

纯真年代

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

中英对照全译本

[美] 伊迪丝·华顿 著

Edith Wharton

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



BOOK I 第一篇

CHAPTER 1	2
第一章	2
CHAPTER 2	13
第二章	13
CHAPTER 3	23
第三章	23
CHAPTER 4	34
第四章	34
CHAPTER 5	42
第五章	42
CHAPTER 6	56
第六章	56
CHAPTER 7	68
第七章	68
CHAPTER 8	78
第八章	78
CHAPTER 9	90
第九章	90
CHAPTER 10	108
第十章	108
CHAPTER 11	123
第十一章	123
CHAPTER 12	135
第十二章	135



CHAPTER 13.....	152
第十三章.....	152
CHAPTER 14.....	162
第十四章.....	162
CHAPTER 15.....	173
第十五章.....	173
CHAPTER 16.....	188
第十六章.....	188
CHAPTER 17.....	202
第十七章.....	202
CHAPTER 18.....	217
第十八章.....	217

BOOK II 第二篇

CHAPTER 19.....	236
第十九章.....	236
CHAPTER 20.....	253
第二十章.....	253
CHAPTER 21.....	270
第二十一章.....	270
CHAPTER 22.....	290
第二十二章.....	290
CHAPTER 23.....	303
第二十三章.....	303
CHAPTER 24.....	317
第二十四章.....	317
CHAPTER 25.....	325
第二十五章.....	325
CHAPTER 26.....	339
第二十六章.....	339
CHAPTER 27.....	356
第二十七章.....	356

CHAPTER 28	367
第二十八章	367
CHAPTER 29	377
第二十九章	377
CHAPTER 30	388
第三十章	388
CHAPTER 31	402
第三十一章	402
CHAPTER 32	420
第三十二章	420
CHAPTER 33	434
第三十三章	434
CHAPTER 34	457
第三十四章	457

BOOK I

第一篇

CHAPTER 1

第一章

ON a January evening of the early seventies, Christine Nilsson was singing in Faust at the Academy of Music in New York.

Though there was already talk of the erection, in remote metropolitan distances “above the Forties,” of a new Opera House which should compete in costliness and splendour with those of the great European capitals, the world of fashion was still content to reassemble every winter in the shabby red and gold boxes of the sociable old Academy. Conservatives cherished it for being small and inconvenient, and thus keeping out the “new people” whom New York was beginning to dread and yet be drawn to; and the sentimental clung to it for its historic associations, and the musical for its excellent acoustics, always so problematic a quality in halls built for the hearing of music.

It was Madame Nilsson's first appearance that winter, and what the daily press had already learned to describe as “an exceptionally brilliant audience” had gathered to hear her, transported through the slippery, snowy streets in private broughams, in the spacious family landau,

这是 19 世纪 70 年代初, 1 月的某个晚上, 纽约音乐厅正在上演克里斯汀·尼尔森出演的《浮士德》。

尽管早有传言, 远在第四十街往外的市郊要新建一座歌剧院, 无论是奢侈程度还是华美装潢, 都不亚于欧洲某些国家首都的歌剧院, 上流社会却还是乐于把这座古老的音乐厅当做社交聚会之地, 每个冬天都来坐在它那日渐暗淡的红金两色的包厢里。保守的人看重它狭小又不便利, 因此可以将那些逐渐上升到纽约上流社会, 并想要融入的“新贵们”排斥出去; 多愁善感的人因为它的历史内涵而在此流连; 喜爱音乐的人则是因为不舍它那极致的音响效果——这对音乐厅而言一直都是个很高的要求和难办的问题。

这是尼尔森夫人那年冬季的首场演出。那些已经被日报叫做“品位超凡的听众”早已乘着私家马车、宽敞的家用朗道马车或外面街上那种规格较低但更为方便的“布朗马车”, 穿过溜滑积雪的街道赶来了。搭着布朗马车赶来听这场歌剧, 就

or in the humbler but more convenient “Brown coupé.” To come to the Opera in a Brown coupé was almost as honourable a way of arriving as in one’s own carriage; and departure by the same means had the immense advantage of enabling one (with a playful allusion to democratic principles) to scramble into the first Brown conveyance in the line, instead of waiting till the cold-and-gin congested nose of one’s own coachman gleamed under the portico of the Academy. It was one of the great livery-stableman’s most masterly intuitions to have discovered that Americans want to get away from amusement even more quickly than they want to get to it.

