

Love Story

爱情故事

[美国] 埃里奇·西格尔 著

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LOVE

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爱情故事

What can you say about a twenty-five-year-old girl who died?

That she was beautiful. And brilliant. That she loved Mozart and Bach. And the Beatles. And me. Once, when she specifically lumped me with those musical types, I asked her what the order was, and she replied, smiling, "Alphabetical." At the time I smiled too. But now I sit and wonder whether she was listing me by my first name—in which case I would trail Mozart—or by my last name, in which case I would edge in there between Bach and the Beatles. Either way I don't come first, which for some stupid reason bothers hell out of me, having grown up with the notion that I always had to be number one. Family heritage, don't you know?

In the fall of my senior year, I got into the habit of studying at the Radcliffe library. Not just to eye the cheese, although I admit that I liked to look. The place was quiet, nobody knew me, and the reserve books were less in demand. The day before one of my history hour exams, I still hadn't gotten around to reading the first book on the list, an endemic Harvard disease. I ambled over to the reserve desk to get one of the tomes that would bail me out on the morrow. There were two girls working there. One a tall tennis-anyone type, the other a bespectacled mouse type. I opted for Minnie Four-Eyes.

"Do you have *The Waning of the Middle Ages*?"

She shot a glance up at me.

"Do you have your own library?" she asked.

一个女孩，二十五岁就死了，你会做何感想？

她很美丽。还很聪明。她喜欢莫扎特和巴赫。还有披头士¹。还有我。有一次，她特地把我和那些搞音乐的扯在了一起，我问她把我排在了第几，她笑答：“照字母排。”当时我也笑了。但现在坐下来想一想，不知道她当时到底是按我的名来排的呢（那样我就得排在莫扎特后面了），还是按我的姓来排的（那样我还能夹在巴赫和披头士中间）。反正不管怎么排，我都排不到第一，这事我一想起来就气乎乎地觉得特郁闷，真见鬼，因为我从小到大就只知道凡事都得争第一。家族传统，你不知道吗？

大四的秋天，我养成了去拉德克利夫学院²图书馆看书的习惯。倒也不仅仅是去看靓女，尽管我承认我确实喜欢看靓女。那地方挺安静，谁也不认识我，而且那里的保留书也没多少人要借。有一次历史测验，直到前一天我连参考书目上的第一本都还没拨冗一读呢，这是哈佛人的通病。我不紧不慢地走到保留书册借阅处，打算弄本大部头的来保我明天安渡难关。当班的是两个女孩子。一个是高个子，像是爱打网球的那种，另一位像是个戴着眼镜的米老鼠。我就挑了这个四眼米妮³。

“你们这儿有《中世纪的衰落》吗？”

她朝我投来一瞥。

“你们那儿有自己的图书馆吗？”她问。

¹ 披头士：指活跃于20世纪60年代的披头士乐队。该乐队由四位长发飘逸的帅哥组成，也译为甲壳虫乐队。

² 拉德克利夫学院：该学院系女子学院，于1999年

同哈佛大学彻底合并。

³ 米妮：原指米老鼠系列中的米妮小姐。此处用作比喻。

"Listen, Harvard is allowed to use the Radcliffe library."

"I'm not talking legality, Preppie, I'm talking ethics. You guys have five million books. We have a few lousy thousand."

Christ, a superior-being type! The kind who think since the ratio of Radcliffe to Harvard is five to one, the girls must be five times as smart. I normally cut these types to ribbons, but just then I badly needed that goddamn book.

"Listen, I need that goddamn book."

"Wouldja please watch your profanity, Preppie?"

"What makes you so sure I went to prep school?"

"You look stupid and rich," she said, removing her glasses.

"You're wrong," I protested. "I'm actually smart and poor."

"Oh, no, Preppie. *I'm* smart and poor."

She was staring straight at me. Her eyes were brown. Okay, maybe I look rich, but I wouldn't let some 'Cliffie—even one with pretty eyes—call me dumb.

"What the hell makes you so smart?" I asked.

"I wouldn't go for coffee with you," she answered.

