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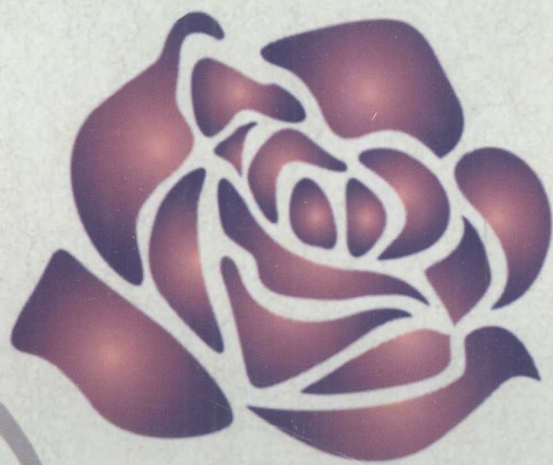
最纯洁、最真挚的爱情
献给情人最美的礼物

The Great Gatsby

了不起的盖茨比

【美】菲兹杰拉德 Scott Fitzgerald

侯皓元 译



陕西出版集团
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序

两千五百多年前，遥远而神秘的东方土地上，一个美丽的姑娘收拾好自己的行装，准备出发。看着自己成长的地方，到处都留下点点滴滴成长的记忆。突然心里弥漫着一种说不出的怅惘，从此之后，这里再也不是属于她的地方了。而且她在这一瞬间明白了一个道理，那就是——这里从来就没有属于过她，因为今天她才真正要回归到属于自己的家园。前半生就是为了这一天的到来，这一天到来之际，自己的生活才真正开始。

那天，是她一生中最美好最灿烂最绚丽的一天，阳光明媚，爱抚的光芒洒遍每一个角落。放眼望去，满眼都是灼灼的桃花，开得那样的热情而又热烈，好像她的命运与这桃花有着某种默契。耳畔传来了悠扬的歌声：“桃之夭夭，灼灼其华。之子于归，宜其室家。”

她终于找到了自己的归宿，阳光下，一切都是那么美丽，充满了色彩的生机。所以，没有人愿意去想，桃花开到最艳丽的时候，等待着它们的将会是什么。没有人肯承认，桃花的艳丽是一个姿态优雅的谏语，阳光背后隐藏着它的忧郁。所以，古今中外美丽的神话传说最后总是用千篇一律的一句话收尾——从此，他们过上了幸福的生活。总之，花开花落，一时的繁华过后，等待着守候的人儿，期待着沉甸甸的果实，饱满而甜蜜。就像《诗经·桃夭》中的那个女孩子，春华秋实，回到了属于自己的家。从此，日复一日，年复一年，时光流逝，爱情的基调却就这样固着了一般，新翻的曲子永远在这个调子上婉转流动，始终无法摆脱它的纠缠。

然而，我们也许是习惯了在美丽虚幻中麻痹自己，不想去面对桃之夭夭过后还可能出现的其他情形，比如雨打桃花、落红满地，比如华而不实、有花无果，甚至有始无终、始乱终弃，那些悲悲凄凄的惨状，有谁愿意面对？何况还有更加令人痛心疾首惨不忍闻的故事。现实中受够了痛苦的人，怎么会愿意在别人故事里再去揭开刚刚复原的伤口。所以，无数人面桃花相映红的故事在流传着，鲜艳欲滴的花儿旁边播出的是满心欢喜的爱情剧，戏里戏外的人都在快乐地欢笑中忘掉了悲与愁。

可是，在遥远的西方却有着完全不同的爱情故事。在那里，故事里的花是断了根、剪了枝、打了包、带了修饰的，故事里的人却是真真实实的存在。人生无常，命运多蹇，该是什么就是什么，没有粉饰没有遮掩。本来，爱情就难得看到一个圆圆满满的收梢，何必非要让它粉墨登场呢？

于是，一幕幕的悲剧开始上演……

虽然真实与虚幻没有严格的界限，但爱情的果子一定不会只有一种，酸、甜、苦、辣，五味俱陈，而它之所以让人心驰神往，就在于着了魔的人正处于期待中。桃之夭夭给予人的是启示，表明爱情都有那浓艳耀眼的一刻；同时它也有暗示，群芳过后必然是狼藉残红，谁也无法遮住爱情的无奈和凄凉。

