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John Galsworthy

THE FORSYTE SAGA(1)

福尔赛世家(一)



世界图书出版公司

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孙宏 康蓉 评注

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西安 北京 广州 上海

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

福尔赛世家. 1: 英文/ (英) 高尔斯华绥著. —西安: 世界图书出版西安公司, 2000. 1

(世界文学经典名著文库)

ISBN 7-5062-3121-2

I. 福... II. 高... III. 英语—语言读物, 小说
N. H319.4 : I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (1999) 第 57187 号

世界文学经典名著文库

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责任编辑: 张群刚

封面设计: 王晓勇

出版 世界图书出版西安公司 787×1092 毫米 32 开本 430 千字 12 印张

经销 各地外文书店 新华书店 2000 年 1 月第 1 版 2000 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印刷 陕西省汉中印刷厂 ISBN 7-5062-3121-2/I·13-1
全套定价: 34.90 元, 本册定价: 13.20 元

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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,描写出福尔赛家族几代人的生活,反映了英国资产阶级的盛衰史。《有产者》是《福尔赛世家》的第一部。福尔赛家族的祖上原是多赛特郡的农民,只是在老乔里恩的父亲“多赛特大老板”那一代才开始发迹,到了老乔里恩这一代,已成为一个拥有百万财产的庞大家族。1886年的一天,福尔赛家人在老乔里恩家里共聚一堂,为他的孙女琼与建筑工程师博辛尼订婚而举行庆贺。琼的父亲小乔里恩因当年和一个家庭教师私奔而为家族所不容。在琼的母亲故去以后,他才和那个外国女子结了婚。14年来,即使在十分困难的情况下,他也不肯屈服于家族的压力,放弃自己的爱情。

老乔里恩埋怨最近不常和琼见面。由于感到孤独冷清,他去看望多年未见的儿子。他发现小乔里恩在劳埃德船级协会当一名保险员;还画水彩画。他的第二位妻子给他生了两个孩子,霍丽和乔里。

乔里恩的堂弟索姆斯和他的妻子艾琳性情很不投合。艾琳出生在一个贫穷的教授家里。她为了摆脱苛刻的后母而嫁给了索姆斯,结果却追悔莫及。索姆斯是一个富有的律师,酷爱收藏名画,把美丽的妻子和名画同样视为值得炫耀的“产业”。于是索姆斯被人戏称为“有产者”。索姆斯一向认为,只要给妻子提供足够的物质财富,就有权利获得她的感情。为了讨其欢心,他打算在罗宾山建造一座宽敞别致的乡间住所,并决定请琼的未婚夫博辛尼承担这一工程的设计和施工。索姆斯提出了一套施工计划,但是博辛尼认为难以接受,他们最后还是按照博辛尼

的意思制定了计划。工程开始以后，他们两人又因费用超出了原来的估算而争执起来。在施工过程中有一天，索姆斯的叔叔斯威辛带艾琳到罗宾山工地上去看新房子，见到了博辛尼。在斯威辛打瞌睡时，博辛尼和艾琳有了单独接触的机会，很快吐诉衷肠，坠入情网。艾琳早已对丈夫十分厌恶，此时既已有了心上人，更加感到难以同索姆斯共同生活了。于是她提出要另住一间寝室。这条新闻不胫而走，在福尔赛家族闹得满城风雨，索姆斯的父亲出面规劝儿媳悬崖勒马，回心转意，但却无济无事。眼见博辛尼和艾琳的感情日益发展，琼备感痛心，她的不幸时时牵动着与她相依为命的爷爷老乔里恩的心。他只好带着琼去外地度假，并且写信给当年离家出走的儿子乔里恩，请他去找博辛尼了解一下他对艾琳究竟有何打算。其实，让乔里恩代表家族出面去找博辛尼谈话并不合适，当年他曾因抛弃妻子女儿，携女教师私奔而与族人疏远。乔里恩虽然和博辛尼谈了话，但并未完成使命，而且对博辛尼产生了同情。于是他含糊其辞地给父亲写了一封信。

