

JACK LONDON

HEARTS OF THREE



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HEARTS OF THREE

ENGLISH

CLASSICAL LITERATURE

Комментарии и словарь
Е. Г. Тигонен

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«Сердца трех» — последний роман знаменитого американского писателя Джека Лондона (1876–1916), вышедший в свет уже после смерти автора.

В предлагаемой вниманию читателей книге представлен неадаптированный текст романа, снабженный комментариями и словарем.

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ОБ АВТОРЕ

Знаменитый американский писатель Джек Лондон родился 12 января 1876 года в Сан-Франциско. Родители разошлись до рождения мальчика. Позже его мать Флора Чейни вышла замуж повторно за овдовевшего фермера Джона Лондона. Денег в семье было мало, и Джек, не доучившись в школе, начал с ранних лет зарабатывать себе на жизнь. Чем только он ни занимался — продавал газеты, трудился на джутовой и консервной фабриках, зарабатывал в качестве «устричного пирата» — нелегального сборщика устриц в бухте Сан-Франциско, матроса, позже охотился на морских котиков в Тихом океане у берегов Японии, побывал на Аляске в качестве золотоискателя, был гладильщиком и кочегаром. Весь этот огромный жизненный опыт позднее нашел отражение в его литературном творчестве.

Джек Лондон — человек, сделавший себя сам. Не получив систематического образования, он с детства очень много читал — как художественную литературу, так и философские и социологические труды. Самостоятельно подготовился и поступил в Калифорнийский университет, но из-за отсутствия средств вынужден был оставить учебу после третьего семестра. Умелец, моряк, впоследствии фермер, познавший тяжесть физического труда, Лондон всю жизнь жадно поглощал знания и уже в ранние годы загорелся мечтой стать писателем, благо ему было что сказать читателям.

Он был очень плодовит, работал по 15–17 часов в день. Из-под его пера вышло более 200 рассказов, первый из них, «За тех, кто в пути», увидел свет в 1899 году, после

возвращения Лондона с Клондайка. Сборники рассказов «Сын волка», «Бог его отцов», «Дети мороза» и др., героями которых стали волевые, мужественные люди, осуждающие трусов и предателей, принесли ему широчайшую известность.

Дальнейшая литературная карьера Джека Лондона сложилась удачно, он получал безумные по тем временам гонорары — до пятидесяти тысяч долларов за книгу. Однако это не помешало ему продолжать писать в «социалистическом» духе, обличая социальную несправедливость.

Джек Лондон рано ушел из жизни — ему было всего сорок лет, отравившись прописанным ему морфием (он страдал тяжелым почечным заболеванием). Некоторые исследователи полагают, что это было самоубийство, что, впрочем, ничем не подтверждено, так как он не оставил предсмертной записки. Но, безусловно, мысли о самоубийстве у него были — достаточно вспомнить Мартина Идена, альтер эго писателя. Его герой сознательно покончил с собой, разочаровавшись в ценностях своего собственного круга и буржуазного мира, в котором, даже разбогатев и прославившись, он не смог жить.

Предлагаемый вниманию читателей роман «Сердца трех» — последнее произведение писателя, его пятидесятая книга. Роман был опубликован 1919–1920 годах в газете «Нью-Йорк джорнэл». Молодой потомок пирата Моргана отправляется на поиски сокровищ своего предка. В пути он знакомится со своим дальним родственником Генри Морганом. Героев ждут опасные приключения, неведомые земли и любовь...

FOREWORD

I HOPE the reader will forgive me for beginning this foreword with a brag. In truth, this yarn is a celebration. By its completion I celebrate my fortieth birthday, my fiftieth book, my sixteenth year in the writing game, and a new departure. “Hearts of Three” is a new departure. I have certainly never done anything like it before; I am pretty certain never to do anything like it again. And I haven’t the least bit of reticence in proclaiming my pride in having done it. And now, for the reader who likes action, I advise him to skip the rest of this brag and foreword, and plunge into the narrative¹, and tell me if it just doesn’t read along².