“听着，哈佛人是可以来拉德克利夫学院图书馆借书的。”

“我并不是在跟你讲什么可以不可以，小预科生，我是在跟你讲道理。你们这些家伙有五百万的藏书，可我们这儿就只有区区几千本破书。”

天啊，好一个盛气凌人的女生！在这种女生眼里，既然拉德克利夫女子学院和哈佛的人数比例是五比一，那么她们学院的女生就理所当然要比哈佛人聪明五倍。要是在平时，我肯定会把这种女生驳得体无完肤，可当时我他妈的实在太需要那本书了。

“听着，我他妈的需要那本书。”

“请你嘴巴干净一点，小预科生！”

“你凭什么认定我是预科生？”

“因为你一看上去就是个傻冒，而且还是个有钱的主。”她说着摘下了眼镜。

“你错了，”我表示抗议了，“我其实又聪明又没钱。”

“哦，不会吧，小预科生。**我才是又聪明又没钱呢。**”

她直视着我。她的眼睛是棕色的。好吧，也许我看上去是很有钱，但我决不允许一个克利夫¹的小女生骂我是傻冒，即使她有一双漂亮的眼睛也不行。

“见鬼，你凭什么说自己聪明？”我问道。

“我就不会跟你出去喝咖啡。”她回答说。

¹ 拉德克利夫学院的简称。

"Listen—I wouldn't ask you."

"That," she replied, "is what makes you stupid."

Let me explain why I took her for coffee. By shrewdly capitulating at the crucial moment—i.e., by pretending that I suddenly wanted to—I got my book. And since she couldn't leave until the library closed, I had plenty of time to absorb some pithy phrases about the shift of royal dependence from cleric to lawyer in the late eleventh century. I got an A minus on the exam, coincidentally the same grade I assigned to Jenny's legs when she first walked from behind that desk. I can't say I gave her costume an honor grade, however; it was a bit too Boho for my taste. I especially loathed that Indian thing she carried for a handbag. Fortunately I didn't mention this, as I later discovered it was of her own design.

We went to the Midget Restaurant, a nearby sandwich joint which, despite its name, is not restricted to people of small stature. I ordered two coffees and a brownie with ice cream (for her).

"I'm Jennifer Cavilleri," she said, "an American of Italian descent."

As if I wouldn't have known. "And a music major," she added.

"My name is Oliver," I said.

"First or last?" she asked.

“听着——我才不会请你呢。”

“说你傻，”她答道，“你还真傻。”

我来解释一下最后我为什么还是请她去喝咖啡了。在那个紧要时刻，我聪明地不再反唇相讥——也就是说，我假装突然想请她了——这样我就弄到了我要的那本书。而她又因为要等图书馆关门才能走，于是我就有了充裕的时间来吸收书中的一些关键语句，都是涉及十一世纪末期皇室从依赖牧师向依赖律师转变的内容。第二天的测验我得了个“A-”。说来也巧，我第一次看见珍妮¹从借阅台走出来的时候，我给她的腿打的也是这个分数。不过我给她的衣着打的分就没那么高了，因为她的打扮实在不太合我的口味，也太波希米亚²了点。我特别不喜欢她那个像是印第安人的什么玩意儿的手提包。幸好我没说出来，因为后来我发现那东西是她自己设计的。

我们去了侏儒饭店，这是附近的一家三明治连锁店。虽然饭店叫那个名字，但倒并不是专门为矮个子提供服务的。我要了两杯咖啡和一份冰淇淋布朗尼³（为她点的）。

“我叫珍妮弗·卡维列里，”她说，“是意大利裔美国人。”

她以为我连这都不知道。“我是学音乐的。”她又加了一句。

“我叫奥利弗。”我说。

“名还是姓？”她问道。

1 珍妮：“珍妮弗”的昵称。

2 波希米亚：英文实形为Bohemian，用来泛指那些夸张、破格、颓废、嬉皮的服饰，亦称波希米亚服饰。

3 布朗尼：一种介于曲奇和蛋糕之间的甜点，比曲奇柔软，但是不如蛋糕蓬松。布朗尼有各种口味：果仁、咖啡、奶油等等。

"First," I answered, and then confessed that my entire name was Oliver Barrett. (I mean, that's most of it.)