索姆斯的新居落成，但是艾琳拒绝搬过去。索姆斯此时已因这桩“家丑”而气急败坏。在他看来美貌的妻子本来就是他的财产，于是他对艾琳施用暴力，以满足他的“占有欲”。与此同时，他又控告博辛尼违反了合同，要求赔偿，博辛尼败诉前夕听艾琳诉说索姆斯的强暴行径，使他心烦意乱，于当天夜晚死于车祸。噩耗传来，艾琳痛不欲生。由于不堪虐待，她本已离开丈夫，但又因走投无路，不得不重返家中。与此同时老乔里恩在琼的劝说下，把罗宾山的房产为乔里恩一家购置下来。

艾琳在痛失情侣之后不久，终于和索姆斯彻底决裂，离家出走。她住在一处很小的公寓里，以教书谋生。几年以后她偷偷来到罗宾山重游旧地，与老乔里恩不期而遇。她的温柔和媚力赢得老人的好感；她使老人度过一个愉快的夏天。那年残夏的一天，他在等待艾琳来访时平静地去世。

FORSYTE FAMILY TREE

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

b. 1770, Jolyon (Builder), *d.* 1850. Nicholas. Julia.
"Superior Dessert." (Mayor of Bosport) (Merchant Service.)
m. 1798, Ann Fierce, daughter of Country Solicitor.

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

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

b. 1806, Jolyon, *d.* 1892.
"Old Jolyon."
(Tea Merchant "Forsyte and Treffry." "Chairman of Companies.") Sunhope Gate.
m. 1846, Edith Moor, *d.* 1874,
daughter of Barrister.

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

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

b. 1847, Jolyon, *d.* 1920.
"Young Jolyon."
(Underwriter and Artist.) St. John's Wood, and Robin Hill.
m. 1880(2), Helene Hilmer, *d.* 1894. (Austro-English.)
m. 1868 (1), Frances Crisson. *d.* 1880. Daughter of Colonel.

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 Mapledurham.
m. 1901(2), Annette, *b.* 1880, daughter of Mme. Lamotte.

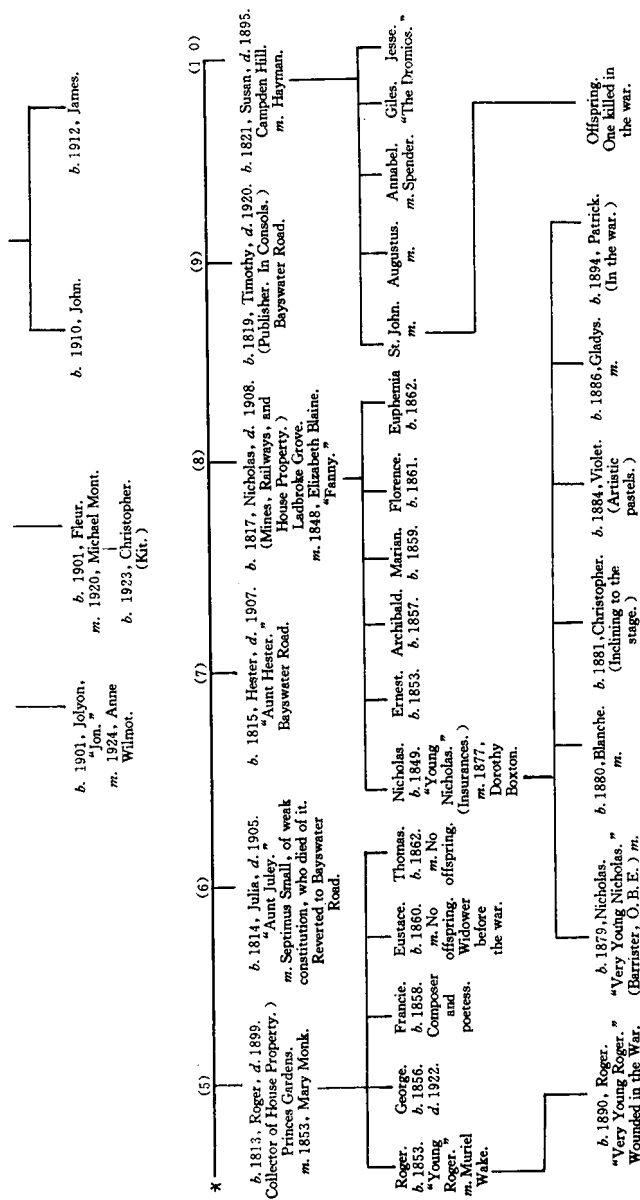
Winifred, *b.* 1858, *m.* 1879, Montague Darric. "Man of the world." Green Street.