When Newland Archer opened the door at the back of the club box the curtain had just gone up on the garden scene. There was no reason why the young man should not have come earlier, for he had dined at seven, alone with his mother and sister, and had lingered afterward over a cigar in the Gothic library with glazed black-walnut bookcases and finial-topped chairs which was the only room in the house where Mrs. Archer allowed smoking. But, in the first place, New York was a metropolis, and perfectly aware that in metropolises it was “not the thing” to arrive early at the opera; and what was or was not “the thing” played a part as important in Newland Archer’s New York as the inscrutable totem terrors

像坐着自家马车过来一样体面。这在剧终离场时也有一个很大的优势——这对民主原则是个调侃——你可以早早上排队等候的头辆布朗马车，而不用一直在音乐厅门口等着自家那因为喝酒受冻而鼻子通红的车夫赶来。美国人在离开娱乐场所时，可比赶去时更想快些走，这一重大发现是出自某位伟大的车行老板最了不起的直觉。

当纽兰·阿彻尔推开包厢后门时，剧中花园一幕开始上演。这年轻人本应早些到的，他 7 点钟就和母亲、妹妹一起吃了晚餐，之后又在哥特式书房里逗留了好一阵子，抽了根雪茄。书房里摆着光亮的黑胡桃木书架和靠背尖尖的坐椅，阿彻尔夫人只允许人们在这所房间里抽烟。但是，纽约是个大都会，人们都很明白在这样的大都会里，早早赶来听歌剧“不合潮流”。而是否“符合潮流”之于纽兰·阿彻尔在纽约的社交生活，如同千年以前主宰其祖先命运的、那神秘莫测的图腾那般重要。

that had ruled the destinies of his forefathers thousands of years ago.

The second reason for his delay was a personal one. He had dawdled over his cigar because he was at heart a dilettante, and thinking over a pleasure to come often gave him a subtler satisfaction than its realisation. This was especially the case when the pleasure was a delicate one, as his pleasures mostly were; and on this occasion the moment he looked forward to was so rare and exquisite in quality that – well, if he had timed his arrival in accord with the prima donna's stage-manager he could not have entered the Academy at a more significant moment than just as she was singing: "He loves me – he loves me not – *he loves me!* –" and sprinkling the falling daisy petals with notes as clear as dew.

She sang, of course, "*M'ama!*" and not "he loves me," since an unalterable and unquestioned law of the musical world required that the German text of French operas sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences. This seemed as natural to Newland Archer as all the other conventions on which his life was moulded: such as the duty of using two silverbacked brushes with his monogram in blue enamel to part his hair, and of never appearing in society without a flower (preferably a

他耽搁许久的第二个原因是出于个人的。他慢悠悠地抽着雪茄，他骨子里是个业余的艺术爱好者，思考即将到来的艺术享受经常给他带来一种更微妙的满足感，比真正在享受时更甚。当艺术享受更精妙雅致时，他尤其感觉如此——他的享受大多都是这样。这次，他期盼的时机十分难得，极其细腻讲究——嗯，如果他能计算好到达的时间，正好与女主角的演出节奏一致时，他就能把握住进入剧院再完美不过的时机——到时女主角正在一边用露水般清澈的调子唱着：“他爱我——他不爱我——他爱我！”一边抛着雏菊的花瓣。

当然，她是在唱“噶——嘛”，不是“他爱我”，因为音乐界有条不紊不容置疑的法则：即使是瑞典艺术家唱的法国歌剧中的德语歌，也必须为讲英语的听众们翻译成意大利语，便于他们更好理解。对于这个，纽兰·阿彻尔早习以为常，就和他生活中的其他习惯一样自然：他总要先用两把蓝色烤漆、带着刻有他姓名缩写的银柄梳子分出头路，总要先在扣眼里插上一朵花（他一般喜欢插梔子花），然后才出去交际。

gardenia) in his buttonhole.

"*M'ama ... non m'ama ...*" the prima donna sang, and "*M'ama!*", with a final burst of love triumphant, as she pressed the dishevelled daisy to her lips and lifted her large eyes to the sophisticated countenance of the little brown Faust-Capoul, who was vainly trying, in a tight purple velvet doublet and plumed cap, to look as pure and true as his artless victim.