For the more curious let me explain a bit further. With the rise of moving pictures into the overwhelmingly most popular form of amusement in the entire world, the stock of plots and stories in the world’s fiction fund began rapidly to be exhausted. In a year a single producing company, with a score of directors, is capable of filming the entire literary output of the entire lives of Shakespeare, Balzac, Dickens, Scott, Zola, Tolstoy, and of dozens of less voluminous writers. And since there are hundreds of moving pictures producing companies, it can be readily grasped how quickly they found themselves face to face with a shortage of the raw material of which moving pictures are fashioned.

The film rights in all novels, short stories, and plays that were still covered by copyright, were bought or contracted for, while all similar raw material on which

¹ **plunge into the narrative** — (*устар.*) погрузиться в повествование

² **if it just doesn’t read along** — (*разг.*) читабельно это или нет

copyright had expired was being screened as swiftly as sailors on a placer beach would pick up nuggets. Thousands of scenario writers — literally tens of thousands, for no man, nor woman, nor child was too mean not to write scenarios — tens of thousands of scenario writers pirated through all literature (copyright or otherwise), and snatched the magazines hot from the press to steal any new scene or plot or story hit upon by their writing brethren¹.

In passing, it is only fair to point out that, though only the other day, it was in the days ere scenario writers became respectable, in the days when they worked overtime for rough-neck directors for fifteen and twenty a week or freelanced their wares for from ten to twenty dollars per scenario and half the time were beaten out of the due payment, or had their stolen goods stolen from them by their equally graceless and shameless fellows who slaved by the week². But to-day, which is only a day since the other day, I know scenario writers who keep their three machines, their two chauffeurs, send their children to the most exclusive prep schools, and maintain an unwavering solvency.

It was largely because of the shortage in raw material that scenario writers appreciated in value and esteem. They found themselves in demand, treated with respect, better remunerated, and, in return, expected to deliver a higher grade of commodity. One phase of this new quest for material was the attempt to enlist known authors in the work. But because a man had written a score of novels was

¹ **writing brethren** — (*ирон.*) пишущая братия; собратья по перу

² **slaved by the week** — (*ирон.*) неделями трудились, как рабы на галере

no guarantee that he could write a good scenario. Quite to the contrary, it was quickly discovered that the surest guarantee of failure was a previous record of success in novelwriting.

But the moving pictures producers were not to be denied. Division of labor was the thing. Allying themselves with powerful newspaper organisations, or, in the case of “Hearts of Three,” the very reverse, they had highly-skilled writers of scenario (who couldn’t write novels to save themselves¹) make scenarios, which, in turn, were translated into novels by novel-writers (who couldn’t, to save themselves, write scenarios).

Comes now Mr. Charles Goddard to one, Jack London, saying: “The time, the place, and the men are met; the moving pictures producers, the newspapers, and the capital, are ready: let us get together.” And we got. Result: “Hearts of Three.” When I state that Mr. Goddard has been responsible for “The Perils of Pauline,” “The Exploits of Elaine,” “The Goddess,” the “Get Rich Quick Wallingford” series, etc., no question of his skilled fitness can be raised. Also, the name of the present heroine, Leoncia, is of his own devising.

On the ranch, in the Valley of the Moon, he wrote his first several episodes. But he wrote faster than I, and was done with his fifteen episodes weeks ahead of me. Do not be misled by the word “episode.” The first episode covers three thousand feet of film. The succeeding fourteen episodes cover each two thousand feet of film. And each episode contains about ninety scenes, which makes a total

¹ **to save themselves** — (разг.) даже для спасения собственной жизни

of some thirteen hundred scenes. Nevertheless, we worked simultaneously at our respective tasks. I could not build for what was going to happen next or a dozen chapters away, because I did not know. Neither did Mr. Goddard know. The inevitable result was that “Hearts of Three” may not be very vertebrate, although it is certainly consecutive¹.

Imagine my surprise, down here in Hawaii and toiling at the novelization of the tenth episode, to receive by mail from Mr. Goddard in New York the scenario of the fourteenth episode, and glancing therein, to find my hero married to the wrong woman! and with only one more episode in which to get rid of the wrong woman and duly tie my hero up with the right and only woman. For all of which please see last chapter of fifteenth episode. Trust Mr. Goddard to show me how.

