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文·书系

Ernest Hemingway

A MOVEABLE FEAST

流动的盛宴

(美) 欧内斯特·海明威

There is never any ending to
Paris and the memory of each
person who has lived in it differs
from that of any other. We
always returned to it no matter

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外语教学与研究出版社

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蔡静 译

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪九十年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和真善美的洞见。文化交流是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，也为广大英语学习者提供更为丰富和实用的学习读物。

读库第一批收录的 20 部西方经典，多出自十九、二十世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品题材丰富，类型多样，包括学术作品 1 部、传记 2 种、小说 3 本、游记 4 部、杂文 9 辑以及回忆录 1 册。文章难度介于普及性读物与专业性读物之间，可作为由一般英语学习者向专业英语使用者过渡时的教材使用。

翻开书，这边厢波涛荡荡，那边厢涟漪漾漾。在英语的海洋里戏水，水性再好的人也难免精疲力竭，那就到汉语的礁岛上歇歇脚吧。

买了书是缘，翻开书，则是海边度假了。

译者 序

这本小说最初让我心动的就是它那富有诗意的书名——《流动的盛宴》。在阅读和翻译的过程中，什么是“流动的盛宴”，什么能被海明威称之为“流动的盛宴”，那里又有怎样的故事和心情，这几个问题一直萦绕在我脑海里。

后来查得，“流动的盛宴”这个名词源于基督教，指的是没有一个固定日子的节假日，如庆祝基督耶稣复活的复活节，通常是春分月圆后的第一个星期日，如果月圆那天正好是星期天，则推迟一星期，因而复活节就可能是3月22日至4月25日之间的任何一天。海明威第一次使用这个词是在《过河入林》，小说中带有作者本人影子的主人公坎特威尔上校说：“幸福，正如你所知道的，是流动的盛宴。”在这本小说里，海明威又把巴黎称作“流动的盛宴”。因此我想，也许巴黎在他心目中就是幸福的源头。看完小说，你也许会更加明白，为什么今日已成为浪漫代名词的巴黎在海明威的回忆中美得如一场盛宴，令人赞叹它的美却又惋惜它的不可及，无奈于世事的变迁。

海明威是中国读者熟知的美国作家，1899年7月21日生于美国伊利诺伊州芝加哥市郊橡胶园小镇，从小酷爱体育、捕鱼和狩猎。中学毕业后海明威曾去法国等地旅行，回国后在《堪萨斯城明星报》当过见习记者。第一次世界大战爆发后，他志愿赴意大利当战地救护车司机，1918年夏在前线被炮弹炸成重伤，回国休养，后来去加拿大《多伦多星报》任记者，1921年重返巴黎，结识了美国女作家斯泰因、青年作家舍

伍德·安德森和诗人庞德等。《流动的盛宴》是海明威暮年时期追忆1921年至1926年在巴黎的一段难忘的生活经历，叙述了有关庞德、乔伊斯、菲茨杰拉德、朱尔斯·帕散、图书出版商西尔维娅·比奇等人的故事和作者与他们交往的趣事。这本书主要是海明威从1957年秋到1960年春在古巴和美国爱达荷州写的。1961年海明威去世后，这本书由他的第四任妻子玛丽编辑出版。

《流动的盛宴》和海明威的很多其他小说一样，是小说化了的自传。它根据事实散乱地叙述，却以想象增强了夸张的色彩，正如原书序言中指出的，作者可能模糊了事实和虚构的界线。但对于海明威来说，发自内心的实话要比实实在在的真相重要得多。海明威在创作这部小说的时候，可能加入了老年人怀旧的甜蜜和痛苦。他以自己熟悉的习惯来重新构思自己的生活以适合自己个人的神话，从而重新创造他记忆中的往事，追忆当时的梦想、刻苦的训练和所发生的灾难。梦想是牧歌式的：对妻子哈德莉纯洁的爱、巴黎和瑞士等美好的去处、友人的情谊。刻苦的训练涵盖多个方面：挨饿、律己、追寻自己的创作风格、渴望成功。灾难是随成功接踵而至的梦魇般的现实，它粉碎了梦想，破坏了训练，最后只剩下欲望、放纵和失望。

