

大学英语阅读



# 大学英语

(注释版)

经典

阅

读

系列

译注 伍权 贾婷

了不起的盖茨比



远方出版社

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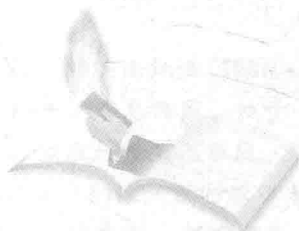
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## 作者介绍及故事梗概

弗·斯科特·菲茨杰拉德(1896-1940)是与海明威齐名的“迷惘的一代”的美国著名作家。他于1896年9月24日出生在明尼苏达州圣保罗市一个商人家庭,父亲为当地工厂主,母亲为剧作家兼富商之女,到他父亲时家境渐窘。1908年9月靠亲戚的资助,菲茨杰拉德进入一所富家子弟学校——圣保罗中学读书。在此期间,他初露创作才华,于次年10月在该校中学校刊《现在和未来》上发表小说《被抵押屋子中的神秘之光》,这是菲茨杰拉德首次发表作品。1913年9月,他考入新泽西州普林斯顿大学。四年后,他赴堪萨斯州利文华兹要塞,在军营里开始创作《浪漫的我主义者》。1919年2月退伍后,他潜心修改《浪漫的我主义者》,并改名为《人间天堂》。次年3月《人间天堂》出版,使菲茨杰拉德红极一时。

随后,他的短篇小说《五月一日》发表,第一部短篇小说集《少女们与哲学家》、第二部长篇小说《美丽的不幸者》、短篇小说《一颗象里茨饭店那么大的钻石》、第二部短篇小说集《爵士时代的故事》相继问世。他的长篇小说受到好评,短篇小说在最时髦的杂志上发表。

在军营期间,他与法官的女儿珊尔达邂逅相遇,坠入情网,并订了婚,这段经历和爱情,日后被他写进了他的代表作《了不起的盖茨比》。1925年4月该书一经问世,评论家把它列为美国最优秀的12部小说之一,称它是一部“20年代的寓言,将永远流传后世”。菲茨杰拉德也被誉为“爵士时代的桂冠作家”。

1926年他的第三部短篇小说集《所有不幸的年轻人》出版,1935年他的小说集《起床号轻轻吹》问世。在1939年至1940年



期间，他还在“宇宙”、“20世纪——福克斯”等影业公司担任电影脚本作家。从1939年10月起，菲茨杰拉德开始创作长篇小说《最后的巨头》。1940年12月21日，菲茨杰拉德因冠心病突然发作病逝于好莱坞，安葬于马里兰州罗克维尔联墓。次年10月《最后的巨头》问世。

弗·斯科特·菲茨杰拉德一生是短暂的，他的创作生涯不过二十年，但他却留下了四部长篇小说和一百六十多篇短篇小说，使他成为二十世纪最重要的美国小说家之一。

故事是以第一人称讲述的。

1922年，故事的叙述者“我”——尼克·卡拉韦为了到纽约做证券销售商，决定放弃他家在中西部的五金生意。尼克在长岛西郊一间很不起眼的小屋住下，并开始与邻居们往来。

一天，尼克开车去探望远房表妹黛西和她的丈夫汤姆。在那个晚宴上，尼克遇到了一位迷人的少妇贝克小姐，她告诉尼克汤姆有外遇。一次偶然的的机会，尼克见到了汤姆的情妇默特尔·威尔逊，一家破旧汽车修理铺的老板娘。

几天后，尼克意想不到的收到了邻居盖茨比的周末宴会请帖。盖茨比是一个腰缠万贯的富翁，每个周末，他在家里都要举行盛大宴会，邀请一些显贵名流。在宴会上，尼克又碰到了贝克小姐，从此以后，尼克经常和她在一起。她告诉尼克，盖茨比曾是黛西的情人，但黛西最后跟汤姆结了婚。

盖茨比仍然爱着黛西，他想和黛西重聚，为此盖茨比做了充分的准备。当黛西出现以后，盖茨比让大家参观他的别墅、庭院、游泳池和家具。由于黛西不喜欢盖茨比的那些客人，他就辞去了所有的仆人，那些酒肉朋友们也随之消失了。

一个酷热的夏天，尼克、盖茨比、黛西及汤姆等一起开车去兜风。他们路过威尔逊的汽车修理铺，威尔逊说他和妻子准备搬到西部去了。在回来的路上，盖茨比开车，黛西就坐在他的身



