月 21 日出生在美国伊利诺伊州的一个医生家庭。他的母亲喜爱文学，父亲酷爱打猎、钓鱼等户外活动，这样的家庭环境使他从小就喜欢钓鱼、打猎、音乐和绘画，这对海明威日后的文学创作产生了巨大的影响。在高中时期，他就开始在校报上发表短篇小说，表现出了很高的创作天赋。中学毕业后，海明威在《星报》当了 6 个月的实习记者，在此受到了良好的训练。第一次世界大战爆发后，海明威怀着感受战争的热切愿望，加入美国红十字会战场服务队，投身意大利战场。大战结束后，海明威被意大利政府授予十字军功奖章、银质奖章和勇敢奖章，获得中尉军衔，但伴随这些荣誉的是他身上数不清的伤痕和赶不走的恶魔般的战争记忆。第一次世界大战后，他长期担任驻欧记者，并曾以记者身份参加第二次世界大战和西班牙内战。他对创作怀着浓厚的兴趣，一面当记者，一面写小说。1926 年出版了第一部长篇小说《太阳照常升起》，受到了文学界的广泛关注。1929 年，他发表了他的代表作之一——《永别了，武器》。这是一部出色的反战小说，标志着海明威在艺术上的成熟，并且奠定了在小说界的地位。1940 年，海明威发表了以西班牙内战为背景的反法西斯主义的长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》。1952 年，他出版了《老人与海》，该小说获得了当年普利策奖，由于该小说体现了人在“充满暴力与死亡的真实世界中”表现出来的勇气而获得 1954 年诺贝尔文学奖，获奖原因是：“因为他精通于叙事艺术，突出地表现在他的近著《老人与海》中，同时也由于他在当代风格中所发挥的影响。”对于这一赞誉，海明威是当之无愧的。获奖后的海明威患有多种疾病，给他的身心造成了极大的痛苦，之后他没能再创作出很有影响的作品，这使他精神抑郁，并产生了消极悲观的情绪。



1961年7月2日，蜚声世界文坛的海明威用猎枪结束了自己的生命。

20世纪20年代是海明威文学创作的早期，他出版了《在我们的时代里》、《春潮》、《没有女人的男人》、《太阳照常升起》和《永别了，武器》等作品。《太阳照常升起》写的是像海明威一样流落在法国的一群美国年轻人，在第一次世界大战后，迷失了前进的方向，战争给他们造成了生理上和心理上的巨大伤害，他们非常空虚、苦恼和忧郁。他们想有所作为，但战争使他们精神迷惘，尔虞我诈的社会又使他们非常反感，他们只能在沉沦中度日，美国作家斯坦因由此称他们为“迷惘的一代”。这部小说是海明威自己生活道路和世界观的真实写照。海明威和他所代表的一个文学流派因而也被人称为“迷惘的一代”。除《太阳照常升起》之外，《永别了，武器》被誉为“迷惘的一代”文学中的经典。20世纪30~40年代，他在《第五纵队》和长篇小说《丧钟为谁而鸣》中；塑造了摆脱迷惘、悲观，为人民利益英勇战斗和无畏牺牲的反法西斯战士形象；根据在非洲的见闻和印象，他创作了《非洲的青山》、《乞力马扎罗山的雪》，还发表了《法兰西斯·玛贝康短暂的幸福》。20世纪50年代，塑造了以圣地亚哥为代表的“可以把他消灭，但就是打不败他”的硬汉形象，其代表作就是影响世界的文学经典《老人与海》。

海明威一生的创作在现代文学史上留下了光辉的一页，他是美利坚民族的精神丰碑。海明威一生勤奋创作。早上起身的第一件事，就是进行写作。他写作时，还有一个常人没有的习惯，就是站着写。他说：“我站着写，而且是一只脚站着。我采取这种姿势，使我处于一种紧张状态，迫使我尽可能简短地表达我的思想。”海明威是一位具有独创性的小说家。他的最大贡献在于创造了一种洗练含蓄的新散文风格；在艺术上，他那简约有力的文体和多种现代派手法的出色运用，在美国文学中曾引起过一场“文学革命”，之后有许多欧美作家在小说创作中都受到了他的影响。

