

# 【了不起的盖茨比 The Great Gatsby】中英双语对照



《了不起的盖茨比》是美国作家F. Scott Fitzgerald于1925年创作的一部经典小说，它是对1920年代美国“爵士时代”狂欢生活的批判和揭露，同时也描绘了美国梦的幻灭。作品以其深刻的社会性，丰富的象征性，以及独特的...术性而被广大读者所喜爱。小说的主人公Jay Gatsby，是一个从贫穷出身却成功致富的人。他的财富并非最终目标，而是为了追求他心中的理想，那就是他的旧情人Daisy。Gatsby为了重新获得Daisy的心，他在纽约市郊买了一

F. Scott Fitzgerald 著

唐库学习译

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Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her;

那么戴上金帽，如果那能打动她；

If you can bounce high, bounce for her too,

如果你能高高跳起，也为她蹦跶；

Till she cry “Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover,

直到她喊：“爱人，戴金帽、高高跳的爱人，

I must have you!”

我非你不可！”

—THOMAS PARKE D’INVILLIERS

—托马斯 帕克 D’因维利尔

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

在我年轻且更加脆弱的岁月里，父亲给了我一些忠告，这些话至今仍在我脑海中反复回旋。

"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."

"每当你想要批评他人时，"他告诉我，"请记住这个世界上并非所有人都享有你所拥有的优势。"

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.

他没有再多说什么，但我们一直以一种独特的方式进行着非寻常的交流，我明白他的意思远不止于此。 —

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.

因此，我倾向于保留所有的判断，这样的习惯让我接触了许多有趣的性格，但也让我成为不少老套人物的牺牲品。 —

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.

异常的心灵会迅速察觉并依附于正常人身上的这种品质，所以在大学里我被不公正地指责为政客，因为我了解到了那些狂野而不为人知的男人们的秘密忧愁。大多数的倾诉是非求之不得的——当我意识到某种明显的迹象表明有一个亲密的启示快要到来时，我通常会假装睡着、心不在焉或者敌意满满。年轻人所倾诉的亲密事物，或者至少倾诉的方式，通常都是抄袭他人的，并且往往被明显的压抑所玷污。保留判断是一种无限希望。 —

Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope.

我仍然有些担心，如果忘记了这一点， —

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 parcelled out unequally at birth.

我会错过一些东西，就像我的父亲高傲地提到的，我也高傲地重复着，对基本的礼仪教养的感知并不是每个人出生就平等地拥有的。

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit.

在吹嘘了自己的包容之后，我必须承认它是有限度的。 —

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.

行为或许可以建立在坚如磐石或湿滑泥沼之上，但达到一定点后，我对它建立在什么之上就不再关心了。

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;

去年秋天我从东部回来时，我觉得我希望整个世界都永远保持统一，处于某种道德的警觉状态；

I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart.

我不再希望有更多的狂热之行，去特权地观察人类的内心。 —

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.

只有盖茨比，这个书的主人公，是不受我反应影响的——盖茨比代表着我对一切对我毫无影响的事物的蔑视。 —

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.

如果个性是一系列成功的姿态，那么他身上确实有一些令人惊叹的地方，一种对生活的承诺的敏感，仿佛他与那些能够记录到一万英里之外地震的复杂机器之一有某种关联。 —

This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability 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.

这种反应与那种以“创造性气质”的名义被尊重的软弱易感完全无关——这是一种非凡的希望之礼，一种浪漫的准备性，我从未在任何其他人身上发现过，并且我不太可能再次找到。不， —

No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end;

盖茨比在最后好转了； —

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.

是困扰盖茨比的东西，是他梦想的残骸后浮游于周围的肮脏尘埃，使我暂时对人们的落空悲伤和短暂兴奋不再感兴趣。

My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this middle-western city for three generations.

我的家族在这个中西部城市里有着显赫、富裕的地位已有三代了。 —

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.

卡拉韦家族有点类似一个宗族，我们有一个传统，认为我们是巴克卢奇公爵的后裔，但实际上，我族系的创始人是我祖父的兄弟，他于51年来到这里，派了一个替代者参加了内战，并开始了我今天经营的批发五金生意。

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.