旁。尼克和贝克、汤姆的车紧跟其后，开车途中，发生了一起车祸，一个女人被车压死了，她就是默特尔·威尔逊。

回家以后，尼克见到了盖茨比，原来人是黛西压死的。第二天下午四点，盖茨比在游泳池里被枪杀，后来园丁在不远的草丛里发现了威尔逊的尸体。

尼克尽力把盖茨比的葬礼办得隆重些，但只有尼克、牧师和盖茨比的父亲参加了葬礼。后来尼克遇上了汤姆，原来是汤姆让威尔逊杀死了盖茨比。尼克决定回到中西部所熟悉的人群中去。

《了不起的盖茨比》展现了美国从第一次世界大战到大萧条时期这一段动荡岁月，这部小说对这一时代的紧张和疯狂气氛进行了空前绝后的再现。在美国小说史上，它唯一而且深刻地对以后被称为的“美国梦”进行了评论。另外，这部小说构思精巧，描写准确，语言的敏感和色彩使用的含蓄以及词汇结构的典范性都达到了新高度，这也是该书倍受读者和评论家之青睐的原因。



## CHAPTER I

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 any one," 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* <sup>1</sup>—frequently I have *feigned* <sup>2</sup> sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile *levity* <sup>3</sup> stakable 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 decencies is

1. Most of the confidences were unsought. 大多数私房话是人家主动来向我说的。

2. feign [fein] v. 假装, 佯作

3. levity ['levəti] n. 轻浮

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*,<sup>1</sup> but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from *the East*<sup>2</sup> last autumn I felt that I wanted the world *to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever*<sup>3</sup>; 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 register 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"*<sup>4</sup>—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 shortwinded elations of men*<sup>5</sup>.

1. Conduct may be founded ... wet marshes. (人的)行为也许有坚实的基础,也许没有坚实的基础。这个比喻的实际意义是“有的人行为是光明磊落,有的人行为猥琐卑鄙”。 2. the East (美国)东部,是当时的经济文化中心。 3. to be in uniform ... attention forever 要身穿军装并永远在道德方面立正。这个比喻的意思是说,要象军人那样受约束,并且永远在道德方面规规矩矩。 4. that flabby ... “creative temperament” 那种被美称为“创作才能”的软弱的感受能力。 5. the abortive sorrows ... of men 人们受挫时的沮丧和好景不长的欢乐。





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 hardboiled painting that hangs in father's office. I graduated from *New Haven*<sup>1</sup> in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed *Teutonic migration*<sup>2</sup> known 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<sup>3</sup>,” with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to *finance*<sup>4</sup> 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

1. New Haven 纽黑文, 美国康涅狄格州一城市名, 耶鲁大学所在地, 这里指耶鲁大学。

2. Teutonic migration 条顿民族大迁徙。第一次世界大战由奥、德发动, 其国民多属条顿民族。作者把它和罗马帝国崩溃前后条顿民族的迁徙侵袭相比拟。

3. ye-es 这样拼写表示迟疑不决的口气

4. finance [ˈfaɪnəns] v. 为……提供资金

take a house together in a *commuting town*<sup>1</sup>, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weatherbeaten cardboard bungalow 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*<sup>2</sup> and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

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*<sup>3</sup> 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*<sup>4</sup>, and they stood on my shelf *in red and gold*<sup>5</sup> like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only *Midas*<sup>6</sup> and *Morgan*<sup>7</sup> and *Maecenas*<sup>8</sup> 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

1. commuting town 郊区城镇, 其居民上下班需乘车往返。 2. an old Dodge 一辆旧道奇牌汽车, 它象征传统和守旧。 3. confer [kən'fɜ:] v. 授予 4. securities [si'kjʊərətiz] n. 证券 5. in red and gold 红封皮烫金 6. Midas 希腊神话中点石成金的国王 7. Morgan 美国大财阀摩根 8. Maecenas 古罗马富有的文学艺术赞助人

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.” This isn’t just an *epigram*<sup>1</sup>—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*<sup>2</sup>, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of *Long Island Sound*<sup>3</sup>. They are not perfect ovals—like the egg in the Columbus story, they 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*<sup>4</sup>, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the *bizarre*<sup>5</sup> 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 was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some *Hôtel de Ville in Normandy*<sup>6</sup>, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a