Newland Archer, leaning against the wall at the back of the club box, turned his eyes from the stage and scanned the opposite side of the house. Directly facing him was the box of old Mrs. Manson Mingott, whose monstrous obesity had long since made it impossible for her to attend the Opera, but who was always represented on fashionable nights by some of the younger members of the family. On this occasion, the front of the box was filled by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lovell Mingott, and her daughter, Mrs. Welland; and slightly withdrawn behind these brocaded matrons sat a young girl in white with eyes ecstatically fixed on the stagelovers. As Madame Nilsson's "*M'ama!*" thrilled out above the silent house (the boxes always stopped talking during the Daisy Song) a warm pink mounted to the girl's cheek, mantled her brow to the roots of her fair braids, and suffused the young slope of her breast to the line where it met a modest

"唔——嘛……啾——唔——嘛……"女主角唱着，她带着爱情得胜后的激情唱出最后一句，将散乱的雏菊按在唇边，抬起大眼睛看向那一脸世故、故作镇定的小浮士德——他穿着一件紫色天鹅绒紧身上衣，戴着有羽毛的帽子，力图装作一副和这位天真的受害者同样纯真的样子，却只是徒劳。

纽兰·阿彻尔靠在包厢后墙上，把目光从舞台上挪开，扫视着对面的包厢。正对面的包厢是老曼森·明戈特夫人的。她本人发福得太厉害，很久以前就不来听歌剧了，但在一些社交活动之夜，她总会派家里的一些年轻人代表她出席。今天晚上，坐在包厢前排的是她的儿媳拉弗尔·明戈特太太和她的女儿维尔兰德夫人。这两位满身绸缎的太太稍靠后一些，坐着一位穿着白衣服的年轻姑娘，正心醉神迷地紧紧盯着舞台上的那对恋人。当尼尔森夫人那最后一句唱词的颤音划过寂静的剧院时（唱雏菊歌时，包厢里向来都无人再说话），姑娘的脸颊涌上一片红晕，从额头漫向发际，漫过她那青春高耸的胸脯，一直漫到那点缀着一株梔子花的薄纱领巾。她低下头，看着膝上的一大束白色铃兰，纽兰·阿彻尔看见她用那戴着白手套的指尖轻触着花瓣。他的虚荣心得到满足，深吸了

tulle tucker fastened with a single gardenia. She dropped her eyes to the immense bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley on her knee, and Newland Archer saw her white-gloved finger-tips touch the flowers softly. He drew a breath of satisfied vanity and his eyes returned to the stage.

No expense had been spared on the setting, which was acknowledged to be very beautiful even by people who shared his acquaintance with the Opera houses of Paris and Vienna. The foreground, to the footlights, was covered with emerald green cloth. In the middle distance symmetrical mounds of woolly green moss bounded by croquet hoops formed the base of shrubs shaped like orange-trees but studded with large pink and red roses. Gigantic pansies, considerably larger than the roses, and closely resembling the floral penwipers made by female parishioners for fashionable clergymen, sprang from the moss beneath the rosetrees; and here and there a daisy grafted on a rosebranch flowered with a luxuriance prophetic of Mr. Luther Burbank's far-off prodigies.

In the centre of this enchanted garden Madame Nilsson, in white cashmere slashed with pale blue satin, a reticule dangling from a blue girdle, and large yellow braids carefully disposed on each side of her muslin chemisette, listened with downcast eyes to M. Capoul's impassioned

口气，又看向舞台。

舞台布景是花了大价钱制作的，甚至那些熟谙巴黎和维也纳歌剧院的观众也不得不承认，布景非常精美。从前景到脚灯之间铺着翡翠绿的背景布；中景是两边对称的茸茸绿苔，旁边是紧挨着槌球的篮筐，绿苔上面长着灌木，像是橘树，但又长满了大大的粉玫瑰与红玫瑰。还有些紫罗兰从玫瑰丛中冒出来，比玫瑰还大多，很像教区居民们为颇受敬爱的牧师做成的拭笔器。玫瑰丛的若干枝头上还嫁接着雏菊，展示着路德·伯班克先生精妙绝伦的园艺技巧。

在这神奇花园的中心，尼尔森夫人披着件带淡蓝色缎纹的白色羊绒衫，蓝色腰带上系着一个小手袋，来回晃着。她那两条金黄色的发辫小心地垂在细棉紧胸衫两侧，垂着眼睛听着卡布尔炽热地倾诉衷肠。他每每示意她到那右边斜伸出来的

wooing, and affected a guileless incomprehension of his designs whenever, by word or glance, he persuasively indicated the ground floor window of the neat brick villa projecting obliquely from the right wing.

