

红叶英语工作室
曹华民 王冠梅 注解

华中科技大学出版社

初恋

心 动 驿 站 系 列

FIRST LOVE

情节注解



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常青藤寄语



“英语常青藤”系列图书自 1998 年推出以来,受到了广大读者的热烈欢迎和喜爱,虽一再重印仍供不应求,单本累计印数最高已达近十万册。在此谨向支持我们的读者致以衷心的感谢。

我们收到了许多热心读者的来信,他们对“英语常青藤”图书给予了充分的肯定和赞誉,这对于我们出版者来说,真是莫大的欣慰和鼓励,同时也鞭策我们向更高的目标迈进,为读者提供更多更好的英语轻松阅读类的图书。

时值人类迈入又一个新千年之际,我们对“英语常青藤”读物进行了重大改版和扩充,不仅内容更精彩、更可读了,而且版式更好看、装帧更精美了;呈现在读者面前的也不再是仅有的两个辑子,而是包括“精品回味”、“名家名篇”、“名人小传”、“开心草莓”、“人与自然”、“心动驿站”、“象牙塔”、“咖啡屋”等近十个子系列的大型系列丛书。读者朋友在这里不仅能接触到纯正、地道的英语,增强综合运用英语的能力,而且能领略到国外生活的方方面面,扩大与外部世界的沟通,成为新世纪的新型人才。

新版“英语常青藤”图书具有以下几大特点:

(1) **内容丰富,表达地道。**读物所选的英文材料绝大多数直接取自国外原版,内容广泛,涉及语言、文化、风俗、习惯、历史、传统等许多方面。

(2) 形式活泼,易学易用。编排方式新颖活泼,所配插图清新高雅,使读书学习变得轻松愉快,给读者以美的享受。读物多采用英汉对照形式,必要处还加有注释,方便读者学习。

(3) 装帧精美,适于收藏。装帧设计力求精美大方,加之内容实用可读,因此颇具收藏价值;若将其作为礼品,馈赠亲友,则更显得温馨高雅,意义非凡。

最后依然是我们出版人的宗旨:愿“英语常青藤”带给您的,不仅是常青的英语,更是常青的人生。

出版者

前言

给好的英语文学读物加注以便于更准确地理解读物的内容和提高英语水平,这种做法已有近一个世纪或更长的历史了。如这套丛书的《初恋》便是丰子恺先生曾于 1922 年春初译并加注,1929 年 6 月重校,1931 年 4 月初版发行的,而此前已有藤浪氏的日译本,丰子恺先生在译者序的结尾说:“我的汉译当然是依据 Garnett 的英译本的。又参考藤浪氏的日译本,注解大都是抄藤浪氏的。谨声明于此。”

第一注解者所保存下来的这些英语读物绝大部分都是上个世纪 50 年代初期和中期在北京外文书店或东安市场的旧书店购买的,个别的如屠格涅夫的《初恋》(英汉对照本)则是在 40 年代初同班同学赠送的。现在把这些读物的英译文加注奉献给本世纪的青少年,我的心情你们有兴趣可以猜想,但最好还是把兴趣集中在小说上吧。

注解者
于喻家山麓

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初恋	Turgenev[1]
黑桃皇后	Pushkin[113]

初

恋

【故事梗概】

俄国杰出的批判现实主义作家伊凡·谢尔盖耶维奇·屠格涅夫(1818—1883)于1860年问世的自传体爱情小说《初恋》，以清新优美的文笔、深刻细腻的人物刻画，记叙了主人公亦即作者本人花季年华情窦初开时的一段哀婉动人、情节曲折的纯真爱情经历。玩世不恭、美丽聪明的女主人公苦涩的欢声笑语与急转直下的悲剧终结更不禁令人为之叹息，难以释怀。这也许就是这部小说一个多世纪以来一直深受青年读者喜爱、经久不衰的原因所在吧。



The party had long ago broken up. The clock struck half-past twelve. There was left in the room only the master of the house and Sergei Nikolaevitch and Vladimir Petrovitch.