Rachel, *b.* 1861, *b.* 1865, Cecily.

b. 1879, Jolly. *b.* 1881, Holly.
d. in Transvaal. 1900. *m.* 1900, Val Darric.

b. 1880, Val, *b.* 1882, Imogen. *m.* 1906, Jack Cardigan. (Almost a Young Jolyon.)
m. 1900, Holly (daughter of Young Jolyon).

Maud, *b.* 1884, Benedict. *b.* 1886. (Almost a Colonel.)



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PART ONE

Chapter 1

*“AT HOME” AT OLD JOLYON’S

THOSE privileged to be present at a family festival of the Forsytes have seen that charming and instructive sight—an upper-middle-class family in full plumage. But whosoever of these favoured persons has possessed the gift of psychological analysis (a talent without monetary value and properly ignored by the Forsytes), has witnessed a spectacle, not only delightful in itself, but illustrative of an obscure human problem. In plainer words, he has gleaned from a gathering of this family—no branch of which had a liking for the other, between no three members of whom existed anything worthy of the name of sympathy—evidence of that mysterious concrete tenacity which renders a family so formidable a unit of society, so clear a reproduction of society in miniature. He has been admitted to a vision of the dim roads of social progress, has understood something of patriarchal life, of the swarmings of savage hordes, of the rise and fall of nations. He is like one who, having watched a tree grow from its planting—a paragon of tenacity, insulation, and success, amidst the deaths of a hundred other plants less fibrous, sappy, and persistent—one day will see it flourishing with bland, full foliage, in an almost repugnant prosperity, at the summit of its efflorescence.

On June 15, 1886, about four of the afternoon, the observer who chanced to be present at the house of old Jolyon Forsyte in Stanhope Gate, might have seen the highest efflorescence of the Forsytes.

This was the occasion of an “at home” to celebrate the engagement of Miss June Forsyte, old Jolyon’s granddaughter, to Mr Philip Bosinney. In the bravery of light gloves, buff waistcoats, feathers, and frocks, the family were present—even Aunt Ann, who now but seldom left the corner of her brother Timothy’s green drawing-room, where, under the ægis of a plume of dyed pampas grass in a light blue vase, she sat all day reading and knitting, surrounded by the effigies of three generations of Forsytes. Even Aunt Ann was there; her inflexible back and the dignity of her calm old face personifying the rigid possessiveness of the family idea.

When a Forsyte was engaged, married, or born, the Forsytes were present; when a Forsyte died—but no Forsyte had as yet died; they did not die; death being contrary to their principles, they took precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalized persons who resent encroachments on their property.

About the Forsyte mingling that day with the crowd of other guests, there was a more than ordinarily groomed look, an alert, inquisitive assurance, a brilliant respectability, as though they were attired in defiance of something. The habitual sniff on the face of Soames Forsyte had spread through their ranks; they were on their guard.

The subconscious offensiveness of their attitude has constituted old Jolyon's "at home" the psychological moment of the family history, made it the prelude of their drama.

The Forsytes were resentful of something, not individually, but as a family; this resentment expressed itself in an added perfection of raiment, an exuberance of family cordiality, an exaggeration of family importance, and—the sniff. Danger—so indispensable in bringing out the fundamental quality of any society, group, or individual—was what the Forsytes scented; the premonition of danger put a burnish on their armour. For the first time, as a family, they appeared to have an instinct of being in contact with some strange and unsafe thing.

Over against the piano a man of bulk and stature was wearing two waistcoats on his wide chest, two waistcoats and a ruby pin, instead of the single satin waistcoat and diamond pin of more usual occasions, and his shaven, square, old face, the colour of pale leather, with pale eyes, had its most dignified look, above his satin stock. This was Swithin Forsyte. Close to the window, where he could get more than his fair share of fresh air, the other twin, James—the fat and the lean of it, old Jolyon called these brothers—like the bulky Swithin, over six feet in height, but very lean, as though destined from his birth to strike a balance and maintain an average, brooded over the scene with his permanent stoop; his grey eyes had an air of fixed absorption in some secret worry, broken at intervals by a rapid, shifting scrutiny of surrounding facts; his cheeks, thinned by two parallel folds, and a long, clean-shaven upper lip, were framed within "Dundreary whiskers. In his hands he turned and turned a piece of china. Not far off, listening to a lady in brown, his only son Soames, pale and well-shaved, dark-haired, rather bald, had poked his chin up

sideways, carrying his nose with that aforesaid appearance of "sniff", as though despising an egg which he knew he could not digest. Behind him his cousin, the tall George, son of the fifth Forsyte, Roger, had a 'Quilpish look on his fleshy face, pondering one of his sardonic jests.