海明威也是一位颇受中国读者喜爱的作家，他的主要作品都有中译本出版，他的作品是最受广大读者欢迎的外国文学之一。基于这个原因，我们决定编译“海明威文学经典系列”丛书，该系列收入了海明威的《永别了，武器》、《老人与海》、《太阳照常升起》、《丧钟为谁而鸣》和《流动的盛宴》五部经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。



我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 圣米歇尔广场的一家好咖啡馆

A Good Café on the Place St. Michel

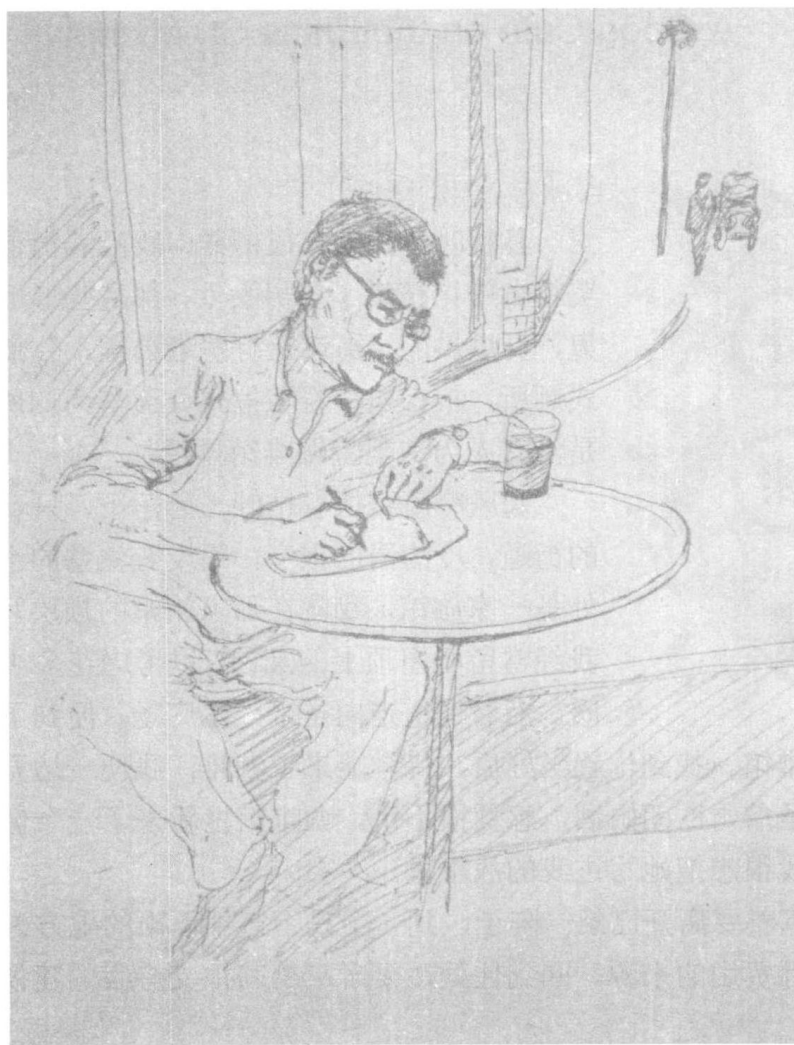


暮秋时节，天气很糟糕，我沿着街道散步。艾美特咖啡馆挤满了男男女女，都是些形形色色的酒鬼，臭烘烘的。街道上有些老公寓，公寓边是些老式厕所，常有人拉着马拉式粪灌车为厕所排污。但是没有人人为艾美特咖啡馆排污。

寒风冷雨裹挟着枯叶一起落下，只看见湿漉漉的街道，冷清清的报亭，跟没有生意的小贩。不远处是一家旅馆，我就在那家旅馆的顶层写作。那时我经常留心屋顶上的烟囱，以考虑花多少柴火钱取暖。沿着街道走向圣米歇尔广场，便到了一家干净暖和的咖啡馆。找到位置坐好后，侍者端来了咖啡，我便一边开始写作，一边喝着圣詹姆斯朗姆酒，感觉很不错。咖啡馆里新来了一个健康有活力的女孩，我很想把她写进我的故事里。