The master of the house rang and ordered the remains of the supper to be cleared away.

“And so it’s settled,” he *observed*¹, sitting back farther in his easy-chair and lighting a cigar; “each of us is to tell the story of his first love. It’s your turn, Sergei Nikolaevitch.”

Sergei Nikolaevitch, a round little man with a plump, light-complexioned face, gazed first at the master of the house, then raised his eyes to the ceiling. “I had no first love,” he said at last; “I began with the ‘second’.”

“How was that?”

“It’s very simple. I was eighteen when I had my first *flirtation*² with a charming young lady, but I *courted*³ her just as though it were nothing new to me; just as I courted others later on. To speak accurately, the first and last time I was in love was with my nurse when I was six years old; but that’s in the remote past. The details of our relations have slipped out of my memory, and even if I remembered them, whom could they interest?”

“Then how’s it to be?” began the master of the house. “There was nothing much of interest about my first love either; I never fell in love with any one till I met Anna Nikolaevna, now my

【晚会已散,只剩一主二宾】

【主人建议各人讲自己的初恋】

1. 说

【赛吉尔先讲】

【他无初恋,且多忘却】

2. 调情

3. 追(求);向…求爱

【主人的初恋平淡乏味,他请符拉第米尔·彼得洛维奇讲】

wife,—and everything went as smoothly as possible with us; our parents arranged the match, we were very soon in love with each other, and got married without loss of time. My story can be told in a couple of words. I must confess, gentlemen, in bringing up the subject of first love, I *reckoned upon*⁴ you, I won't say old, but no longer young, bachelors. Can't you *enliven*⁵ us with something, Vladimir Petrovitch?"

"My first love, certainly, was not quite an ordinary one," responded, with some reluctance, Vladimir Petrovitch, a man of forty, with black hair turning grey.

"Ah!" said the master of the house and Sergei Nikolaevitch with one voice: "*So much the better*⁶ . . . Tell us about it."

"If you wish it . . . or no; I won't tell the story; I'm no hand at telling a story; I make it dry and brief, or spun out and *affected*⁷. If you'll allow me, I'll write out all I remember and read it you."

His friends at first would not agree, but Vladimir Petrovitch insisted on his own way. A fortnight later they were together again, and Vladimir Petrovitch kept his word.

His manuscript contained the following story:—

4. 寄托希望(于):

依靠

5. (使)活跃

【符拉第米尔的初恋的确不平凡】

6. 这就更好了

【他要写出来读给他们听】

7. 冗长而不自然

【两周后重聚得到下面的故事】



悍然心动情深处

相酒灯前读书时



I

I was sixteen then. It happened in the summer of 1833.

I lived in Moscow with my parents. They had taken a country house for the summer near the Kalouga gate, facing *the Neskutchny gardens*¹. I was preparing for the university, but did not work much and was in no hurry.

No one interfered with my freedom. I did what I liked, especially after parting with my last tutor, a Frenchman who had never been able to get used to the idea that he had fallen “like a bomb” into Russia, and would lie sluggishly in bed with an expression of exasperation on his face for days together. My father treated me with careless kindness; my mother scarcely noticed me, though she had no children except me; other cares completely absorbed her.

My father, a man still young and very handsome, had married her *from mercenary considerations*²; she was ten years older than he. My mother led a *melancholy*³ life; she was for ever agitated, jealous and angry, but not in my father's presence; she was very much afraid of him, and he was severe, cold, and distant in his behaviour. . . . I have never seen a man more

【当时 16 岁,是在 1833 年的夏天和父母住在莫斯科】

1. 帝俄时代莫斯科最美的公园

【自由自在,不要 用功】

2. 出于金钱的考虑

3. 忧郁的

【父亲比母亲小十岁,家庭不和】

elaborately serene, self-confident, and commanding.

