

《英语学习》读者丛书



Erich Segal 原著

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Oliver's Story

爱情的故事
奥利弗的故事

《爱情的故事》续集

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(英汉对照)

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爱情的故事 奥列佛的故事

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编 者 的 话

英语是世界上使用最广泛的语言之一，据《简明不列颠百科全书》统计，全世界人口中有七分之一使用英语作为交流工具。英语不仅是联合国各机构的主要工作语言之一，也是其它国际交流活动的重要语言之一。随着我国对外开放的实行和国内经济改革的迅速发展，我们迫切需要学习外国的先进经验，以加速我国四个现代化的进程，英语必将越来越发挥其巨大作用。

学习英语除必须掌握一定量的词汇外，还必须掌握其基本语法、读音规则和阅读一定量的外语材料，进行口头或笔头练习，才能逐步养成听、说、读、写、译“五会”技能。当然，“五会”技能不可能一蹴而就，需要经过多年的学习才能逐步掌握。

由于条件的限制，并非所有想学英语的人都有机会进入外语专业院校系统学习，或有机会进修提高，许多人必须通过各种方式在工作中边干边学，其困难是可想而知的。为了帮助广大读者克服学习中的困难，不断提高英语水平；同时，也为了弥补《英语学习》杂志篇幅有限、不能完全满足读者学习愿望之不足，我们特编辑出版这套《英语学习》读者丛书。

这套丛书以初级和中级英语水平的读者为对象，既可作自学之用，也可作为课堂教学的辅助材料。丛书内容广泛，有注释读物、对照读物、语法词汇疑难解答、文学作品的阅读与欣赏、修辞与文体、翻译练习、情景对话等等。各册内容不求系统全面，而以解决实际语言难点为主要目的。其中有曾在《英语学习》上刊载又经作者修订补充后成书的，也有因《英语学习》篇幅所限无法刊载而单独出书的。

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爱情的故事

靳云秀 郑 龙 译

简介

《爱情的故事》记述两个美国青年男女不平常的恋爱经过，描写生动，情节感人。它是美国作家埃里克·西格尔的成名作品。小说于70年代初问世后，立即成为畅销书，并且拍成电影，获得巨大成功。电影的主题曲优美动人，获得了奥斯卡最佳音乐奖。北京电视台在《影视之窗》节目里曾对它进行过分析和评介。最近，北京青年电影制片厂已将这部电影译制成中文，开始在我国公开放映。

男主人公奥利弗·巴雷特出身于一个大银行家的家庭，在哈佛大学攻读法律。由于家庭的影响，他从小养成凡事“非得第一不可”的态度，年轻好胜，处世任性，冰球场上横冲直撞，就连他威严的父亲的谆谆教诲他也满不在乎。

珍妮·卡维列里是个纯洁真挚的姑娘。她个性强，有理想，乐观泼辣。父亲在克兰斯顿市以烤面包为生，母亲早逝，父女俩相依为命。珍妮节衣缩食，艰苦奋斗，好不容易进了雷德克利夫女子学院（哈佛大学的一部分）学习，课余在学院图书馆勤工俭学。

一次偶然的机会，奥利弗和珍妮在这个图书馆相遇。两人一见倾心，很快便决定正式结婚。奥利弗的

父亲认为这门亲事远非“门当户对”，竭力阻挠；先用“缓兵之计”，后又施以威胁。奥利弗对这一切毫不理睬，毅然和珍妮结了婚。因此，父子关系完全破裂。年轻夫妻在经济上陷入困境，珍妮作出重大牺牲，边学习边工作，保证奥利弗本科毕业后又进了研究生院。生活上的艰难困苦反而加深了他们之间纯真的爱情。熬过三年，奥利弗找到了收入丰厚的律师工作，时来运转了。但恰在此时，巨大的不幸降临到他们头上……

本书语言简练流畅，对话饶有趣味，人物栩栩如生。通过故事，人们看到这对年青人的热恋与奋斗，同时还可以从一个侧面了解到美国大学生的生活及学习情况，了解美国社会中家庭、婚姻和父子关系等方面的一些矛盾。书中描写的美国大学生的生活习惯和男女关系等内容，是当今美国社会的现实，与我国情况不一样，我们相信广大读者会用正确观点去对待的。

这部故事1985年年初在《英语学习》杂志上开始连载之后，立即受到全国读者的热烈欢迎。去年底出版了注释本。这次为了出版英汉对照本，不仅恢复了原先连载时删去的一些章节，而且参照牛津大学出版社的英文本作了认真订正，从而改正了过去出现过的几处讹误。

译者

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What can you say about a twenty-five-year old girl who died? That she was beautiful. And bright. That she loved Mozart and Bach. And the Beatles. And me. Once, when she told me that, I asked her what order she listed us in. She answered, smiling, 'As in the A.B.C.' At that time I smiled too. But now I sit and wonder. Was she listing me by my first name? In that case, I'd come last, behind Mozart. Or did she mean my last name? In that case, I'd come between Bach and the Beatles, but I still didn't come first. For some stupid reason that worries me terribly now. You see, I grew up with the idea that I always had to be Number One. Family pride, you see.