“The darling!” thought Newland Archer, his glance flitting back to the young girl with the lilies-of-the-valley. “She doesn’t even guess what it’s all about.” And he contemplated her absorbed young face with a thrill of possessorship in which pride in his own masculine initiation was mingled with a tender reverence for her abysmal purity. “We’ll read Faust together ... by the Italian lakes ...” he thought, somewhat hazily confusing the scene of his projected honey-moon with the masterpieces of literature which it would be his manly privilege to reveal to his bride. It was only that afternoon that May Welland had let him guess that she “cared” (New York’s consecrated phrase of maiden avowal), and already his imagination, leaping ahead of the engagement ring, the betrothal kiss and the march from Lohengrin, pictured her at his side in some scene of old European witchery.

He did not in the least wish the future Mrs. Newland Archer to be a simpleton. He meant her (thanks to his enlightening companionship) to develop a social tact and readiness of wit enabling her to hold her

砖砌小楼一层窗口前——又是用言语，又是使眼色，但她都做出一副不经人事的天真状。

“亲爱的！”纽兰·阿彻尔心想，他又将目光投向那位捧着铃兰的年轻姑娘，“她就算猜也猜不出这幕戏是什么意思。”他端详着她那专注的青春脸庞，涌上一股占有的喜悦，既混杂着对自己男子气概的自豪，也混杂着一丝对她的无限纯洁的带着温柔的敬意。“我们会一道读着《浮士德》……在意大利的湖畔……”他想着，朦朦胧胧地想象出蜜月的情形，在其中他却在向新娘介绍名著，似乎这才是身为男人的特权。但梅·维尔兰德今天下午才刚让他猜到她很“关注”（这是纽约最流行的年轻小姐告白用词）他，他的想象却早已超过了订婚戒指、订婚吻，甚至是婚礼之后走出罗恩格林教堂的场景，想象着在古代欧洲的某个奇幻背景下，她和他在一起。

他一点儿也不希望未来的纽兰·阿彻尔夫人头脑太简单。他希望她（受他的启发）培养出一种社交才能和机智应变的能力，从而能在“更年轻的那一拨”最负盛名的

own with the most popular married women of the “younger set,” in which it was the recognised custom to attract masculine homage while playfully discouraging it. If he had probed to the bottom of his vanity (as he sometimes nearly did) he would have found there the wish that his wife should be as worldly-wise and as eager to please as the married lady whose charms had held his fancy through two mildly agitated years; without, of course, any hint of the frailty which had so nearly marred that unhappy being’s life, and had disarranged his own plans for a whole winter.

How this miracle of fire and ice was to be created, and to sustain itself in a harsh world, he had never taken the time to think out; but he was content to hold his view without analysing it, since he knew it was that of all the carefully-brushed, white-waistcoated, button-hole-flowered gentlemen who succeeded each other in the club box, exchanged friendly greetings with him, and turned their opera-glasses critically on the circle of ladies who were the product of the system. In matters intellectual and artistic Newland Archer felt himself distinctly the superior of these chosen specimens of old New York gentility; he had probably read more, thought more, and even seen a good deal more of the world, than any other man of the number. Singly they betrayed their

已婚女子圈子里树立地位。那个圈子里的公认惯例之一就是：要吸引男人，但同时要巧妙地吊他们的胃口。如果他已经深入探究了自己的虚荣心（他有时几乎就要做到了），他就会发现他心底里也暗暗希望自己的妻子跟那些已婚女人一样，世故、有心计、热切希望取悦别人。那些女人的魅力曾让他深深沉醉，并有两年都陷入搅扰混乱的生活中。当然，尽管那些不幸差点儿毁了他的一生，还破坏了他整个冬天的安排，但他还是没有显出丝毫受到搅扰的脆弱。

怎样创造这样一个火与冰的奇迹，又怎样能使其在一个残酷的世界里存活，他从没费时间想过。但是他乐于保留自己的意见并不作分析，因为他明白那些头发梳得一丝不苟、身着白马甲、扣眼别着花的绅士们也和他意见一致。他们一个一个地走进包厢，友善地向他问好，然后挑剔地将观剧眼镜对向那些女士们——她们正是这一制度的产物。纽兰·阿彻尔觉得自己在才智和艺术天分上都比这些典型的旧纽约上流人士要明显高出许多：他可能比这些人里的任何一位都阅读得多、思考得多，也有见识得多。就单个人来比，他们都比他逊色，但若将他们视为一体，他们却代表了“纽约”，男性那种团结的习惯就迫使他在所谓道德的一切议题上都接受他

inferiority; but grouped together they represented “New York,” and the habit of masculine solidarity made him accept their doctrine on all the issues called moral. He instinctively felt that in this respect it would be troublesome – and also rather bad form – to strike out for himself.