我从来没有见过这位伟大的伯祖父，但据说我长得像他——特别是父亲办公室里挂着的那幅有点脾气的画。 —

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.

1915年我从纽黑文大学毕业，距离我父亲毕业只过去了25年，稍晚一些，我参与了被推迟的条顿人大迁徙，也就是伟大的战争。我非常享受这次反击行动，以至于回来后变得不安宁。 —

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.

中西部如今看起来不再是世界的热闹中心，反而像是宇宙的边缘。因此，我决定去东部学习债券生意。我认识的每个人都参与着债券生意， —

Everybody I knew was in the bond business so I supposed it could support one more single man.

所以我以为再多一个单身男人也没关系。 —

All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep-school for me and finally said, "Why—yees" with very grave, hesitant faces.

我所有的姨妈和叔叔商量了很久，仿佛为我选择一所预科学校，最后他们带着非常严肃犹豫的表情说道：“为什么呢？ —

Father agreed to finance me for a year and after various delays I came east, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.

“父亲同意为我提供一年的经济支持，经过各种延误之后，我于二十二年的春天永久地来到东部。

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.

实际上，找到城市里的房间是最实际的选择，但当办公室里的一个年轻人建议我们一起在一个通勤城镇租一间房子时，听起来像是个好主意。他找到了那所房子， —

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.

一个风化的纸板平房，每月八十美元，但就在最后一刻，公司把他派到了华盛顿，我一个人去了乡下。 —

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.

我有一只狗，至少在狗离开之前，我有它，还有一辆旧道奇和一个做我的床和煮早餐的芬兰女人，在电炉上嘟哝着芬兰智慧。

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

一个早我来不久的男人在路上找到我。

“How do you get to West Egg village?” he asked helplessly.

“你怎么去西蛋村？”他无助地问道。

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer.

我告诉他。当我继续走路的时候， —

I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler.

我不再感到孤独了。我成了向导，开拓者， —

He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood.

一个原住民。他随意地赋予了我这个社区的自由。

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.

于是，伴随着阳光和树上茂盛的叶子的疯狂生长——就像电影中快速生长的东西一样——我有了一种熟悉的信念，即生活正随着夏天重新开始。

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.

这里有很多需要阅读的东西，还有很多健康的空气可以吸取。 —

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.

我买了一打关于银行、信贷和投资证券的书，它们就像从造币厂出来的新钱一样摆在书架上，以红色和金色显示着，承诺揭示只有\*\*、摩根和梅西纳斯才知道的灿烂秘密。 —

And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides.

我还有高尚的意愿读很多其他的书。

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.

在大学里，我有些文学造诣——有一年我为《耶鲁新闻》写了一系列非常庄重而显而易见的社论——现在我准备把所有这些事情重新带进我的生活中，再次成为那个最具局限性的专家，一个“全面发展的人”。这不仅仅是一个警句——毕竟，生活从单一的窗口来看要成功得多。

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America.

我租了一所房子住在北美最奇特的社区之一，这实属偶然。 —

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.

它位于纽约东面的那个狭窄而嘈杂的岛上，那里有两个不同寻常的陆地形成。离这个城市二十英里远，有一对巨大的蛋， —

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.

轮廓相同，仅用礼貌的海湾分隔，凸出在西半球最家养的咸水体——长岛海湾之中。它们不是完美的椭圆形——就像哥伦布故事中的那个蛋它们的一端是被压扁的——但它们在每一个细节上的不相似一定会让上空飞过的海鸥感到永久地困惑。对于无翼的人来说， —



To the wingless a more arresting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.

一个更引人注目的现象是它们在除形状和大小外的每一个方面都不相似。

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.

我住在西蛋，是两个中不那么时髦的地方之一，虽然这只是一个最肤浅的标签，来描述它们之间的离奇而有些不祥的对比。 —

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.

我的房子就在蛋的尽头，距离海湾只有五十码，被两个租金每季度一两万美元的大房子挤压着。我右边的那个是个巨大的建筑——无论从任何标准来看， —

The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some H? 它都是一座事实上的仿制品，仿佛是诺曼底的一个市政厅， —

tel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool and more than forty acres of lawn and garden.