我盘算着要离开巴黎一阵子，到一个只下雪不下雨的地方去，并仔细考虑了旅行费用的来源。回到住处，妻子哈德莉很支持我的建议。

Then there was the bad weather. It would come in one day when the fall was over. We would have to shut the windows in the night against the rain and the cold wind would strip the leaves from the trees in the Place Contrescarpe. The leaves lay sodden in the rain and wind drove the rain against the big green autobus at the terminal and the Café des Amateurs was crowded and the windows misted over from the heat and the smoke inside. It was a sad,



在咖啡馆写作

evilly run café where the drunkards of the quarter crowded together and I kept away from it because of the smell of dirty bodies and the sour smell of drunkenness. The men and women who frequented the Amateurs stayed drunk all of the time, or all of the time they could afford it, mostly on wine which they bought by the half-liter or liter. Many strangely named apéritifs were advertised, but few people could afford them except as a foundation to build their wine drunks on. The women drunkards were called poivrottes which meant female rummies.

The Café des Amateurs was the cesspool of the rue Mouffetard, that wonderful narrow crowded market street which led into the Place Contrescarpe. The squat toilets of the old apartment houses, one by the side of the stairs on each floor with the two cleated cement shoe-shaped elevations on each side of the aperture so a locataire would not slip, emptied into cesspools which were emptied by pumping into horse-drawn tank wagons at night. In the summer time, with all windows open, we would hear the pumping and the odor was very strong. The tank wagons were painted brown and saffron color and in the moonlight when they worked the rue Cardinal Lemoine their wheeled, horse-drawn cylinder looked like Braque paintings. No one emptied the Café des Amateurs though, and its yellowed poster stating the terms and penalties of the law against public drunkenness was as flyblown and disregarded as its clients were constant and ill-smelling.

All of the sadness of the city came suddenly with the first cold rains of winter, and there were no more tops to the high white houses as you walked but only the wet blackness of the street and the closed door of the small shops, the herb sellers, the stationary and the newspaper shops, the midwife—second class—and the hotel where Verlaine had died where I had a room on the top floor where I worked.

It was either six or eight flights up to the top floor and it was very cold and I knew how much it would cost for a bundle of small twigs, three wire-wrapped packets of short, half-pencil length pieces of split pine to catch fire from the twigs, and then the bundle of half-dried lengths of hard wood that I must buy to make a fire that would warm the room. So I went to the far side of the street to look up at the roof in the rain and see if any chimneys were going, and how the

smoke blew. There was no smoke and I thought about how the chimney would be cold and might not draw and of the room possibly filling with smoke, and the fuel wasted, and the money gone with it, and I walked on in the rain. I walked down past the Lycée Henri Quatre and the ancient church of St. Etienne-du-Mont to the windswept Place du Pantheon and cut in for shelter to the right and finally came out on the lee side of the Boulevard St. Michel and worked on down it past the Cluny and the Boulevard St. Germain until I came to a good café that I knew on the Place St. Michel.

It was a pleasant café, warm and clean and friendly, and I hung up my old waterproof on the coat rack to dry and put my worn and weathered felt hat on the rack above the bench and ordered a café au lait. The waiter brought it and I took out a notebook from the pocket of the coat and a pencil and started to write. I was writing about up in Michigan and since it was a wild, cold, blowing day it was that sort of day in the story. I had already seen the end of fall come through boyhood, youth and young manhood, and in one place you could write about it better than in another. That was called transplanting yourself, I thought and it could be as necessary with people as with other sorts of growing things. But in the story the boys were drinking and this made me thirsty and I ordered a rum St. James. This tasted wonderful on the cold day and I kept on writing, feeling very well and feeling the good Martinique rum warm me all through my body and my spirit.

A girl came in the café and sat by herself at a table near the window. She was very pretty with a face fresh as a newly minted coin if they minted coins in smooth flesh with rain-freshened skin, and her hair was black as a crow's wing and cut sharply and diagonally across her cheek.