“Well – upon my soul!” exclaimed Lawrence Lefferts, turning his opera-glass abruptly away from the stage. Lawrence Lefferts was, on the whole, the foremost authority on “form” in New York. He had probably devoted more time than any one else to the study of this intricate and fascinating question; but study alone could not account for his complete and easy competence. One had only to look at him, from the slant of his bald forehead and the curve of his beautiful fair moustache to the long patent-leather feet at the other end of his lean and elegant person, to feel that the knowledge of “form” must be congenital in any one who knew how to wear such good clothes so carelessly and carry such height with so much lounging grace. As a young admirer had once said of him: “If anybody can tell a fellow just when to wear a black tie with evening clothes and when not to, it’s Larry Lefferts.” And on the question of pumps versus patent-leather “Oxfords” his authority had never been disputed.

“My God!” he said; and silently handed his glass to old Sillerton Jackson.

们的准则。他直觉认为如果他在这一点上不合群，就会很麻烦且不得体。

“啊——天哪！”劳伦斯·莱弗茨喊起来，慌忙把观剧眼镜从舞台挪开。总的说来，劳伦斯·莱弗茨是纽约关于“得体”的至高权威。他比其他人要花更多的时间研究这个复杂有趣的问题。但仅仅研究还表现不出他在此的全部才能。人们只需看看他——从他那光秃秃的额头的侧面到那悉心修剪的金色小胡子，顺着他那瘦削优雅的身体一直看到底下脚上长长的漆皮鞋，就能感到对于这样一个人若懂得怎样随意地穿着这般高级的衣服又带着此般闲适优雅的气质，必然在“得体”一事上天生是个专家。正如他的一位年轻崇拜者曾经所说：“如果有人能告诉你何时该打黑领带配晚礼服，何时不该这么穿，那这个人就是劳伦斯·莱弗茨。”对于比较浅口便鞋与漆皮“牛津鞋”时，从没人质疑过他的权威。

“我的上帝！”他说，默不做声地将观剧眼镜递给老西勒顿·杰克

Newland Archer, following Lefferts's glance, saw with surprise that his exclamation had been occasioned by the entry of a new figure into old Mrs. Mingott's box. It was that of a slim young woman, a little less tall than May Welland, with brown hair growing in close curls about her temples and held in place by a narrow band of diamonds. The suggestion of this headdress, which gave her what was then called a "Josephine look," was carried out in the cut of the dark blue velvet gown rather theatrically caught up under her bosom by a girdle with a large old-fashioned clasp. The wearer of this unusual dress, who seemed quite unconscious of the attention it was attracting, stood a moment in the centre of the box, discussing with Mrs. Welland the propriety of taking the latter's place in the front right-hand corner; then she yielded with a slight smile, and seated herself in line with Mrs. Welland's sister-in-law, Mrs. Lovell Mingott, who was installed in the opposite corner.

Mr. Sillerton Jackson had returned the opera-glass to Lawrence Lefferts. The whole of the club turned instinctively, waiting to hear what the old man had to say; for old Mr. Jackson was as great an authority on "family" as Lawrence Lefferts was on "form." He knew all the ramifications of New York's cousinships;

逊。

纽兰·阿彻尔顺着莱弗茨的目光看去，惊讶地看到他的这声惊呼原来是由于一位陌生人走进明戈特夫人的包厢。那是一位身材纤细的年轻女子，要比梅·维尔兰德矮些，浓密的棕色发卷耷在额边，扣着一条窄窄的镶钻发带。这种发型是当时所谓“约瑟芬式”的装扮风格，这更体现在她那件深蓝色天鹅绒礼服的剪裁上——她的胸下很夸张地系着一条带着复古大扣子的腰带。身着这套特色服装的人自己却貌似并未察觉她是如此引人注目。她在包厢中央站了片刻，维尔兰德夫人要把自己在前排右手边角落的位子让给她，她觉得不妥当，谦让了一番，随后还是微笑着接受了座位。与她同坐在对面包厢前排的是维尔兰德夫人的嫂嫂拉弗尔·明戈特夫人，她坐在左侧角落的座位上。

西勒顿·杰克逊先生把观剧眼镜还给劳伦斯·莱弗茨。整个包厢的人都本能地转过头，等着这位长者说话，因为杰克逊先生对于“家族”问题具有至高权威，正如劳伦斯·莱弗茨对于“得体”问题一般。他知道纽约各个家族的亲戚关系，不仅能说清错综复杂的关系——诸