In the autumn of my last year at college, I got into the habit of studying at the Radcliffe library. I didn't do it just to admire the girls, though I agree I liked that too. The place was quiet, nobody knew me, and there was less demand for the books I needed for my studies. The day before one of my midterm history exams, I still hadn't found time to read the first book on the reading list. (That, of course, is a very common disease at Harvard.) I walked over to the reservations desk to get one of the books which would save me from failing my exam the next day. There were two girls working there. One was a tall, sporty 'Ten-

姑娘才二十五岁就死去了，关于她你能说什么呢？说她既美丽，又聪明。她喜爱莫扎特和巴赫，喜爱甲壳虫乐队，还喜爱我。有一次，当她告诉我她的这些喜爱时，我问她怎么给我们排的顺序。她含笑回答说：“按字母表的顺序排列。”那会儿我也微笑了。但现在我坐在这儿，感到不明白。她是按我的名儿排的吗？那样，我就排在最后头。在莫扎特的后边。或者，她是按我的姓氏排的呢？那样，我就排在巴赫和甲壳虫乐队之间，但我仍然不是名列榜首。由于说不清楚的原因，这一点此刻使我非常放心不下。你知道，我从小就养成了凡事非得独占鳌头不可的思想。你瞧，这是一种家传的好胜心。

上大学最后一年的秋天，我逐渐养成了在雷德克利夫女子学院图书馆里看书的习惯。我这样做并不仅仅是为了观赏那里的姑娘们，虽然我承认我也喜欢这个。那里很安静，人们不认识我，我学习上需用的书没有多少人要借。有一次历史课期中考试到了临考的前一天，我连书单上列的头一本书都还没有找时间阅读（这种现象在哈佛大学不用说是个通病）。有几本书看了能使我第二天的考试不致于不及格，我走到指定参考书借书处去取其中的一本。两个姑娘在那里负责借书。其中一个，高高的个子，属于“见谁都问

nis, anyone?' type. The other was the quiet kind, in glasses. I chose her — Minnie Four Eyes.

'Do you have *English Society in the Middle Ages*?'

She looked at me. It was a sharp, unfriendly look. 'Don't you have your own library at Harvard?' she asked.

'Listen, Harvard students are allowed to use the Radcliffe library.'

'I'm not talking about what you're *allowed* to do, Preppie. I'm talking about what's right and fair. You fellows have five million books. We only have a few thousand.'

My god, I thought. I wish I'd spoken to the sporty one! This girl's the type that thinks that, because there are five times as many men at Harvard as there as girls at Radcliffe, the girls have to be five times as smart. I can usually make those types feel pretty small. But just then I badly needed that damn book.

'Listen, I need that damn book.'

'Would you please watch your language, 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 said. 'I'm actually smart and poor.'

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

She was looking straight at me. Her eyes were brown. All right, maybe I look rich, but I wouldn't let a Radcliffe girl — even one with pretty eyes — call me stupid.

打不打网球”的运动员型的人物。另一个姑娘戴眼镜，属于文静尔雅的类型。我看上了她——四只眼的明妮。

“你们有《中世纪的英国社会》这本书吗？”

她瞧了我一眼。这是锐利的、不友好的目光。

“你们哈佛难道没有自己的图书馆吗？”她问。

“你听着，哈佛的学生按规定可以使用雷德克利夫的图书馆。”

“我说的不是按规定可不可以的问题，预科生。我说的是怎样才算公平合理的问题。你们那边儿有五百万本藏书，而我们只有几千本。”

好厉害啊，我想。我要是向那个运动员型的姑娘借书就好了！这个姑娘不一般，她认为哈佛的男生是雷德克利夫学院女生人数的五倍，所以这些女生就得高明出五倍去。要是在平时，我有办法把这种人治得非常老实的，但当时我迫切需要那本该死的书。

“听着，我需要那本该死的书。”

“请你讲话文明点，预科生。”

“你凭什么肯定我是大学预科生呢？”

“你看样子挺傻，但是有钱，”她说道，一边取下眼镜。

“你错了，”我说，“实际上我聪明但是没钱。”

“噢，不对，预科生，”她说道，“我才是聪明却没钱呢。”

她两眼直盯着我看，一对褐色的眼睛。就算我看上去很有钱，但我不愿让一个雷德克利夫的姑娘——尽管她长着一对漂亮的眼睛——说我傻。

'What makes you so smart?' I asked.

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

'Listen — I wouldn't ask you.'

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

Let me explain why I took her for coffee. By allowing her to think I wanted to, I got that book. And, because she couldn't leave the library until closing time, I had plenty of time to study it. I learned some useful facts about the church and the law in the eleventh century. As a result, I got an A in my history exam. That, by the way, was the mark I gave to Jenny's legs when she first walked out from behind that desk. I can't say I gave her high marks for her clothes, however. They were rather strange, to say the least. I specially hated that Indian thing that she used for a handbag. Fortunately I didn't mention this, as I later discovered that she had made that herself.