借此小说，我们可以了解海明威年轻时的一段穷困却很单纯的生活。虽然只能和妻子哈德莉住在破旧简陋的公寓里，没有室内盥洗设备，铺在地上的床垫就是他们的床，寒冷的冬天也没钱买柴火取暖，甚至没有钱吃饭，可是他们相亲相爱，享受着巴黎的艺术气息，过着充实的精神生活：白天在咖啡馆全神贯注地写作，闲暇

时逛逛巴黎的博物馆、画廊，或是沿塞纳河畔散散步，看别人钓鱼，去赛马场赌马，看自行车赛，晚上一起躺在被窝里看书，开着窗欣赏窗外的星空，笃信永远的二人世界，认为只要有书看就是最大的快乐。

借此小说，我们能再次领略到塞纳河左岸文化的魅力。古老的塞纳河将巴黎一分为二，河之北为右岸，河之南为左岸。右岸和左岸，一边代表物质文明，一边代表精神文明；右岸布满了银行，左岸布满了咖啡馆。左岸在地图上由圣日耳曼大街、蒙帕赫纳斯大街和圣米歇尔大街组成，这里荟萃的美术馆、博物馆、书店和画廊令人目不暇接，且有世界上顶级的咖啡馆在此散发幽香。这些街道、博物馆、咖啡馆都在小说中被多次提及，为我们再现了20世纪20年代进入鼎盛时期的左岸文化，尤其是咖啡馆文化。左岸浓厚的艺术氛围，吸引了无数域外的文化名人前来呼吸，海明威从美国来，乔伊斯从爱尔兰来，法兰西本土的先锋画家塞尚、高更、莫奈、雷诺阿们“若不在家，就在左岸；若不在左岸，就在去左岸的路上”，左岸成了一个艺术代名词。当这些怪才们的思想在咖啡馆中尽情遨游，就会有奇迹出现，谁敢说我们今天看到的那些传世之作的伟大的原始冲动不是发端于左岸咖啡馆的椅上桌边呢？

借此小说，我们还能从作者的视角些微捕捉到与海明威同时期的几位不凡作家的生活：慷慨大方的庞德，雄心勃勃、趾高气傲的斯泰因，吸食鸦片的邓宁，才华横溢却受酗酒妻子所缚的非茨杰拉德，放荡不羁的帕散。除此之外，小说中海明威也叙述了他和第一任妻子哈德莉的婚姻家庭生活以及最后他们婚姻的破裂。

《流动的盛宴》虽然不如《太阳照常升起》、《永别了，武器》等几部给海明威带来声望的小说那么脍炙人口，但却是海明威晚年完成的、战后最伟大的非小说体著作。这部小说式回忆录明确地显示出，就在他住进梅奥诊所的几个个月前，他抑止了衰退的倾向，并且重新获得了文学创作的全部力量。从某种意义上来说，海明威早年在巴黎的时代正是他作为一个人与作为一个艺术家最为融合的年代。

蔡静

2008年冬

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Ernest Hemingway

A MOVEABLE FEAST



A GOOD CAFÉ ON THE PLACE ST. MICHEL

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 Contrescarpe¹. 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, 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 Braque² paintings. No one emptied the Café des Amateurs

圣米歇尔广场上一家不错的咖啡馆

那会儿天气很糟。秋天一结束，这种天气在一天内就开始了。为了防雨，夜里我们只能关上窗户。寒风吹落了护墙广场上的树叶，落叶浸在雨中，风吹着雨，雨点打在终点站绿色的大公共汽车上。艾美特咖啡馆挤满了人，屋里的热气和烟雾模糊了窗户。这家令人伤心、经营不善的咖啡馆是这个区酒鬼聚集的地方。我不去那儿，因为那些人肮脏的身体恶臭难闻，醉酒后还发出一股酸味。经常出入艾美特的男男女女总是醉醺醺的，或者说他们总是有钱买醉，大多情况下他们喝的是葡萄酒，一买就是半升或一升。到处可见名字怪异的开胃酒在做广告，但很少人能买得起，除非他们要以此垫底，然后喝葡萄酒喝个大醉。人们把醉酒的女人叫做 *poivrottes*，就是女酒鬼的意思。