一侧有一座尖塔，在一薄片常春藤的覆盖下全新亮闪闪的，还有一个大理石游泳池和四十多亩的草坪花园。 —

It was Gatsby's mansion.

那是盖茨比先生的别墅。

Or rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name.

或者说，由于我并不认识盖茨比先生，所以那是一座以他的名字居住的别墅。 —

My own house was an eye-sore, but it was a small eye-sore, 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.

我的房子是一个丑物，但是是一个小而不引人注目的丑物，被人们忽视了，所以我可以看到水，还可以部分看到邻居的草坪，和百万富翁的安慰的亲近 - 一切仅需每月八十美元。

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.

在礼貌湾对面，时髦的东蛋白宫在水面上闪烁着，而这个夏天的历史真正开始于我驾车过去与汤姆·布坎南夫妇共进晚餐的那个晚上。黛西是我从三代以前的表亲， —

Daisy was my second cousin once removed and I'd known Tom in college.

我在大学认识了汤姆。在战争刚结束后， —

And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

我和他们一起在芝加哥度过了两天。

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.

她的丈夫是个多才多艺的人，曾经是在纽黑文打橄榄球时最强大的尖端球员之一——可以说是全国性的名人，那种在21岁达到巅峰的杰出之人，以后的一切都显得平庸。 —

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:

他的家族极其富有——即使在大学里，他花钱挥霍也成了被指责的事情——但是他现在已经离开了芝加哥，东迁到这里的方式让你惊讶不已： —

for instance he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest.

例如，他从Forest Lake运来了一批马球马。

It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

在我这个年代，很难想象有人富得能做到那样。

Why they came east I don't know.

他们为什么来东部， —

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.

我不知道。他们在法国度过了一年，没有特定的原因，然后在人们一起打马球和富有的地方漂泊不定。 —

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.

这次是永久性的搬迁，黛西在电话中这样说，但我不相信——我没有洞察到黛西的内心，但我感觉到汤姆将永远漂泊不定，渴望着一场再也无法找回的激动人心的足球比赛。

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.

于是，在一个温暖而有风的夜晚，我驾车去了东蛋，看望了两个我几乎不认识的老朋友。 —

Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red and white Georgian Colonial mansion overlooking the bay.

他们的房子甚至比我预想的还要豪华，是一个欢快的红白色乔治亚式殖民地豪宅， —

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.

俯瞰着湾口。草坪从海滩开始，向前门延伸了大约四分之一英里，跳过了日晷和砖石人行道和盛开的花园——最后，当它到达房子时，在明亮的藤蔓中上升，好像是从奔跑的动力中冲出来的。

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.

门前被一排法式窗户打破，闪烁着金色的光芒，温暖而有风的午后时光洋溢在里面，而汤姆·布坎南穿着骑马装站在前廊上，双腿分开。

He had changed since his New Haven years.

他已经在他的纽黑文年代发生了变化。 —

Now he was a sturdy, straw haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner.

现在他是个魁梧的金发男子，三十岁，嘴角有点硬，一副傲慢的样子。

Two shining, arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward.

两只闪亮的傲慢眼睛在他的脸上确立了支配地位，给人一种总是向前倾斜的外表。即使他骑马的装束有点娘娘腔， —

Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat.

也掩盖不住他那庞大身躯的巨大力量——他似乎填满了那些闪光靴子，以至于勒紧了上面的鞋带，当他的肩膀在薄薄的外套下动的时候，你可以看到一束庞大的肌肉在移动。 —

It was a body capable of enormous leverage—a cruel body.

这是一个能产生巨大杠杆作用的身体——一个残忍的身体。

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. 他说话的嗓音低沉而嘶哑，增强了他流露出的蛮横印象。 —

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.

即使对他喜欢的人，他的声音里也带着一丝父亲般的蔑视——在纽黑文时，有些人十分讨厌他。

“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.

“现在，不要认为我对这些问题的看法是最终的，”他似乎在说，“只是因为我比你强壮，更像个男人。”我们是同一个高年级的社团成员，虽然我们从未亲密过，但我一直觉得他喜欢我，希望我喜欢他，带着他自己一种严厉而挑衅的哀伤。

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

我们在阳光明媚的门廊上聊了几分钟。

“I've got a nice place here,” he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

“我这里有个不错的地方，”他说，眼睛不安地闪烁着。

Turning me around by one arm he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep pungent roses and a snub-nosed motor boat that bumped the tide off shore.