For Mr. Goddard is the master of action and lord of speed. Action doesn't bother him at all. “Register,” he calmly says in a film direction to the moving picture actor. Evidently the actor registers, for Mr. Goddard goes right on with more action. “Register grief,” he commands, or “sorrow,” or “anger,” or “melting sympathy,” or “homicidal intent,” or “suicidal tendency.” That's all. It has to be all, or how else would he ever accomplish the whole thirteen hundred scenes?

But imagine the poor devil of a me, who can't utter the talismanic “register” but who must describe, and at some length inevitably, these moods and modes so airily created in passing² by Mr. Goddard! Why, Dickens thought nothing

¹ **may not be very vertebrate, although it is certainly consecutive** — (разг.) (повествование) не отличается особой последовательностью, хотя, безусловно, не лишено логики

² **created in passing** — (разг.) созданы между делом, одним росчерком пера

of consuming a thousand words or so in describing and subtly characterizing the particular grief of a particular person. But Mr. Goddard says, “Register,” and the slaves of the camera obey.

And action! I have written some novels of adventure in my time, but never, in all of the many of them, have I perpetrated a totality of action equal to what is contained in “Hearts of Three.”

But I know, now, why moving pictures are popular. I know, now, why Messrs. “Barnes of New York” and “Potter of Texas” sold by the millions of copies. I know, now, why one stump speech of high-falutin¹ is a more efficient vote-getter than a finest and highest act or thought of statesmanship. It has been an interesting experience, this novelization by me of Mr. Goddard’s scenario; and it has been instructive. It has given me high lights, foundation lines, cross-bearings, and illumination on my anciently founded sociological generalizations. I have come, by this adventure in writing, to understand the mass mind of the people more thoroughly than I thought I had understood it before, and to realize, more fully than ever, the graphic entertainment delivered by the demagogue who wins the vote of the mass out of his mastery of its mind. I should be surprised if this book does not have a large sale. (“Register surprise,” Mr. Goddard would say; or “Register large sale”).

If this adventure of “Hearts of Three” be collaboration, I am transported by it. But alack! I fear me Mr. Goddard must then be the one collaborator in a million. We have never had a word, an argument, nor a discussion. But then,

¹ **one stump speech of high-falutin** — (разг.) какая-нибудь напыщенная агитационная речь

I must be a jewel of a collaborator myself. Have I not, without whisper or whimper of complaint, let him “register” through fifteen episodes of scenario, through thirteen hundred scenes and thirty-one thousand feet of film, through one hundred and eleven thousand words of novelization? Just the same, having completed the task, I wish I’d never written it for the reason that I’d like to read it myself to see if it reads along. I am curious to know. I am curious to know.

JACK LONDON.
Waikiki, Hawaii,
March 23, 1916.

Back to Back Against the Mainmast

Do ye seek for fun and fortune?
 Listen, rovers, now to me!
 Look ye for them on the ocean:
 Ye shall find them on the sea.

CHORUS:

Roaring wind and deep blue water!
 We’re the jolly devils who,
 Back to back against the mainmast,
 Held at bay¹ the entire crew.
 Bring the dagger, bring the pistols!
 We will have our own to-day!
 Let the cannon smash the bulwarks!
 Let the cutlass clear the way!

¹ **Held at bay** — (разг.) Держали в страхе

CHORUS:

Bearing wind and deep blue water!
We're the jolly devils who,
Back to back against the mainmast,
Held at bay the entire crew.
Here's to rum and here's to plunder!
Here's to all the gales that blow!
Let the seamen cry for mercy!¹
Let the blood of captains flow!

CHORUS:

Roaring wind and deep blue water!
We're the jolly devils who,
Back to back against the mainmast,
Held at bay the entire crew.
Here's to ships that we have taken!
They have seen which men were best.
We have lifted maids and cargo,
And the sharks have had the rest.

CHORUS:

Roaring wind and deep blue water!
We're the jolly devils who,
Back to back against the mainmast,
Held at bay the entire crew.

George Sterling

¹ **cry for mercy** — (разг.) просят пощады

CHAPTER I

EVENTS happened very rapidly with Francis Morgan that late spring morning. If ever a man leaped across time into the raw, red drama and tragedy of the primitive and the medieval melodrama of sentiment and passion of the New World Latin, Francis Morgan was destined to be that man, and Destiny was very immediate upon him.