这次，我们选取国外多篇著名爱情小说，汇编成《罗密欧与朱丽叶·奥赛罗》《卡门·高龙巴》《红字》《曼依》《傲慢与偏见》《呼啸山庄》《麦琪的礼物》《了不起的盖茨比》《魔沼》《野姑娘黛茜·密勒》十种，并做成英汉对照版，以期使读者在阅读一篇篇震撼人心的爱情故事的同时，也能潜移默化地提高自己的英文水平。

弗·司各特·菲茨杰拉德（1896—1940），原名弗朗西斯·司各特·基·菲茨杰拉德。他曾入读普林斯顿大学，但未毕业就退学了。1917年入伍，次年升为中尉军官，1919年退伍。服役期间，他爱上富家小姐姗尔达，但因贫寒而遭拒，他发愤写作，终于在1920年出版长篇小说《人间天堂》（*This Side of Paradise*），一举成名，并得到姗尔达的芳心。婚后，他们长年侨居欧洲，但妻子讲究排场，挥霍无度，后来又精神失常，菲茨杰拉德也染上酗酒的恶习，意志濒于崩溃。1940年菲茨杰拉德因心脏病猝发去世，享年44岁。

作为美国20世纪最杰出的作家之一，他属于迷惘的一代，也是“浮躁的20年代”（The Roaring 20s）的代言人。他的创作倾向与“迷惘的一代”相似，表现出第一次世界大战后年轻的一代对美国所抱的理想的幻灭。

20世纪末，美国学术界权威在百年英语文学长河中选出一百部最优秀的小说，《了不起的盖茨比》众望所归，高居第二位，傲然跻身当代经典行列。

书的主人公盖茨比是一场虚无爱情的牺牲品。他是美国中西部的一个穷孩子，却爱上了富家小姐黛西，两个人阶层不同，所处的世界也不同，正是因为这种不同和不了解，才使他们之间产生了莫大的吸引力。然而，当盖茨比应征入伍后，二人之间的阶层属性所产生的差距便出来发挥威力，黛西终于还是嫁给了富家子汤姆。

盖茨比领悟到自己是因太穷才失去了黛西，出于对爱情的美好愿望，他开始

不懈奋斗。随后，盖茨比不知通过什么样的方式成了巨富，他扑朔迷离的身世和发家方式充满了谜团。他开始重寻自己昔日的美梦，昔日的梦中情人虽然早已嫁作他人妇，可他仍然要孜孜不倦地营造一个梦幻的感情世界。他在黛西家对面建起了富丽堂皇的豪宅，时常举行盛大的宴会，只是为了吸引心上人的注意。表面上他每日里挥金如土地过着纸醉金迷的生活，实际上，他在冷眼观察着周围的世界，唯一让他冰冷的心感受到温暖的是河对岸那盏小小的绿灯——灯影婆娑中，住着他心爱的黛西。

然而，黛西从来都不是他想象中那个充满活力的清纯女孩，过去不是，现在不是，永远也不会是。

盖茨比的努力追求在黛西那里有了反应，黛西正为汤姆的不忠而烦恼，也被盖茨比的执著与财富所打动，但并没有下定决心。那不是盖茨比期待的结果。但事至如此，旁观者可以清清楚楚地看到，黛西不过是一个待价而沽的女人。盖茨比内心认识到了这一点可他又努力地否认这一点。一切都变得难以收场。

于是，摊牌后是必然的争吵，心神不宁的黛西开车撞死了汤姆的情妇威尔逊太太，盖茨比决意为心上人承担责任，但明知真相的汤姆却出于嫉妒，指使威尔逊先生去找盖茨比寻仇。当可怜的盖茨比在月光下彻夜守候，准备为黛西担当一切的时候，黛西却在室内无情地背叛了他，她听从汤姆的劝告，默许汤姆嫁祸给盖茨比。于是，盖茨比与那个庸俗势利的女人之间再也没有任何关系，他死了。当他的尸体漂在冰冷的游泳池时，黛西和汤姆言归于好，出门旅行去了。

正像书中的“我”所感叹的，“为了生活中一个虚幻的梦想，他付出了昂贵的代价。这时仰望着陌生的天空，他肯定觉得连树叶都让人心寒，玫瑰花让人看着丑陋不堪，阳光照在刚刚露头的小草上是那么的冷酷无情。他面前是个完全陌生的世界，那实在的物质也变得不再真实。可怜的灵魂，倚伏着空气般的轻梦，东游西荡……就像那个灰色的、古怪的人形穿过杂乱无章的树丛悄悄向他走来。”