I shall never forget the first weeks I spent at the country house. The weather was magnificent; we left town on the 9th of May, on *St. Nicholas's day*⁴. I used to walk about in our garden, in the Neskutchny gardens, and beyond the town gates; I would take some book with me—*Keidanov's Course*⁵, for instance—but I rarely looked into it, and more often than anything *declaimed verses aloud*⁶; I knew a great deal of poetry by heart; my blood was in a ferment any my heart ached—so sweetly and absurdly; I was all hope and anticipation, was a little frightened of something, and full of wonder at everything, and was on the tiptoe of expectation; my imagination played continually, *fluttering*⁷ rapidly about the same fancies, like *martins*⁸ about a bell-tower at dawn; I dreamed, was sad, even wept; but through the tears and through the sadness, inspired by a musical verse, or the beauty of evening, shot up like grass in spring the delicious sense of youth and *effervescent*⁹ life.

I had a horse to ride; I used to saddle it myself and set off alone for long rides, break into a rapid gallop and *fancy myself a knight at a tournament*¹⁰. How gaily the wind whistled in my ears! or turning my face towards the sky, I would absorb its shining radiance and blue into my soul,

【花样年华, 哀乐无常】

4. 圣尼古拉斯祭日, 尼古拉斯是俄国学生的守护神
5. 凯达诺夫的《世界历史》
6. 高声朗诵诗歌

7. 振翼, 拍翅
8. 燕子

9. 沸腾的

【常骑马远游, 充满幻想】

10. 马上比武



that opened wide to welcome it.

I remember that at that time the image of woman, the vision of love, scarcely ever arose in definite shape in my brain; but in all I thought, in all I felt, lay hidden a half-conscious, shamefaced presentiment of something new, unutterably sweet, feminine. . . .

This presentiment, this expectation, *permeated*¹¹ my whole being; I breathed in it, it coursed through my veins with every drop of blood. . . it was destined to be soon fulfilled.

The place, where we settled for the summer consisted of a wooden *manor-house*¹² with columns and two small lodges; in the lodge on the left there was a tiny factory for the manufacture of cheap wall-papers. . . . I had more than once strolled that way to look at about a dozen thin and *dishvelled*¹³ boys with greasy *smocks*¹⁴ and worn faces, who were perpetually jumping on to wooden levers, that pressed down the square blocks of the press, and so by the weight of their feeble bodies struck off the *variegated patterns*¹⁵ of the wall-papers.

The lodge on the right stood empty, and was to let. One day—three weeks after the 9th of May—the *blinds*¹⁶ in the windows of this lodge were drawn up, women's faces appeared at them—some family had installed themselves in it. I remember the same day at dinner, my mother

【情窦初开】

【似有爱的预感】

11. 渗透

【庄园夏墅】

12. 庄园主的住宅

13. 蓬头的

14. 工作服; 罩衫

15. 各种图案

【邻家新来管家告诉母亲是孔西京公爵夫人】

16. 窗帘



inquired of the *butler*¹⁷ who were our new neighbours, and hearing the name of the Princess Zasyekin, first observed with some respect. —

“Ah! a princess!” . . . and then added, “A poor one, I suppose?”

“They arrived in three hired *flies*¹⁸,” the butler remarked deferentially, as he handed a dish: “they don’t keep their own carriage, and the furniture’s of the poorest.”

“Ah,” replied my mother, “so much the better.”

My father gave her a chilly glance; she was silent.

Certainly the Princess Zasyekin could not be a rich woman; the lodge she had taken was so *dilapidated*¹⁹ and small and *low-pitched*²⁰ that people, even moderately well-off in the world, would hardly have consented to occupy it. At the time, however, all this went in at one ear and out at the other. The princely title had very little effect on me; I had just been reading Schiller’s “*Robbers*²¹”.

II

I was in the habit of wandering about our garden every evening on the *look-out for rooks*¹. I had long cherished a hatred for those *wary, slys*,

17. 男管家

【母亲估计新邻家
道中落】

18. 马车

【所租小屋破烂不堪】

19. 破旧的

20. 低矮的

21. 席勒的《群盗》，席勒（1759—1805）是与歌德同时代的德国大戏曲作家，“*Robbers*”是其戏曲之一。

【一天在花园中偶
见隔壁一群青年】

1. 窥伺乌鸦





and rapacious² birds. On the day of which I have been speaking, I went as usual into the garden, and, after patrolling all the walks without success (the rooks knew me, and merely *cawed spasmodically*³ at a distance), I chanced to go close to the low fence which separated our domain from the narrow strip of garden stretching beyond the lodge to the right, and belonging to it. I was walking along, my eyes on the ground. Suddenly I heard a voice; I looked across the fence, and was thunderstruck. . . . I was confronted with a curious spectacle.