他用一只手臂转了我一圈，一只宽大的手平平地沿着前方的景色移动，其中包括一个凹陷的意大利花园，半亩深邃而浓郁的玫瑰花和一艘拥有短鼻的摇摆着离岸的摩托艇。

“It belonged to Demaine the oil man.” He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. “We'll go inside.”

“这原来是德曼的油老板的。”他又彬彬有礼而突然地把我转过来。“我们进去吧。”

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragilely bound into the house by French windows at either end.

我们走过一条高高的走廊，进入一个明亮的玫瑰色空间，法式窗户将其脆弱地与房子相连。

The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house.

窗户开着，洁白的窗框映衬出外面嫩绿的草地，仿佛草地还延伸到屋内一小段。微风穿过房间，

—

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.

吹着窗帘，一端吹入另一端，如同苍白的旗帜，把它们像风吹过海面一样拧在天花板上那如同一个霜过的婚礼蛋糕上-然后荡漾着掠过酒红色的地毯，在上面投下风似的阴影。

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon.

房间中唯一固定不动的物体是一张巨大的沙发，上面漂浮着两个年轻女子， —

They were both in white and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house.

仿佛系在一个锚上的气球。她们都穿着白色的裙子，裙摆飘动，仿佛刚刚在屋子里短暂飞行后又飘回来。 —

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.

我站了一会儿，听着窗帘发出的抽打声和墙上画作的嘎吱声。

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.

突然，汤姆·布坎南用力关上了后面的窗户，房间中的微风顿时停息，窗帘、地毯和两个年轻女子缓慢地落在地板上。

The younger of the two was a stranger to me.

两个女子中较年轻的一个对我来说是个陌生人。 —

She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless and with her chin raised a little as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall.

她躺在沙发的一头，完全静止，下巴微微抬起，好像正在平衡着什么东西，那东西似乎随时可能掉下来。 —

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.

如果她从眼角看到了我，她并没有透露出来—事实上，我几乎忍不住向她道歉，因为我走进来打扰了她。

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.

另一个女孩黛西试图站起来—她略微向前倾，脸上带着认真的表情—然后她笑了起来，发出了一声荒唐而迷人的笑声，我也跟着笑了起来，朝房间里走去。

“I'm p-paralyzed with happiness.”

“我被幸福麻痹了。”

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.

她又笑了起来，好像说了什么非常风趣的话，然后紧握着我的手，抬头看着我的脸，承诺世界上再没有一个人比我更值得她见面。 —

That was a way she had.

这是她的一种方式。

She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker.

她低声暗示那个平衡女孩的姓是贝克。

(I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her;

(据说黛西低声说话只是为了使人们更靠近她；这是一个与本文无关的批评， —

an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

但并不因此就不迷人。 )

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 a little and given her something of a fright.

无论如何，贝克小姐的嘴唇颤动了一下，她向我微微点了点头，然后迅速又抬起头来—她所平衡的对象显然有些晃动，让她有点害怕。 —

Again a sort of apology arose to my lips.

我本要开口道歉， —

Almost any exhibition of complete self sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

但任何表现出完全自给自足的姿态都令我惊叹不已。

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.

我回望着我的表妹，她开始用她低沉激动人心的声音问我问题。她的声音有一种令人难以忘怀的特别之处，像是耳边跟随着每一次动听的音符。她的脸悲伤而可爱， —

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:

燃烧着亮丽的东西，散发出亮丽的眼睛和充满激情的嘴巴—但她的声音中带着一种让爱过她的男人难以忘怀的兴奋：一种歌声的驱使， —

a singing compulsion, 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.

一个低语着“听着”的承诺，告诉人们她刚刚做过一些充满快乐和激动的事情，并且在下一个小时里，还有充满快乐和激动的事情等待。

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way east and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

我告诉她在东部途中我曾在芝加哥停留一天，有许多人通过我向她问好。

“Do they miss me?” she cried ecstatically.

“他们想我了吗？”她狂喜地喊道。

“The whole town is desolate.

“整个城镇都荒芜了。 —

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.”