盖茨比最终为这种莫名其妙的感情付出了生命的代价，悲惨中带有一丝无奈的滑稽。

作者曾说过：“进入我头脑的故事都包含着某种灾祸，在我的长篇小说里，可爱的青年走向毁灭。”在《了不起的盖茨比》中，他想告诉我们的正是，盖茨比的悲剧人生便如烟花般，璀璨只是一瞬，幻灭才是永恒。

侯长生

2009年3月于长安大学



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The Great Gatsby

Classical Gems

了不起的盖茨比

英汉对照·桃之天天



Chapter 1

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 – frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some 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 decencies is parceled 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 register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability



第一章

我年轻的时候，可是有着不少的坏毛病，幸亏父亲曾给过我很多有益的忠告，那些忠告从那时起就一直深深地烙在我的脑海里。

“无论何时何地，每当你对他人心怀不满时，”他告诫我说，“你一定要记住，并非这世界上的每个人都具有你所拥有的优点。”

此外他再没多说什么，我们相互之间很少畅所欲言，但我还是清清楚楚地明白了他话里的弦外之音。我的个性更倾向于将自己的观点隐而不彰，这个习惯让很多天性好奇的人乐于向我敞开心扉，当然也使我的一些谙于此道的老手面前深受其害。当这种特点在一个正常人身上表露出来时，很容易被心理反常的人发觉，并当作品质问题死死揪住不放。这事我上大学时就遇到过，那阵子我不明不白地被冠上了政客恶名的恶名。因为我十分清楚那些野性十足而又不为人知的人们的心理，更多的时候，刚通过确定无疑的迹象察觉一起涉及隐私的事件就要浮出时，我就假装沉入睡梦之中，或者做出一副神游天外的样子，或者装出满怀敌意的不屑一顾来。因为年轻人的亲密关系，或者至少他们用来表达亲密关系的字眼，通常是随手从别人那儿弄来的，常因显而易见的压力而躲躲藏藏。而我不公开表明自己的态度则是因为对这些人还抱有虚幻的希望。我这样心存顾忌是担心因此而错过一些东西。正如父亲曾满怀骄傲暗示我的那样，我也在得意地那样重复着。但如果我忘记了人的庄重本性在人生之初就不是平均分配的话，就会是这样的结果。

在用这种方式自夸自赞了我的宽容之后，我得承认，宽容也是有限度的。人的行为都有一个立足的根基，可能是坚如磐石的牢固不移，也可能是松如泥沼般的无依无着。但是，一旦它超过了某个确定的临界点也就没有什么意义了，所以我也就管不了那么多了。去年秋天，我刚从东部返乡的时候，就感觉自己恨不得全世界的人都穿上统一的军装，并且全都永远保持高度的道德责任感。但现在我就觉得再也不需要狂荡不羁地四处漫游了，不需要用那种带有特权的窥视眼神审视人们的心灵了。只有本书的主人公盖茨比不在此例，他超出了我的正常反应范围——因为盖茨比是我打心眼里瞧不起的一切东西的代表。如果一个人的高贵人格是由一系列成功的姿态连缀而成，那么在他身上一定会体现出与众不同的眩目色彩，一定会体现出一种对生命然诺的高度敏感性，他们就仿佛一台能够精确记录万里之外地震的仪器



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 to-day.

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 as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre 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, it 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.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.



与地震之间的关系。这种反应与那种貌似庄重地打着创造性旗帜的名号，而实际上却优柔寡断般的过度敏感没有丝毫瓜葛。它是一种能够给人希望的特殊天赋，一种积极浪漫的潜能，那种天赋和能力我从未在其他人身发现过，我想，以后再也不可能发现任何人身上有同样的东西了。最终事实证明盖茨比还不算很差劲的人，正是那些张开大口吞食了盖茨比的东西，以及他那刚刚从梦中苏醒的蒙尘灵魂使我对人世的得失荣辱全然没了兴趣。

我家三代以来一直有着烜赫的声望，在位于中西部的这个城市中颇为引人注目。而我们卡罗威家族在当地也的确算得上是名门望族，因为据说我们是罗布莱奇爵士一脉相承的传人。但事实上，家族真正的缔造者是我爷爷的兄长，他五十一岁的时候才来到这里，当时正是南北战争时期，他找了个人替他从军入伍，而自己开始做五金批发生意，直到今天我父亲还在子承父业地干着这一行。