"Oh," she said. "Barrett, like the poet?"

"Yes," I said. "No relation."

In the pause that ensued, I gave inward thanks that she hadn't come up with the usual distressing question: "Barrett, like the hall?" For it is my special albatross to be related to the guy that built Barrett Hall, the largest and ugliest structure in Harvard Yard, a colossal monument to my family's money, vanity and flagrant Harvardism.

After that, she was pretty quiet. Could we have run out of conversation so quickly? Had I turned her off by not being related to the poet? What? She simply sat there, semi-smiling at me. For something to do, I checked out her notebooks. Her handwriting was curious—small sharp little letters with no capitals (who did she think she was, e. e. cummings?). And she was taking some pretty snowy courses: Comp. Lit. 105, Music 150, Music 201—

"Music 201? Isn't that a graduate course?"

She nodded yes, and was not very good at masking her pride.

"Renaissance polyphony."

“是名。”我回答道，然后我又供出了我的全名是奥利弗·巴雷特。（我是说，差不多就行了。）

“哦”，她说，“巴雷特，和那个诗人¹同姓？”

“对”，我说，“不过扯不上关系。”

接下来是沉默。我暗自庆幸她没有像其他人一样问那个令人不快的问题：“巴雷特，和那个大楼同名？”因为那是我心头一只挥之不去的信天翁²，我最怕别人把我跟那个建造巴雷特堂³的家伙联系起来，那个大楼是哈佛校园里最大也是最丑陋的一幢建筑，是一个显示我家族的财力、虚荣和臭名昭著的哈佛主义的巨型纪念碑。

之后她就不吭声了。难道我们这么快就无话可说了吗？难道就因为我跟那个诗人扯不上关系，她就不理我了吗？是不是呢？她只是坐在那儿，似笑非笑地看着我。为了不至于冷场，我开始翻她的笔记本。她的笔迹很奇怪——字又细又小，但很清楚而且一个大写字母都没有（她以为她是卡明斯⁴呀？）。我还发现她选了一些很“玄乎”的课程：比较文学 105，音乐 150，音乐 201⁵——

“音乐 201？那不是研究生的课程吗？”

她点点头，一脸掩饰不住的得意。

“是关于文艺复兴时期的复调音乐的。”

1 这里指英国著名女诗人勃朗宁，她的全名是 Elizabeth Barrett Browning（伊丽莎白·巴雷特·勃朗宁），巴雷特是她娘家的姓，她的丈夫罗伯特·勃朗宁也是英国著名诗人。

2 信天翁：典出英国著名诗人柯勒律治（Samuel Taylor Coleridge）的《古舟子咏》（The Rime of the Ancient Mariner）。英国水手有一个迷信，认为在海上看见信天翁象征着好运。在《古舟子咏》中，一个水手射落了一只信天翁，结果给这艘船带来了可怕的诅咒。其他的船员强迫这个倒霉的水手将那只死去的信天翁挂在脖子上作为惩戒。直到几乎船上

的每个人都死掉时，这个水手终于真心地忏悔自己的错误，最终得以卸下一直在折磨他的沉重负担。自《古舟子咏》问世之后，信天翁在英语中就成了“讨厌的负担、恼人的累赘”的代名词。

3 哈佛大学的很多建筑都被称为...Hall，统译为“堂”。

4 卡明斯：美国著名先锋派诗人，其诗有个明显的特征，即大量使用小写字母，甚至连他自己的名字都用小写：e. e. cummings。

5 课程后面的数字为某一课程的代码，课程代码不同，授课内容亦不相同。

"What's polyphony?"

"Nothing sexual, Preppie."

Why was I putting up with this? Doesn't she read the *Crimson*? Doesn't she know who I am?

"Hey, don't you know who I am?"

"Yeah," she answered with kind of disdain. "You're the guy that owns Barrett Hall."

She didn't know who I was.

"I don't own Barrett Hall," I quibbled. "My great-grandfather happened to give it to Harvard."