I looked at her and she disturbed me and made me very excited. I wished I could put her in the story, or anywhere, but she had placed herself so she could watch the street and the entry and I knew she was waiting for someone. So I went on writing.

The story was writing itself and I was having a hard time keeping up with it. I ordered another rum St. James and I watched the girl whenever I looked up, or when I sharpened the pencil with a pencil sharpener with the shavings curling into the saucer under my drink.

I've seen you, beauty, and you belong to me now, whoever you are waiting for and if I never see you again, I thought. You belong to me and all Paris belongs to me and I belong to this notebook and this pencil.

Then I went back to writing and I entered far into the story and was lost in it. I was writing it now and it was not writing itself and I did not look up nor know anything about the time nor think where I was nor order any more rum St. James. I was tired of rum St. James without thinking about it. Then the story was finished and I was very tired. I read the last paragraph and then I looked up and looked for the girl and she had gone. I hope she's gone with a good man, I thought. But I felt sad.

I closed up the story in the notebook and put it in my inside pocket and I asked the waiter for a dozen portugaises and a half-carafe of the dry white wine they had there. After writing a story I was always empty and both sad and happy, as though I had made love, and I was sure this was a very good story although I would not know truly how good until I read it over the next day.

As I ate the oysters with their strong taste of the sea and their faint metallic taste that the cold white wine washed away, leaving only the sea taste and the succulent texture, and as I drank their cold liquid from each shell and washed it down with the crisp taste of the wine, I lost the empty feeling and began to be happy and to make plans.

Now that the bad weather had come, we could leave Paris for a while for a place where this rain would be snow coming down through the pines and covering the road and the high hillsides and at an altitude where we would hear it creak as we walked home at night. Below Les Avants there was a chalet where the pension was wonderful and where we would be together and have our books and at night be warm in bed together with the windows open and the stars bright. That was where we could go. Traveling third class on the train was not expensive. The pension cost very little more than we spent in Paris.

I would give up the room in the hotel where I wrote and there was only the rent of 74 rue Cardinal Lemoine which was nominal. I had written journalism for Toronto and the checks for that were due. I could write that anywhere under any circumstances and we had money to make the trip.

Maybe away from Paris I could write about Paris as in Paris I could write

about Michigan. I did not know it was too early for that because I did not know Paris well enough. But that was how it worked out eventually. Anyway we would go if my wife wanted to, and I finished the oysters and the wine and paid my score in the café and made it the shortest way back up the Montagne Ste. Geneviève through the rain, that was now only local weather and not something that changed your life, to the flat at the top of the hill.

"I think it would be wonderful, Tatie," my wife said. She had a gently modeled face and her eyes and her smile lighted up at decisions as though they were rich presents. "When should we leave?"

"Whenever you want."

"Oh, I want to right away. Didn't you know?"

"Maybe it will be fine and clear when we come back. It can be very fine when it is clear and cold."

"I'm sure it will be," she said. "Weren't you good to think of going, too."

# 斯坦因小姐的教导

Miss Stein Instructs



我们回到巴黎时已是冬天，天气变得晴朗，空气也很清新，让人觉得很舒适。在我们所住的旅馆顶层，可以眺望阳光下的巴黎。我时常在房间里写作，同时吃些果子，烤火取暖，工作结束时再喝些樱桃酒。我总是在完成部分写作，并确定了第二天的写作任务时才会停笔。要是碰上了困难，我总是鼓励自己不要担心，只要写出真实的话就行，然后重新审视自己已经写下的话。与此同时，我还锻炼自己在工作之外不要再想工作的事，注意倾听别人的话，坚持阅读，这些都对写作有利。