我与这位开创家族的伯祖父从未谋面，据说我长得和他很像，尤其是挂在父亲办公室的那幅画像最像，那是我1915年刚从纽黑文大学毕业时的画像，那年也是父亲毕业二十五周年。此后不久，我参加了那场众所周知延迟了日耳曼人侵略步伐的世界大战。我喜欢防守反击战，这使我后来变成了一个不安分的人。中西部不再是我们这个世界温暖的中心，看上去倒像是宇宙中某个破败的角落。因此，我决定到东部去尝试一下证券买卖。我所认识的人几乎都在从事证券业，所以我认为这一行业能很容易地养活一个单身汉。然而我那些七大姑八大姨却斟酌再三，仿佛是在为我挑选预科学校似的，最终他们郑重其事而又满腹狐疑地宣布：“那么——只好这样了。”父亲同意资助我一年的费用。经过几番周折，我于1922年春天来到东部，我想，恐怕自己的下半辈子都要在这地方度过了。

当时对我来说，最实际的莫过于在城里先找个地方落脚。但天气已经炎热难当，而我又刚刚离开芳草遍地绿树成荫的凉爽乡村。因此，当办公室的一个年轻同事提议说我们可以在城镇附近合租一套房子时，我觉得这主意不错。很快他就找到了我们想要的房子，那是一套饱经风吹雨打的薄板平房，每个月八十美元的租金。可就在迁往新居之前，公司却把他调到了华盛顿工作，我只好一个人住到那里了。我还有一条狗——至少在它弃我而去之前，还是和我一起度过了一段日子的。另外我还有一辆旧道吉车和一个芬兰女佣。女佣为我铺床叠被兼做早餐，每当她用电炉时总是自言自语地诵着芬兰古训。

这样一天下来很是孤寂，直到一天早晨某位比我来得晚的男人在路上拦住了我。



"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." 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, 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, 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 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 swim-

“到西蛋村怎么走？”他无望地问。

我告诉了他。当我再次上路时，我不再感到孤独了。我至少算得上一个指路人、一名冒险家、一个早早落户的移民。正是他偶然地给予了我成为当地人的权利。

绿叶在阳光下如同电影的快镜头一般冒了出来，很快就绿满枝头了，那些熟悉的东西在我的脑海中留下确定无疑的印痕，而我的生活也随同夏天的到来翻开了崭新的一页。

对我来说，有很多书要读，凡是有益的养分我都要从清新的空气中汲取。我买了一堆与银行、信贷、证券投资相关的书籍，它们站在我的书架上，红皮烫金，崭新笔挺，像印钞厂刚印出来的钞票一样，似乎它们能解开只有米达斯、摩尔根、米赛纳斯知道的秘密。另外，我还集中注意力阅读了许多相关的其他书籍。我在大学里是一位文学爱好者，我曾经在一年时间里，给《耶鲁新闻》写过一系列十分严肃但浅显易懂的评论文章。而现在，我打算重操旧业，把自己过去丰富的生活经历在笔下重现，让自己成为那种所谓的见解最有限的专家，即“全能型”人物。毕竟，“从仅有的一扇窗户望出去，生活是五光十色的”，这话绝不仅仅是睿智的格言。

事情纯属偶然，我所租的房子是北美最奇特的市镇，这个镇子位于纽约正东的一个小岛上，岛上热闹异常——那里除了一些天然的奇异之处外，还有两处不同寻常的地方。距离城里大约二十英里的地方，有一个面积很大的鸡蛋形小岛，岛从中间被一条安静的小水湾分隔开来，两边的形状几乎一模一样。海湾里的水一直流入西半球最安静的咸水区域。长岛海峡中间那片潮湿的开阔地带事实上并非正好是椭圆形——它们就像哥伦布故事中的鸡蛋一样，有一头是压碎了的，就是它们相连的地方——不过它们外形是如此相似，头上飞过的海鸥之所以惊慌的原因可能就在于此。但是，对于没有翅膀的人类来说，一个更引人注意的现象是，除了其形状和大小相似之外，它们两个在每一方面几乎都是不相同的。

我住在西蛋中一个不那么讲究时尚的地方。虽然这样说显得非常表面化，并不能代表对这二者进行那种稀奇古怪和很不吉利的对比。我的房子紧挨着鸡蛋形的顶端，距离海湾只有五十码，夹在两座每季度要租金一万两千或一万五千美元的大宅子之间。我右边的那幢宅子，用什么样的标准来衡量，都可以说是个庞然大物——简直和诺曼底市政府一模一样，另外一边是一座新建的塔楼，上面稀稀拉拉地分布着一些常春藤，附近是一个大理石的游泳池，另外还有一个至少占地四十英亩的草坪和公园。



ming 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 – 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 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 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.