We went to a coffee shop near by. I ordered coffee for both of us, and a chocolate ice-cream for her.

'I'm Jennifer Cavilleri,' she said. 'I'm American, but my family came from Italy.' I had guessed that already. 'And I'm studying music,' she added.

'My name is Oliver,' I said.

'Is that your first or your last name?' she asked.

'First,' I said. Then I told her that my full name (well, most of it, anyway) was Oliver Barrett.

'Oh,' she said. 'Like Elizabeth Barrett the writer?'

'Yes,' I said. 'No relation.'

“你怎么觉得自己那么聪明呢？”我问她。

“我不愿和你去喝咖啡，”她回答道。

“听着，我还不愿请你呢。”

“这个，”她说，“恰恰是你傻的表现。”

让我说明一下为什么我到底还是邀请她去喝咖啡了。我让她认为我想请她喝咖啡，我就搞到了那本书。而且由于她要等到图书馆关门时才能走，我有了足够的时间看这本书。从书上我了解到了有关十一世纪的教会和法律的有用资料。因此，我历史考了个甲等。顺便说一句，当珍妮第一次从借书柜台后面走出来时，我给她那双大腿打的分也是甲等。但对于她的衣服，很难说我能给她高分，她的衣服式样起码也可以说是相当怪的。我特别讨厌她当手提包用的那个印度玩艺儿。幸好，我当时没提这一点，因为后来我发现那玩艺儿是她自己亲手做的。

我们到附近的一家咖啡馆去。我为我们俩都要了咖啡，还为她要了巧克力冰淇淋。

“我叫珍妮弗·卡维列里，”她说，“我是美国籍，但我们家是从意大利过来的。”这点我早就猜出来了。“我是学音乐的，”她补充道。

“我叫奥利弗，”我说。

“那是你的名儿还是姓儿？”她问道。

“名儿，”我说。然后，我告诉她我的姓名（噢，姓名的大部分，不管怎么讲吧）是奥利弗·巴雷特。

“呃，”她说。“跟作家伊丽莎白·巴雷特的姓一样吗？”

“对，”我说，“不过不是本家。”

In the silence that followed, I was thankful that she hadn't come up with the usual question: 'Barrett, like the hall?' For I'm ashamed to say that the Barrett of Barrett Hall is a relation of mine. Barrett Hall is the largest and ugliest building in Harvard Yard. It is also a huge public reminder of my family's wealth, pride and connections with Harvard.

She remained quiet. Had we run out of conversation so quickly? Had I disappointed her by not being a relation of Barrett the writer? Or what? She simply sat there, half-smiling at me. Just for something to do, I looked at her notebooks. Her handwriting was unusual — small, sharp little letters with no capitals. She was certainly taking some very advanced subjects: Music 150, Music 201 —

'Music 201? That's pretty advanced, isn't it?'

'Yes,' she said. She did not quite succeed in hiding her pride. 'Sixteenth-century polyphony.'

'What's polyphony?'

'Nothing to do with sex, Preppie. It's a type of music. You wouldn't understand it.'

Why was I letting her do this to me? Didn't she read the college newspaper? Didn't she know who I was?

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

'Yes,' she answered. 'You're the man who owns Barrett Hall.'

She didn't know who I was.

'I don't own Barrett Hall,' I argued. 'My great-grandfather just gave it to Harvard.'

在接着而来的沉默中，我高兴她没有问一般人常问的问题：“巴雷特，同校园里的那座大楼一样叫法吗？”我羞于向人说，巴雷特大楼牵涉到的巴雷特是我的亲属。巴雷特大楼是哈佛校园里最大而最难看的建筑物。这个庞然大物还使大家时常想起我们家族的富有、骄傲以及同哈佛的关系。

她沉默不语。我们这么快就没话可说了吗？因为我同作家巴雷特不是本家，所以她感到失望了吗？或是其它什么原因呢？她只是坐在那里，似笑非笑地瞧着我。纯粹是没事找事儿，我看了一下她的笔记本。她的书法很奇特——小小的字母写得又细又有棱角，根本没有大写。她学习一些很高深的课程：音乐150，音乐201……

“音乐201？这门课程很高深，不是吗？”

“是的，”她说。她没能完全掩饰住她的自豪。

“十六世纪的复调音乐。”

“什么叫复调音乐？”

“反正跟性没关系，预科生。复调音乐是音乐的一种。你不会懂的。”

我干吗要让她这样对待我呢？难道她没看过学院的校刊吗？难道她不知道我是谁吗？

“嘿，你真不知道我是谁吗？”

“我知道，”她回答。“你是巴雷特大楼的主人。”

她并不知道我是谁。

“巴雷特大楼不是我的，”我争辩道，“这是我的曾祖父把它献给了哈佛大学。”