下午，我常去卢森堡博物馆欣赏名画，努力从塞尚的画里学习什么叫深度。博物馆关门后，我便去拜访住在花园街 27 号的斯坦因小姐。哈德莉和我经常拜访斯坦因小姐跟她的同伴。斯坦因小姐是个大块头，她的同伴则小巧玲珑。主人拿出果子饮料，我们便很快谈开来。她们也时常拜访我们——那时我们的关系非常之好。斯坦因小姐看完了我的作品，告诫我必须用生活中的话写作，这样写出来的故事才能公诸于众。她还就买画和买衣服发表了评论，要我们看一看同龄画家的优秀作品。冬天到来以后，我又上斯坦因小姐的家，欣赏她的画作，阅读她的作品。斯坦因小姐已经有几部作品得到了好评，可是因为从不修改，不久她的作品就变得冗长难读。有一天，斯坦因小姐向我灌输性的知识，说我曾生活在一群堕落者和犯罪者当中，还说男同性恋都很恶劣肮脏，女同性恋则恰好相反。

When we came back to Paris it was clear and cold and lovely. The city had accommodated itself to winter, there was good wood for sale at the wood and coal place across our street, and there were braziers outside of many of the good cafés so that you could keep warm on the terraces. Our own apartment was warm and cheerful. We burned boulets which were molded, egg-shaped lumps of coal dust, on the wood fire, and on the streets the winter light was beautiful. Now you were accustomed to see the bare trees against the sky and you walked on the fresh-washed gravel paths through the Luxembourg gardens in the clear sharp wind. The trees were sculpture without their leaves when you were reconciled to them, and the winter winds blew across the surfaces of the ponds and the fountains blew in the bright light. All the distances were short now since we had been in the mountains.

Because of the change in altitude I did not notice the grade of the hills except with pleasure, and the climb up to the top floor of the hotel where I worked, in a room that looked across all the roofs and the chimneys of the high hill of the quarter, was a pleasure. The fireplace drew well in the room and it was warm and pleasant to work. I brought mandarines and roasted chestnuts to the room in paper packets and peeled and ate the small tangerine-like oranges and threw their skins and spat their seeds in the fire when I ate them and roasted chestnuts when I was hungry. I was always hungry with the walking and the cold and the working. Up in the room I had a bottle of kirsch that we had brought back from the mountains and I took a drink of kirsch when I would get toward the end of a story or toward the end of the day's work. When I was through working for the day I put away the notebook, or the paper, in the drawer of the table and put any mandarines that were left in my pocket. They would freeze if they were left in the room at night.

It was wonderful to walk down the long flights of stairs knowing that I'd had good luck working. I always worked until I had something done and I always stopped when I knew what was going to happen next. That way I could be sure of going on the next day. But sometimes when I was starting a new story and I could not get it going, I would sit in front of the fire and squeeze the peel of the little oranges into the edge of the flame and watch the sputter of

blue that they made. I would stand and look out over the roofs of Paris and think, "Do not worry. You have always written before and you will write now. All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know." So finally I would write one true sentence, and then go on from there. It was easy then because there was always one true sentence that I knew or had seen or had heard someone say. If I started to write elaborately, or like someone introducing or presenting something, I found that I could cut that scrolwork or ornament out and throw it away and start with the first true simple declarative sentence I had written. Up in that room I decided that I would write one story about each thing that I knew about. I was trying to do this all the time I was writing, and it was good and severe discipline.

It was in that room too that I learned not to think about anything that I was writing from the time I stopped writing until I started again the next day. That way my subconscious would be working on it and at the same time I would be listening to other people and noticing everything, I hoped; learning, I hoped; and I would read so that I would not think about my work and make myself impotent to do it. Going down the stairs when I had worked well, and that needed luck as well as discipline, was a wonderful feeling and I was free then to walk anywhere in Paris.

If I walked down by different streets to the Jardin du Luxembourg in the afternoon I could walk through the gardens and then go to the Musée du Luxembourg where the great paintings were that have now mostly been transferred to the Louvre and the Jeu de Paume. I went there nearly every day for the Cézannes and to see the Manets and the Monets and the other impressionism that I had first come to know about in the Art Institute at Chicago. I was learning something from the painting of Cézanne that made writing simple true sentences far from enough to make the stories have the dimensions that I was trying to put in them, I was learning very much from him but I was not articulate enough to explain it to anyone. Besides it was a secret. But if the light was gone in the Luxembourg I would walk up through the gardens and stop in at the studio apartment where Gertrude Stein lived at 27 rue de Fleurus.

My wife and I had called on Miss Stein, and she and the friend who lived