所有的车子的左后轮都涂成了黑色，像一个哀悼花环，整夜都有一声声哀鸣在北岸上空响起。”

“How gorgeous! Let’s go back, Tom. Tomorrow!” Then she added irrelevantly, “You ought to see the baby.”

“太美了！汤姆，我们明天回去。然后她又不相关地补充道：“你应该见见宝宝。”

“I’d like to.”

“我很想见。”

“She’s asleep. She’s two years old.

“她在睡觉。她两岁了。 —

Haven’t you ever seen her?”

你从来没见过她吗？”

“Never.”

“从来没有。”

“Well, you ought to see her. She’s—”

“嗯，你应该见见她。她是——”

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

汤姆·布坎南正在房间里焦躁不安地走来走去，突然停下来，把手放在我的肩上。

“What you doing, Nick?”

“你在做什么，尼克？”

“I’m a bond man.”

“我是一个债券经纪人。”

“Who with?”

“跟谁一起？”

I told him.

我告诉了他。

“Never heard of them,” he remarked decisively.

“从来没听说过他们”，他断定地说道。

This annoyed me.

这使我很恼火。

“You will,” I answered shortly.

“你会知道的”，我不耐烦地回答说。 —

“You will if you stay in the East.”

“如果你在东部待久了的话。”

“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.

“哦，我会待在东部的，不用担心”，他望着黛西，然后又看着我，好像他还在期待着什么。

“I’d be a God Damned fool to live anywhere else.”

“要是住在别的地方，那我可就是个该死的傻瓜。”

At this point Miss Baker said “Absolutely!” with such suddenness that I started—it was the first word she uttered since I came into the room.

此时贝克小姐突然说道，“完全正确！”，她说得这么突然，我吓了一跳，这是她进入房间以来说的第一个词。



Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and with a series of rapid, deft movements stood up into the room.

显然这使她像我一样惊讶，她打了个哈欠，然后一连串快速灵巧的动作站了起来。

"I'm stiff," she complained, "I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember."

“我僵硬了”，她抱怨道，“我好像已经躺在那个沙发上很久了。”

"Don't look at me," Daisy retorted.

“别看我”，黛西回嘴道， —

"I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon."

“我下午一直在劝你来纽约。”

"No, thanks," said Miss Baker to the four cocktails just in from the pantry, "I'm absolutely in training."

“谢谢，不用了”，贝克小姐对着从餐具室刚取来的四杯鸡尾酒说道，“我正在严格保持训练。”

Her host looked at her incredulously.

她的主人满怀疑地看着她。

"You are!" He took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass.

“真的吗！”他一口气就喝下了杯中的酒， —

"How you ever get anything done is beyond me."

“你是如何完成任何事情的我真是不明白。”

I looked at Miss Baker wondering what it was she "got done." I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet.

我看着贝克小姐，思考着她是如何“完成事情”的。我喜欢看着她。她是个身材苗条、胸部不大的女孩，站姿挺拔，通过将肩膀往后仰来突显自己的气质，像一位年轻的军官学员。 —

Her grey sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming discontented face.

她那灰色受阳光照射的眼睛和我礼貌的好奇眼神相互回望，透出一种消瘦的、迷人的不满之情。

It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

我突然想起我以前在某处见过她，或者在照片上见过她。

"You live in West Egg," she remarked contemptuously.

“你住在西蛋”，她不屑地说道， —

“I know somebody there.”

“我认识那边的一个人。”

“I don't know a single—”

“我一个都不认识——”

“You must know Gatsby.”

“你必须认识盖茨比。”

“Gatsby?” demanded Daisy. “What Gatsby?”

黛西质问道：“盖茨比？什么盖茨比？”

Before I could reply that he was my neighbor dinner was announced;

在我还没来得及回答的时候，晚餐宣布开始了； —

wedging his tense arm imperatively under mine Tom Buchanan compelled me from the room as though he were moving a checker to another square.

汤姆·布坎南急迫地将他紧张的手臂钻进我的胳膊下，犹如把一枚棋子挪到另一个方格里那样，强行把我从房间里拽出去。

Slenderly, languidly, their hands set lightly on their hips the two young women preceded us out onto a rosy-colored porch open toward the sunset where four candles flickered on the table in the diminished wind.