A few paces from me on the grass between the green raspberry bushes stood a tall slender girl in a striped pink dress, with a white kerchief on her head; four young men were close round her, and she was slapping them by turns on the forehead with those small grey flowers, the name of which I don't know though they are well known to children; the flowers form little bags, and burst open with a *pop*⁴ when you strike them against anything hard.

The young men presented their foreheads so eagerly, and in the gestures of the girl (I saw her in profile), there was something *so fascinating, imperious, caressing, mocking, and charming*⁵, that I almost cried out with admiration and delight, and would, I thought, have given everything in the world on the spot only to have

2. 小心、狡猾和贪婪的

3. 断断续续地呱呱直叫

【打情骂俏】

4. 砰的一声;爆裂声

【一见倾心,目不转睛】

5. 那样迷人、专横、亲昵、调笑而又妩媚

had those exquisite fingers strike me on the forehead. My gun slipped on to the grass, I forgot everything, I *devoured*⁶ with my eyes the graceful shape and neck and lovely arms and the slightly disordered fair hair under the white kerchief, and the half-closed clever eyes, and the eyelashes and the soft cheeks beneath them. . . .

"Young man, hey, young man," said a voice suddenly near me: "is it quite permissible to stare so at unknown young ladies?"

I started, I was struck dumb. . . . Near me, the other side of the fence, stood a man with *close-cropped*⁷ black hair, looking ironically at me. At the same instant the girl too turned towards me. . . . I caught sight of big grey eyes in a bright mobil face, and the whole face suddenly quivered and laughed, there was a flash of white teeth, a *droll lifting of the eye-brows*⁸

I *crimsoned*⁹, picked up my gun from the ground and pursued by a musical but not ill-natured laugh, fled to my own room, flung myself on the bed, and hid my face in my hands. My heart was fairly leaping; I was greatly ashamed and overjoyed; I felt an excitement I had never known before.

After a rest, I brushed my hair, washed, and went downstairs to tea. The image of the young girl floated before me, my heart was no longer leaping; but was full of a sort of sweet oppression.

6. 吞噬

【男子诘问】

【女郎笑声】

7. 剪得很短的

8. 双眉滑稽似地
向上一挑

9. 两颊绯红

【面红耳赤，慌忙
逃避】

【女郎形象如魔附
身】



怦然心动情深处

泪洒灯前读书时

“What’s the matter?” my father asked me all at once, “have you killed a rook?”

I was on the point of telling him all about it, but, I checked myself, and merely smiled to myself. As I was going to bed, I rotated—I don’t know why—three times on one leg, *pomaded*¹⁰ my hair, got into bed, and *slept like a top*¹¹ all night. Before morning I woke up for an instant, raised my head, looked round me in *ecstasy*¹², and fell asleep again.

III

“How can I *make their acquaintance*¹?”
How was my first thought when I waked in the morning. I went out in the garden before morning tea, but I did not go too near the fence, and saw no one. After drinking tea, I walked several times up and down the street before the house, and looked into the windows from a distance. . . . I fancied her face at a curtain, and I hurried away in alarm.

“I must make her acquaintance, though,” I thought, pacing *distractedly*² about the sandy plain that stretches before Neskutchny park. . . . “but how, that is the question.”

I recalled *the minutest details*³ of our meeting yesterday; I had for some reason or other

【父亲随口问话】

【欲言又止】

10. 搽润发油

11. 睡得很熟

12. 狂喜；心醉神迷

【心向往之】

1. 结识他们

【一筹莫展】

2. 心烦意乱地

3. 最微小的细节