Something inherent to the occasion had affected them all.

Seated in a row close to one another were three ladies—Aunts Ann, Hester (the two Forsyte maids), and Juley (short for Julia), who not in first youth had so far forgotten herself as to marry Septimus Small, a man of poor constitution. She had survived him for many years. With her elder and younger sister she lived now in the house of Timothy, her sixth and youngest brother, on the Bayswater Road. Each of these ladies held fans in their hands, and each with some touch of colour, some emphatic feather or brooch, testified to the solemnity of the opportunity.

In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as became a host, stood the head of the family, old Jolyon himself. Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little, dark grey eyes, and an immense white moustache, which drooped and spread below the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth. He held himself extremely upright, and his shrewd, steady eyes had lost none of their clear shining. Thus he gave an impression of superiority to the doubts and dislikes of smaller men. Having had his own way far innumerable years, he had earned a prescriptive right to it. It would never have occurred to old Jolyon that it was necessary to wear a look of doubt or of defiance.

Between him and the four other brothers who were present, James, Swithin, Nicholas, and Roger, there was much difference, much similarity. In turn, each of these four brothers was very different from the other, yet they, too, were alike.

Through the varying features and expression of those five faces could he marked a certain steadfastness of chin, underlying surface distinctions, marking a racial stamp, too prehistoric to trace, too remote and permanent to discuss—the very hall-mark and guarantee of the family fortunes.

Among the younger generation, in the tall, bull-like George, in pallid strenuous Archibald, in young Nicholas with his sweet and tentative obstinacy, in the grave and foppishly determined Eustace, there was this same stamp—less meaningful perhaps, but unmistakable—a

sign of something ineradicable in the family soul.

At one time or another during the afternoon, all these faces, so dissimilar and so alike, had worn an expression of distrust, the object of which was undoubtedly the man whose acquaintance they were thus assembled to make.

Philip Bosinney was known to be a young man without fortune, but Forsyte girls had become engaged to such before, and had actually married them. It was not altogether for this reason, therefore, that the minds of the Forsytes misgave them. They could not have explained the origin of a misgiving obscured by the mist of family gossip. A story was undoubtedly told that he had paid his duty call to Aunts Ann, Juley, and Hester, in a soft grey hat—a soft grey hat, not even a new one—a dusty thing with a shapeless crown. “So extraordinary, my dear—so odd!” Aunt Hester, passing through the little, dark hall (she was rather short-sighted), had tried to “shoo” it off a chair, taking it for a strange, disreputable cat—Tommy had such disgraceful friends! She was disturbed when it did not move.

Like an artist for ever seeking to discover the significant trifle which embodies the whole character of a scene, or place, or person, so those unconscious artists—the Forsytes—had fastened by intuition on this hat; it was their significant trifle, the detail in which was embedded the meaning of the whole matter; for each had asked himself: “Come, now, should I have paid that visit in that hat?” and each had answered “No!” and some, with more imagination than others, had added: “It would never have come into my head!”

George, on hearing the story, grinned. The hat had obviously been worn as a practical joke! He himself was a connoisseur of such.

“Very haughty!” he said, “the wild Buccaneer!”

And this *mot*, “The Buccaneer”, was bandied from mouth to mouth, till it became the favourite mode of alluding to Bosinney.

Her aunts reproached June afterwards about the hat.

“We don’t think you ought to let him, dear!” they had said.

June had answered in her imperious brisk way, like the little embodiment of will she was:

“Oh! what does it matter? Phil never knows what he’s got on!”

No one had credited an answer so outrageous. A man not know what he had on? No, no!

What indeed was this Young man, who, in becoming engaged to June, old Jolyon’s acknowledged heiress, had done so well for himself? He was an architect, not in itself a sufficient reason for wearing