1. epigram [ˈepɪgræm] n. 诙谐短诗, 警句

2. a courtesy bay 一个够不上称海湾的海湾

3. Long Island Sound 长岛湾, 在长岛与美国大陆之间。

4. the-well 语气词, 表示似乎说不出口但终于说出来。

5. bizarre [biˈzɑː] adj. 奇形怪状的, 古怪的

6. Hôtel de Ville in Normandy 法国诺曼第省的市政厅

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 eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, 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*<sup>1</sup>—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*<sup>2</sup>, 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*<sup>3</sup> 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 anticlimax*<sup>4</sup>. His family were enormously wealthy—even in college 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

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1. the consoling proximity of millionaires 与百万富翁为邻而自慰      2. second cousin once removed: “second cousin”指父母的堂(表)兄弟姐妹所生的子女。“once removed”相隔一代,连起来就是指 second cousin 的子女,或父母的 second cousin。按中国的习惯就是要么高一辈,要么低一辈的堂(表)亲戚。      3. ends 足球队的后锋  
4. savors of anticlimax 有走下坡路的味道



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*<sup>1</sup>.

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 *French windows*<sup>2</sup>, 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*<sup>3</sup> could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed *to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing*<sup>4</sup>,

1. the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game 某些一去不复返的足球赛中的兴奋刺激    2. French windows 法国式落地长窗    3. even the effeminate ... riding clothes 甚至他这骑马服花哨得带女子气    4. to fill those ... the top lacing 紧套在那闪亮的长统马靴内, 从下到上(一直到最上面一圈鞋带)绷得紧紧的

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*<sup>1</sup> husky *tenor*<sup>2</sup>, added to the impression of *fractiousness*<sup>3</sup> 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 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*<sup>4</sup>, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, *pungent*<sup>5</sup> roses, and a *snub-nosed*<sup>6</sup> motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

“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, fragiley bound into the house by French windows at either

1. *gruff* [grʌf] adj. (指人, 其声音或行为) 粗野的, 粗暴的      2. *tenor* ['tenə] n. 常规; 进展方向      3. *fractiousness* ['frækʃəsnɪs] n. (尤指儿童) 脾气坏, 易怒  
4. *vista* ['vɪstə] n. 从长长的两排树木、建筑物等中间望过去的景色      5. *pungent* ['pʌndʒənt] n. (味道或气味) 刺鼻的      6. *snub-nosed* adj. 鼻子短而略微上翘的, 这里指船头上翘



end. The windows were *ajar*<sup>1</sup> 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*<sup>2</sup> up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were *rippling and fluttering*<sup>3</sup> 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*<sup>4</sup>, 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.

1. ajar [ə'dʒɑ:] adj. (指门、窗)微开着,半开着 2. buoy [bɔɪ] v. 使……漂浮  
3. rippling and fluttering 飘舞 4. divan [di'væn] n. 矮床

"I'm p-paralyzed with happiness. <sup>1</sup>"

She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. 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* <sup>2</sup>.)

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* <sup>3</sup> 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.* <sup>4</sup>

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* <sup>5</sup>, 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.

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way

1. I'm p-paralyzed with happiness. 我舒服惬意得不能动弹了。 2. an irrelevant ... less charming 这种不相干的微词无损于她轻声细语的迷人之处 3. totter [ˈtɒtə] v. 踉跄, 蹒跚 4. Almost any ... tribute from me. 差不多任何人表现出这种我行我素的作风让我觉得诚惶诚恐。 5. a singing compulsion (说话)歌喉婉转使人着迷





East, and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

"Do they miss me?" she cried ecstatically.

"The whole town is *desolate*<sup>1</sup>. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night along the north shore."

"How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. To-morrow!" Then she added irrelevantly: "You ought to see the baby."

"I'd like to."

"She's asleep. She's three years old. Haven't you ever seen her?"

"Never."

"Well, you ought to see her. She's——"

Tom Buchanan, who had been hovering restlessly about the room, stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder.

"What you doing, Nick?"

"I'm a bond man."

"Who with?<sup>2</sup>"

I told him.

"Never heard of them," he remarked decisively.

This annoyed me.

"You will," I answered shortly. "You will if you stay in the East."

"Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry," he said, glancing at Daisy and then back at me, as if he were alert for something more. "*I'd be a God damned fool to live anywhere else.*<sup>3</sup>"

At this point Miss Baker said: "Absolutely!" with such sud-

1. desolate [ˈdesələt] adj. (指地方) 荒无人烟的, 荒凉的 2. Who with? 在哪家  
公司做事? 3. I'd be a ... anywhere else. 我是个大傻瓜才搬到别的地方去住啊。