Yet he was lazily unaware that aught in the world was stirring, and was scarcely astir himself. A late night at bridge had necessitated a late rising. A late breakfast of fruit and cereal had occurred along the route to the library — the austere elegant room from which his father, toward the last, had directed vast and manifold affairs.

“Parker,” he said to the valet who had been his father’s before him, “did you ever notice any signs of fat on R.H.M. in his last days?”

“Oh, no, sir,” was the answer, uttered with all the due humility of the trained servant, but accompanied by an involuntarily measuring glance that scanned the young man’s splendid proportions. “Your father, sir, never lost his leanness. His figure was always the same, broad-shouldered, deep in the chest, big-boned, but lean, always lean, sir, in the middle. When he was laid out, sir, and bathed, his body would have shamed most of the young men about town¹. He always took good care of himself; it was those exercises in bed, sir. Half an hour every morning. Nothing prevented.² He called it religion.”

¹ **most of the young men about town** — (разг.) большинство прожигателей жизни

² **Nothing prevented.** — (разг.) Ничто не могло ему помешать.

“Yes, he was a fine figure of a man,” the young man responded idly, glancing to the stock-ticker¹ and the several telephones his father had installed.

“He was that,” Parker agreed eagerly. “He was lean and aristocratic in spite of his shoulders and bone and chest. And you’ve inherited it, sir, only on more generous lines.”

Young Francis Morgan, inheritor of many millions as well as brawn, lolled back luxuriously in a huge leather chair, stretched his legs after the manner of a full-figured menagerie lion that is over-spilling with vigor, and glanced at a headline of the morning paper which informed him of a fresh slide in the Culebra Cut at Panama.

“If I didn’t know we Morgans didn’t run that way,” he yawned, “I’d be fat already from this existence... Eh, Parker?”

The elderly valet, who had neglected prompt reply, startled at the abrupt interrogative interruption of the pause.

“Oh, yes, sir,” he said hastily. “I mean, no, sir. You are in the pink of condition².”

“Not on your life,” the young man assured him. “I may not be getting fat, but I am certainly growing soft... Eh, Parker?”

“Yes, sir. No, sir; no, I mean no, sir. You’re just the same as when you came home from college three years ago.”

“And took up loafing as a vocation,” Francis laughed. “Parker!”

Parker was alert attention. His master debated with himself ponderously, as if the problem were of profound

¹ **the stock-ticker** — (разг., устар.) биржевой телеграф

² **in the pink of condition** — (разг.) в наилучшей форме

importance, rubbing the while the bristly thatch of the small toothbrush moustache he had recently begun to sport¹ on his upper lip.

“Parker, I’m going fishing.”

“Yes, sir!”

“I ordered some rods sent up. Please joint them and let me give them the once over. The idea drifts through my mind that two weeks in the woods is what I need. If I don’t, I’ll surely start laying on flesh and disgrace the whole family tree. You remember Sir Henry? the old original Sir Henry, the buccaneer old swashbuckler?”

“Yes, sir; I’ve read of him, sir.”

Parker had paused in the doorway until such time as the ebbing of his young master’s volubility would permit him to depart on the errand.

“Nothing to be proud of, the old pirate.”

“Oh, no, sir,” Parker protested. “He was Governor of Jamaica. He died respected.”

“It was a mercy he didn’t die hanged,” Francis laughed. “As it was, he’s the only disgrace in the family that he founded. But what I was going to say is that I’ve looked him up very carefully. He kept his figure and he died lean in the middle, thank God. It’s a good inheritance he passed down. We Morgans never found his treasure; but beyond rubies is the lean-in-the-middle legacy² he bequeathed us. It’s what is called a fixed character in the breed that’s what the profs taught me in the biology course.”

¹ **had recently begun to sport** — (зд.) недавно начал отращивать

² **the lean-in-the-middle legacy** — (разг.) никаких животиков в наследство

Parker faded out of the room in the ensuing silence, during which Francis Morgan buried himself in the Panama column and learned that the canal was not expected to be open for traffic for three weeks to come.

A telephone buzzed, and, through the electric nerves of a consummate civilization, Destiny made the first out-reach of its tentacles and contacted with Francis Morgan in the library of the mansion his father had builded on Riverside Drive.