"So his not-so-great grandson would be sure to get in!"

That was the limit.

"Jenny, if you're so convinced I'm a loser, why did you bulldoze me into buying you coffee?"

She looked me straight in the eye and smiled.

"I like your body," she said.

Part of being a big winner is the ability to be a good loser. There's no paradox involved. It's a distinctly Harvard thing to be able to turn any defeat into victory.

"Tough luck, Barrett. You played a helluva game."

“什么是复调音乐？”

“与性无关，小预科生。”

我干吗要受这窝囊气？难道她不看《猩红报》¹的吗？难道她不知道我是谁吗？

“嗨，你不知道我是谁吗？”

“哦，”她轻蔑地说，“你就是那个巴雷特堂的堂主。”

她还真不知道我是谁。

“我不是巴雷特堂的堂主，”我分辩道，“我曾祖父早就把它送给哈佛了。”

“所以他的那个平庸的曾孙就可以理所当然地进哈佛了！”

太过分了。

“珍妮，如果你认定我那么没用，干吗还要逼我请你喝咖啡呢？”

她直勾勾地盯着我的眼睛，笑了。

“我喜欢你的身体。”她说。

要想赢得大，其中一个条件就是要输得起。这话一点也不矛盾。这就是哈佛人的本事，善于反败为胜。

“运气不佳呀，巴雷特。你今天可打了一场硬仗。”

¹《猩红报》：哈佛大学校报，该校的校旗就是猩红色的。

"Really, I'm so glad you fellows took it. I mean, you people need to win so badly."

Of course, an out-and-out triumph *is* better. I mean, if you have the option, the last-minute score is preferable. And as I walked Jenny back to her dorm, I had not despaired of ultimate victory over this snotty Radcliffe bitch.

"Listen, you snotty Radcliffe bitch, Friday night is the Dartmouth hockey game."

"So?"

"So I'd like you to come."

She replied with the usual Radcliffe reverence for sport:

"Why the hell should I come to a lousy hockey game?"

I answered casually:

"Because I'm playing."

There was a brief silence. I think I heard snow falling.

"For which side?" she asked.

“这倒是，大家总算都撑下来了，我说，你们这帮家伙太需要赢一场球了。”

能完胜对手当然是更好了。我是说，如果有可能，在最后一分钟得分，那也很漂亮。所以，当我把珍妮送到宿舍门口的时候，我还没有放弃念头要在最后一刻战胜这个目中无人的拉德克利夫臭丫头。

“听着，你这个目中无人的拉德克利夫臭丫头，星期五晚上在达特茅斯学院¹有一场冰球比赛。”

“那又怎样？”

“那就希望你去看呗。”

她带着拉德克利夫女生惯有的对体育比赛的“仰慕”说：

“见鬼，我凭什么要去看一场无聊的冰球比赛？”

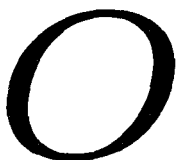
我漫不经心地回答说：

“就凭我要打这场比赛。”

一阵短暂的沉默。我想我当时连雪花落地的声音都听得见。

“你是哪个队的？”她问。

¹ 达特茅斯学院：位于美国新罕布什尔州的一所著名私立大学，与哈佛同属常青藤盟校。



Oliver Barrett IV

Senior

Ipswich, Mass.

Phillips Exeter

Age 20

5'11", 185 lbs.

Major: Social Studies

Dean's List: '61, '62, '63

All-Ivy First Team: '62, '63

Career Aim: Law

By now Jenny had read my bio in the program. I made triple sure that Vic Claman, the manager, saw that she got one.

"For Christ's sake, Barrett, is this your first date?"

"Shut up, Vic, or you'll be chewing your teeth."

As we warmed up on the ice, I didn't wave to her (how uncool!) or even look her way. And yet I think she *thought* I was glancing at her. I mean, did she remove her glasses during the National Anthem out of respect for the flag?

By the middle of the second period, we were beating Dartmouth 0-0. That is, Davey Johnston and I were about to perforate their nets. The