两个年轻女子优雅地、慵懒地将双手轻轻放在腰上，我们在她们前面走出去，走上了通向落日的一张粉红色阳台，在那里，四支蜡烛在微风中摇曳。

“Why CANDLES?” objected Daisy, frowning.

“为什么要点蜡烛？”黛西反对地皱起眉头。 —

She snapped them out with her fingers.

她用手指将蜡烛吹灭。 —

“In two weeks it'll be the longest day in the year.”

“再过两个星期就是一年中最长的一天了。”

She looked at us all radiantly.

她充满光辉地望着我们。 —

“Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it?”

“你们总是盼望一年中最长的那一天然后就错过了吗？ —

I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it.”

我总是盼望一年中最长的那一天然后就错过了。”

“We ought to plan something,” yawned Miss Baker, sitting down at the table as if she were getting into bed.

贝克小姐打着哈欠说，“我们应该计划些什么。”说着她坐到桌子旁，就像上床睡觉一样。

“All right,” said Daisy. “What’ll we plan?” She turned to me helplessly.

黛西说：“好吧，我们要计划什么？”她无助地转向我。

“What do people plan?”

“人们通常计划什么？”

Before I could answer her eyes fastened with an awed expression on her little finger.

在我还没来得及回答时，她的眼睛专注地盯着她的小指，带着一种敬畏的表情。

“Look!” she complained. “I hurt it.”

“看！”她抱怨道，“我伤到它了。”

We all looked—the knuckle was black and blue.

我们都看了一眼——指关节变得青一块紫一块。

“You did it, Tom,” she said accusingly.

她指责地说：“是你弄疼我的，汤姆。 —

“I know you didn’t mean to but you DID do it.

我知道你不是故意的，但你真的弄疼我了。 —

That’s what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a great big hulking physical specimen of a—”

这就是我和一个暴力男人结婚的下场，一个体格庞大的野蛮人的下场——”

“I hate that word hulking,” objected Tom crossly, “even in kidding.”

“我讨厌那个野蛮人这个词，”汤姆不悦地反驳说，“即使是开玩笑也不行。”

“Hulking,” insisted Daisy.

“野蛮人，”黛西坚持说。

Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, unobtrusively and with a bantering inconsequence that was never quite chatter, that was as cool as their white dresses and their impersonal eyes in the absence of all desire.

她和贝克小姐有时同时交谈，不显眼地、不经意地，毫无意义地聊天，就像她们的白色裙子和那些没有欲望的眼睛一样冷漠。 —

They were here—and they accepted Tom and me, making only a polite pleasant effort to entertain or to be entertained.

她们在这里——接受了汤姆和我，只是礼貌地愉快地努力着娱乐或被娱乐。她们知道晚餐很快就会结束，——

They knew that presently dinner would be over and a little later the evening too would be over and casually put away.

稍后晚上也会结束，然后不经意地被搁置。这与西部截然不同，——

It was sharply different from the West where an evening was hurried from phase to phase toward its close in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread of the moment itself.

在那里，一个晚上从一个阶段匆匆过渡到另一个阶段，不断地期待着最后的时刻，或者纯粹是对那个时刻的紧张恐惧。

“You make me feel uncivilized, Daisy,” I confessed on my second glass of corky but rather impressive claret.

“你让我觉得自己很没有文明，黛西，”我在喝下第二杯有点霉味但相当不错的红酒时坦白道。

——

“Can't you talk about crops or something?”

“你不能谈谈农作物或其他什么吗？”

I meant nothing in particular by this remark but it was taken up in an unexpected way.

我这话并没有特指什么，但它却以一种出人意料的方式被引申开来。

“Civilization's going to pieces,” broke out Tom violently.

“文明正在崩溃，”汤姆暴怒地大声说。

“I've gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things.

“我对事物变得非常悲观。——

Have you read 'The Rise of the Coloured Empires' by this man Goddard?”

你读过戈达德的《有色帝国的崛起》吗？”

“Why, no,” I answered, rather surprised by his tone.

“不，”我回答道，他的语气让我感到相当惊讶。

“Well, it's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it.

“嗯，这是一本好书，每个人都应该读一读。——