“But my dear Mrs. Carruthers,” was his protest into the transmitter. “Whatever it is, it is a mere local flurry. Tampico Petroleum is all right. It is not a gambling proposition¹. It is legitimate investment. Stay with. Tie to it... Some Minnesota farmer’s come to town and is trying to buy a block or two because it looks as solid as it really is... What if it is up two points? Don’t sell. Tampico Petroleum is not a lottery or a roulette proposition. It’s *bona fide*² industry. I wish it hadn’t been so almighty big or I’d have financed it all myself... Listen, please, it’s not a flyer. Our present contracts for tanks is over a million. Our railroad and our three pipe-lines are costing more than five millions. Why, we’ve a hundred millions in producing wells right now, and our problem is to get it down country to the oil-steamers. This is the sober investment time. A year from now, or two years, and your shares will make government bonds look like something the cat brought in...

“Yes, yes, please. Never mind how the market goes. Also, please, I didn’t advise you to go in in the first place. I never advised a friend to that. But now that they are in, stick. It’s

¹ **not a gambling proposition** — (бирж.) не спекулятивные бумаги

² ***bona fide*** — (лат.) честный, законный

as solid as the Bank of England... Yes, Dicky and I divided the spoils¹ last night. Lovely party, though Dicky's got too much temperament for bridge... Yes, bull luck... Ha! ha! My temperament? Ha! Ha!... Yes?... Tell Harry I'm off and away for a couple of weeks... Fishing, troutlets, you know, the springtime and the streams, the rise of sap, the budding and the blossoming and all the rest... Yes, good-bye, and hold on to Tampico Petroleum. If it goes down, after that Minnesota farmer's bulled it, buy a little more. I'm going to. It's finding money... Yes... Yes, surely... It's too good to dare sell on a flyer² now, because it mayn't ever again go down... Of course I know what I'm talking about. I've just had eight hours' sleep, and haven't had a drink... Yes, yes... Good-bye."

He pulled the ticker tape into the comfort of his chair and languidly ran over it, noting with mildly growing interest the message it conveyed.

Parker returned with several slender rods, each a glittering gem of artisanship and art. Francis was out of his chair, ticker flung aside and forgotten as with the exultant joy of a boy he examined the toys and, one after another, began trying them, switching them through the air till they made shrill whip-like noises, moving them gently with prudence and precision under the lofty ceiling as he made believe to cast across the floor into some unseen pool of trout-lurking mystery.

A telephone buzzed. Irritation was swift on his face.

"For heaven's sake answer it, Parker, he commanded. "If it is some silly stock-gambling female, tell her I'm dead, or drunk, or down with typhoid, or getting married, or anything calamitous."

¹ **divided the spoils** — (разг.) поделили трофеи

² **on a flyer** — (разг.) вдруг, ни с того ни с сего

After a moment's dialogue, conducted on Parker's part, in the discreet and modulated tones that befitted absolutely the cool, chaste, noble dignity of the room, with a "One moment, sir," into the transmitter, he muffled the transmitter with his hand and said:

"It's Mr. Bascom, sir. He wants you."

"Tell Mr. Bascom to go to hell," said Francis, simulating so long a cast, that, had it been in verity a cast, and had it pursued the course his fascinated gaze indicated, it would have gone through the window and most likely startled the gardener outside kneeling over the rose bush he was planting.

"Mr. Bascom says it's about the market, sir, and that he'd like to talk with you only a moment," Parker urged, but so delicately and subduedly as to seem to be merely repeating an immaterial and unnecessary message.

"All right." Francis carefully leaned the rod against a table and went to the phone.

"Hello," he said into the telephone. "Yes, this is I, Morgan. Shoot!¹ What is it?"

He listened for a minute, then interrupted irritably: "Sell hell. Nothing of the sort... Of course, I'm glad to know. Even if it goes up ten points, which it won't, hold on to everything. It may be a legitimate rise, and it mayn't ever come down. It's solid. It's worth far more than it's listed.² I know, if the public doesn't. A year from now it'll list at two hundred... that is, if Mexico can cut the revolution stuff³... Whenever

¹ **Shoot!** — (разг.) Валяйте! Выкладывайте!

² **It's worth far more than it's listed.** — (бирж.) Они стоят куда больше, чем котируются.

³ **can cut the revolution stuff** — (разг.) сможет подавить эту революционную чепуху

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Джек Лондон

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