艾美特咖啡馆就是慕夫塔大街的污水坑，这条大街是通向护墙广场的一条出奇狭窄而拥挤的闹市街。那些古旧公寓每层楼梯旁都有一个蹲式厕所，蹲坑两边各有一个加固的鞋形水泥踩脚台，以防房客摔倒。这些蹲厕中的粪便会排入污水池中，夜里污水池会由马拉式粪罐车抽空。夏天，因为窗户开着，我们能听见粪罐车抽粪的声音，闻到阵阵恶臭。粪罐车漆成褐色和藏红色。在月色中，当这些粪罐车在勒穆瓦纳主教街工作的时候，装在轮子上的马拉圆筒粪罐看上去就像布拉克的油画。然而却没人给艾美特咖啡馆排污。咖啡馆里发黄的公告上写着禁

¹ 护墙广场，位于左岸拉丁区，广场上有许多咖啡馆，是艺术家和作家经常去的地方。

² 布拉克(1882—1963)，法国画家、立体主义代表。

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 Verlaine¹ 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 Panthéon 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.

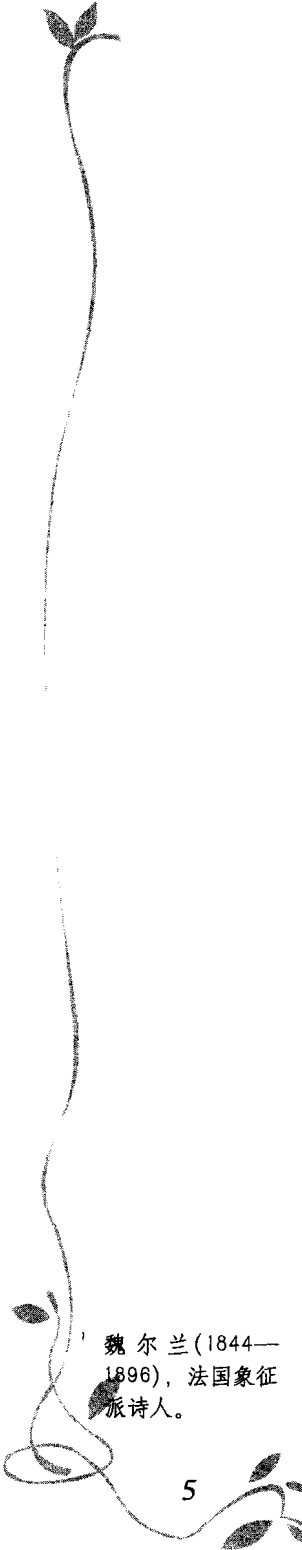
It was a pleasant café, warm and clean and friendly, and I hung up my old waterproof on the coat rack to dry and put my worn and weathered felt hat on the rack above the bench and ordered a *café au lait*. The waiter brought it and I took out a notebook from the pocket of the coat and a pencil and started 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

止公众酗酒的法律条款与处罚条例，上面蝇屎斑斑，污秽不堪，但无人理会，就像咖啡馆的客人一样，一成不变，而且一身臭气。

这座城市的所有悲伤随着冬季的头几场冷雨骤然而至。散步时，再也看不见高高的白色房子的房顶，只看见湿漉漉的漆黑街道、关了门的小商铺、卖草药的小贩、文具店和报刊亭、助产士——二流的——还有一家旅馆，魏尔兰就是在那儿去世的，我也曾在旅馆顶层的一间房间里工作过。

到顶层要走六段或八段楼梯。屋里非常冷，我知道要生火让房间暖和需要买的东西得花多少钱：一捆小树枝，三小捆金属丝包捆好的半支铅笔那么短短一截长、用来从小树枝上取火的松木劈柴，还有一捆半干的硬木。所以我到街的远侧，仰望雨中的屋顶，看看是否有冒烟的烟囱，烟是如何升起的。没有烟。我想着烟囱为什么会变冷且无法通风，想着房间里可能烟雾弥漫，浪费了柴火，白白烧了那些钱。想着这些，我继续在雨中漫步。我经过了亨利四世中学、古老的圣埃德尼杜蒙教堂和寒风凛凛的先贤祠，从右边进去避避风雨，最后从圣米歇尔大街背风的一头出来，顺着街继续往前走，经过克鲁尼教堂和圣谢荷曼大街，一直走到圣米歇尔广场上我知道的一家不错的咖啡馆。

这是一家舒适的咖啡馆，暖和、干净、亲切。我把那身旧雨衣挂在衣帽架上晾干，把我那磨损破旧的毡帽挂在长条凳上的架子上，要了一杯牛奶咖啡。侍者端来咖啡，我从外套口袋里拿出笔记本和铅笔，开始写作。故事里我描述的是发生在密歇根北部的事。因为当天刮着风，天气寒冷，故事里也是这样的天气。不管是孩童时代、少年时代还是青年时代，我都经历过这种暮秋的日子，而故事在



魏尔兰(1844—1896)，法国象征派诗人。

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 Martinique¹ 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.

一个地方可能比在另一个地方写得更好。我想这就是所谓的自我移植，这对人来说也许和对其他成长变化的东西一样都是必要的。不过，故事中，男孩们正喝着酒，让我也感到口渴，于是叫了杯圣詹姆斯朗姆酒。这样一杯酒在大冷天里喝起来感觉棒极了。我继续写故事，感觉很好。品尝上好的马提尼克朗姆酒让我全身都暖和起来，也振奋了我的精神。

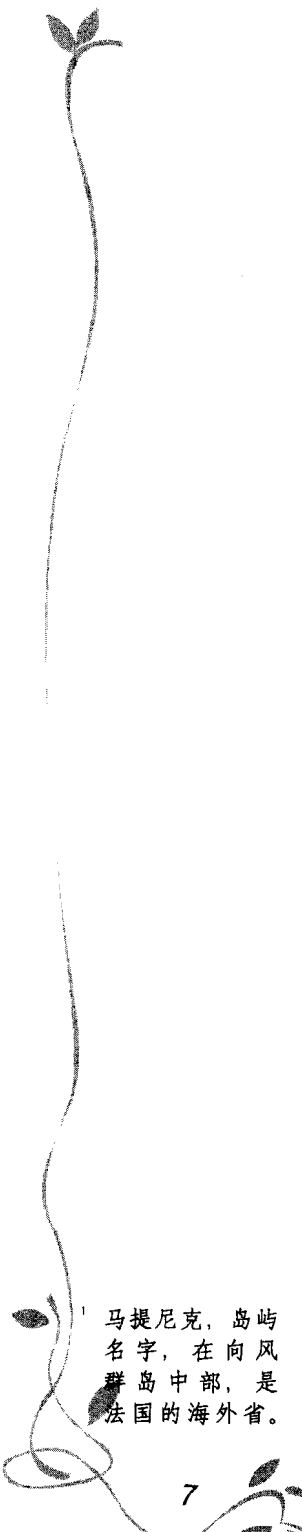
一个女孩走进咖啡馆，独自坐在一张靠窗的桌旁。她非常漂亮，一张清新的脸就像新铸造的钱币——如果人们真的在光滑的皮肉和雨后焕然一新的皮肤上铸币的话。她的头发像乌鸦的翅膀一样黑，修剪出清晰的轮廓，斜贴着她的脸颊。

我看着她，她打断了我的思路，让我心潮澎湃。我希望能把她写入故事，或是别的什么作品。但是她已经坐在了一个能看见大街和入口的位置，我知道她在等人。于是我继续写作。

故事信马由缰，我很难赶上它的步伐，于是又叫了一杯圣詹姆斯朗姆酒。每每抬头，或者用转笔刀削铅笔，我都注视着那个女孩，卷曲的铅笔花掉在朗姆酒杯下垫着的杯托上。

我见到你了，美丽的女孩！我想不管你在等谁，即使我再也见不到你，此时你就属于我。你属于我，整个巴黎属于我，而我属于这个笔记本和这支铅笔。

然后我又继续写作，全神贯注地进入故事，忘我其中。现在是我在写故事，故事不再信马由缰，我也不再抬头看，忘了时间，不去想身在何处，也不再叫圣詹姆斯朗姆酒了。想都不用想，我已经喝腻了这酒。后来这篇故事写完了，我也累极了。读完最后一段，我抬头寻找那个女孩，她已经走了。但愿和她一起走的是个好男人，我想。但我还是觉得难过。



马提尼克，岛屿名字，在向风群岛中部，是法国的海外省。